

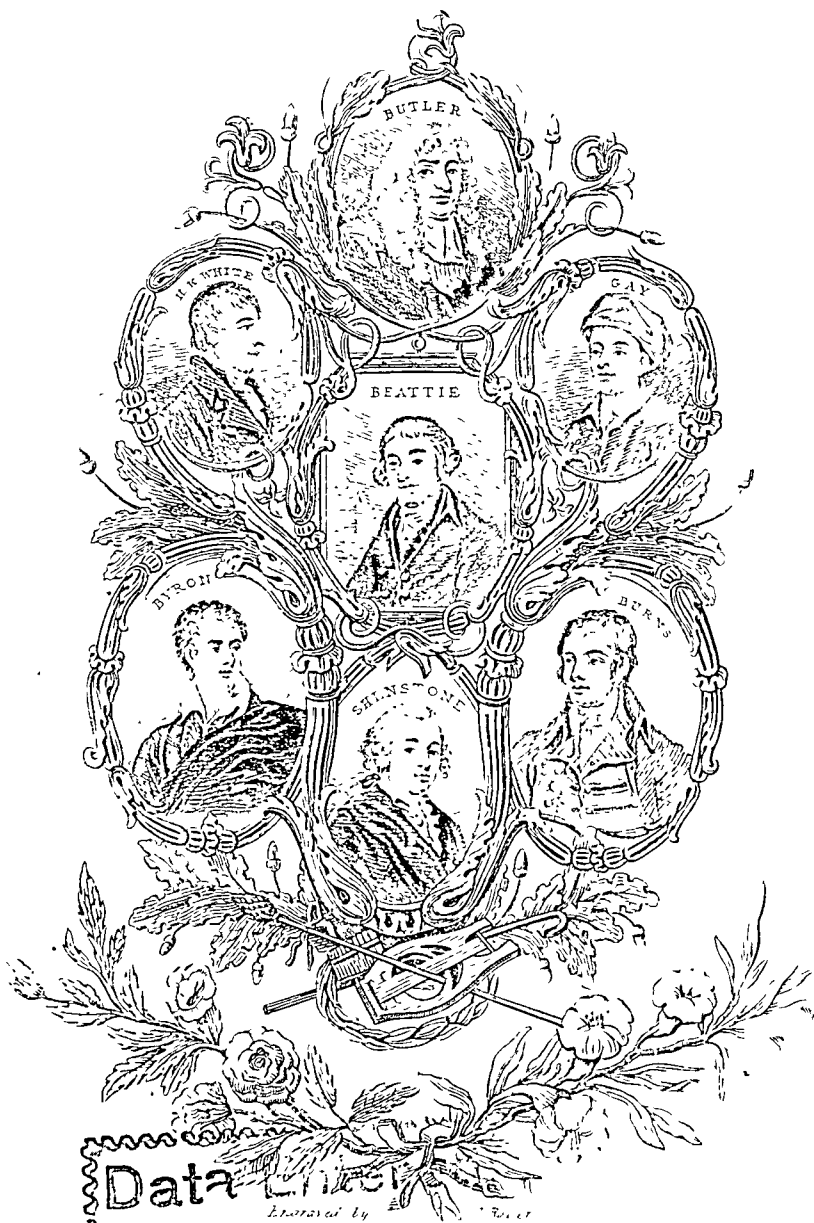
पुस्तकालय
पुरे हित
वनस्थली विद्यापीठ

श्रेणी संख्या..... ४२१.०४

पुस्तक संख्या..... B ५१३ B; २

आवाप्ति क्रमांक..... १५१४६ ✓

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Section

THE LIFE

OF

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE was born at Nottingham, March 21st, 1785. His father was a butcher; his mother, whose own name was Neville, was of a respectable Staffordshire family. Henry, who from a very early age discovered a great desire for reading, received his first education at the school of a Mrs. Garrington, who soon perceived his superior capacity, and of whom he speaks with affection in his poem upon Childhood. At the age of six, he was removed to a higher school, where he learned writing, arithmetic, and French. It was his father's intention that he should follow his own business; but his mother, aware that he was worthy of better things, made every possible effort to procure him such an education as his talents deserved and his heart desired. Chiefly with this view, she opened a Ladies' Boarding and Day School in Nottingham, which materially increased the domestic comforts of the family, although it did not render Henry independent of his own exertions. It was necessary that he should be made acquainted with some trade, and the woollen manufacture was determined upon. At the age of fourteen, therefore, he was placed at a stocking-loom, with the view, at some future period, of his getting a situation in a hosier's warehouse. This employment was so perfectly uncongenial to his taste and inclination, that while he remained at it he might be said to be truly unhappy. His temper and tone of mind at this period are well displayed in the Address to Contemplation, written in his fourteenth year. In his mother he found an affectionate counsellor; she made every possible effort to gratify his desire for a literary life; and at length, after he had remained a year at the loom, she got him removed to an attorney's office, as the most probable means of attaining the object of his pursuit. He entered the office in 1800, when he was fifteen; but as no premium could be given with him, he was not articled till the commencement of the year 1802.

He now devoted himself to intellectual improvement. The law was his primary pursuit, to which he applied himself with great industry; but during his leisure hours he acquired a knowledge of Greek

and Latin, and latterly of Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. Several of the sciences were also among his studies, of some of which he acquired a respectable knowledge. About this time he was admitted a Member of a Literary Society in Nottingham, where he honourably distinguished himself; and he began also to furnish pieces, both in prose and verse, to several periodicals. In the Monthly Preceptor, a magazine which proposed prize-themes, he gained a silver medal for a translation from Horace, and a pair of twelve-inch globes for an imaginary Tour from London to Edinburgh. But his contributions to the Monthly Mirror were still more fortunate, for they were the means of introducing him to the acquaintance of Mr. Capel Loft, and of Mr. Hill, the proprietor of the work. By their encouragement he was induced, about the close of the year 1802, to prepare a little volume of poems for the press, in the hope that this publication might, either by the success of its sale, or the notice which it might excite, enable him to prosecute his studies at college, and qualify himself for holy orders; for a deafness, to which he was subject, threatened to preclude all possibility of advancement in the legal profession. To obtain a patroness for his book whose rank might give it consequence in the eyes of the public, he applied first to the Countess of Derby, and on her delicately declining, to the Duchess of Devonshire, who gave permission that the volume should be dedicated to her; but although a copy was, according to custom, transmitted to her, her Grace was too much occupied with heartless and giddy follies, to appreciate or encourage the amiable author. A copy was also forwarded to each of the Reviews, with a note, stating the disadvantages with which the author had struggled, and requesting an indulgent criticism. He waited with anxiety for their remarks. The Monthly Review, then a leading journal, affected to sympathize with the author, "under the discouragements of poverty and misfortune," but spoke so slightly of his productions, as to inflict a wound on his sensitive mind which was never wholly cured. This critique, however, was the means of exciting the notice of Mr. Southey, the poet, who, having read the volume, was indig-

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Accession

Date

sent at the injustice done to the author, and wrote him an encouraging letter, advising him to print a larger volume, and kindly offering to interest himself in its favour. This was the commencement of their correspondence and friendship; and Mr. (now Dr.) Souther, has subsequently established the reputation of poor White upon a secure basis, by the publication of his collected Poems, Prose Essays, and Correspondence, in three volumes octavo, accompanied by an elegant memoir.

At one time, his opinions were inclining to deism, and for a considerable period they remained unsettled; but whenever he saw his error and embraced Christianity, he resolved to devote his life to the promulgation of it; and, with that view, formed the determination to abandon the law, and, if possible, place himself at one of the universities. His friends endeavoured without effect to dissuade him from his purpose. Great and numerous as the obstacles were, he was determined to surmount them all. He had now fulfilled more than half of the term for which he was articled; but his benevolent employers listened with a friendly ear to his proposed plans, and agreed to give up their claim on the remainder of his time, although his services had now become very valuable to them, as soon as his prospects seemed favourable of getting through the university. His friends accordingly exerted themselves vigorously on his behalf, and in the hope of success, his employers gave him a month's leave of absence for study and change of air. That month he spent at the village of Wilford, on the banks of the Trent, and at the foot of Clifton Woods, which had been his early and favourite place of resort. Soon after the expiration of the month, however, intelligence arrived that the proposed plans had entirely failed. All his hopes seemed now blasted, and the time which he had thus lost in his professional pursuit, made it necessary that he should apply himself more severely than ever to his legal studies. He allowed himself no time for relaxation, little for his meals, and scarcely any for sleep. His health in consequence soon sunk; he became pale and thin; and a severe indisposition was brought on, from the shock of which his constitution never thoroughly recovered.

The hopes of qualifying himself for holy orders, however, were again revived; and at length, by the benevolent and strenuous exertions of several friends, particularly of his mother and brother

Neville, he was enabled to enter the university of Cambridge. He quitted his former employers in October, 1804, and before proceeding to the university, applied himself for a twelvemonth with unwearied assiduity to study; during which period the progress he made was astonishing.

While keeping his first term at the university, a scholarship became vacant, for which he was advised to offer himself a candidate; but after passing the whole term in preparing for it, his health sunk so alarmingly, that, after having offered himself for the competition, he was compelled to withdraw. This was not the only misfortune; the general college-examination approached; and he was ill-prepared to meet it. Once more he exerted himself beyond what his shattered health could bear; and, having supported himself by strong medicines during the days of examination, he was ultimately pronounced the first man of his year. But life was the price with which he was to pay for his academical honours.

Next year, he was again pronounced first at the great college-examination, and also one of the three best theme-writers. Every university-honour was thought to be within his reach; he was set down as a medallist, and expected to take a senior wrangler's degree; but these expectations goaded him to fresh exertions after his strength was gone. To his mother and brother he wrote that he had relaxed in his studies, and that he was better; but to Mr. Maddock, the most intimate of his friends, he complained of dreadful palpitations, nights of sleeplessness, and spirits depressed to the very depth of wretchedness. The college offered him, at their own expense, a tutor in mathematics, during the long vacation—an indulgence peculiarly unfortunate, as his only chance of life was from relaxation, and home was the only place where he would have relaxed to any purpose. Before this he appeared for a time to be gaining strength, but it failed as the year advanced. He went to London to recruit himself—the worst place to which he could have gone; and when he returned to college, he was so completely worn out that no power of medicine could save him. His very mind was exhausted; and it was the opinion of his medical attendants, that, even if his life had been preserved, his intellect would have been affected. He died on the 19th of October, 1806, aged 21 years.

14146

TO
HER GRACE
THE
DUTCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE
THE FOLLOWING
TRIFLING EFFUSIONS
OF
A VERY YOUTHFUL MUSE,
ARE
BY PERMISSION, DEDICATED
BY HER GRACE'S
MUCH OBLIGED
AND
GRATEFUL SERVANT,
HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

PREFACE

TO THE

FIRST EDITION.

THE following attempts in verse are laid before the public with extreme diffidence. The Author is very conscious that the juvenile efforts of a youth, who has not received the polish of academical discipline, and who has been but sparingly blessed with opportunities for the prosecution of scholastic pursuits, must necessarily be defective in the accuracy and finished elegance which mark the works of the man who has passed his life in the retirement of his study, furnishing his mind with images, and at the same time attaining the power of disposing those images to the best advantage.

The unpremeditated effusions of a Boy, from his thirteenth year, employed, not in the acquisition of literary information, but in the more active business of life, must not be expected to exhibit any considerable portion of the correctness of a Virgil, or the vigorous compression of a Horace. Men are not, I believe, frequently known to bestow much labour on their amusements: and these Poems were, most of them, written merely to beguile a leisure hour, or to fill up the languid intervals of studies of a severer nature.

Πας το οικίῳς ἐργῶν ἀγάρῳ, "Every one loves his own work," says the Staggyrte; but it was no overweening affection of this kind which induced this publication. Had the author relied on his own judgment only, these Poems would not, in all probability, ever have seen the light.

Perhaps it may be asked of him, what are his motives for this publication? He answers—simply these: The facilitation, through its means, of those

studies which, from his earliest infancy, have been the principal objects of his ambition; and the increase of the capacity to pursue those inclinations which may one day place him in an honourable station in the scale of society.

The principal Poem in this little collection (*Chif-ton Grove*) is, he fears, deficient in numbers and harmonious coherency of parts. It is, however, merely to be regarded as a description of a nocturnal ramble in that charming retreat, accompanied with such reflections as the scene naturally suggested. It was written twelve months ago, when the author was in his sixteenth year.—The *Miscellanies* are some of them the productions of a very early age.—Of the *Odes* that "To an early Primrose" was written at thirteen—the others are of a later date.—The *Sonnets* are chiefly irregular; they have, perhaps, no other claim to that *specific* denomination, than that they consist only of fourteen lines.

Such are the Poems towards which I intreat the lenity of the Public. The Critic will doubtless find in them much to condemn; he may likewise possibly discover something to commend. Let him scan my faults with an indulgent eye, and in the work of that correction which I invite, let him remember he is holding the iron Mace of Criticism over the flimsy superstructure of a youth of seventeen, and, remembering that, may he forbear from crushing, by too much rigour, the painted butterfly whose transient colours may otherwise be capable of affording a moment's innocent amusement.

H. K. WHITE.

Nottingham.

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INSCRIPTION
By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.
PROFESSOR OF MODERN HISTORY, CAMBRIDGE.
ON A MONUMENTAL TABLET,
WITH A MEDALLION BY CHANTREY,
ERECTED IN ALL-SAINTS' CHURCH, CAMBRIDGE,
AT THE EXPENSE OF FRANCIS BOOTT, ESQ.
OF BOSTON, UNITED STATES.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE,
Born March 21st, 1785; Died October 10th, 1806.

WARM with fond hope, and learning's sacred flame,
To Granta's bowers the youthful Poet came;
Unconquer'd powers, th' immortal mind display'd,
But worn with anxious thought the frame decay'd;
Pale o'er his lamp and in his cell retired,
The Martyr Student faded and expired.
O Genius, Taste, and Piety sincere,
Too early lost, midst duties too severe!
Foremost to mourn was generous *Southey* seen,
He told the tale and show'd what *White* had been,
Nor told in vain—far o'er th' Atlantic wave,
A Wanderer came and sought the Poet's grave—
On yon low stone he saw his lonely name,
And raised this fond memorial to his fame.

W. S.

LINES
BY LORD BYRON.

NO marble marks thy couch of lowly sleep,
But living Statues there are seen to weep.
Affliction's semblance bends not o'er thy tomb,
Affliction's self deplores thy youthful doom.

TO MY LYRE.

AN ODE.

I.

THOU simple Lyre!—Thy music wild
Has served to charm the wery hour,
And many a lonely night has 'guiled,
When even pain has own'd and smiled,
Its fascinating power.

II.

Yet, oh my Lyre! the busy crowd
Will little heed thy simple tones:
Them mightier minstrels harping loud
Engross,—and thou and I must shroud
Where dark oblivion 'thrones.

III.

No hand, thy diapason o'er,
Well skill'd, I throw with sweep sublime
For me, no academic lore
Has taught the solemn strain to pour,
Or build the polish'd rhyme.

IV.

Yet thou to *Sylvan* themes canst soar,
Thou know'st to charm the *woodland* train:
The rustic swains believe thy power
Can hush the wild winds when they roar,
And still the billowy main.

V.

These honours, Lyre, we yet may keep,
I, still unknown, may live with thee,
And gentle zephyr's wing will sweep
Thy solemn string, where low I sleep,
Beneath the alder tree.

VI.

This little dirge will please me more
Than the full requiem's swelling peal;
I'd rather than that crowds should sigh
For me, that from some kindred eye
The trickling tear should steal.

VII.

Yet dear to me the wreath of bay,
Perhaps from me debarr'd:
And dear to me the classic zone,
Which, snatch'd from learning's labour'd throne,
Adorns the accepted bard.

VIII.

And O! if yet 'twere mine to dwell
Where *Cam* or *Isis* winds along,
Perchance, inspired with ardour chaste,
I yet might call the ear of taste
To listen to my song.

IX.

On! then, my little friend, thy style
I'd change to happier lays,
O then, the cloister'd glooms should smile,
And through the long the fretted aisle,
Should swell the note of praise.

CLIFTON GROVE.

A SKETCH IN VERSE.

LO! in the west, fast fades the lingering light,
And day's last vestige takes its silent flight,
No more to herald the woodland's measured stride
With the dawn, from yonder dusky brake,
No more to breathe the breeze over the myrtled hill,
The cool, sweet breeze, and the wood-rook's fall,
Still is the village hum—the woodlands' sounds
Have ceased to echo on the dewy prairie,
And general silence is now, save when below,
The unrummured Trent has rarely heard to flow;
And even when, awing by hushed rustle, o'er,
Off on its ledge, to bound is the jarring gate,
Or when the star pebble, in the d'ant vale,
Breathes its will into the downy pale.

Now when the rattle wears the social smile,
Released from vexing life's attendant toil,
As I draw hither, where I found their evening fire,
And the electric light is that it never tire;
Or where the fountain's turn is daily rose,
And time of nature's beauty is not less;
The pale moon beams from the sky, and for me,
The atmosphere is the most beautiful room,
And music, out of patient to begin
The stated course of sweet melody;
Now, now, a solitary way I find
Where a solemn grace to awful state depend.
And child, that bly rise above the plain,
It speak, be still, and the sublime domain.
Here lonely was I long, over the sylvan bower,
I came to pass the meditative hour;
Till I saw the strife of passion cease,
And was the calm of solitude and peace.
And oh! thou sacred Power, who art on high
Thy throne where waving poplars sigh!
Thy leafy throne where waving poplars sigh!
Genius of woodland shades! whose mild control
Breeds with reckless woe, and in the soul,
Come with thy wonted glory, and inspire
My glowing beam with thy hallowed fire.
And thou too, Fancy, from thy starry sphere,
Where to thy lightning orbs thou hast thine
car,

Do thou descend, and bless my ravish'd sight,
Veil'd in soft visions of serene delight,
At thy command the pale that pines by
Hearts in its whispers mystic harmony,
Thou wast thy wand, and lo! what forms appear!
On the dark cloud what giant shapes career!
The ghosts of Ocean skin the moon-beams call,
And hosts of Sylphs on the moon-beams call.

This gloomy alcove darkling to the sight,
Where meeting trees create eternal night;
Saw when, from zenith stream, the sunny ray,
Reflected, gave a delicious gleam of day,
Recalls, endearing to my after'd mind,
Times, when beneath the hushen hedge reclined,
I watch'd the lapping to her clamorous brood,
Or lured the rolin to its sated food;
Or woke with song the woodland echo wild,
And at each gay response delighted smiled.
How oft, when childhood threw its golden ray
Of gay romance o'er every happy day,
Here would I run, a visionary boy,
When the hoarse tempest shook the vaulted sky,

And, fancy led, belied the Almighty's arm
Sternly asserting on the edifying arm.
And lo! and, while awe engirdled my innocent soul,
The voice thrills in the thunder roll.
With secret joy, I view'd with vivid glare
The valley'd hills, through clouds of golden air
And, as the warning words around reviled,
With awful pleasure, as I heard and smiled,
Belied remembrance of Memory which endears
This silent spot to my advancing years.
Here dwelt eternal peace, eternal rest,
In the like these to live is to be blest.
While I lay prone, eaves the busy crowd,
In rural covert loss the mail to shroud,
And then too, Inspiration, whose wild flame
Shook with electric swiftness through the frame,
Thou hast dost love to sit with upturn'd eye,
And listen to the stream that murmurs by,
The woods that wave, the gray owl's silken flight,
The mellow murmur of the listening night.
Cognate claims more welcome to my breast
Than middle age's in dazzling lustre dress'd,
To Heaven my prayers, no daily prayers, I raise,
That ye may listen up and down days,
Withdrawn from care, to smother the hums of strife,
May trace with me the loss of life,
And when her hour of death shall o'er me wave,
May keep your peaceful vigils on my grave.
Now as I rove, where wide the prospect grows,
A lither light upon my vision flows,
No more above the embowering branches meet,
No more the river gurgles at my feet,
But seen deep, down the cliffs impending side,
Through hanging woods, now glams its silver tide.
Dim is my upland path, across the green
Fantastic shadows fling, yet oft between
The chequered plumes, the moon her chaste ray
sheds, [beads]
Where knots of blue-bells droop their graceful
And beds of violets blooming mid the trees,
Load with waste fragrance the nocturnal breeze.

Say, why does Man, while to his opening sight
Each shrub presents a source of chaste delight,
And Nature bids for him her treasures flow,
And gives to him alone his bliss to know,
Why does he pant for Vice's deadly charms?
Why clasp the syren Pleasure to his arms?
And suck deep draughts of her voluptuous breath,
Though fraught with ruin, infamy, and death?
Could he who thus to vice enjoyment clings,
Know what calm joy from purer sources springs;
Could he but feel how sweet, how free from strife,
The harmless pleasures of a harmless life,
No more his soul would part for joys impure,
But the deadly chalice would no more allure,
But the sweet portion he is wont to sip,
Would turn to poison on his conscious lip.
Fair Nature! then, in all the varied charms,
Fain would I clasp for ever in my arms.
Thine are the sweets which never, never cease,
Thine still remain through all the storms of fate.
Though not for me, 'twas Heaven's divine com-
mand
To roll in acres of paternal land,

Yet still my lot is blest'd, while I enjoy
Thine opening beauties with a lover's eye.

Happy is he, who, though the cup of bliss
Has ever shunn'd him when he thought to kiss,
Who, still in abject poverty or pain,
Can count with pleasure what small joys remain:
Though were his sight convey'd from zone to zone,
He would not find one spot of ground his own,
Yet, as he looks around, he cries with glee,
These bounding prospects all were made for me:
For me yon waving fields their burden bear,
For me yon labourer guides the shining share,
While happy I in idle ease recline,
And mark the glorious visions as they shine.
This is the charm, by sages often told,
Converting all it touches into gold.
Content can soothe, where'er by fortune placed,
Can rear a garden in the desert waste.

How lovely, from this hill's superior height,
Spreads the wide view before my straining sight!
O'er many a varied mile of lengthening ground,
E'en to the blue-ridged hill's remotest bound,
My ken is borne; while o'er my head serene,
The silver moon illumines the misty scene:
Now shining clear, now darkening in the glade,
In all the soft varieties of shade.

Behind me, lo! the peaceful hamlet lies,
The drowsy god has seal'd the cotter's eyes.
No more, where late the social fagot blazed,
The vacant peal resounds, by little raised;
But lock'd in silence, o'er Arion's* star
The slumbering Night rolls on her velvet car:
The church-bell tolls, deep-sounding down the glade,

The solemn hour for walking spectres made;
The simple plough-boy, wakening with the sound,
Listens aghast, and turns him startled round,
Then stops his ears, and strives to close his eyes,
Lest at the sound some grisly ghost should rise.
Now ceased the long, and monitory toll,
Returning silence stagnates in the soul;
Save when, disturb'd by dreams, with wild affright,
The deep mouth'd mastiff bays the troubled night.

Or where the village ale-house crowns the vale,
The creaking sign-post whistles to the gale.
A little onward let me bend my way,
Where the moss'd seat invites the traveller's stay.
That spot, oh! yet it is the very same;
That hawthorn gives it shade, and gave it name:
There yet the primrose opens its earliest bloom,
There yet the violet sheds its first perfume,
And in the branch that rears above the rest
The robin unmolested builds its nest.

'Twas here, when hope, presiding o'er my breast,
In vivid colours every prospect dress'd
'Twas here, reclining, I indulg'd her dreams,
And lost the hour in visionary schemes.

Here, as I press once more the ancient seat,
Why, bland deceiver! not renew the cheat!
Say, can a few short years this change achieve,
That thy illusions can no more deceive!
Time's sombre tints have every view o'erspread,
And thou too, gay seducer, art thou fled?
Though vain thy promise, and the suit severe,
Yet thou couldst guile Misfortune of her tear,
And oft thy smiles across life's gloomy way,
Could throw a gleam of transitory day.

How gay, in youth, the flattering future seem'd;
How sweet is manhood in the infant's dream;
The dire mistake too soon is brought to light,
And all is buried in redoubled night.

Yet some can rise superior to their pain,
And in their breasts the charmer Hope retain
While others, dead to feeling, can surcease,
Unmoved, their fairest prospects fade away:
But yet a few there be,—too soon o'ercast!
Who shrink unhappy from the adverse blast,
And woo the first bright gleam, which breaks the gloom,

To gild the silent slumbers of the tomb.
So in these shades the early primrose blows,
Too soon deceived by suns and melting snows,
So falls untimely on the desert waste;
Its blossoms withering in the northern blast.

* The constellation Delphinus. For authority for this appellation, vide Ovid's *Fasts*, B. xi. 113.

Now pass'd, whatever the upland heights display,
Down the steep cliff I wind my devious way;
Of rousing, as the rustling path I beat,
The timid hare from its accustomed seat.
And oh! how sweet this walk o'erlunz with wood,
That winds the margin of the solemn flood!
What rural objects steal upon the sight!
What rising views prolong the calm delight:
The brooklet branching from the silver Trent,
The whispering birch by every zephyr bent,
The woody island, and the naked mead,
The lowly hut half-hid in groves of reed,
The rural wicket, and the rural stile,
And, frequent interspersed, the woodman's pile.
Above, below, where'er I turn my eyes,
Rocks, waters, woods, in grand succession rise.
High up the cliff the varied groves ascend,
And mournful larches o'er the wave impend.
Around, what sounds, what magic sounds, arise,
What glimmering scenes salute my ravish'd eye.
Soft sleep the waters on their pebbly bed,
The woods wave gently o'er my drooping head,
And, swelling slow, comes wafted on the wind,
Lorn Progne's note from distant copse behind.
Still, every rising sound of calm delight
Stamps but the fearful silence of the night,
Save when is heard, between each dreary rest,
Discordant from her solitary nest,
The owl, dull-screaming to the wandering moon;
Now riding, cloud-wrapp'd, near her highest noon
Or when the wild-duck, southering, hither rides,
And plunges sullen in the sounding tides.

How oft, in this sequester'd spot, when youth
Gave to each tale the holy force of truth,
Have I long linger'd, while the milk-maid sung
The tragic legend, till the woodland rung!
That tale, so sad! which, still to memory dear,
From its sweet source can call the sacred tear,
And (tull'd to rest stern Reason's harsh control)
Steal its soft magic to the passive soul. [wind,
These hallow'd shades,—these trees that woo the
Recall its faintest features to my mind.

A hundred passing years, with march sublime,
Have swept beneath the silent wing of time,
Since, in yon hamlet's solitary shade,
Reclusely dwelt the far-famed Clifton Maid,
The beauteous Margaret; for her each swain
Confess'd in private his peculiar pain,
In secret sigh'd, a victim to despair,
Nor dared to hope to win the peerless fair.
No more the shepherd on the blooming mead
Attuned to gayety his artless reed,
No more entwined the pensive wreath, to deck
His favourite wether's unpolluted neck,
But listless, by yon bubbling stream reclined,
He mix'd his sobbings with the passing wind,
Bemoan'd his helpless love; or, boldly bent,
Far from these smiling fields, a rover went,
O'er distant lands, in search of ease, to roam,
A self-will'd exile from his native home.

Yet not to all the maid express'd disdain;
Her Bateman loved, nor loved the youth in vain.
Full oft, low whispering o'er these arching boughs
The echoing vault responded to their vows,
As here deep hidden from the glare of day,
Enamour'd oft, they took their secret way.

Yon bosky dingle, still the rustics name;
'Twas there the blushing maid confess'd her flame.
Down yon green lane they oft were seen to hie,
When evening slumber'd on the western sky.
That blasted yew, that mouldering walnut bare,
Each bears mementos of the fated pair.

One eve, when Autumn loaded every breeze
With the fallen honours of the mourning trees,
The maiden waited at the accustom'd bower,
And waited long beyond the appointed hour,
Yet Batemen came not;—o'er the woodland drear,
Howling portentous, did the winds career:
And bleak and dismal on the leafless woods,
The fitful rains rush'd down in sullen floods;
The night was dark; as, now and then, the gale
Paused for a moment,—Margaret listen'd, pale;
But through the covert to her anxious ear,
No rustling footstep spoke her lover near.
Strange fears now fill'd her breast,—she knew not
why,
She sigh'd, and Bateman's name was in each sigh.

She hears a noise—'tis he—he comes at last,—
Alas! 'twas but the gale which hurried past;
But now she hears a quickening footstep sound,
Lightly it comes, and nearer does it bound;
'Tis Bateman's self,—he springs into her arms,
'Tis he that clasps, and chides her vain alarms.
"Yet why this silence?—I have waited long,
And the cold storm has yell'd the trees among,
And now thou'rt here my fears are fled—yet speak,
Why does the salt tear moisten on thy cheek?
Say, what is wrong?"—Now, through a parting
cloud,

The pale moon peer'd from her tempestuous shroud,
And Bateman's face was seen—'twas deadly white,
And sorrow seem'd to sicken in his sight.
"Oh, speak, my love!" again the maid conjured,
"Why is thy heart in sullen wo immured?"
He raised his head, and thrice essay'd to tell,
Thrice from his lips the unfinished accents fell;
When thus at last reluctantly he broke
His bodling silence, and the maid bespoke:
"Grieve not, my love, but ere the morn advance,
I on these fields must cast my parting glance;
For three long years, by cruel fate's command,
I go to languish in a foreign land.
Oh, Margaret! omens dire have met my view,
Say, when far distant, wilt thou bear me true?
Should honours tempt thee, and should riches see,
Wouldst thou forget thine ardent vows to me,
And, on the silken couch of wealth reclined,
Banish thy faithful Bateman from thy mind?"

"Oh! why," replies the maid, "my faith thus
prove,
Canst thou not, canst thou, then, suspect my love?
Hear me, just God! if from my traitorous heart,
My Bateman's fond remembrance e'er shall part,
If, when he hails again his native shore,
He finds his Margaret true to him no more,
May fiends of hell, and every power of dread,
Conjoin'd, then drag me from my perjured bed,
And hurl me headlong down these awful steep,
To find deserved death in yonder deeps!"

Thus spoke the maid, and from her finger drew
A golden ring, and broke it quick in two;
One half she in her lovely bosom hides,
The other, trembling, to her love confides.
"This bind the vow," she said, "this mystic charm,
No future repentance can disarm.
The right vindictive does the fates involve,
No tears can move it, no regrets dissolve."

She ceased. The death-bird gave a dismal cry,
The river moan'd, the wild gale whistled by,
And once again the Lady of the night
Behind a heavy cloud withdrew her light.
Trembling she view'd these portents with dismay:
But gently Bateman kiss'd her fears away:
Yet still he felt conceal'd a secret smart,
Still melancholy bodings fill'd his heart.

When to the distant land the youth was sped,
A lonely life the moody maiden led.
Still would she trace each dear, each well-known
walk.

Still by the moonlight to her love would talk,
And fancy, as she paced among the trees,
She heard his whispers in the dying breeze.
Thus two years glided on in silent grief;
The third her bosom own'd the kind relief:
Absence had cool'd her love—the impoverish'd flame
Was dwindling fast, when lo! the tempter came;
He offer'd wealth, and all the joys of life,
And the weak maid became another's wife!

Six guilty months had mark'd the false one's crime,
When Bateman hail'd once more his native clime,
Sure of her constancy, elate he came,
The lovely partner of his soul to claim,
Light was his heart, as up the well-known way
He bent his steps—and all his thoughts were gay.
Oh! who can paint his agonizing throes,
When on his ear the fatal news arose!
Chill'd with amazement—senseless with the blow,
He stood a marble monument of woe;
Ill call'd to all the horrors of despair,
"—smote his brow, and tore his horrid hair;

* This part of the Trent is commonly called
The Clifton Deep."

Then rush'd impetuous from the dreadful spot,
And sought those scenes, thy memory ne'er forget.
Those scenes, the witness of their growing flame,
And now like witnesses of Margaret's shame.
'Twas night—he sought the river's lonely shore,
And traced again their former wanderings o'er
Now on the bank in silent grief he stood,
And gazed intently on the stealing flood,
Death in his mien and madness in his eye,
He watch'd the waters as they murmur'd by;
Bade the base murderess triumph o'er his grave—
Prepared to plunge into the whelming wave.
Yet still he stood irresolutely bent,
Religion sternly stay'd his rash intent.
He knelt.—Cool play'd upon his cheek the wind,
And fann'd the fever of his maddening mind.
The willows waved, the stream it sweetly swept,
The pale moonbeam on its surface slept,
And all was peace;—he felt the general calm
O'er his rack'd bosom shed a genial balm:
When casting far behind his streaming eye,
He saw the Grove,—in fancy saw her lie,
His Margaret, lull'd in Germain's arms to rest,
And all the demon rose within his breast.
Convulsive now, he clench'd his trembling hand,
Cast his dark eye once more upon the land,
Then, at one spring he spurn'd the yielding bank,
And in the calm deceitful current sank.

Sad, on the solitude of night, the sound,
As in the stream he plunged, was heard around
Then all was still—the wave was rough no more,
The river swept as sweetly as before!
The willows waved, the moonbeams shone serene,
And peace returning brooded o'er the scene.
Now, see upon the perjured fair one hang
Remorse's glooms and never-ceasing pang.
Full well she knew, repentant now too late,
She soon must bow beneath the stroke of fate.
But, for the babe she bore beneath her breast,
The offended God prolong'd her life unblest'd.
But fast the fleeting moments roll'd away,
And near, and nearer drew the dreaded day;
That day, foredoom'd to give her child the light,
And hurl its mother to the shades of night.
The hour arrived, and from the wretched wife
The guiltless baby struggled into life.—
As night drew on, around her bed, a band
Of friends and kindred kindly took their stand;
In holy prayer they pass'd the creeping time,
Intent to expiate her awful crime.
Their prayers were fruitless—As the midnight came,
A heavy sleep oppress'd each weary frame.
In vain they strove against the o'erwhelming load,
Some power unseen their drowsy lids bestrode.
They slept, till in the blushing eastern sky
The blooming Morning oped her dewy eye;
Then wakening wide they sought the ravish'd bird,
But lo! the hapless Margaret was fled;
And never more the weeping train were doom'd
To view the false one, in the deeps intomb'd.

The neighbouring rustics told that in the night
They heard such screams as froze them with
affright;
And many an infant, at its mother's breast,
Started dismay'd, from its unthinking rest.
And even now, upon the heath forlorn,
They show the path down which the fair was borne,
By the fell demons, to the yawning wave,
Her own, and murder'd lover's, mutual grave.

Such is the tale, so sad, to memory dear,
Which oft in youth has charm'd my list'ning ear,
That tale, which bade me find redoubled sweets
In the drear silence of these dark retreats,
And even now, with melancholy power,
Adds a new pleasure to the lonely hour.
Mid all the charms by magic Nature given
To this wild spot, this sublimary heaven,
With double joy enthusiast Fancy leans
On the attendant legend of the scenes.
This sheds a fairy lustre on the floods,
And breathes a mellow glow upon the woods;
This, as the distant cataract swells around,
Gives a romantic cadence to the sound;
This, and the deepening glen, the alley green,
The silver stream, with sedgy tufts between,

* Germain is the traditionary name of her hus-
band.

The grassy rock, the wood-encompass'd leas,
The broom-clad islands, and the nodding trees.
The lengthening vista, and the prenent gloom,
The verdant pathway breathing waste perfume.
These are thy charms, the joys which these impart
And thee, bless'd Clifton! close around my heart.

Dear Native Grove! where'er my devious track,
To thee will Memory lead the wanderer back.
Whether in Arno's polish'd vales I stray,
Or where "Oswego's swamps" obstruct the day;
Or wander lone, where, wildering and wide,
The tumbling torrent laves St. Gothard's side;
Or by old Tejo's classic margin muse,
Or stand entranced with Pyrenean views;
Still, still to thee, where'er my footsteps roam,
My heart shall point, and lead the wanderer home.
When Splendour offers, and when Fame incites,
I'll pause, and think of all thy dear delights,
Reject the boon, and, wearied with the change,
Renounce the wish which first induced to range;
Turn to these scenes, these well-known scenes once
more,

Trace once again old Trent's romantic shore,
And, tired with worlds, and all their busy ways,
Here waste the little remnant of my days.
But, if the Fates should this last wish deny,
And doom me on some foreign shore to die;
Oh! should it please the world's supernal King,
That weltering waves my funeral dirge shall sing;
Or that my corse should, on some desert strand,
Lie stretch'd beneath the Simoom's blasting hand;
Still, though unwept I find a stranger tomb,
Mysprite shall wander through this favourite gloom,
Ride on the wind that sweeps the leafless grove,
Sigh on the wood-blast of the dark alcove,
Sit, a lone spectre on yon well-known grave,
And mix its moanings with the desert wave.

GONDOLINE;

A BALLAD.

THE night it was still, and the moon it shone
Serenely on the sea,
And the waves at the foot of the rifted rock
They murmur'd pleasantly.

When Gondoline roam'd along the shore,
A maiden full fair to the sight;
Tho' love had made bleak the rose on her cheek,
And turn'd it to deadly white.

Her thoughts they were drear, and the silent tear
It fill'd her faint blue eye,
As oft she heard, in Fancy's ear,
Her Bertrand's dying sigh.

Her Bertrand was the bravest youth
Of all our good King's men,
And he was gone to the Holy Land
To fight the Saracen.

And many a month had pass'd away,
And many a rolling year,
But nothing the maid from Palestine
Could of her lover hear.

Full oft she vainly tried to pierce
The Ocean's misty face;
Full oft she thought her lover's bark
She on the wave could trace.

And every night she placed a light
In the high rock's lonely tower,
To guide her lover to the land,
Should the murky tempest lower.

But now despair had seized her breast,
And sunken in her eye:
"Oh! tell me but if Bertrand live,
And I in peace will die."

She wander'd o'er the lonely shore,
The curlew scream'd above,
She heard the scream with a sickening heart
Much boding of her love.

Yet still she kept her lonely way,
And thus was all her cry,
"Oh! tell me but if Bertrand live,
And I in peace shall die."

And now she came to a horrible rift,
All in the rock's hard side,
A bleak and blasted oak o'erspread
The cavern yawning wide.

And pendant from its dismal top
The deadly nightshade hung;
The hemlock and the aconite
Across the mouth were flung.

And all within was dark and drear,
And all without was calm;
Yet Gondoline enter'd, her soul upheld
By some deep-working charm.

And as she enter'd the cavern wide,
The moonbeam gleamed pale,
And she saw a snake on the craggy rock,
It clung by its slimy tail.

Her foot it slipp'd, and she stood aghast,
She trod on a bloated toad;
Yet, still upheld by the secret charm,
She kept upon her road.

And now upon her frozen ear
Mysterious sounds arose;
So, on the mountain's piny top,
The blustering north wind blows.

Then furious peals of laughter loud
Were heard with thundering sound,
Till they died away in soft decay,
Low whispering o'er the ground.

Yet still the maiden onward went,
The charm yet onward led,
Though each big glaring bell of sight
Seem'd bursting from her head.

But now a pale blue light she saw,
It from a distance came,
She followed, till upon her sight
Burst full a flood of flame.

She stood appall'd; yet still the charm
Upheld her sinking soul;
Yet each bent knee the other smote,
And each wild eye did roll.

And such a sight as she saw there,
No mortal saw before,
And such a sight as she saw there,
No mortal shall see more.

A burning cauldron stood in the midst,
The flame was fierce and high,
And all the cave so wide and long,
Was plainly seen thereby.

And round about the cauldron stout
Twelve withered witches stood:
Their waists were bound with living snakes,
And their hair was stiff with blood.

Their hands were gory too; and red
And fiercely flamed their eyes:
And they were muttering indistinct
Their hellish mysteries.

And suddenly they join'd their hands,
And utter'd a joyous cry,
And round about the cauldron stout
They danced right merrily.

And now they stopp'd; and each prepared
To tell what she had done,
Since last the Lady of the night
Her waning course had run.

Behind a rock stood Gondoline,
Thick weeds her face did veil,
And she leam'd fearful forwarder,
To hear the dreadful tale.

The first arose: she said she'd seen
Rare sport since the blind cat mew'd,

She'd been to sea in a leaky sieve,
 And a jovial storm had brew'd.
 She call'd around the winged winds,
 And rais'd a devilish rout;
 And she laugh'd so loud, the peals were heard
 Full fifteen leagues about.
 She said there was a little bark
 Upon the roaring wave,
 And there was a woman there who'd been
 To see her husband's grave.
 And she had got a child in her arms,
 It was her only child,
 And oft its little infant pranks
 Her heavy heart beguiled.
 And there was too in that same bark,
 A father and his son;
 The lad was sickly, and the sire
 Was old and wo-begone.
 And when the tempest waxed strong,
 And the bark could no more it 'bide,
 She said it was jovial fun to hear
 How the poor devils cried.
 The mother elap'd her orphan child
 Unto her breast, and wept;
 And sweetly folded in her arms
 The careless baby slept.
 And she told how, in the shape o' the wind,
 As manfully it row'd,
 She twist'd her hand in the infant's hair
 And threw it overboard.
 And to have seen the mother's pangs,
 'Twas a glorious sight to see;
 The crew could scarcely hold her down
 From jumping in the sea.
 The hag held a lock of the hair in her hand,
 And it was soft and fair;
 It must have been a lovely child,
 To have had such lovely hair.
 And she said, the father in his arms
 He held his sickly son,
 And his dying throes they fast arose,
 His pains were nearly done.
 And she throttled the youth with her sinewy
 And his face grew deadly blue; [hands,
 And his father he tore his thin gray hair,
 And kiss'd the livid hue.
 And then she to'd, how she bored a hole
 In the bark, and it fill'd away.
 And 'twas rare to hear, how some did swear,
 And some did vow and pray.
 The man and woman they soon were dead,
 The sailors their strength did urge, [sheet,
 But the billows that beat were their winding
 And the winds sung their funeral dirge.
 She threw the infant's hair in the fire,
 The red flame flamed high,
 And round about the cauldron stout
 They danced right merrily.
 The second begun: She said she had done
 The task that Queen Hecate had set her,
 And that the devil, the father of evil,
 Had never accomplish'd a better.
 She said, there was an aged woman,
 And she had a daughter fair,
 Whose evil habits fill'd her heart
 With misery and care.
 The daughter had a paramour,
 A wicked man was he,
 And oft the woman him against
 Did murmur grievously.
 And the hag had work'd the daughter up
 To murder her old mother,
 That then she might seize on all her goods,
 And wanton with her lover.
 And one night as the old woman
 Was sick and ill in bed,
 And pondering sorely on the life
 Her wicked daughter led,
 She heard her footstep on the floor,
 And she rais'd her pallid head,
 And she saw her daughter, with a knife,
 Approaching to her bed.
 And said, My child, I'm very ill,
 I have not long to live,
 Now kiss my cheek, that ere I die
 Thy sins I may forgive.
 And the murderess bent to kiss her cheek,
 And she lifted the sharp bright knife
 And the mother saw her fell intent,
 And hard she begg'd for life.
 But prayers would nothing her avail,
 And she scream'd aloud with fear,
 But the house was lone, and the piercing screams
 Could reach no human ear.
 And though that she was sick, and old,
 She struggl'd hard and fought;
 The murderess cut three fingers through
 Ere she could reach her throat.
 And the hag she held the fingers up,
 The skin was mangled sore,
 And they all agreed a nobler deed
 Was never done before.
 And she threw the fingers in the fire,
 The red flame flamed high,
 And round about the cauldron stout
 They danced right merrily.
 The third arose: She said she'd been
 To Holy Palestine;
 And seen more blood in one short day,
 Than they had all seen in nine.
 Now Gondoline, with fearful steps,
 Drew nearer to the flame,
 For much she dreaded now to hear
 Her hapless lover's name.
 The hag related then the sports
 Of that eventful day,
 When on the well-contested field
 Full fifteen thousand lay.
 She said that she in human gore
 Above the knees did wade,
 And that no tongue could truly tell
 The tricks she there had play'd.
 There was a gallant-featured youth,
 Who like a hero fought;
 He kiss'd a braver on his wrist,
 And every danger sought.
 And in a vessel's garb disguised,
 Unto the knight she sneezed,
 And told him she from Britain comes,
 And brings unwelcome news.
 That three days ere she had embark'd,
 His love had given her hand
 Unto a wealthy Thane — and thought
 Him dead in holy land.
 And to have seen how he did writhe
 When this her tale she told,
 It would have made a wizard's blood
 Within his heart run cold.
 Then fierce he spur'd his warrior steed,
 And sought the battle's bed;
 And soon all mangled o'er with wounds,
 He on the cold turf bled.
 And from his smoking corse she tore
 His head, half clove in two
 She cut it, and from beneath her garm
 The bloody trophy drew.
 The eyes were starting from their sockets,
 The mouth it ghastly grin'd,

And there was a gash across the brow,
The scalp was nearly skinn'd.

'Twas Bertrand's Head! With a terrible scream
The maiden gave a spring,
And from her fearful hiding place
She fell into the ring.

The lights they fled—the cauldron sunk,
Deep thunders shook the dome,
And hollow peals of laughter came
Resounding through the gloom.

Insensible the maiden lay
Upon the hellish ground,
And still mysterious sounds were heard
At intervals around.

She woke—she half arose,—and wild,
She cast a horrid glare,
The sounds had ceased, the lights had fled,
And all was stillness there.

And through an awning in the rock,
The moon it sweetly shone
And show'd a river in the cave
Which dismally did moan.

The stream was black, it sounded deep,
As it run'd the rocks between,
It offer'd well, for madness fired
The breast of Gondoline.

She plunged in, the torrent moan'd
With its accusom'd sound,
And hollow peals of laughter loud
Again rebellow'd round.

The maid was seen no more.—But oft
Her ghost is known to glide,
At midnight's silent, solemn hour,
Along the ocean's side.

LINES

WRITTEN ON A SURVEY OF THE
HEAVENS,

In the Morning before Day-break.

YE many twinkling stars, who yet do hold
Your brilliant places in the sable vault
Of night's dominions!—Planets, and central orbs
Of other systems:—big as the burning sun
Which lights this nether globe,—yet to our eye
Small as the glow-worm's lamp!—To you I raise
My lowly orisons, while, all bewild'rd,
My vision strayso'er your ethereal hosts;
Too vast, too boundless for our narrow mind,
Warp'd with low prejudices, to unfold,
And sagely comprehend. Thence higher soaring,
Through ye I raise my solemn thoughts to Him,
The mighty Founder of this wondrous maze,
The great Creator! Him! who now sublime,
Wrapt in the solitary amplitude
Of boundless space, above the rolling spheres
bits on his silent throne, and meditates.

The angelic hosts, in their inferior Heaven,
Hymn to the golden harps his praise sublime,
Repeating loud, "The Lord our God is great,"
In varied harmonies.—The glorious sounds
Roll o'er the air serene.—The Æolian spheres,
Harping along their viewless boundaries,
Catch the full note, and cry, "The Lord is great,
Responding to the Seraphim—"O'er all
From orb to orb, to the remotest verge
Of the created world, the sound is borne,
Till the whole universe is full of Him.

Oh! 'tis this heavenly harmony which now
In fancy strikes upon my listening ear,
And thrills my inmost soul. It bids me smite
On the vain world, and all its bustling cares,

And gives a shadowy glimpse of future bliss.
Oh! what is man, when at ambition's height,
What even are kings, when balanced in the scale
Of these stupendous worlds! Almighty God!
Thou, the dread author of these wondrous works!
Say, canst thou cast on me, poor passing worm,
One look of kind benevolence?—Thou canst;
For Thou art full of universal love,
And in thy boundless goodness wilt impart
Thy beams as well to me as to the proud,
The pageant insects of a glittering hour.

Oh! when reflecting on these truths sublime,
How insignificant do all the joys,
The gaudes, and honours of the world appear!
How vain ambition! Why has my wakeful lamp
Outwatch'd the slow-paced night?—Why on the
page,

The schoolman's labour'd page, have I employ'd
The hours devoted by the world to rest,
And needful to recruit exhausted nature?
Say, can the voice of narrow Fame repay
The loss of health? or can the glow of glory
Lend a new throb unto my languid heart,
Cool, even now my feverish aching brow,
Relume the fires of this deep-sunken eye,
Or paint new colours on this pallid cheek?

Say, foolish one—can that unbodied fame,
For which thou barterest health and happiness,
Say, can it soothe the slumbers of the grave?
Give a new zest to bliss, or chase the pains
Of everlasting punishment condign?
Alas! how vain are mortal man's desires!
How fruitless his pursuits! Eternal God!
Guide Thou my footsteps in the way of truth,
And oh! assist me so to live on earth,
That I may die in peace, and claim a place
In thy high dwelling.—All but this is folly,
The vain illusions of deceitful life.

LINES,

SUPPOSED TO BE SPOKEN BY A LOVER
AT THE GRAVE OF HIS MISTRESS.

Occasioned by a Situation in a Romance.

MARY, the moon is sleeping on thy grave,
And on the turf thy lover sad is kneeling.
The big tear in his eye.—Mary, awake
From thy dark house arise, and bless his sight
On the pale moonbeam gliding. Soft, and low,
Pour on the silver ear of night thy tale,
Thy whisper'd tale of comfort and of love,
To soothe thy Edward's lorn, distracted soul,
And cheer his breaking heart.—Come, as thou
didst,
When o'er the barren moors the night wind howl'd,
And the deep thunders shook the ebony throne
Of the startled night.—O! then, as lone reclining,
I listen'd sadly to the dismal storm,
Though on the lambent lightnings wild careering
Didst strike my moody eye;—dead pale thou wert,
Yet passing lovely.—Thou didst smile upon me,
And oh! thy voice it rose so musical,
Betwixt the hollow pauses of the storm,
That at the sound the winds forgot to rave,
And the stern demon of the tempest, charm'd,
Sunk on his rocking throne to still repose,
Lock'd in the arms of silence.

Spirit of her!

My only love!—O! now again arise,
And let once more thine airy accents fall
Soft on my listening ear. The night is calm,
The gloomy willows wave in sinking cadence
With the stream that sweeps below. Divinely swell—
ing

On the still air, the distant waterfall
Mingles its melody;—and, high above,
The pensive empress of the solemn night,
Fifful, emerging from the rapid clouds,
Shows her chaste face in the meridian sky.
No wicked elves upon the Warlock-knoll
Are now assemble at their mystic revels;

MY STUDY.—SONNET.

It is a lot, when from the paper rose beds,
The poet's pen is lifted to the air;
And, writing, he is wanderer on the breeze,
Outside the gates his thought's wings are;
As fast he glides from the room, to seek
The solitude of some gliding wake,
And there, in solitude, he writes.

Mary, bid
The Edward kneel upon the very last grave,
And kneel upon the grave—The Edward that I love
On his own cheek will sweep over him
In a fern mine, and a fern mine,
With a fern mine, and a fern mine,
The worm that played upon the youthful bloom,
It is not I, green and now lost the starry,
The worm that played upon the youthful bloom,
With a fern mine, and a fern mine,
The worm that played upon the youthful bloom,
With a fern mine, and a fern mine,
The worm that played upon the youthful bloom,
With a fern mine, and a fern mine,

MY STUDY.

A Letter in Haldor's Verse.

YOU bid me, Ned, describe the place
Where I, one of the rhyming race,
Pursue my studies in a corner,
And wanton with the muse in glory.

Well, figure to your senses straight,
Upon the house's toping height,
A closet, just six feet by four,
With white-washed walls and a plaster floor,
So noble large, its exactly able
To admit a single chair and table
And (lest the muse should die with cold)
A smoky grate my fire to hold:
So wondrous small, 'twould I much I knew
To melt the ice drop on one's nose;
And yet so large, it covers over
I will half the spacious room and more.

A window vainly stuff'd about,
To keep November's breezes out,
So crazy, that the penes proclum,
That soon they mean to leave the frame.

My furniture I pure may crack—
A broken chair without a back;
A table wanting just two legs,
One end sustin'd by wooden pegs;
A desk—of that I am not ferret,
The work of, Sir, your humble servant;
(Who, though I say't, am no such fumbler.)
A glass decanter and a tumbler,
From which my night-parch'd throat I lave,
Luxurious, with the limpid wave.
A chest of drawers, in antique sections,
And saw'd by me in all directions;
So small, Sir, that whoever views 'em,
Swears nothing but a doll could use 'em.
To these, if you will add a store
Of oddities upon the floor,
A pair of gloves, electric balls,
Scales, quadrants, prism, and cobblers' awls,
And crowds of books, on rotten shelves,
Octavo, folio, quarto, twelves;
I think, dear Ned, you curious dog,
You'll have my curiously catalogue.
But stay,—I nearly had left out
My bellow's destitute of snout;
And on the walls,—(Good Heaven's! why there
I've such a load of precious ware,
Of heads, and couns, and silver medals,
And organ works, and broken petals;
(For I was once a building music,
Though soon of that employ I grew sick.)
And skeletons of laws which shoot
All out of me primordially root;
That you, at such a sight, would swear
Confusion's self had settled there.
There stands, just by a broken sphere,
A Cicero without an ear.
A neck, on which, by logic gool,
I know for sure a head once stood;

But what it was the staff's master
Had made, bid in the staff's master,
What it was the staff's master,
I never yet could tell, the being,
But knowing well, that it was dead,
It came to me, and I was dead,
(And a spirit of the staff's master,
And a spirit of the staff's master,
Not that it was a spirit of the staff's master,
To christen it, but a spirit of the staff's master,
Because they both have been, who have been,
We mark them well, in John, and John,
For some great man, I am told,
But I could not answer just as well,
So perch'd it up, all in a row,
With Odysseus and with Cicero.

Then all around in just degree,
A range of portraits you may see,
Of mighty men and wise of women,
Who are no whit inferior to men.

With these fair dames, and heroes round,
I set my parrot clasp and round,
For though I am confined, I will well contain
The fleet flights of Malin's brain.
No dungeons walls, no cell confined,
Can cramp the energies of mind!
Thus, though my heart may seem so small,
I'm friendly, and I will contain them all;
And should it ever become so cold,
That there it will no longer hold,
Not more may Heaven's blessings give,
I shall not then be left to live.

TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

MILD offspring of a dark and sullen sire!
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,
Was nursed in winter storms,
And cradled in the wind.

Thee when young Spring first question'd Winter's
And dared the sturdy listener to the fight,
Thou on this bank he threw
To mark his victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,
Serene, thou openest to the nipping fair,
Unnoticed and alone,
Thy tender elegance.

So virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storm
Of chill adversity, in some lone walk
Of life she fears her head,
Obscure and unobserved;

While every bleaching breeze that on her blows,
Chastens her spotless purity of breast,
And hardens her to bear,
Serene the ills of life.

SONNET I

TO THE RIVER TRENT.

Written on Recovery from Sickness.

ONCE more, O Trent! along thy pebbly marge
A penive invalid, reduced and pale,
From the close sick-room newly let at large,
Waxes to his wan-worn cheek the pleasant gale.
Oh! to his ear how musical the tale
Which fills with joy the throbbles' little throat!
And all the sounds which on the fresh breeze wait,
How wildly novel on his senses float!
It was on this that many a sleepless night,
As lone, he watch'd the taper's sickly gleam,
And at his excrement heard, with wild affright,
The owl's dull wing and melancholy scream,
On this he thought, thus, this his sole desire,
Thus once again to hear the warbling woodlark's choir

SONNET II.

GIVE me a cottage on some Cambrian wild,
Where, far from cities, I may spend my days,
And, by the beauties of the scene beguiled,
May pity man's pursuits, and shun his ways.
While on the rock I mark the browsing goat,
Last to the mountain-torrent's distant noise,
Or the hoarse bittern's solitary note,
I shall not want the world's delusive joys;
But with my little scrip, my book, my lyre,
Shall think my lot complete, nor covet more;
And when, with time, shall wane the vital fire,
I'll raise my pillow on the desert shore,
And lay me down to rest where the wild wave
Shall make sweet music o'er my lonely grave.

SONNET III.*

*Supposed to have been addressed by a female lunatic
to a Lady.*

LADY, thou weepest for the Maniac's woe,
And thou art fair, and thou, like me, art young
Oh! may thy be on never, never know
The pangs with which my wretched heart is
raving.
I had a mother once—a brother too—
(Beneath yon yew my father rests his head,
I had a lover once,—and kind, and true,
But mother, brother, lover, all are fled!
Yet, whence the tear which dims the lovely eye?
Oh! gentle lady—not for me thus weep,
The green sod soon upon my breast will lie,
And soft and sound will be my peaceful sleep.
Go thou and pluck the rose while thou bloom'st
My hopes lie buried in the silent tomb

SONNET IV

*Supposed to be written by the unhappy Peet Dermody,
in a Storm, while on board a Ship on his Majesty's
Service.*

I O! o'er the welkin the tempestuous clouds
Successive fly, and the loud-piping wind
Rocks the poor wretch on the dripping shrouds,
While the pale pilot, o'er the helm reclined,
Lays to the changing storm, and as he plies
His weak, full task, he oft exclaims I'm sad,
Of self and little home, and chubbly lad,
And the little stronged tear bedews his eyes,
Lies on the deck musing on thine woes forlorn,
Nought dream'd of in the green sea's caves to sleep,
For not for it a child wife or children mourn,
And the wild winds will ring thy funeral knell
Sweetly, as solemn peal of pious passing-bells.

SONNET V.

THE WINTER TRAVELLER.

GOD bless thee, Traveller, on thy journey far;
The wind is bitter keen,—the snow o'erlays
The hidden pits, and deep rough hollow ways,
And darkness will involve thee—No kind star
To guide thee through these things, Traveller,—and the war
Of winds and elements on thy head will beat,
And in the screaming of the shriek
Of spirits howling on their stormy car,

* This Outburst had its rise from an elegant
Sonnet, "addressed to a young Female
Lunatic," written by Mrs. Loft, and published in
the Monthly Mirror.

Will often ring appalling—I portend
A dismal night—and on my wakeful bed
Thoughts, Traveller, of thee will fill my head,
And him who rides where winds and waves contend,
And strives, rude cradled on the seas, to guide
His lonely bark through the tempestuous tide.

SONNET VI.

BY CAPEL LOFIT, ESQ.

This Sonnet was addressed to the Author of this
Volume, and was occasioned by several little Quar-
terains, misnomered Sonnets, which he pub-
lished in the Monthly Mirror. He begs leave to
return his thanks to the much respected writer,
for the permission so politely granted to insert
it here, and for the good opinion he has been
pleased to express of his productions.

YE, whose aspirations court the muse of lays,
Severest of those orders which belong,
Distinct and separate, to Delphic song;
Why shun the Sonnet's undulating maze?
And why its name, boast of Petrarchian days,
Assume, its rules disown'd?—a hum from the throng
The muse selects, their ear the charm obeys
Of its full harmony—they fear to wrong
The Sonnet, by adorning with a name
Of that distinguish'd import, lays, though sweet.
Yet not in maze texture taught to meet
Of that so varied and peculiar frame.
O think! to vindicate its genuine praise [always
Those it be seems, whose Lyre a favouring impul-

SONNET VII.

*Recantatory, in reply to the foregoing elegant
Admonition.*

LET the sublimer muse, who, wrapp'd in night,
Rides on the raven pinnons of the storm,
Or o'er the field, with purple havoc warm,
Lashes her steeds, and sings along the fight,
Let her, whom more ferocious strains delight,
Disdain the plaintive Sonnet's little form,
And scorn to its wild evidence to conform
The impetuous terror of her hardly flight.
But me, far lowest of the sylvan train, [shade
Who wake the wood-nymphs from the forest
With wildest song;—Me, much, behoves thy aid
Of mingled melody, to grate my strain,
And give it power to please, as soft it flows
Through the smooth murmurs of thy frequent close.

SONNET VIII.

*On hearing the Sounds of an Æolian
Harp.*

So rapturously soft upon the tide
Of the miniature gust, it did career,
It might have sooth'd its rugged charioteer,
And sunk him to a zephyr;—then it died,
Misting in melody;—and I desiered,
Home to some wizard stream, the form appear
Of druid sage, who on the far-off ear
Fear'd his lone song, to which the surge replied;
Or thought I heard the hapless pilgrim's knell,
Lost in some wild enchanted forest's bounds,
By unseen beings sung; or are these sounds
Such, as 'tis said, at night are known to swell
Fly startled sleep and on the lonely heath,
Keeping his night-watch sad portending dream?

SONNET IX.

WHAT art thou, *Mighty One!* and where thy seat?
Thou broodest on the calm that cheers the lands,
And thou dost bear within thine awful hands
The rolling thunders and the lightnings fleet,
Stern on thy dark-wrought ear of cloud and wind,
Thou guid'st the northern storm at night's dread
noon,
Or on the red wing of the fierce Monsoon,
Disturb'st the sleeping giant of the Ind.
In the drear silence of the polar span
Dost thou repose? or in the solitude
Of sultry tracts, where the lone caravan
Hears nightly howl the tiger's hungry brood?
Vain thought! the confines of his throne to trace,
Who glows through all the fields of boundless space.

A BALLAD.

BE hush'd, be hush'd, ye bitter winds,
Ye pelting rains a little rest:
Lie still, ye sullen, ye busy thoughts,
That wring with grief my aching breast.

Oh! cruel was my faithless love,
To triumph o'er an artless maid;
Oh! cruel was my faithless love,
To leave the breast by him betray'd.

When exiled from my native home,
He should have wiped the bitter tear;
Nor left me faint and lone to roam,
A heart-sick weary wanderer here.

My child moans sadly in my arms,
The winds they will not let it sleep:
Ah, little knows the hapless babe
What makes its wretched mother weep!

Now lie thee still, my infant dear,
I cannot bear thy sob to see,
Harsh is thy father, little one,
And never will he shelter thee.

Oh, that I were but in my grave,
And winds were piping o'er me loud,
And thou, my poor, my orphan babe,
Were nestling in thy mother's shroud!

THE LULLABY

OF A

FEMALE CONVICT TO HER CHILD, THE
NIGHT PREVIOUS TO EXECUTION.

SLEEP, baby mine,* enkerchleft on my bosom,
Thy cries they pierce again my bleeding breast;
Sleep, baby mine, not loak thou't have a mother
To lull thee fondly in her arms to rest.

Baby, why dost thou keep this sad complaining,
Long from mine eyes have kindly slumbers fled;
Hush, hush, my babe, the night is quickly waning,
And I would fain compose my aching head.

Poor wayward wretch! and who will heed thy
weeping,
When soon an outcast on the world thou't be:
Who then will soothe thee, when thy mother's
sleeping
In her low grave of shame and infamy!

Sleep, baby mine—To-morrow I must leave thee,
And I would snatch an interval of rest:
Sleep these last moments, ere the laws bereave thee,
For never more thou'tt press a mother's breast.

* Sir Philip Sidney has a poem beginning, "Sleep
Baby mine."

ODE,[†]

ADDRESSED TO H. FUSELI, ESQ. R. A

On seeing Engravings from his Designs.

MIGHTY magician! who on Torneo's brow,
When sullen tempests wrap the throne of night,
Art wont to sit and catch the gleam of light,
That shoots athwart the gloom opaque below;
And listen to the distant death shriek long
From lonely mariner foundering in the deep,
Which rises slowly up the rocky steep,
While the weird sisters weave the horrid song:
Or when along the liquid sky
Serenely chant the orbs on high,
Dost love to sit in musing trance,
And mark the northern meteor's dance,
(While far below the fitful ear
Fings its faint pauses on the steepy shore,
And list the music of the breeze,
That sweeps by fits the bending seas;
And often bears with sudden swell
The shipwreck'd sailor's funeral knell,
By the spirits sung, who keep
Their night-watch on the treacherous deep,
And guide the wakeful helms-man's eye
To Helice in northern sky:
And there upon the rock reclined
With mighty visions fill'st the mind,
Such as bound in magic spell
Him † who grasp'd the gates of Hell,
And bursting Pluto's dark domain,
Held to the day the terrors of his reign.

Genius of Horror and romantic awe,
Whose eye explores the secrets of the deep,
Whose power can bid the rebel fluids creep,
Can force the inmost soul to own its law;
Who shall now, sublimest spirit,
Who shall now thy wand inherit,
From him ‡ thy darling child who best
Thy shuddering images express'd?
Sullen of soul, and stern and proud,
His gloomy spirit spurn'd the crowd,
And now he lays his aching head
In the dark mansion of the silent dead.

Mighty magician! long thy wand has lain
Buried beneath the unfathomable deep;
And oh! for ever must its efforts sleep,
May none the mystic sceptre e'er regain!
Oh yes, 'tis his!—Thy other son,
He throws thy dark-wought tunic on,
Fueslin waves thy wand,—again they rise, feyer,
Again thy wildering forms salute our ravish'd
him didst thou cradle on the dizzy steep (flung,
Where round his head the vollied lightnings
And the loud winds that round his pillow rung,
Woo'd the stern infant to the arms of sleep;
Or on the highest top of Teneriffe
Seated the fearless boy, and bade him look
Where far below the weather-beaten skiff
On the gulf bottom of the ocean strook.
Thou mark'dst him drink with ruthless ear
The death-song, and, di-daunting rest,
Thou saw'st how danger fired his breast,
And in his young hand cou'dst the visionary spear.
Then, Superstition, at thy call,
She bore the boy to Odin's Hall,
And set before his awe-struck sight
The savage fiend and spectred fight
And summon'd from his mountain tomb
The ghastly warrior son of gloom,
His fabled lunic rhymes to sing,
While fierce Hresvelgr flap'd his wing;
Thou show'dst the trains the shepherd sees,
Laid on the stormy Hebrides,
Which on the mists of evening gleam,
Or crowd the foaming desert stream;
Lastly her storied hand she waves,
And lays him in Florentian caves;
There milder fables, lovelier themes,
Enwrap his soul in heavenly dreams,

* The following 17 Poems were written during,
or shortly after, the publication of Clifton Grove.
† Dante. ‡ Ibid.

There Pity's lute arrests his ear,
And draws the half-reluctant tear;
And now at noon of night he roves
Along the embowering moonlight groves,
And as from many a cavern'd dell
The hollow wind is heard to swell,
He thinks some troubled spirit sighs;
And as upon the turf he lies,
Where sleeps the silent beam of night,
He sees below the gliding sprite,
And hears in Fancy's organs sound
Aerial music warbling round.

Taste lastly comes and smoothes the whole,
And breathes her polish o'er his soul;
Glowing with wild, yet chasten'd neat,
The wondrous work is now complete.

The Poet dreams:—The shadow flies,
And fainting fast its image dies.
But lo! the Painter's magic force
Arrests the phantom's fleeting course;
It lives—it lives—the canvass glows,
And tenfold vigour o'er it flows.
The Bard beholds the work achieved,
And as he sees the shadow rise,
Sublime before his wondering eyes,
Starts at the image his own mind conceived.

ODE,

ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF
CARLISLE, K. G.

I. 1.

RETIRED, remote from human noise,
An humble Poet dwelt serene;
His lot was lowly, yet his joys
Were manifold, I ween.
He laid him by the brawling brook
At eventide to ruminate,
He watch'd the swallow skimming round,
And mused, in reverie profound,
On wayward man's unhappy state, [date.
And ponder'd much, and paused on deeds of ancient

II. 1.

"Oh, 'twas not always thus," he cried,
"There was a time, when Genius claim'd
Respect from even towering Pride,
Nor hung her head fashamed;
But now to Wealth alone we bow,
The titled and the rich alone
Are honour'd, while meek Merit pines,
On Penny's wretched couch reclines,
Unheeded in his dying moan, [known.
As overwhelm'd with want and wo, he sinks un-

III. 1.

"Yet was the muse not always seen
In Poverty's dejected men,
Not always did repining rue,
And misery her steps pursue.
Time was, when nobles thought their titles graced,
By the sweet honours of poetic bays,
When Sidney sung his melting song,
When Sheffield join'd the harmonious throng,
And Lyttleton attuned to love his lays.
Those days are gone—alas, for ever gone!
No more our nobles love to grace
Their brows with anadems, by genius won,
But arrogantly deem the muse as base;
How different thought the sires of this degenerate
race!"

I. 2.

Thus sang the minstrel:—still at eve
The upland's woody shades among
In broken measures did he grieve,
With solitary song.
And still his shame was aye the same,
Neglect had stung him to the core;
And he with pensive joy did love
To seek the still congenial grove,
And muse on all his sorrows o'er, [more
And vow that he would join the abjured world no

II. 2.

But human vows, how frail they be!
Fame brought Carlisle unto his view
And all amazed, he thought to see
The Augustan age anew.
Fill'd with wild rapture, up he rose,
No more he ponders on his woes,
Which erst he felt that forward goes,
Regrets he'd sunk in impotence,
And hails the ideal day of virtuous eminence.

III. 2.

Ah! silly man, yet smarting sore,
With ills which in the world he bore,
Again on futile hope to rest,
An unsubstantial prop at best,
And not to know one swallow makes no summer
Ah! soon he'll find the brilliant gleam,
Which flash'd across the hemisphere,
Illumining the darkness there,
Was but a single solitary beam,
While all around remain'd in custom'd night.
Still leaden Ignorance reigns serene,
In the false court's delusive height,
And only one Carlisle is seen,
To illumine the heavy gloom with pure and steady
light.

DESCRIPTION OF A

SUMMER'S EVE.

DOWN the sultry arc of day
The burning wheels have urged their way,
And eve along the western skies,
Spreads her intermingling dyes.
Down the deep, the miry lane,
Creaking comes the empty wain,
And driver on the shaft-horse sits,
Whistling now and then by fits;
And oft with his accustom'd call,
Urging on the sluggish Bail.
The barn is still, the master's gone,
And thresher puts his jacket on,
While Dick, upon the ladder tall,
Nails the dead kite to the wall.
Here comes shepherd Jack at last,
He has penn'd the sheep-cote fast,
For 'twas but two nights before,
A lamb was eaten on the moor:
His empty wallet Rover carries,
Now for Jack, when near home, tarries
With lolling tongue he runs to try,
If the horse-trough be not dry.
The milk is settled in the pans,
And supper messes in the cans;
In the hovel carts are wheel'd,
And both the colts are drove a-field
The horses are all bedded up,
And the ewe is with the tup,
The snare for Mister Fox is set,
The leaven laid, the thatching wet,
And Bess has sink'd away to talk
With Roger in the holly-walk.

Now, on the settle all, but Bess,
Are set to eat their supper mess;
And little Tom and roguish Kate,
Are swinging on the meadow gate.
Now they chat of various things,
Of taxes, ministers, and kings,
Or else tell all the village news,
How madam did the squire refuse,
How parson on his tithes was bent,
And landlord oft restrain'd for rent
Thus do they talk, till in the sky
The pale-eyed moon is mounted high,
And from the alchouse drunken Ned
Has reel'd—then hasten all to bed.
The mistress sees that lazy Kate
The happening coal on kitchen grate
Has laid—while master goes throughout,
Sees shutters fast, the mastiff out,

The candles safe, the hearths all clear,
And nought from thieves or fire to fear;
Then both to bed together creep,
And join the general troop of sleep.

TO CONTEMPLATION.

COME, pensive sage, who lov'st to dwell
In some retired Lapponian cell,
Where, far from noise and riot rude,
Resides sequester'd Solitude.
Come, and o'er my longing soul
Throw thy dark and russet stole,
And open to my duteous eyes,
The volume of thy mysteries.

I will meet thee on the hill,
Where, with printless footsteps still
The morning in her buskin gray,
Springs upon her eastern way;
While the frolic zephyrs stir,
Playing with the gossamer,
And, on ruder pinions borne,
Shake the dew-drops from the thorn.
There, as o'er the fields we pass,
Brushing with hasty feet the grass,
We will startle from her rest
The lively lark with speckled breast,
And hear the floating clouds among
Her gale transported matin song,
Or on the upland stile embower'd,
With fragrant hawthorn snowy flower'd,
Will sauntering sit, and listen still
To the herdsman's oaten quill,
Wafted from the plain below;
Or the heifer's frequent low;
Or the milkmaid in the grove,
Singing of one that died for love.
Or when the noon tide heats oppress,
We will seek the dark recess,
Where, in th' embower'd translucent stream,
The cattle shun the sultry beam,
And o'er us on the marge reclined,
The drowsy fly her horn shall wind,
While Echo, from her ancient oak,
Shall answer to the woodman's stroke;
Or the little peasant's song,
Wandering lone the glens among,
His artless lip with berries dyed,
And feet through ragged shoes descried.

But oh! when evening's virgin queen
Sits on her fringed throne serene,
And mingling whispers rising near
Still on the still reposing ear—
While distant brooks decaying round,
Augment the mix'd dissolving sound,
And the zephyr flitting by,
Whispers mystic harmony,
We will seek the woody lane,
By the hamlet, on the plain,
Where the weary rustic nigh,
Shall whistle his wild melody,
And the croaking wicket oft
Shall echo from the neighbouring croft;
And as we trace the green path lone,
With moss and rank weeds overgrown,
We will muse on pensive lore
Till the full soul brimming o'er,
Shall in our upturn'd eyes appear,
Embodied in a quivering tear.
Or else, serenely silent, set
By the brawling rivulet,
Which on its calm unruffled breast,
Bears the old mossy arch impress'd,
That clasps its secret stream of glass
Half hid in shrubs and waving grass,
The wood-nymph's lone secure retreat,
Unpress'd by fawn or sylvan's feet,
We'll watch in eve's ethereal braid,
The rich vermilion slowly fade;
Or catch, faint twinkling from afar,
The first glimpse of the eastern star,
Fair Vesper, in latest lamp of light,
That heralds in Imperial night;
Meanwhile, upon our wandering ear,
Shall rise, though low, yet sweetly clear,

The distant sounds of pastoral lute,
Invoking soft the sober suit
Of dimmest darkness—fitting well
With love, or sorrow's pensive spell,
(So erst did music's silver tone
Wake slumbering Chaos on his throne.)
And haply then, with sudden swell,
Shall roar the distant curfew bell,
While in the castle's mouldering tower,
The hooting owl is heard to pour
Her melancholy song, and scare
Dull Silence brooding in the air.
Meanwhile her dusk and slumbering car
Black-suited Night drives on from far,
And Cynthia, 'merging from her rear,
Arrests the waxing darkness drear,
And summons to her silent call,
Sweeping, in their airy pall,
The unshriv'd ghosts, in fairy trance,
To join her moonshine morrice-dance;
While around the mystic ring
The shadowy shapes elastic spring,
Then with a passing shriek they fly,
Wrapp'd in mists, along the sky,
And oft are by the shepherd seen,
In his lone night-watch on the green.

Then, hermit, let us turn our feet
To the low abbey's still retreat,
Embower'd in the distant glen,
Far from the haunts of busy men,
Where, as we sit upon the tomb,
The glow-worm's light may gild the gloom,
And show to Fancy's saddest eye,
Where some lost hero's ashes lie.
And oh, as through the mouldering arch,
With ivy fill'd and weeping larch,
The night-gale whispers sadly clear,
Speaking drear things to Fancy's ear,
We'll hold communion with the shade
Of some deep-wailing, ruin'd maid—
Or call the ghost of Spenser down,
To tell of woe and Fortune's frown;
And bid us cast the eye of hope
Beyond this bad world's narrow scope.
Or if these joys, to us denied,
To linger by the forest's side;
Or in the meadow, or the wood,
Or by the lone, romantic flood;
Let us in the busy town,
When sleep's dull streams the people drown,
Far from drowsy pillows flee,
And turn the church's massy key;
Then, as through the painted glass
The moon's faint beams obscurely pass;
And darkly on the trophied wall,
Her faint, ambiguous shadows fall;
Let us, while the faint winds wail,
Through the long reluctant aisle,
As we pace with reverence meet,
Count the echoes of our feet;
While from the tombs, with confess'd breath,
Distinct responds the voice of death.
If thou, mild sage, wilt condescend,
Thus on my footsteps to attend,
To thee my lonely lamp shall burn
By fallen Genius' sainted urn,
As o'er the scroll of Time I pore,
And sagely spell of ancient lore,
Till I can rightly guess of all
That Plato could to memory call,
And scan the formless views of things,
Or with old Egypt's fetter'd kings,
Arrange the mystic trains that shine
In night's high philosophic mine;
And to thy name shall e'er belong
The honours of undying song.

ODE

TO THE GENIUS OF ROMANCE.

OH! thou who, in my early youth,
When fancy wove the garb of truth,
Were wont to win my infant feet,
To some retired, deep-fabled seat,

Where, by the brooklet's secret tide,
The midnight ghost was known to glide;
Or lay me in some lonely glade,
In nature's Sherwood's forest shade,
Where Robin Hood, the outlaw bold,
Was wont his sylvan courts to hold;
And there, as musing deep I lay,
Would steal my little soul away,
And all thy pictures represent;
Of siege and solemn tournament;
Or bear me to the magic scene,
Where, clad in greaves and gambardine,
The warrior knight of chivalry
Made many a fierce enchanter flee;
And bore the high-born dame away,
Long held the fiend magician's prey;
(Or oft would tell the shuddering tale
Of murders, and of goblins pale,
Hunting the guilty baron's side,
(Whose floors with secret blood were dyed,)
Which o'er the vaulted corridors,
On stormy nights was heard to roar,
By old domestic, waken'd wide
By the angry winds that chide;
Or else the mystic tale would tell,
Of Greensleeve, or of Blue-Beard fell.

THE SAVOYARD'S RETURN.

I.

OH! yonder is the well-known spot,
My dear, my long-lost native home!
OH! welcome is yon little cot,
Where I shall rest, no more to roam!
OH! I have travelled far and wide,
(O'er many a distant foreign land;
Each place, each province I have tried,
And sung and danced my saraband.
But all their charms could not prevail
To steal my heart from yonder vale.

II.

Of distant climes the false report
It lured me from my native land;
It bade me rove—my sole support
My cymbals and my saraband.
The woody dell, the hanging rock,
The chamois skipping o'er the heights;
The plain adorn'd with many a flock,
And, oh! a thousand more delights,
That grace yon dear beloved retreat,
Have backward won my weary feet.

III.

Now safe return'd, with wandering tired,
No more my little home I'll leave;
And many a tale of what I've seen
Shall while away the winter's eve.
OH! I have wander'd far and wide,
O'er many a distant foreign land;
Each place, each province I have tried,
And sung and danced my saraband;
But all their charms could not prevail,
To steal my heart from yonder vale.

LINES

Written impromptu, on reading the following passage in Mr. Capel Lofft's beautiful and interesting Preface to Nathaniel Bloomfield's Poems, just published.—"It has a mixture of the sportive, which deepens the impression of its melancholy close. I could have wished as I have said in a short note, the conclusion had been otherwise. The sours of life less offend my taste than its sweets delight it."

GO to the raging sea, and say, "Be still!"
Bid the wild lawless winds obey thy will;
Preach to the storm, and reason with Despair,
But tell not Misery's son *that life is fair*.

Then, who in Plenty's lavish lap has rell'd,
And every year with new delight hast told,
Thou, who recumbent on the lacquer'd barge,
Has dropt down joy's gay stream of pleasant barge,
Thou may'st extol life's calm untroubled sea,
The storms of misery never burst on thee.

Go to the mat, where squalid Want reclines,
Go to the shade obscure, where Merit pines;
Abide with him whom Penury's charms control,
And bide the riving yearnings of his soul,
Survey his sleepless couch, and standing there,
Tell the poor pallid wretch *that life is fair!*

Press thou the lonely pillow of his head,
And ask why sleep his languid eyes has fled;
Mark his dew'd temples, and his half-shut eye,
His trembling nostrils, and his deep-drawn sigh,
His muttering mouth contorted with despair,
And ask if Genius could inhabit there.

Oh, yes! that sunken eye with fire once gleam'd,
And rays of light from its full circle stream'd,
But now neglect has stung him to the core,
And Hope's wild raptures thrill his breast no more;
Domestic Anguish winds his vitals round,
And added Grief compels him to the ground.
Lo! o'er his manly form, decay'd and wan,
The shades of death with gradual steps steal on,
And the pale mother, pining to decay,
Weeps for her boy her wretched life away.

Go, child of Fortune! to his early grave,
Where o'er his head obscure the rank weeds wave;
Behold the heart-wrung parent lay her head
On the cold turf, and ask to share his bed.
Go, child of Fortune, take thy lesson there,
And tell us then that life is *wondrous fair!*

Yet, Lofft, in thee, whose hand is still stretch'd forth,

T' encourage genius, and to foster worth;
On thee, the unhappy's firm, unfailing friend,
'Tis just that every blessing should descend;
'Tis just that life to thee should only show
Her fairer side but little mix'd with woe.

WRITTEN

IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

SAD solitary *Thought*, who keep'st thy vigils,
Thy solemn vigils, in the sick man's mind;
Communing lonely with his sinking soul,
And musing on the dubious glooms that lie
In dim obscurity before him,—thee,
Wrapt in thy dark magnificence, I call
At this still midnight hour, this awful season,
When on my bed, in wakeful restlessness,
I turn me wearisome; while all around,
All, all, save me, sink in forgetfulness;
I only wake to watch the sickly taper
Which lights me to my tomb.—Yea, 'tis the hand
Of Death I feel press heavy on my vitals,
Slow sipping the warm current of existence.
My moments now are few—the sand of life
Ebb'd fast to its finish.—Yet a little,
And the last fleeting particle will fall,
Silent, unseen, unnoticed, unlamented.
Come then, sad *Thought*, and let us meditate,
While meditate we may.—We have now
But a small portion of what men call time
To hold communion; for even now the knife,
The separating knife, I feel divide
The tender bond that binds my soul to earth.
Yes, I must die—I feel that I must die!
And though to me has life been dark and dreary,
Though Hope for me has smiled but to deceive,
And Disappointment still pursued her blandish-
ments,
Yet do I feel my soul reco'il within me
As I contemplate the dim gulf of death,
The shuddering void, the awful blank—*future*.
Ay, I had plann'd full many a sanguine scheme
Of earthly happiness—romantic schemes,
And fraught with loveliness; and it is hard,
To feel the hand of Death arrest one's steps,
Throw a chill blight o'er all one's building hopes,

And hurt one's soul untimely to the shades,
 Lost in the gaping gulf of blank oblivion.
 Fifty years hence, and who will hear of Henry?
 Oh! none;—another busy brood of beings
 Will shoot up in the interim, and none
 Will hold him in remembrance. I shall sink,
 As sinks a stranger in the crowded streets
 Of busy London:—Some short bustle's caused,
 A few enquiries, and the crowds close in,
 And all's forgotten.—On my grassy grave
 The men of future times with careless tread,
 And read my name upon the sculptured stone;
 Nor will the sound, familiar to their ears,
 Recall my vanish'd memory.—I did hope
 For better things!—I hoped I should not leave
 The earth without a vestige;—Fate decrees
 It shall be otherwise, and I submit.
 Henceforth, oh, world, no more of thy desires!
 No more of hope! the wanton vagrant Hope!
 I abjure all.—Now other cares engross me,
 And my tired soul, with emulative haste,
 Looks to its God, and prunes its wings for Heaven.

A PASTORAL SONG.

COME, Anna! come, the morning dawns,
 Faint streaks of radiance tinge the skies;
 Come, let us seek the dewy lawns,
 And watch the early lark arise.

While Nature, clad in vesture gay,
 Hails the loved return of day,

Our flocks, that rip the scanty blade
 Upon the moor, shall seek the vale;
 And then secure beneath the shade,
 We'll listen to the thrush's tale;
 And watch the silver clouds above,
 As o'er the azure vault they rove.

Come, Anna! come, and bring thy lute,
 That with its tones, so softly sweet,
 In cadence with my mellow flute,
 We may beguile the noontide heat;
 While near the mellow bee shall join,
 To raise a harmony divine.

And then at eve, when silence reigns,
 Except when heard the beetle's hum,
 We'll leave the sober-tinted plains,
 To these sweet heights again we'll come;
 And thou to thy soft lute shalt play
 A solemn vesper to departing day.

VERSES.

WHEN pride and envy, and the scorn
 Of wealth my heart with gall embued,
 I thought how pleasant were the morn
 Of silence, in the solitude;
 To hear the forest bee on wing,
 Or by the stream, or woodland spring,
 To lie and muse alone—alone,
 While the tinkling waters moan,
 Or such wild sounds arise, as say,
 Man and noise are far away.

Now, surely, thought I, there's snow
 To fill life's dusty way;
 And who will miss a poet's feet,
 Or wonder where he stray:
 So to the woods and waste I'll go,
 And I will build an osier bower;
 And sweetly there to me shall flow
 The meditative hour.

And when the Autumn's withering hand
 Shall strew with leaves the sylvan land,
 I'll to the forest caverns hie:
 And in the dark and stormy nights
 I'll listen to the shrieking sprites,
 Who, in the wintry wolds and floods,
 Keep jubilee, and shred the woods;
 Or as it drifted soft and slow,
 Hurl in ten thousand shapes the snow.

EPIGRAM

ON

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

BLOOMFIELD, thy happy-omen'd name
 Ensures continuance to thy fame;
 Both sense and truth this verdict give,
 While *fields* shall bloom, thy name shall live:

ODE TO MIDNIGHT

SEASON of general rest, whose solemn still,
 Strikes to the trembling heart a fearful chill,
 But speaks to philosophic souls delight,
 Thee do I hail, as at my casement high,
 My candle waning melancholy by,
 I sit and taste the holy calm of night.

Yon pensive orb, that through the ether sails,
 And gilds the misty shadows of the vales,
 Hanging in thy dull rear her vestal flame,
 To her, while all around in sleep recline,
 Wakeful I raise my orisons divine,
 And sing the gentle honours of her name

While Fancy lone o'er me her votary bends,
 To lift my soul her fairy vision sends,
 And pours upon my ear her thrilling song,
 And Superstition's gentle terrors come,
 See, see yon dim ghost gliding through the gloom
 See round yon church-yard elm what spectres
 throng!

Meanwhile I tune, to some romantic lay,
 My flageolet—and, as I pensive play,
 The sweet notes echo o'er the mountain scene:
 The traveller late journeying o'er the moors
 Hears them agast,—(while still the dull owl pours
 Her hollow screams each dreary pause between,)

Till in the lonely tower he spies the light
 Now faintly flashing on the glooms of night.
 Where I, poor muser, my lone vigils keep,
 And, 'mid the dreary solitude serene,
 Cast a much-meaning glance upon the scene,
 And raise my mournful eye to Heaven, and weep.

ODE TO THOUGHT.

Written at Midnight.

I.

HENCE away, vindictive Thought!
 Thy pictures are of pain;
 The visions through thy dark eye caught,
 They with no gentle charms are fraught,
 So pry thee back again.
 I would not weep,
 I wish to sleep,
 Then why, thou busy foe, with me thy vigils keep?

II.

Why dost o'er bed and couch recline?
 Is this thy new delight?
 Pale visitant, it is not thine
 To keep thy sentry through the mine,
 The dark vault of the night:
 'Tis thine to die,
 While o'er the eye
 The dews of slumber press, and waking sorrows fly

III.

Go thou, and bide with him who guides
 His bark through lonely seas;
 And as reclining on his helm,
 Sadly he marks the starry realm,
 To him thou may'st bring ease;
 But thou to me
 Art misery,
 So pry thee, pry thee, plume thy wings, and from
 my pillow flee.

IV.

And, Memory, pray what art thou?
 Art thou of pleasure born?
 Does bliss untainted from thee flow?
 The rose that gems thy pensive brow,
 Is it without a thorn?
 With all thy smiles,
 And witching wiles,
 Yet not unfrequent bitterness thy mournful sway
 dehles.

V.

The drowsy night-watch has forgot
 To call the solemn hour;
 Lull'd by the winds he slumbers deep,
 While I in vain, capricious Sleep,
 Invoke thy tardy power;
 And restless lie,
 With unclosed eye,
 And count the tedious hours as slow they minute
 by.

GENIUS.

AN ODE.

I. 1.

MANY there be, who, through the vale of life,
 With velvet pace, unnoticed, softly go,
 While jarring Discord's inharmonious strife
 Awakes them not to woe.
 By them unheeded, carking Care,
 Green-eyed Grief, and dull Despair;
 Smoothly they pursue their way,
 With even tenor and with equal breath,
 Like through cloudy and through sunny day,
 Then sink in peace to death.

II. 1.

But, ah! a few there be whom griefs devour,
 And weeping Woe, and Disappointment keen,
 Repining Penury, and Sorrow sour,
 And self-consuming Splen.
 And these are Genius' Favourites: these
 Know the thought-throned mind to please,
 And from her fleshy seat to draw
 To realms where Fancy's golden orbits roll
 Disdaining all but 'wildering Rapture's law,
 The captivated soul.

III. 1.

Genius, from thy starry throne,
 High above the burning zone,
 In radiant robe of light array'd,
 Oh! hear the plaint by thy sad favourite made,
 His melancholy moan.
 He tells of scorn, he tells of broken vows,
 Of sleepless nights, of anguish ridden days,
 Pangs that his sensibility uprouse
 To curse his being and his thirst for praise.
 Thou gav'st to him with treble force to feel
 The sting of keen neglect, the rich man's
 scorn;
 And what o'er all does in his soul preside
 Predominant, and tempers him to steel,
 His high indignant pride.

I. 2.

Lament not ye, who humbly steal through life,
 That Genius visits not your lowly shed;
 For, ah, what woes and sorrows ever rife
 Distract his hapless head!
 For him awaits no balmy sleep,
 He wakes all night, and wakes to weep;
 Or by his lonely lamp he sits
 At solemn midnight when the peasant sleeps,
 In feverish study, and in moody fits
 His mournful vigils keeps.

II. 2.

And, oh! for what consumes his watchful oil?
 For what does thus he waste life's fleeting
 breath?
 'Tis for neglect and penury he doth toil,
 'Tis for untimely death.

Lo! where dejected pale he lies,
 Despair depicted in his eyes,
 He feels the vital flame decrease,
 He sees the grave wide-yawning for its prey,
 Without a friend to soothe his soul to peace,
 And cheer the expiring ray.

III. 2.

By Sulmo's bard of mournful fame
 By gentle Otway's magic name,
 By him, the youth, who smiled at death,
 And rashly dared to stop his vital breath,
 Will I thy pangs proclaim;
 For still to misery closely thou'rt allied,
 Though gaudy pageants glitter by thy side,
 And far-resounding Fame.
 What though to thee the dazzled millions bow,
 And to thy posthumous merit bend them low;
 Though unto thee the monarch looks with
 awe,
 And thou at thy flash'd car dost nations draw,
 Yet, ah! unseen behind thee fly
 Corroding Anguish, soul-subduing Pain,
 And Discontent that clouds the farrest sky:
 A melancholy train.
 Yes, Genius, thee a thousand cares await,
 Mocking thy derided state;
 Thee chill Adversity will still attend,
 Before whose face flies fast the summer's friend,
 And leaves thee all forlorn; [laugh:
 While leaden Ignorance rears her head anon,
 And fat Stupidity shakes his jolly sides,
 And while the cup of influence he quaffs
 With bee-eyed Wisdom, Genius derides,
 Who toils, and every hardship doth outbrave,
 To gain the meed of praise, when he is mouldering
 in his grave.

FRAGMENT OF AN ODE TO THE
MOON.

I.

MILD orb, who floatest through the realm of night,
 A pathless wanderer o'er a lonely wild,
 Welcome to me thy soft and pensive light,
 Which oft in childhood my lone thoughts be-
 guiled.
 Now doubly dear as o'er my silent seat,
 Nocturnal Study's still retreat,
 It casts a mournful melancholy gleam,
 And through my lofty casement weaves,
 Dim through the vine's encircling leaves,
 An intermingled beam.

II.

These feverish dews that on my temples hang,
 This quivering lip, these eyes of dying flame:
 These the dread signs of many a secret pang,
 These are the meed of him who pants for fame;
 Pale Moon, from thoughts like these divert my soul!
 Lowly I kneel before thy shrine on high;
 My lamp expires;—beneath thy mild control,
 These restless dreams are ever wont to fly.

Come, kindred mourner, in my breast
 Soothe these discordant tones to rest,
 And breathe the soul of peace;
 Mild visitor, I feel thee here,
 It is not pain that brings this tear,
 For thou hast bid it cease.

Oh! many a year has pass'd away
 Since I, beneath thy fairy ray,
 Attuned my infant reed;
 When wilt thou, Time, those days restore,
 Those happy moments now no more—

When on the lake's damp marge I lay,
 And mark'd the northern meteor's dance,
 Bland Hope and Fancy, ye were there
 To inspire my trance.
 Twin sisters, faintly now ye deign
 Your magic sweets on me to shed,
 In vain your powers are now essay'd
 To chase superior pain.

And art thou fled, thou welcome orb?
 So swiftly pleasure flies;
 So to mankind, in darkness lost,
 The beam of ardour dies.
 Wan Moon, thy nightly task is done,
 And now, encurtain'd in the main,
 Thou sinkest into rest;
 But I, in vain, on thorny bed
 Shall woo the god of soft repose—

FRAGMENT.

LOUD rage the winds without.—The wintry cloud
 O'er the cold north star casts her flitting shroud;
 And Silence, pausing in some snow-clad dale,
 Starts as she hears, by fits, the shrieking gale;
 Where now, shut out from every still retreat,
 Her pine-clad summit, and her woodland seat,
 Shall Meditation, in her saddest mood,
 Retire o'er all her pensive stores to brood?
 Shivering and blue the peasant eyes askance
 The drifted fleeces that around him dance,
 And hurries on his half-averted form,
 Stemming the fury of the sidelong storm.
 Him soon shall greet his snow-topp'd [cot of thatch,]
 Soon shall his numb'd hand tremble on the latch,
 Soon from his chimney's nook the cheerful flame
 Diffuse a genial warmth throughout his frame;
 Round the light fire, while roars the north wind
 loud,
 What merry groups of vacant faces crowd;
 These hail his coming—these his meal prepare,
 And boast in all that cot no lurking care.

What, though the social circle be denied,
 Even Sadness brightens at her own fireside,
 Loves, with fix'd eye, to watch the fluttering blaze,
 While musing Memory dwells on former days;
 Or Hope, bless'd spirit! smiles—and still forgiven,
 Forgets the passport, while she points to Heaven.
 Then heap the fire—shut out the biting air,
 And from its station wheel the easy chair:
 Thus fenced and warm, in silent fit, 'tis sweet
 To hear without the bitter tempest beat.
 All, all alone—to sit, and muse, and sigh,
 The pensive tenant of obscurity.

FRAGMENT.

OH! thou most fatal of Pandora's train,
 Consumption! silent cheater of the eye;
 Thou com'st not robed in agonizing pain,
 Nor mark'st thy course with Death's delusive dye,
 But silent and unnoticed thou dost lie;
 O'er life's soft springs thy venom dost diffuse,
 And, while thou giv'st new lustre to the eye,
 While o'er the cheek are spread health's ruddy hues,
 Even then life's little rest thy cruel power subdues.

Oft I've beheld thee, in the glow of youth
 Hid 'neath the blushing roses which there
 bloom'd,
 And dropp'd a tear, for then thy cankering tooth
 I knew would never stay, till all consumed,
 In the cold vault of death he were entomb'd.
 But oh! what sorrow did I feel, as swift,
 Insidious ravager, I saw thee fly
 Through fair Lucina's breast of whitest snow,
 Preparing swift her passage to the sky.
 Though still intelligence beam'd in the glance,
 The liquid lustre of her fine blue eye;
 Yet soon did languid listlessness advance,
 And soon she calmly sunk in death's repugnant
 trance.

Even when her end was swiftly drawing near,
 And dissolution hover'd o'er her head:
 Even then so *beauteous* did her form appear,
 That none who saw her but admiring said,
 'Ture so much beauty never could be dead.
 Yet the dark lash of her expressive eye,
 Bent lowly down upon the languid—

SONNETS.

TO CAPEL LOFFT, ESQ.

LOFFT, unto thee one tributary song
 The simple Muse, admiring, fain would bring;
 She longs to lisp thee to the listening throng,
 And with thy name to bid the woodlands ring.
 Fain would she blazon all thy virtues forth,
 Thy warm philanthropy, thy justice mild,
 Would say how thou didst foster kindred worth
 And to thy bosom snatch'd Misfortune's child;
 Firm she would paint thee, with becoming zeal,
 Upright, and learned, as the Pylian sire, [lyre,
 Would say how sweetly thou couldst sweep the
 And show thy labours for the public weal.
 Ten thousand virtues tell with joys supreme,
 But ah! she shrinks abash'd before the arduous
 theme.

TO THE MOON.

Written in November.

SUBLIME, emerging from the misty verge
 Of the horizon dim, thee, Moon, I hail,
 As sweeping o'er the leafless grove, the gale
 Seems to repeat the year's funeral dirge.
 Now Autumn sickens on the languid sight,
 And leaves bestrew the wanderer's lonely way,
 Now unto thee, pale arbitress of night,
 With double joy my homage do I pay.
 When clouds disguise the glories of the day,
 And stern November sheds her boisterous blight,
 How doubly sweet to mark the moon's ray
 Shoot through the mist from the ethereal height,
 And, *still unchanged*, back to the memory bring
 The smiles Favonian of life's earliest spring.

WRITTEN

AT THE GRAVE OF A FRIEND.

FAST from the West the fading day-streaks fly,
 And ebon Night assumes her solemn sway,
 Yet here alone, unheeding time, I lie,
 And o'er my friend still pour the plaintive lay.
 Oh! 'tis not long since, George, with thee I woo'd
 The maid of musings by yon moaning wave,
 And hail'd the moon's mild beam, which now
 renew'd,
 Seems sweetly sleeping on thy silent grave!
 The busy world pursues its boisterous way
 The noise of revelry still echoes round,
 Yet I am sad while all beside is gay;
 Yet still I weep o'er thy deserted mound.
 Oh! that, like thee, I might bid sorrow cease,
 And 'neath the green-sward sleep the sleep of peace.

TO MISFORTUNE.

MISFORTUNE, I am young, my chin is bare,
 And I have wonder'd much when men have told,
 How youth was free from sorrow and from care,
 That thou shouldst dwell with me, and leave the
 old.
 Sure dost not like me!—Shrivell'd hag of hate,
 My pliz, and thanks to thee, is sadly long;
 I am not either, Beldam, over strong;
 Nor do I wish at all to be thy mate,
 For thou, sweet Fury, art my utter hate.
 Nay, shake not thus thy miserable pate,
 I am yet young, and do not like thy face;
 And, lest thou shouldst resume the wild-goose chase,
 I'll tell thee something all thy heat to assuage,
 —Thou wilt not hit my fancy in my age.

SONNET.

AS thus oppress'd with many a heavy care,
 (Though young yet sorrowful,) I turn my feet
 To the dark woodland, longing much to greet
 The form of Peace, if chance she sojourn there;
 Deep thought and dismal, verging to despair,
 Fills my sad breast; and, tired with this vain coil,
 I shrink dismay'd before life's upland toil.
 And as amid the leaves the evening air
 Whispers still melody,—I think ere long,
 When I no more can hear, these woods will speak
 And then a sad smile plays upon my cheek,
 And mournful phantasies upon me throng,
 And I do ponder with most strange delight,
 On the calm slumbers of the dead man's night.

TO APRIL.

EMBLEM of life! see changeful April sail
 In varying vest along the shadowy skies,
 Now bidding Summer's softest zephyrs rise,
 Anon, recalling Winter's stormy gale,
 And pouring from the cloud her sudden hail;
 Then, smiling thro' the tear that dims her eyes,
 While Iris with her braid the welkin dyes,
 Promise of sunshine, not so prone to fail.
 So, to us, sojourners in Life's low vale,
 The smiles of Fortune flatter to deceive,
 While still the Fates the web of Misery weave;
 So Hope ev'ntual spreads her airy sail.
 And from the present gloom the soul conveys
 To distant summers and far happier days.

SONNET.

YE unseen spirits, whose wild melodies,
 At evening rising slow, yet sweetly clear,
 Steal on the musing poet's pensive ear,
 As by the wood-spring stretch'd supine he lies,
 When he, who now invokes you low is laid,
 His tired frame resting on the earth's cold bed,
 Hold ye your nightly vigils o'er his head,
 And chant a dirge to his reposing shade!
 For he was wont to love your madrigals;
 And often by the haunted stream that laves
 The dark sequester'd woodland's inmost caves
 Would sit and listen to the dying falls,
 Till the full tear would quiver in his eye, [tear].
 And his big heart would heave with mournful ees-

TO A TAPER.

'TIS midnight—On the globe dead slumber sits,
 And all is silence—in the hour of sleep;
 Save when the hollow gust, that swells by fits,
 In the dark wood roars fearfully and deep.
 I wake alone to listen and to weep,
 To watch, my taper, thy pale beacon burn;
 And, as still Memory does her vigils keep,
 To think of days that never can return.
 By thy pale ray I raise my languid head,
 My eye surveys the solitary gloom;
 And the sad meaning tear, unmix'd with dread,
 Tells thou dost light me to the silent tomb.
 Like thee I wane,—like thine my life's last ray
 Will fade in loneliness, unwept, away.

TO MY MOTHER.

AND canst thou, *Mother*, for a moment think,
 That we, thy children, when old age shall shed
 Its blanching honour on thy weary head,
 Could from our best of duties ever shrink?
 Sooner the sun from his high sphere should sink
 Than we, ungrateful, leave thee in that day,
 To pine in solitude thy life away,
 Or shun thee, tottering on the grave's cold brink.
 Banish the thought!—where'er our steps may roam,
 O'er smiling plains, or wastes without a tree,
 Still will fond memory point our hearts to thee,
 And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful home
 While duty bids us all thy griefs assuage,
 And smooth the pillow of thy sinking age.

SONNET.

YES, 'twill be over soon.—This sickly dream
 Of life will vanish from my feverish brain;
 And death my wearied spirit will redeem
 From this wild region of unvaried pain.
 Yon brook will glide as softly as before,—
 Yon landscape smile,—yon golden harvest grow.—
 Yon sprightly lark on mounting wing will soar
 When Henry's name is heard no more below.
 I sigh when all my youthful friends caress,
 They laugh in health, and future evils brave;
 Them shall a wife and smiling children bless,
 While I am mouldering in my silent grave.
 God of the just—Thou gavest the bitter cup;
 I bow to thy behest, and drink it up.

TO CONSUMPTION.

GENTLY, most gently, on thy victim's head,
 Consumption, lay thine hand!—let me decay,
 Like the expiring lamp, unseen, away,
 And softly go to slumber with the dead.
 And if 'tis true, what holy men have said,
 That strains angelic oft foretell the day
 Of death, to those good men who fall thy prey,
 O let the aerial music round my bed,
 Dissolving sad in dying symphony,
 Whisper the solemn warning in mine ear
 That I may bid my weeping friends good by
 Ere I depart upon my journey drear:
 And, smiling faintly on the painful past,
 Compose my decent head, and breathe my last.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

OF

M. DESBARREAUX.

THY judgments, Lord, are just; thou lov'st to wear
 The face of pity and of love divine,
 But mine is guilt—thou must not, canst not spare,
 While Heaven is true, and equity is thine.
 Vex, oh my God!—such crimes as mine, so dread,
 Leave but the choice of punishment to thee;
 Thy interest calls for judgment on my head,
 And even thy mercy dares not plead for me!
 Thy will be done—since 'tis thy glory's due,
 Bid from mine eyes the endless torrents flow;
 Smite—it is time—though endless death ensue,
 I bless the avenging hand that lays me low.
 But on what spot shall fall thine anger's flood,
 That has not first been drench'd in Christ's atoning
 blood?

TO

A FRIEND IN DISTRESS.*

Who, when Henry reasoned with him calmly, asked,

"If he did not feel for him?"

"DO I not feel?" The doubt is keen as steel.
 Yea, I do feel—most exquisitely feel;
 My heart can weep, when from my downcast eye,
 I chase the tear, and stem the rising sigh:
 Deep buried there I close the rankling dart,
 And smile the most when heaviest is my heart.
 On this I act—whatever pangs surround,
 'Tis magnanimity to hide the wound!
 When all was new, and life was in its spring,
 I lived an unloved solitary thing;
 Even then I learn'd to bury deep from day,
 The piercing cares that wore my youth away;
 Even then I learn'd for others' cares to feel;
 Even then I wept I had not power to heal.

* The 13 Poems which follow are of a later date than the preceding.

Even then, deep-sounding thro' the nightly gloom,
I heard the wretched's groan, and mourn'd the
wretched's doom, [fire—]
Who were my friends in youth?—The midnight
The silent moon-beam, or the starry choir;
To these I plained, or turn'd from outer sight,
To bless my lonely taper's friendly light;
I never yet could ask, howe'er forlorn,
For vulgar pity mix'd with vulgar scorn;
The sacred source of woe I never ope;
My breast's my coffin, and my God's my hope.
But that I do feel, Time, my friend, will show,
Though the cold crowd the secret never know;
With them I laugh—yet, when no eye can see,
I weep for nature, and I weep for thee.
Yes, thou didst wrong me, . . . ; I fondly thought,
In thee I'd found the friend my heart had sought!
I fondly thought, that thou couldst pierce the guise
And read the truth that in my bosom lies;
I fondly thought ere Time's last days were gone,
Thy heart and mine had mingled into one!
Yes—and they yet will mingle. Days and years
Will fly, and leave us partners in our tears:
We then shall feel that friendship has a power
To sooth affliction in her darkest hour;
Time's trial o'er, shall clasp each other's hand,
And wait the passport to a better land.

Thine

H. K. WHITE.

Half-past Eleven o'Clock at Night.

CHRISTMAS-DAY.

1804.

YET once more, and once more, awake my Harp,
From silence and neglect—one lofty strain,
Lofly, yet wilder than the winds of Heaven,
And speaking mysteries more than words can tell,
I ask of thee, for I, with hymnings high,
Would join the dirge of the departing year.
Yet with no wintry garland from the woods,
Wrought of the leafless branch, or Ivy sear,
Wreath I thy tresses, dark December! now;
Me higher quarrel calls, with loudest song,
And fearful joy, to celebrate the day
Of the Redeemer.—Near two thousand suns
Have set their seals upon the rolling lapse
Of generations, since the day-spring first
Beam'd from on high!—Now to the mighty mass
Of that increasing aggregate we add
One unit more. Space, in comparison,
How small, yet mark'd with how much misery;
Wars, famine, and the fury, Pestilence,
Over the nations hanging her dread scourge;
The oppressed, too, in silent bitterness,
Weeping their sufferance; and the arm of wrong,
Forcing the scanty portion from the weak,
And steeping the lone widow's couch with tears.

So has the year been character'd with woe
In Christian land, and mark'd with wrongs and
crimes.
Yet 'twas not thus *He* taught—not thus *He* lived,
Whose birth we this day celebrate with prayer
And much thanksgiving.—He, a man of woes,
Went on the way appointed,—path, though rude,
Yet borne with patience still!—He came to cheer
The broken-hearted, to raise up the sick,
And on the wandering and blighted mind
To pour the light of truth.—O task divine!
O more than angel teacher! He had words
To soothe the barking waves, and hush the winds;
And when the soul was toss'd in troubled seas,
Wrapp'd in thick darkness and the howling storm,
He, pointing to the star of peace on high,
Arm'd it with holy fortitude, and bade it smile,
At the surrounding wreck.—
When with deep agony his heart was rack'd,
Not for himself the tear-drop dew'd his cheek,
For *them* He wept, for *them* to Heaven he pray'd,
His persecutors.—Father, pardon them,
They know not what they do."

Angels of Heaven,
Ye who beheld Him fainting on the cross,
And did him homage, say, my mortal join
The hallelujahs of the risen God?
Will the faint voice and grovelling song be heard
Amid the seraphim in light divine?
Yes, He will deign, the Prince of Peace will deign,
For mercy, to accept the hymn of faith,
Low though it be and humble.—Lord of life,
The Christ, the Comforter, thine advent now
Fills my uprising soul—I mount, I fly
Far o'er the skies, beyond the rolling orls;
The bonds of flesh dissolve, and earth recedes,
And care, and pain, and sorrow are no more.

NELSONI MORS.

YET once again, my Harp, yet once again,
One dirge more, and on the mountain ash
I will again suspend thee. I have felt
The warm tear frequent on my cheek, since last,
At eventide, when all the winds were hush'd,
I woke to thee the melancholy song.
Since then with *Thoughtfulness*, a maid severe,
I've journey'd, and have learn'd to shape the freaks
Of frolic fancy to the line of truth:
Not unrepining, for my froward heart,
Still turns to thee, mine Harp, and to the flow
Of spring-gales past—the woods and storied haunts
Of my not unglees boyhood.—Yet once more,
Not fearless, I will wake thy tremulous tones,
My long-neglected Harp—He must not sink;
The good, the brave—he must not, shall not sink
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Though from the Muse's chalice I may pour
No precious dew of Aganippe's well,
Or Castaly,—though from the morning cloud
I fetch no hues to scatter on his hearse:
Yet will I wreath a garland for his brows,
Of simple flowers, such as the hedge-rows scent
Of Britain, my loved country; and with tears
Most eloquent, yet silent, I will bathe
Thy honour'd corse, my *Nelson*, tears as warm
And *honest* as the ebbing blood that flow'd
Fast from thy *honest* heart.—Thou, Pity, too,
If ever I have loved, with filial step,
To follow thee in the cold and starless night,
To the top crag of some rain-blasten cliff;
And as I heard the deep gun bursting loud
Amid the pauses of the storm, have pour'd
Wild strains, and mournful, to the hurrying winds,
The dying soul's *viaticum*: if oft
Amid the carnage of the field I've sat
With thee upon the moonlight throne, and sung
To cheer the fainting soldier's dying soul,
With mercy and forgiveness—visitant
Of Heaven—sit thou upon my harp,
And give it feeling, which were else too cold
For argument so great, for theme so high.
How dimly on that morn the sun arose,
'Kerchief'd in mists, and tearful, when—

HYMN.

In Heaven we shall be purified, so as to be able to
endure the splendours of the Deity.

I.

AWAKE, sweet harp of Judah, wake,
Retune thy strings for Jesus' sake;
We sing the Saviour of our race,
The Lamb, our shield, and hiding-place.

II.

When God's right arm is bared for war,
And soldiers clothe his cloudy car,
Where, where, oh where, shall man retire,
To escape the horrors of his ire?

SONG.

BY WALLER.

A lady of Cambridge lent Waller's Poems to Henry,
and when he returned them to her, she discovered
an additional Stanza written by him at
the bottom of the Song here copied.

GO, lovely rose!
Tell her, that wastes her time on me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee;
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

[Yet, though thou fade,
From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise;
And teach the Maid
That Goodness Time's rude hand defies;
That Virtue lives when Beauty dies.]

H. K. WHITE.

"I'M PLEASED, AND YET
I'M SAD."

I.

WHEN twilight steals along the ground,
And all the bells are ringing round,
One, two, three, four, and five,
I at my study-window sit,
And, wrapp'd in many a musing fit,
To bliss am all alive.

II.

But though impressions calm and sweet
Thrill round my heart a holy heat,
And I am inly glad,
The tear-drop stands in either eye,
And yet I cannot tell thee why,
I'm pleased, and yet I'm sad.

III.

The silvery rack that flies away
Like mortal life or pleasure's ray,
Does that disturb my breast?
Nay, what have I, a studious man,
To do with life's unstable plan,
Or pleasure's fading vest?

IV.

Is it that here I must not stop,
But o'er yon blue hill's woody top,
Must bend my lonely way?
No, surely no! for give but me
My own fire-side, and I shall be
At home where'er I stray.

V.

Then is it that yon steeple there,
With music sweet shall fill the air,
When thou no more canst hear?
Oh, no! oh, no! for then forgiven
I shall be with my God in Heaven,
Released from every fear.

VI.

Then whence it is I cannot tell,
But there is some mysterious spell
That holds me when I'm glad;
And so the tear-drop falls my eye,
When yet in truth I know not why,
Or wherefore I am sad.

SOLITUDE.

IT is not that my lot is low,
That bids this silent tear to flow;
It is not grief that bids me moan,
It is that I am all alone.

In woods and glens I love to roam,
When the tired hedger hies him home;
Or by the woodland pool to rest,
When pale the star looks on its breast.

Yet when the silent evening sighs,
With hallow'd airs and symphonies,
My spirit takes another tone,
And sighs that it is all alone.

The autumn leaf is sear and dead,
It floats upon the water's bed;
I would not be a leaf, to die
Without recording sorrow's sigh!

The woods and winds, with sudden wall,
Tell all the same unvaried tale;
I've none to smile when I am free,
And when I sigh, to sigh with me.

Yet in my dreams a form I view,
That thinks on me, and loves me too;
I start, and when the vision's flown,
I weep that I am all alone.

IF far from me the Fates remove
Domestic peace, connubial love,
The prattling ring, the social cheer,
Affection's voice, affection's tear,
Ye sterner powers, that bind the heart,
To me your iron aid impart!
O teach me, when the nights are chill,
And my fire-side is lone and still;
When to the blaze that crackles near,
I turn a tired and pensive ear,
And Nature conquering bids me sigh,
For love's soft accents whispering nigh;
O teach me, on that heavenly road,
That leads to Truth's occult abode,
To wrap my soul in dreams divine,
Till earth and care no more be mine.
Let bless'd Philosophy impart
Her soothing measures to my heart;
And while with Plato's ravish'd ears
I list the music of the spheres,
Or on the mystic symbols pore,
That hide the Chald's sublimer lore,
I shall not brood on sumners gone,
Nor think that I am all alone.

FANNY! upon thy breast I may not lie!
Fanny! thou dost not hear me when I speak!
Where art thou, love?—Around I turn my eye,
And as I turn, the tear is on my cheek.
Was it a dream? or did my love behold
Indeed my lonely couch?—Methought the breath
Fann'd not her bloodless lip; her eye was cold
And hollow, and the lividity of death
Invested her pale forehead.—Sainted maid
My thoughts oft rest with thee in thy cold grave,
Through the long wintry night, when wind and
wave,
Rock the dark house where thy poor head is laid.
Yet, hush! my fond heart, hush! there is a shore
Of better promise; and I know at last,
When the long sabbath of the tomb is past,
We two shall meet in Christ—to part no more.

FRAGMENTS.*

I.

SAW'ST thou that light? exclaim'd the youth, and
 paused:
 Through yon dark firs it glanced, and on the stream
 That skirts the woods it for a moment play'd.
 Again, more light it gleam'd,—or does some sprite
 Delude mine eyes with shapes of woods and streams,
 And lamp far-beaming through the thicket's gloom,
 As from some bosom'd cabin, where the voice
 Of revelry, or thrifty watchfulness,
 Keeps in the lights at this unwanted hour?
 No sprite deludes mine eyes,—the beam now glows
 With steady lustre.—Can it be the moon,
 Who, hidden long by the invidious veil
 That blots the Heavens, now sets behind the woods?
 No moon to-night has look'd upon the sea
 Of clouds beneath her, answer'd Rudiger,
 She has been sleeping with Endymion.

II.

THE pious man,
 In this bad world, when mists and couchant storms
 Hide Heaven's fine circlet, springs aloft in faith
 Above the clouds that threat him, to the fields
 Of ether, where the day is never veild
 With intervening vapours; and looks down
 Serene upon the troublous sea, that hides
 The earth's fair breast, that sea whose nether face
 To grovelling mortals frowns and darkens all;
 But on whose billowy back, from man conceal'd,
 The glaring sunbeam plays.

III.

LO' on the eastern summit, clad in gray,
 Morn, like a horseman girt for travel, comes,
 And from his tower of mist,
 Night hurries down.

IV.

THERE was a little bird upon that pile;
 It perch'd upon a ruin'd pinnacle,
 And made sweet melody.
 The song was soft, yet cheerful, and most clear,
 For other note none swell'd the air but his.
 It seem'd as if the little chorister,
 Sole tenant of the melancholy pile,
 Were a lone hermit, outcast from his kind,
 Yet withal cheerful.—I have heard the note
 Echoing so lonely o'er the aisle forlorn,
 —Much musing—

V.

O PALE art thou, my lamp, and faint
 Thy melancholy ray:
 When the still night's unclouded saint
 Is walking on her way.
 Through my lattice leaf embower'd,
 Fair she sheds her shadowy beam,
 And o'er my silent sacred room,
 Casts a checker'd twilight gloom;
 I throw aside the learned sheet,
 I cannot choose but gaze, she looks so mildly sweet.
 Sad vestal, why art thou so fair,
 Or why am I so frail?

* These Fragments are Henry's latest compositions; and were, for the most part, written upon the back of his mathematical papers, during the few moments of the last year of his life, in which he suffered himself to follow the impulse of his genius.

Methinks thou lookest kindly on me, Moon,
 And cheerest my lone hours with sweet regards.
 Surely like me thou'rt sad, but dost not speak
 Thy sadness to the cold unheeding crowd;
 So mournfully composed, o'er yonder cloud
 Thou shinest, like a cresset, beaming far
 From the rude watch-tower, o'er the Atlantic wave.

VI.

O GIVE me music—for my soul doth faint;
 I'm sick of noise and care, and now mine ear
 Longs for some air of peace, some dying plaint,
 That may the spirit from its cell unsphere.

Hark how it falls! and now it steals along,
 Like distant bells upon the lake at eve,
 When all is still; and now it grows more strong,
 As when the choral train their dirges weave,
 Mellow and many-voiced: where every close
 O'er the old minster roof, in echoing waves reflows.

Oh! I am rapt aloft. My spirit soars
 Beyond the skies, and leaves the stars behind.
 Lo! angels lead me to the happy shores,
 And floating pæans fill the buoyant wind.
 Farewell! base earth, farewell! my soul is freed,
 Far from its clayey cell it springs.—

VII.

AH! who can say, however fair his view,
 Through what sad scenes his path may lie?
 Ah! who can give to others' woes his sigh,
 Secure his own will never need it too?

Let thoughtless youth its seeming joys pursue,
 Soon will they learn to scan with thoughtful eye
 The illusive past and dark futurity;
 Soon will they know—

VIII.

AND must thou go, and must we part?
 Yes, Fate decrees, and I submit;
 The pang that rends in twain my heart,
 Oh, Fanny, dost thou share in it?

Thy sex is fickle,—when away,
 Some happier youth may win thy—

IX.

SONNET

WHEN I sit musing on the checker'd past,
 (A term much darken'd with untimely woes,)
 My thoughts revert to her, for whom still flows
 The tear, though half disown'd;—and binding fast
 Pride's stubborn cheat to my too yielding heart
 I say to her she robb'd me of my rest,
 When that was all my wealth.—'Tis true my
 breast
 Received from her this wearying, lingering smart
 Yet, ah! I cannot bid her form depart;
 Though wrong'd, I love her—yet in anger love,
 For she was most unworthy.—Then I prove
 Vindictive joy; and on my stern front gleams,
 Throned in dark clouds, inflexible
 The native pride of my much injured heart.

X.

WHEN high romance o'er every wood and stream
 Dark lustre shed, my infant mind to fire,
 Spell-struck, and fill'd with many a wondering
 dream,
 First in the groves I woke the pensive lyre,

All *there* was mystery then, the gust that woke
The midnight echo with a spirit's dirge,
And unseen furies would the moon invoke,
To their light morrice by the restless surge.
Now to my sober'd thought with life's false smiles,
Too much . . .
The vagrant Fancy spreads no more her wiles,
And dark forebodings now my bosom fill.

XI.

MUSIC'D is the lyre—the hand that swept
The low and pensive wires,
Robb'd of its cunning, from the task retires.

'Yes—it is still—the lyre is still;
The spirit which its slumbers broke
Hath pass'd away,—and that weak hand that
woke
Its forest melodies hath lost its skill.
Yet I would press you to my lips once more,
Ye wild, ye withering flowers of poetry;
Yet would I drink the fragrance which ye pour,
Mix'd with decaying odours: for to me
Ye have beguiled the hours of infancy,
As in the wood-paths of my native—
• • • • •

XII.

ONCE more, and yet once more,
I give unto my harp a dark-woven lay;
I heard the waters roar,
I heard the flood of ages pass away.
O thou, stern spirit, who dost dwell
In thine eternal cell,
Nothing, gray chronicler! the silent years;
I saw thee rise,—I saw the scroll complete,
Thou spak'st, and at thy feet
The universe gave way.

TIME.*

A POEM.

GENIUS of musings, who, the midnight hour
Wasting in woods or haunted forests wild,
Dost watch Orion in his arctic tower,
Thy dark eye fix'd as in some holy trance;
Or when the vail'd lightnings cleave the air,
And Ruin gaunt bestrides the winged storm,
Sitt'st in some lonely watch-tower, where thy
lamp,
Faint-blazing, strikes the fisher's eye from far,
And, 'mid the howl of elements, unmoved
Dost ponder on the awful scene, and trace
The vast effect to its superior source,
Spirit, attend my lowly benison!
For now I strike to themes of import high
The solitary lyre: and, borne by thee
Above this narrow cell, I celebrate
The mysteries of Time!

Him who, august,
Was ere these worlds were fashioned,—ere the sun
Sprang from the east, or Lucifer display'd
His glowing cresset in the arch of morn,
Or Vesper gild'd the sereener eve.
Yea, He *had been* for an eternity!
Had swept unvarying from eternity
The harp of desolation—ere his tones,
At God's command, assumed a milder strain,
And startled on his watch, in the vast deep,
Chaos' sluggish sentry, and evoked
From the dark void the smiling universe.

* This Poem was begun either during the publication of Clifton Grove, or shortly afterwards. Henry never laid aside the intention of completing it, and some of the detached parts were among his latest productions.

Chain'd to the grovelling frailties of the flesh,
Mere mortal man, unjurg'd from earthly dross,
Cannot survey, with fix'd and steady eye,
The dim uncertain gulf, which now the muse,
Adventurous, would explore;—but dizzy grown,
He topples down the abyss.—If he would scan
The fearful chasm, and catch a transient glimpse
Of its unfathomable depths, that so
His mind may turn with double joy to God,
His only certainty and resting place;
He must put off awhile this mortal vest,
And learn to follow, without giddiness,
To heights where all is vision, and surprise,
And vague conjecture.—He must waste by night
The studious taper, far from all resort
Of crowds and folly, in some still retreat;
High on the heaving promontory's crest,
Or in the caves of the vast wilderness,
Where, compass'd round with Nature's wildest
shapes,
He may be driven to centre all his thoughts
In the great Architect, who lives confess'd
In rocks, and seas, and solitary wastes.

So has divine Philosophy, with voice
Mild as the murmurs of the moonlight wave,
Tutor'd the heart of him, who now awakes,
Touching the chords of solemn minstrelsy,
His faint, neglected song—intent to snatch
Some vagrant blossom from the dangerous steep
Of poetry, a bloom of such a hue,
So sober, as may not unseemly suit
With Truth's severer brow; and one withal
So hardy as shall brave the passing wind
Of many winters,—rearing its meek head
In loveliness, when he who gather'd it
Is number'd with the generations gone.
Yet not to me hath God's good providence
Given studious leisure,* or unbroken thought,
Such as he owns,—a meditative man;
Who from the blush of morn to quiet eve
Ponders, or turns the page of wisdom o'er,
Far from the busy crowd's tumultuous din:
From noise and wrangling far, and undisturb'd
With Mirth's unholy shouts. For me the day
Hath duties which require the vigorous hand
Of steadfast application, but which leave
No deep improving trace upon the mind.
But be the day another's;—let it pass!
The night's my own.—They cannot steal my night!
When evening lights her folding-star on high,
I live and breathe; and in the sacred hours
Of quiet and repose, my spirit flies,
Free as the morning, o'er the realms of space,
And mounts the skies, and imparts her wing for
Heaven.

Hence do I love the sober-sulted maid; [thence,
Hence Night's my friend, my mistress, and my
And she shall aid me *now* to magnify
The night of ages,—*now* when the pale ray
Of star-light penetrates the studious gloom,
And, at my window seated, while mankind
Are lock'd in sleep, I feel the freshening breeze
Of stillness blow, while, in her saddest stole,
Thought, like a wakeful vestal at her shrine,
Assumes her wonted way.

Behold the world
Rests, and her tired inhabitants have paused
From trouble and turmoil. The widow now
Has ceased to weep, and her twin orphans lie
Lock'd in each arm, partakers of her rest.
The man of sorrow has forgot his woes;
The outcast that his head is shelterless,
His griefs unshared.—The mother tends no more
Her daughter's dying slumbers, but, surprised
With heaviness, and sunk upon her couch,
Dreams of her bridal. Even the hectic, hudd
On Death's lean arm to rest, in visions wrapp'd,
Crowning with Hope's bland wreath his shudder
ing nurse,
Poor victim! smiles.—Silence and deep repose
Reign o'er the nations; and the warning voice
Of Nature utters audibly within
The general moral:—tells us that repose,
Deathlike as this, but of far longer span,
Is coming on us—that the weary crowds,
Who now enjoy a temporary calm,
Shall soon taste lasting quiet, wrapp'd around

* The author was then in an attorney's office.

With grave-clothes: and their aching restless
Mouldering in holes and corners unobserved,
Till the last trump shall break their sullen sleep.

Who needs a teacher to admonish him
That flesh is grass, that earthly things are mist?
What are our joys but dreams? and what our
hopes
But goodly shadows in the summer cloud?
There's not a wind that blows but bears with it
Some rainbow promise:—Not a moment flies
But puts its sickle in the fields of life,
And mows its thousands, with their joys and cares.
'Tis but as yesterday since on yon stars,
Which now I view, the Chaldee Shepherd* gazed
In his mid-watch observant, and disposed
The twinkling hosts as fancy gave them shape.
Yet in the interim what mighty sheeks
Have luffed in mankind—whole nations razed—
Cities made desolate,—the polish'd sunk
To barbarism, and once barbaric tastes
Swaying the wand of science and of arts;
Illustrious deeds and memorable names
Blotted from record, and upon the tongue
Of gray Tradition, voidable no more.

Where are the heroes of the ages past?
Where the brave chieftains, where the mighty ones
Who flourish'd in the infancy of days?
All to the grave gone down. On their fallen fame
Exultant, mocking at the pride of man,
Sits grim *Forgetfulness*.—The warrior's arm
Lies nerveless on the pillow of its shame;
Hush'd is his stormy voice, and quench'd the
blaze
Of his red eye-ball.—Yesterday his name
Was mighty on the earth.—To day—'tis what?
The meteor of the night of distant years,
That flash'd unnoticed, save by a wrinkled eld,
Musing at midnight upon prophecies,
Who at her lonely lattice saw the gleam
Point to the mist-poised shroud, then quietly
Closed her pale lips, and lock'd the secret up
Safe in the charnel's treasures.

O how weak
Is mortal man! how trifling—how confined
His scope of vision! Puff'd with confidence,
His phrase grows big with immortality,
And he, poor insect of a summer's day!
Dreams of eternal honours to his name;
Of endless glory and perennial bays.
He idly reasons of eternity,
As of the train of ages,—when, alas!
Ten thousand thousand of his centuries
Are, in comparison, a little point
Too trivial for account.—(O, it is strange,
'Tis passing strange, to mark his fallacies;
Behold him proudly, with some pompous pile,
Whose high dome swells to emulate the sky,
And smile, and say, My name shall live with this
Till Time shall be no more: while at his feet,
Yea, at his very feet, the crumbling dust
Of the fallen fabric of the other day
Preaches the solemn lesson.—He *should* know
That time must conquer: that the loudest blast
That ever fill'd Remus's obstreperous trump
Fades in the lapse of ages, and expires.
Who lies inhumed in the terrific gloom
Of the gigantic pyramid? or who
Rear'd its huge walls? Oblivion laughs, and says,
'He prey is mine.—I'll sleep, and never more
'Tis names shall strike upon the ear of man,
'Tis memory bursts its fetters.

Where is *Rome*?
She lives but in the tale of other times.
Her proud pavilions are the hermit's home,
And her long colonnades, her public walks,
Now faintly echo to the pilgrim's feet,
Who comes to muse in solitude, and trace,
Through the rank moss reveal'd, her honour'd
dust.

But not to *Rome* alone has fate confined
The doom of ruin; cities numberless,
Tyre, Sidon, Carthage, Babylon, and Troy,
And rich Phœnicia—they are blotted out,
Half-razed from memory, and their very name
And being in dispute.—Has Athens fallen?

Is post'd Greece become the savage's
Of ignorance and sloth? and all allured

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And empire seeks another hemisphere. In vain,
Where now is Britain?—Where her towers and
Her palaces and halls? Dashed in the dust,
Some second Vandil hath reduced her to do,
And with one big recoil hath thrown her back
To primitive barbarity.—Again,
Through her depopulated vales, the scream
Of bloody Superstition hollow rings,
And the scared native to the tempest howls
The yell of deprecation. O'er her marts,
Her crowded ports, broods Silence; and the cry
Of the low curlew, and the pensive dish
Of distant billows, breaks alone the void.
Even as the savage sits upon the stone
That marks where stood her capitals, and hears
The bitter booming in the weels, he shrinks
From the diemying solitude.—Her bards,
Sing in a language that hath perished;
And their wild harps suspended over their graves,
Sigh to the desert winds a dying strain.

Meanwhile the Arts, in second infancy,
Rise in some distant clime, and then, perchance,
Some bold adventurer, fill'd with golden dreams,
Steering his bark through trackless solitudes,
Where, to his wandering thoughts, no daring prow
Hath ever plough'd before,—espies the chills
Of fallen Albion.—To the land unknown
He journey's joyful, and perhaps discovers
Some vestige of her ancient stateliness:
Then he, with vain conjecture, fills his mind
Of the unheard-of race, which had arrived
At science in that solitary nook,
Far from the civil world; and sadly sighs,
And moralizes on the state of man.

Still on its march, unnoticed and unfelt,
Moves on our being. We do live and breathe,
And we are gone. The spoiler heeds us not.
We have our spring-time and our rottenness;
And as we fall, another race succeeds,
To perish likewise.—Meanwhile Nature smiles—
The seasons run their round.—The sun fulfils
His annual course—and Heaven and earth remain
Still changing, yet unchanged—still doom'd to feel
Endless mutation in perpetual rest.
Where are concealed the days which have elapsed?
Had in the mighty cavern of the past,
They rise upon us only to appal,
By indistinct and half-glumpled images,
Misty, gigantic, huge, obscure, remote.

Oh, it is fearful, on the midnight couch,
When the rude rushing winds forget to rave,
And the pale moon, that through the pavement
high
Surveys the sleepless muser, stamps the hour
Of utter silence, it is fearful then
To steer the mind, in deadly solitude,
Up the vague stream of probability;
To wind the mighty secrets of the past,
And turn the key of Time!—(Oh! who can strive
To comprehend the vast, the awful truth,
Of the eternity that hath gone by,
And not recoil from the dizzying sense
Of human impotence? The life of man
Is summ'd in birth-days and in sepulchres:
But the Eternal God had no beginning;
He hath no end. Time had been with him
For *everlasting*, ere the dead world
Rose from the gulf in loveliness.—Like him
It knew no source, like him 'twas uncreate.
What is it then? The past Eternity!
We comprehend a future without end;
We feel it possible that even yon sun
May roll for ever: but we shrink amazed—
We stand aghast, when we reflect that time
Knew no commencement,—That he up age on age,
And million upon million, without end,
And we shall never spin the void of days
That were, and are not but in retrospect.
The Past is an unfathomable depth,
Which hath no menstruation, but hath beet
For ever and for ever.

* Alluding to the first astronomical observations
made by the Chaldean shepherds.

Change of days

To us is sensible; and each revolve
Of the recording sun conducts us on
Farther in life, and nearer to our goal.
Not so with Time,—mysterious chronicler,
He knoweth not mutation;—centuries
Are to his being as a day, and days
As centuries.—Time past, and Time to come,
Are always equal; when the world began
God had existed from eternity.

Now look on man

Myriads of ages hence.—Hath time elapsed?
Is he not standing in the self-same place
Where once we stood?—The same eternity
Hath gone before him, and is yet to come;
His part is not of longer span than ours,
Though myriads of ages intervened;
For who can add to what has neither sum,
Nor bound, nor source, nor estimate, nor end?
Oh, who can compass the Almighty mind?
Who can unlock the secrets of the High?
In speculations of an altitude
Sublime as this, our reason stands confess'd
Foolish, and insignificant, and mean.
Who can apply the futile argument
Of finite beings to infinity?
He might as well compass the universe
Into the hollow compass of a gourd,
Scoop'd out by human art; or bid the whale
Drink up the sea it swims in.—Can the less
Contain the greater? or the dark obscure
Infold the glories of meridian day?
What does Philosophy impart to man
But undiscover'd wonders?—Let her soar
Even to her proudest heights—to where she caught
The soul of Newton and of Socrates,
She but extends the scope of wild amaze
And admiration. All her lessons end
In wider views of God's unfathom'd depths.

Lo! the unletter'd hind, who never knew
To raise his mind exclusive to the heights
Of abstract contemplation, as he sits
On the green hillock by the hedge-row side,
What time the lucert swarms are murmuring,
And marks, in silent thought, the broken clouds
That fringe with loveliest hues the evening sky,
Feels in his soul the hand of Nature rouse
The thrill of gratitude, to him who form'd
The goodly prospect; he beholds the God
Throned in the west, and his reposing ear
Hears sounds angelic in the fitful breeze
That floats through neighbouring copse of fairy
brake.

Or lingers playful on the haunted stream.
Go with the cotter to his winter fire,
Where o'er the moors the loud blast whistles shrill,
And the hoarse ban-dog bays the icy moon;
Mark with what awe he lists the wild uproar,
Silent, and big with thought; and hear him bless
The God that rides on the tempestuous clouds
For his snug hearth, and all his little joys:
Hear him compare his happier lot with his
Who bends his way across the wintry wolds,
A poor night-traveller, while the dismal snow
Beats in his face, and, dubious of his path,
He stops, and thinks, in every lengthening blast,
He hears some village-masque's distant howl,
And sees, far-streaming, some lone cottage light;
Then, undecieved, upturns his streaming eyes,
And clasps his shivering hands; or overpowered,
Sinks on the frozen ground, welch'd down with
sleep.

From which the hapless wretch shall never wake.
Thus the poor rustic warms his heart with praise
And glowing gratitude,—he turns to bless
With honest warmth, his Maker and his God!
And shall it e'er be said, that a poor hind,
Nursed in the lap of Ignorance, and bred
In want and labour, glows with nobler zeal
To laud his Maker's attributes, while he
Whom starry Science in her cradle rock'd,
And Casily enchast'n'd with its dews,
Closes his eyes upon the holy word,
And, blind to all but arrogance and pride,
Dares to declare his infidelity,
And openly condemn the lord of Hosts?
What is philosophy, if it impart
Irreverence for the Deity, or teach
A mortal man to set his judgment up

Against his Maker's will? The Polegar,
Who kneels to sun or moon, compared with him
Who thus perverts the talents he enjoys,
Is the most bless'd of men!—Oh! I would walk
A weary journey, to the furthest verge
Of the big world, to kiss that good man's hand,
Who, in the blaze of wisdom and of art,
Preserves a lowly mind; and to his God,
Feeling the sense of his own littleness,
Is as a child in meek simplicity!
What is the pomp of learning? the parade
Of letters and of tongues? Even as the mists
Of the gray morn before the rising sun,
That pass away and perish.

Earthly things
Are but the transient pageants of an hour;
And earthly pride is like the passing flower,
That springs to fall, and blossoms but to die.
Tis as the tower erected on a cloud,
Useless and silly as the school-boy's dream.
Ages and epochs that destroy our pride,
And then record its downfall, what are they
But the poor creatures of man's trembling brain?
Hath Heaven its ages? or doth Heaven preserve
Its stated eras? Both the Omnipotent
Heir of to-morrows and of yesterdays?
There is to God no future nor a past;
Throned in his might, all times to him are present,
He hath no lapse, no past, no time to come;
He sees before him one eternal now.
Time moves not!—our being 'tis that moves,
And we, swift gliding down life's rapid stream,
Dream of swift ages and revolving years,
Ordain'd to chronicle our passing days;
So the young sailor in the gallant bark,
Seudding before the wind, beholds the coast
Receding from his eyes, and thinks the while,
Struck with amaze, that he is motionless,
And that the land is sailing.

Such, alas!
Are the illusions of this Proteus life;
All, all is false: through every phasis still
'Tis shadowy and deceitful. It assumes
The semblances of things, and specious shapes;
But the lost traveller might as soon rely
On the evasive spirit of the marsh,
Whose lantern beams, and vanishes, and flits,
O'er bog, and rock, and pit, and hollow way,
As we on its appearances.

On earth
There is not certainty nor stable hope,
As well the weary mariner, whose bark
Is toss'd beyond Cimmerian Bosphorus,
Where Storm and Darkness hold their dread do-
main.

And sunbeams never penetrate, might trust
To expectation of clearer skies,
And linger in the very jaws of death,
Because some peevish cloud were opening,
Or the loud storm had bated in its rage.
As we look forward in this vale of tears
To permanent delight—from some slight glimpse
Of shadowy unsubstantial happiness.

The good man's hope is laid far, far beyond
The way of tempest, or the furious sweep
Of mortal desolation.—He beholds
Unapprehensive, the gigantic stride
Of omnipotent Being, or the vast waves
Of dark Vicissitude.—Even in death,
In that dread hour, when with a giant pang,
Tearing the tender fibres of the heart,
The immortal spirit struggles to be free,
Then, even then, that hope forsakes him not.
For it exists beyond the narrow verge
Of the cold sepulchre.—The petty joys
Of fleeting life indignantly it spurn'd,
And rested on the bosom of its God.
This is man's only reasonable hope;
And 'tis a hope which, cherish'd in the breast,
Shall not be disappointed.—Even he,
The Holy One—A Prince—who elected
The rolling world along its airy way,
When He will deign to smile upon the good,
And welcome him to these celestial seats,
Where Joy and gladness hold their changeless reign,
Thou, proud man, look upon yon starry vault,
Survey the countless gems which richly stud,
The Night's imperial chariot;—Telescopes
Will show thee myriads more innumera,
Than the sea sand;—each of those little lamps
Is the great source of light, the central sun

And which some other mighty sisterhood
Of planets travel, every planet stock'd
With living beings impotent as thee.
Now, proud man! now, where is thy greatness fled?
What art thou in the scale of universe?
Less, less than nothing!—Yet of thee the God
Who built this wondrous frame of worlds is careful,
As well as of the mendicant who begs
The leavings of thy table. And shalt thou
Lift up thy thankless spirit, and contemn
His heavenly providence! Deluded fool,
Even now the thunderbolt is wing'd with death,
Even now thou totterest on the brink of hell.

How insignificant is mortal man,
Bound to the hasty pinions of an hour;
How poor, how trivial in the vast conceit
Of infinite duration, boundless space!
God of the universe! Almighty One!
Thou who dost walk upon the winged winds,
Or with the storm thy rugged charioteer,
Swift and impetuous as the northern blast,
Ridest from pole to pole; Thou who dost hold
The forked lightnings in thine awful grasp,
And reatest in the earthquake, when thy wrath
Goes down towards erring man, I would address
To Thee my panting prayer; for of Thee
Great beyond comprehension, who thyself
Art Time and Space, sublime Infinitude,
Of Thee has been my song—With awe I kneel
Trembling before the foolstool of thy state,
My God! my Father!—I will sing to Thee
A hymn of laud, a solemn canticle,
Ere on the cypress wreath, which overshades
The throne of Death, I hang my mournful lyre,
And give its wild strings to the desert gale.
Rise, Son of Salem! rise, and join the strain,
Sweep to accordant tones thy tuneful harp,
And leaving vain laments, arouse thy soul
To exultation. Sing hosanna, sing,
And hallelujah, for the Lord is great
And full of mercy! He has thought of man;
Yea, compass'd round with countless worlds, has
thought.

Of we poor worms, that batten in the dew
Of morn, and perish ere the noon-day sun.
Sing to the Lord, for he is merciful:
He gave the Nubian lion but to live,
To rage its hour, and perish; but on man
He lavish'd immortality, and Heaven.
The eagle falls from her aerial tower,
And mingles with irrevocable dust:
But man from death springs joyful,
Springs up to life and to eternity.
Oh, that, insensate of the favouring boon,
The great exclusive privilege bestow'd
On us unworthy trifles, men should dare
To treat with slight regard the proffer'd Heaven,
And urge the lenient, but All-Just, to swear
In wrath, "They shall not enter in my rest."
Might I address the supplicative strain
To thy high foolstool, I would pray that thou
Wouldest pity the deluded wanderers,
And fold them, ere they perish, in thy flock.
Yea, I would bid thee pity them, through Him,
Thy well-beloved, who, upon the cross,
Bled a dead sacrifice for human sin,
And paid, with bitter agony, the debt
Of primitive transgression.

Oh! I shrink,
My very soul doth shrink, when I reflect
That the time hastens, when in vengeance clothed,
Thou shalt come down to stamp the seal of fate
On erring mortal man. Thy chariot wheels
Then shall rebound to earth's remotest caves,
And stormy Ocean from his bed shall start
At the appalling summons. Oh! how dread,
On the dark eye of miserable man,
Chasing his sins in secrecy and gloom,
Will burst the effulgence of the opening Heaven;
When to the brazen trumpet's deafening roar,
Thou and thy dazzling cohorts shall descend,
Proclaiming the fulfilment of the word!
The dead shall start astonish'd from their sleep!
The sepulchres shall groan and yield their prey.
The bellowing floods shall disembody their charge
Of human victims—From the farthest nook
Of the wide world shall troop their risen souls,
From him whose bones are bleaching in the waste
Of polar solitudes, or him whose corpse,
Whelm'd in the loud Atlantic's vexed tides,
Is wash'd on some Caribbean prominence,

To the lone tenant of some secret cell
In the Pacific's vast • • • realm,
Where never plummet's sound was heard.
The wilderness of water; they shall come
To greet the solemn advent of the Judge.
Thou first shalt summon the elected saints,
To their apportion'd Heaven! and thy Son,
At thy right hand, shall smile with condescension
On all his past distresses, when for them
He bore humanity's severest pains.
Then shalt thou seize the avenging scymitar,
And, with a roar as loud and horrible
As the stern earthquake's monitory voice,
The wicked shall be driven to their abode,
Down the immitigable gulf, to wait
And gnash their teeth in endless agony.

Rear thou aloft thy standard.—Spirit, rear
Thy flag on high!—Invincible, and throned
In unparticipated might. Behold
Earth's proudest boasts, beneath thy silent
Sweep heading to destruction, thou the while
Unmoved and heedless, thou dost hear the roar
Of mighty generations, as they pass
To the broad gulf of ruin, and dost stamp
Thy signet on them, and they rise no more.
Who shall contend with Time—unvanquish'd!
The conqueror of conquerors, and lord
Of desolation?—Lo! the shadows fly,
The hours and days, and years and centuries,
They fly, they fly, and nations rise and fall.
The young are old, the old are in their graves.
Heard'st thou that shout? It rent the vaults!
Again! 'tis hush'd.—Time speaks, and all is hush!
In the vast multitude now reigns alone
Unruffled solitude. They all are still;
All—yea, the whole—the incalculable mass,
Still as the ground that clasps their cold re-

Rear thou aloft thy standard.—Spirit, rear
Thy flag on high! and glory in thy strength.
But do thou know the season yet shall come,
When from its base thine adamant throne
Shall tumble; when thine arm shall cease to stir.
Thy voice forget its petrifying power;
When saints shall shout, and Time shall be no
Yea, he doth come—the mighty champion come
Whose potent spear shall give thee thy death.
Shall crush the conqueror of conquerors,
And desolate stern Desolation's lord.
Lo! where he cometh! the Messiah comes!
The King! the Comforter! the Christ!—He cometh
To burst the bonds of death, and overturn
The power of Time.—Hark! the trumpet's blast
Rings o'er the heavens! They rise, the myriads rise
Even from their graves they spring, and burst
chains

Of torpor—He has ransom'd them, • • •

Forgotten generations live again.
Assume the bodily shapes they own'd of old,
Beyond the flood—the righteous of their times
Embrace and weep, they weep the tears of joy.
The sainted mother wakes, and in her lap
Clasps her dear babe, the partner of her grave,
And heritor with her of Heaven,—a flower,
Wash'd by the blood of Jesus from the stain
Of native guilt, even in its early bud.
And, hark! those strains, how solemnly serene
They fall, as from the skies—at distance fall—
Again more loud—The hallelujah's swell;
The newly-risen catch the joyful sound;
They glow, they burn; and now with one accord
Bursts forth sublime from every mouth the song
Of praise to God on high, and to the Lamb
Who bled for mortals.

Yet there is peace for man.—Yea, there is peace
Even in this noisy, this unsettled scene;
When from the crowd, and from the city far,
Haply he may be set (in his late walk
Overtaken with deep thought) beneath the boughs
Of honeysuckle, when the sun is gone,
And with fix'd eye, and wistful, he surveys
The solemn shadows of the Heavens sail,
And thinks the season yet shall come, when Time
Will wait him to repose, to deep repose,
Far from the unquietness of life—from noise
And tumult far—beyond the flying clouds,

Beyond the stars, and all this passing scene,
Where change shall cease, and Time shall be no more.

CHILDHOOD:*

A POEM.

PART I.

PICTURED in memory's mellowing glass how
Our infant days, our infant joys to greet; [sweet
To roam in fancy in each cherish'd scene,
The village church-yard, and the village-green,
The woodland walk remote, the greenwood glade,
The mossy seat beneath the hawthorn shade,
The white-wash'd cottage, where the woodbine
grew,
And all the favourite haunts our childhood knew I
How sweet, while all the evil shuns the gaze,
To view th' unclouded skies of former days!

Beloved age of innocence and smiles,
When each wing'd hour some new delight bequiles.
When the gay heart, to life's sweet day-spring true,
Still finds some instant pleasure to pursue.
Bless'd Childhood, hail!—These simply will I sing,
And from myself the artless picture bring;
These long-lost scenes to me the past restore,
Each humble friend, each pleasure now no more,
And every stump familiar to my sight
Recalls some fond idea of delight.

This shrubby knoll was once my favourite seat;
Here did I love at evening to retreat,
And muse alone, till in the vault of night,
Hesper, aspiring, show'd his golden light,
Here once again, remote from human noise,
I sit me down to think of former joys; [more,
Pause on each scene, each treasured scene, once
And once again each infant walk explore,
While as each grove and lawn I recognize,
My melted soul suffuses in my eyes.

And oh! thou Power, whose myriad trains resort
To distant scenes, and picture them to thought;
Whose mirror, held unto the mourner's eye,
Flings to his soul a borrow'd gleam of joy;
Bless'd memory, guide, with finger nicely true,
Back to my youth my retrospective view;
Recall with faithful vigour to my mind,
Each face familiar, each relation kind;
And all the finer traits of them afford,
Whose general outline in my heart is stored.

In yonder cot, along whose mouldering walls,
In many a fold the mantling woodbine falls,
The village matron kept her little school,
Gentle of heart, yet knowing 'well to rule;
Staid was the dame, and modest was her mien;
Her garb was coarse, yet whole, and nicely clean:
Her neatly border'd cap, as lily fair,
Beneath her chin was pinn'd with decent care;
And pendent ruffles, of the whitest lawn,
Of ancient make, her elbows did adorn.
Faint with old age, and dim were grown her eyes,
A pair of spectacles their want supplies;
These does she guard secure in leathern case,
From thoughtless wights, in some unweeted place.

Here first I enter'd, though with toil and pain,
The low vestibule of learning's fane;
Enter'd with pain, yet soon I found the way,
Though sometimes toilsome, many a sweet display.
Much did I grieve, on that ill-fated morn,
While I was first to school reluctant borne;
Severe I thought the dame, though oft she tried
To soothe my swelling spirits when I sigh'd;
And oft, when harshly she reproved, I wept,
To my lone corner broken-hearted crept, [kept,
And thought of tender home, where anger never

But soon inured to alphabetic toils,
Alert I met the dame with jocund smiles;
First at the form, my task for ever true,
A little favourite rapidly I grew:
And oft she stroked my head with fond delight,
Field rue a pattern to the dunce's sight;
And as she gave my diligence its praise,
I talk'd of the honours of my future days.

Oh! had the venerable matron thought
Of all the ills by talent often brought;
Could she have seen me when revolving years
Had brought me deeper in the vale of tears,
Then had she wept, and wish'd my wayward fate
Had been a lowlier, an unletter'd state;
Wish'd that, remote from worldly woes and strife,
Unknown, unheard, I might have pass'd thro' life.

Where, in the busy scene, by peace unblest'd,
Shall the poor wanderer find a place of rest?
A lonely mariner on the stormy main,
Without a hope, the calms of peace to gain;
Long toss'd by tempest o'er the world's wide shore,
When shall his spirit rest to toil no more?
Not till the light foam of the sea shall lave
The sandy surface of his unwept grave.
Childhood, to thee I turn, from life's alarms,
Serenest season of perpetual calms,—
Turn with delight, and bid the passions cease,
And joy to think with thee I tasted peace.
Sweet reign of innocence when no crime defiles,
But each new object brings attendant smiles;
When future evils never haunt the sight,
But all is pregnant with unmix'd delight;
To thee I turn, from riot and from noise,
Turn to partake of more congenial joys.

'Neath yonder elm, that stands upon the moor,
When the clock spoke the hour of labour o'er,
What clamorous throngs, what happy groups were
seen,
In various postures scattering o'er the green!
Some shoot the marble, others join the chase
Of self-made stag, or run the emulous race;
While others, seated on the dappled grass,
With doleful tales the light-wing'd minutes pass.
Well I remember how, with gesture starch'd,
A band of soldiers, oft with pride we march'd;
For banners, to a tall ash we did bind
Our handkerchiefs, flapping to the whistling wind;
And for our warlike arms we sought the mead,
And guns and spears we made of brittle reed;
Then, in uncouth array, our feats to crown,
We storm'd some ruin'd pig-sty for a town.

Pleased with our gay disports, the dame was
wont
To set her wheel before the cottage front,
And o'er her spectacles would often peer,
To view our gambols, and our boyish gear.
Still as she look'd, her wheel kept turning round,
With its beloved monotony of sound.
When tired with play, we'd set us by her side,
(For out of school she never knew to chide!)—
And wonder at her skill—well known to fame—
For who could match in spinning with the dame?
Her sheets, her linen, which she show'd with pride
To strangers, still her thriftiness testified;
Though we poor wights did wonder much in troth,
How 'twas her spinning manufactured cloth.

Oft would we leave, though well-beloved our play,
To chat at home the vacant hour away.
Many's the time I've scamper'd down the glade,
To ask the promised ditty from the maid,
Which well she loved, as well she knew to sing,
While we around her form'd a little ring:
She told of innocence foredoom'd to bleed,
Of wicked guardians bent on bloody deed,
Or little children murder'd as they slept;
While at each pause we wung our hands and wept.
Sad was each tale, and wonder much did we,
Such hearts of stone there in the world could be.
Poor simple wights, ah! little did we wene
The ills that wait on man in life's sad scene!
Ah, little thought that we ourselves should know,
This world's a world of weeping and of woe!

Beloved moment! then 'twas first I caught
The first foundation of romantic thought;
Then first I shed bold Fancy's thrilling tear,
Then first that poesy charm'd mine infant ear.

* This appears to be one of the Author's earliest productions: written when about the age of 14.

Soon stored with much of legendary lore,
The sports of Childhood charm'd my soul no more.

Far from the scene of gaiety and noise,
Far, far from turbulent and empty joys,
I hid me to the thick o'er-arching shade,
And there, on mossy carpet, listless laid,
While at my feet the rippling runnel ran,
The days of wild romance antique I'd scan;
Soar on the wings of fancy through the air,
To realms of light, and pierce the radiance there.

PART II.

THERE are, who think that Childhood does not
With age the cup, the bitter cup of care: [share
Alas! they know not this unhappy truth,
That every age, and rank, is born to ruth.

From the first dawn of reason in the mind,
Man is foredoom'd the thorns of grief to find;
At every step his farther cause to know,
The draught of pleasure still is dash'd with wo.

Yet in the youthful breast for ever caught
With some new object for romantic thought,
The impression of the moment quickly flies,
And with the morrow every sorrow dies.

How different manhood!—then does Thought's
control

Sink every pang still deeper in the soul;
Then keen Affliction's sad unceasing smart
Becomes a painful resident in the heart;
And Care, whom not the gayest can out-brave,
Pursues its feeble victim to the grave.
Then, as each long known friend is summon'd
hence,

We feel a void no joy can recompense,
And as we weep o'er every new-made tomb,
Wish that ourselves the next may meet our doom.

Yes, Childhood, thee no ranking woes pursue,
No forms of future ill salute thy view,
No pangs repentant bid thee wike to weep,
But hallowed peace protects thy downy sleep,
And sanguine Hope, through every storm of life,
Shoots her bright beams, and calms the internal
strife.

Yet even round childhood's heart, a thoughtless
[shrine,
Affection's little thread will ever twine;
And though but frail may seem each tender tie,
The soul foregoes them but with many a sigh.
Thus, when the long-expected moment came,
When forced to leave the gentle-hearted dame,
Reluctant throbbings rose within my breast,
And a still tear my silent grief express'd.
When to the public school compell'd to go,
What novel scenes did on my senses flow!
There in each breast each active power dilates,
Which broils whole nations, and convulses states,
There reigns by turns alternate love and hate,
Ambition burns, and factious rebels prate;
And in a smaller range, a smaller sphere,
The dark deformities of man appear.
Yet there the gentler virtues kindred claim,
There Friendship lights her pure untainted flame,
There mild Benevolence delights to dwell,
And sweet Contentment rests without her cell,
And there, mid many a stormy soul, we find
The good of heart, the intelligent of mind.

'Twas there, O George! with thee I learn'd to join
In Friendship's bands—in unity divine.
Oh, mournful thought!—Where is thy spirit now?
As here I sit on favourite Logan's brow,
And trace below each well remember'd glade,
Where arm in arm, erewhile with thee I stray'd.
Where art thou laid—on what untrodden shore,
Where nought is heard save ocean's sullen roar,
Dost thou in lowly, unlamented state,
At last repose from all the storms of fate?
Methinks I see thee struggling with the wave,
Without one aiding hand stretch'd out to save;
See thee convulsed, thy looks to heaven bend,
And send thy parting sigh unto thy friend,
Or where immeasurable winds dismav,
Forlorn and sad thou bend'st thy weary way,

While sorrow and disease with anguish rife,
Consume apace the ebbing spring of life.
Again I see his door against thee shut,
The unfeeling native turn thee from his hut:
I see thee, spent with toil and worn with grief,
Sit on the grass, and wish the long'd relief;
Then lie thee down, the stormy struggle o'er,
Thine on thy native land—and rise no more!

Oh! that thou couldst, from thine august
Survey thy friend in life's dismayed road;
That thou couldst see him at this moment here
Embaln thy memory with a pious tear,
And hover o'er him as he gazes round,
Where all the scenes of infant joys surround.

Yes! yes! his spirit's near!—The whispering
breeze
Conveys his voice sad sighing on the trees:
And lo! his form transparent I perceive,
Borne on the gray mist of the sullen eve:
He hovers near, clad in the night's dim robe,
While deathly silence reigns upon the globe.
Yet ah! whence comes this visionary scene?
'Tis Fancy's wild aerial dream I ween;
By her inspired, when reason takes its flight,
What fond illusions beam upon the sight!
She waves her hand, and lo! what forms appear!
What magic sounds salute the wondering ear!
Once more o'er distant regions do we tread,
And the cold grave yields up its cherish'd dead;
While present sorrow's banish'd far away,
Uncoloured azure gilds the placid day,
Or in the future's cloud-encircled face,
Fair scenes of bliss to come we fondly trace,
And draw minutely every little wile,
Which shall the feathery hours of time beguile.

So when forlorn, and lonesome at her gate,
The Royal Mary solitary sate,
And view'd the moon-beam trembling on the wave,
And heard the hollow surge her prison lave,
Towards France's distant coast she bent her sight,
For there her soul had wing'd its longing flight;
There did she form full many a solitary col,
Visions of bliss unclouded with alloy.
Which bright thro' Hope's deceitful optics beam'd,
And all became the surety which it seem'd;
She wept, yet felt, while all within was calm,
In every tear a melancholy charm.

To yonder hill, whose sides, deform'd and steep,
Just yield a scanty sustenance to the sheep,
With thee, my friend, I oftentimes have sped,
To see the sun rise from his healthy bed;
To watch the aspect of the summer morn,
Smiling upon the golden fields of corn,
And taste delighted of superior joys,
Beheld through Sympathy's enchanted eyes:
With silent admiration oft we view'd
The myriad hues o'er heaven's blue concave strew'd;
The fleecy clouds, of every tint and shade,
Round which the silvery sunbeams glancing play'd,
And the round orb itself, in azure throne,
Just peeping o'er the blue hill's ridgy zone;
We mark'd delighted, how with aspect gay,
Reviving Nature hail'd returning day; [heads,
Mark'd how the flowerets rear'd their drooping
And the wild lambskins bounded o'er the meads,
While from each tree, in tones of sweet delight,
The birds sung peans to the source of light:
Oft have we watch'd the speckled lark arise,
Leave his grass bed, and soar to kindred skies,
And rise, and rise, till the pain'd sight no more
Could trace him in his high aerial tour;
Though on the ear, at intervals, his song
Came wafted slow the way breeze along;
And we have thought how happy were our lot,
Bless'd with some sweet, some solitary col,
Where, from the peep of day, till sunset eve
Began in every dell her forms to weave.
We might pursue our sports from day to day,
And in each other's arms wear life away.

At sultry noon too, when our toils were done,
We to the gloomy glen were wont to run;
There on the turf we lay, while at our feet
The cooling rivulet rippled softly sweet:
And mused on holy themes, and ancient lore,
Of deeds, and days, and heroes now no more;
Heard, as his solemn harp Isaiah swept,
Sung wo unto the wicked land—and wept;

FRAGMENT OF AN ECCENTRIC DRAMA. 39

Or, fancy-led—saw Jeremiah mourn
In solemn sorrow o'er Jude's urn.
Then to another shore perhaps would rove,
With Plato talk in his Llysian grove;
Or, wandering where the Theopian palace rose,
Weep once again o'er fair Jocasta's woes.

Sweet then to us was that romantic band,
The ancient legends of our native land—
Chivalric Britomart, and Una fair,
And courteous Constance, doom'd to dark despair,
By turns our thoughts engaged; and oft we talk'd,
Of times when monarch superstition stalk'd,
And when the blood-fraught galliots of Home
Brought the grim Druid fabric to its doom:
While, where the wood-hung Meina's waters flow,
The hoary harpers pour'd the strain of woe.

While thus employ'd, to us how sad the bell
Which summon'd us to school! 'Twas Fancy's
And, sadly sounding on the sullen ear, [knell,
It spoke of study pale, and chilling fear.
Yet even then, for oh! what chains can bind,
What powers control, the energies of mind!
Even then we soar'd to many a height sublime,
And many a day-dream charm'd the lazy time.

At evening too, how pleasing was our walk,
Endear'd by Friendship's unrestrained talk,
When to the upland heights we bent our way,
To view the last beam of departing day;
How calm was all around! no playful breeze
Sigh'd mid the wavy foliage of the trees,
But all was still, save when, with drowsy song,
The gray-fly wound his sullen horn along;
And save when, heard in soft, yet merry glee,
The distant church-bells' mellow harmony;
The silver mirror of the lucid brook,
That mid the tufted broom its still course took;
The rugged arch, that clasp'd its silent tides,
With moss and rank weeds hanging down its
sides:

The craggy rock, that jutted on the sight;
The shrieking bat, that took its heavy flight;
All, all was pregnant with divine delight
We loved to watch the swallow swimming high,
In the bright azure of the vaulted sky;
Or gaze upon the clouds, whose colour'd pride
Was scatter'd thinly o'er the welkin wide,
And tinged with such variety of shade,
To the charm'd soul sublime thoughts convey'd.
In these what forms romantic did we trace,
While Fancy led us o'er the realms of space!
Now we espied the Thunderer in his car,
Leading the embattled seraphim to war,
Then stately towers descried, sublimely high,
In Gothic grandeur frowning on the sky—
Or saw, wide stretching o'er the azure height,
A ridge of glaciers in mural white,
Hugely terrific.—But those times are o'er,
And the fond scene can charm mine eyes no more
For thou art gone, and I am left below,
Alone to struggle through this world of woe.

The scene is o'er—still seasons onward roll,
And each revolve conducts me toward the goal;
Yet all is blank, without one soft relief,
One endless continuity of grief;
And the tired soul, now led to thoughts sublime,
Looks but for rest beyond the bounds of time.

Toil on, toil on, ye busy crowds, that pant
For hoards of wealth which ye will never want:
And, lost to all but gain, with ease resign
The calms of peace and happiness divine!
Far other cares be mine—Men little crave
In this short journey to the silent grave,
And the poor peasant, bless'd with peace and health,
I envy more than Cæsar with his wealth.
Yet grieve not I, that Fate did not decree
Paternal acres to await on me:
She gave me more, she placed within my breast
A heart with little pleased—with little bless'd.
I look around me, where, on every side,
Extensive manors spread in wealthy pride;
And could my sight be borne to either zone,
I should not find one foot of land my own.

But whither do I wander? shall the muse,
For golden baits, her simple theme refuse?
Oh, no! but while the weary spirit greets
The fading scenes of childhood's far-gone sweets,

It catches all the infant's wandering tongue,
And prattles on in desultory song.
That song must close—the gloomy mists of night
Obscure the pale stars' visionary light,
And el-on darkness, clad in vapoury wet,
Steals on the welkin in primeval jet.

The song must close.—Once more my adverse lot
Leads me reluctant from this cherish'd spot:
Again compels to plunge in busy life,
And brave the hateful turbulence of strife.

Scenes of my youth—ere my unwilling feet
Are turn'd for ever from this loved retreat,
Ere on these fields, with plenty cover'd o'er,
My eyes are closed to ope or then no more,
Let me ejaculate, to feeling due,
One long, one last affectionate adieu.
Grant that, if ever Providence should please
To give me an old age of peace and ease,
Grant that, in these sequester'd shades, my days
May wear away in gr dual decays;
And oh! ye spirits, who unbodied play,
Unseen upon the pinions of the day,
Kind genii of my native fields benign,
Who were

FRAGMENT

OF AN

ECCENTRIC DRAMA.

WRITTEN AT A VERY EARLY AGE.

THE DANCE OF THE CONSUMPTIVES.

1.

DING-DONG! ding-dong!
Merry, merry, go it e bells,
Ding-dong! ding-dong!
Over the heath, over the moor, and over the dale,
"Swinging slow with sullen roar,"
Dance, dance away the jocund roundelay!
Ding-dong, ding-dong, calls us away,

2.

Round the oak, and round the elm,
Merrily foot it o'er the ground!
The sentry ghost it stands aloof,
So merrily, merrily foot it round.
Ding-dong! ding-dong!
Merry, merry go the bells,
Swelling in the nightly gale,
The sentry ghost,
It keeps its post,

And soon, and soon our sports must fail:
But let us trip the nightly ground,
While the merry, merry bells ring round.

3.

Hark! hark! the death-watch ticks!
See, see, the winding-sheet
Our dance is done,
Our race is run,
And we must lie at the alder's feet!
Ding-dong, ding-dong,
Merry, merry go the bells,
Swinging o'er the weltering wave!
And we must seek
Our death-beds bleak,
Where the green sod grows upon the grave.

*They vanish—The Goddess of Consumption descends,
habited in a sky-blue robe, attended by mournful
Music.*

Come, Melancholy, sister mine!
Cold the dews, and chill the night!
Come from thy dreary shrine!
The wan moon climbs the heavenly height,
And underneath the sickly ray,
Troops of squalid spectres play,

And the dying mortals' groan
Startles the night on her dusky throne.
Come, come, sister mine!
Gliding on the pale moon-shine:
We'll ride at ease,
On the tainted breeze,
And oh! our sport will be divine.

*The Goddess of Melancholy advances out of a deep
Glen in the rear, habited in Black, and covered
with a thick Veil—She speaks*

Sister, from my dark abode,
Where nests the raven, sits the toad,
Hither I come, at thy command:
Sister, sister, join thy hand!
Sister, sister, join thy hand!
I will smooth the way for thee,
Thou shalt furnish food for me.
Come, let us speed our way
Where the troops of spectres play.
To charnel-houses, church-yards drear,
Where Death sits with a horrible leer,
A lasting grin, on a throne of bones,
And skim along the blue tomb-stones.
Come, let us speed away,
Lay our snares, and spread our tether!
I will smooth the way for thee,
Thou shalt furnish food for me!
And the grass shall wave
O'er many a grave,
Where youth and beauty sleep together.

CONSUMPTION.

Come, let us speed our way!
Join our hands, and spread our tether!
I will furnish food for thee,
Thou shalt smooth the way for me;
And the grass shall wave
O'er many a grave,
Where youth and beauty sleep together.

MELANCHOLY.

Hist, sister, hist! who comes here?
Oh! I know her by that tear,
By that blue eye's languid glare,
By her skin, and by her hair
She is mine,
And she is thine,
Now the deadliest draught prepare.

CONSUMPTION.

In the dismal night air dress'd,
I will creep into her breast:
Flush her cheek, and bleach her skin,
And feed on the vital fire within.
Lover, do not trust her eyes,—
When they sparkle most, she dies!
Mother, do not trust her breath,—
Comfort she will breathe in death!
Father, do not strive to save her,—
She is mine, and I must have her!
The coffin must be her bridal bed;
The winding-sheet must wrap her head;
The whispering winds must o'er her sigh,
For soon in the grave the maid must lie,
The worm it will riot
On heavenly diet,
When death has deflower'd her eye.
[They vanish.

*While CONSUMPTION speaks, ANGELINA
enters.*

ANGELINA.

With what a silent and dejected pace
Dost thou, wan Moon! upon thy way advance
In the blue welkin's vault!—Pale wanderer!
Hast thou too felt the pangs of hopeless love,
That thus, with such a melancholy grace,

* With how sad steps, O moon! thou climb'st
the skies,
How silently and with how wan a face!

Sir P. Sidney.

Thou dost pursue thy solitary course?
Has thy Endymion, smooth-faced boy, forsook
Thy widow'd breast—on which the spoiler oft
Has nestled fondly, while the silver clouds
Fantastic pillow'd thee, and the dim night,
Osequious to thy will, encurtain'd round
With its thick fringe thy couch?—Wan traveller,
How like thy fate to mine!—Yet I have still
One heavenly hope remaining, which thou lack'st.
My woes will soon be buried in the grave
Of kind forgetfulness!—my journey here,
Though it be darksome, joyless, and forlorn,
Is yet but short, and soon my weary feet
Will greet the peaceful inn of lasting rest.
But thou, unhappy Queen! art doom'd to trace
Thy lonely walk in the drear realms of night,
While many a lagging age shall sweep beneath
The leaden pinions of unshaken time;
Though not a hope shall spread its glittering hue
To cheat thy steps along the weary way.
O that the sum of human happiness
Should be so trifling, and so frail withal,
That when possess'd, it is but lessened grief;
And even then there's scarce a sudden gust
That blows across the dismal waste of life,
But bears it from the view.—Oh! who would
shun
The hour that cuts from earth, and fear to press
The calm and peaceful pillow of the grave,
And yet endure the various ills of life.
And dark vicissitudes!—Soon, I hope, I feel,
And am assured, that I shall lay my head,
My weary aching head, on its last rest,
And on my lowly bed the grass-green sod
Will flourish sweetly.—And then they will weep
That one so young, and what they're pleased to
call
So beautiful, should die so soon.—And tell
How painful Disappointment's canker'd fang
Wither'd the rose upon my maiden cheek.
Oh, foolish ones! why, I shall sleep so sweetly,
Laid in my darksome grave, that they themselves
Might envy me my rest!—And as for them,
Who, on the score of former intimacy,
May thus remembrance me—they must themselves
Successive fall.

Around the winter fire
(When out-a-doors the biting frost congeals,
And shrill the skater's irons on the pool
Ring loud, as by the moonlight he performs
His graceful evolutions) they not long
Shall sit and chat of older times, and feats
Of early youth, but silent, one by one,
Shall drop into their shrouds.—Some, in their age,
Ripe for the sickle; others young, like me,
And falling green beneath the untimely stroke
Thus, in short time, in the church-yard forlorn,
Where I shall lie, my friends will lay them down,
And dwell with me, a happy family.
And oh! thou cruel, yet beloved youth,
Who now hast left me hopeless here to mourn,
Do thou but shed one tear upon my corse,
And say that I was gentle, and deserved
A better lover, and I shall forgive
All, all thy wrongs;—and then do thou forget
The hapless Margaret, and be as bless'd
As wish can make thee—Laugh, and play, and
sing,
With thy dear choice, and never think of me.

Yet hist, I hear a step.—In this dark wood!—

TO A FRIEND.

WRITTEN AT A VERY EARLY AGE.

I'VE read, my friend, of Dioclesian,
And many other noble Grecian,
Who wealth and palaces resign'd,
In cots the joys of peace to find;
Maximian's meal of turnip-tops,
(Disgusting food to dainty chops.)
I've also read of, without wonder;
But such a cursed egregious blunder,
As that a man of wit and sense,
Should leave his books to hoard up pence—

Forsake the loved Anion maids,
For all the petty tricks of trades,
I never, either now, or long since,
Have heard of such a piece of nonsense;
That one who learning's joys hath felt,
And at the Muse's altar knelt,
Should leave a life of sacred leisure,
To taste the accumulating pleasure;
And, metamorphosed to an alley duck,
Grovel in loads of kindred muck.
Oh! 'tis beyond my comprehension!
A courtier throwing up his pension,—
A lawyer working without a fee,—
A person giving charity,—
A truly pious methodist preacher,—
Are not, egad, so out of nature.
Had nature made thee half a fool,
But given thee wit to keep a school,
I had not stared at thy backsliding;
But when thy wit I can confide in,
When well I know thy just pretence
To solid and exalted sense;
When well I know that on thy head
Philosophy her lights hath shed,
I stand agast! thy virtues sum too,
And wonder what this world will come to!

Yet, whence this strain? shall I repine
That thou alone dost singly shine?
Shall I lament that thou alone,
Of men of parts, hast prudence known?

LINES

ON READING THE POEMS OF WARTON.

Age Fourteen.

OH, Warton! to thy soothing shell,
Stretch'd remote in hermit cell,
Where the brook runs babbling by
For ever I could listening lie;
And, catching all the Muse's fire,
Hold converse with the tuneful quire.

What pleasing themes thy page adorn,
The ruddy streaks of cheerful morn,
The pastoral pipe, the ode sublime,
And Melancholy's mournful chime!
Each with unwonted graces shines
In thy ever lovely lines.

Thy Muse deserves the lasting meed;
Attuning sweet the Dorian reed,
Now the love-lorn swain complains,
And sings his sorrows to the plains;
Now the sylvan scenes appear
Through all the changes of the year;
Or the elegiac strain
Softly sings of mental pain,
And mournful diapasons sail
On the faintly-dying gale.

But, ah! the soothing scene is o'er
On middle flight we cease to soar,
For now the muse assumes a bolder sweep,
Strikes on the lyric string her sorrows deep,
In strains unheard before.
Now, now the rising fire thrills high,
Now, now to heaven's high realms we fly,
And every throne explore;
The soul entranced, on mighty wings
With all the poet's heat up springs,
And loses earthly woes;
Till all alarm'd at the giddy height,
The Muse descends on gentler flight,
And lulls the wearied soul to soft repose.

TO THE MUSE.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN.

I.

ILL-FATED maid, in whose unhappy train
Chill poverty and misery are seen,
Anguish and discontent, the unhappy bane
Of life, and blackener of each brighter scene.

Why to thy votaries dost thou give to feel
So keenly all the scorns—the jeers of life?
Why not endow them to endure the strife
With apathy's invulnerable steel,
Of self-content and ease, each torturing wound
to heal?

II.

Ah! who would taste your self-deluding joys,
That lure the unwary to a wretched doom,
That bid fair views and flattering hopes arise,
Then hurl them headlong to a lasting tomb?
What is the charm which leads thy victims on
To persevere in paths that lead to woe?
What can induce them in that rout to go,
In which innumerable before have gone,
And died in misery, poor and wo-begone.

III.

Yet can I ask what charms in thee are found;
I, who have drank from thine ethereal rill,
And tasted all the pleasures that abound
Upon Parnassus' loved Anion hill? [thrill!
I, through whose soul the Muses' strains are
Oh! I do feel the spell with which I'm tied;
And though our annals fearful stories tell,
How Savage languish'd, and how Otway died,
Yet must I persevere, let whate'er will betide.

TO LOVE.

I

WHY should I blush to own I love?
'Tis Love that rules the realms above.
Why should I blush to say to all,
That Virtue holds my heart in thrall?

II.

Why should I seek the thickest shade,
Lest Love's dear secret be betray'd?
Why the stern brow deceitful move,
When I am languishing with love?

III.

Is it weakness thus to dwell
On passion that I dare not tell?
Such weakness I would ever prove;
'Tis painful, though 'tis sweet to love.

THE WANDERING BOY.

A SONG.

I.

WHEN the winter wind whistles along the wild
moor,
And the cottager shuts on the beggar his door;
When the chilling tear stands in my comfortless
eye,
Oh, how hard is the lot of the Wandering Boy!

II.

The winter is cold, and I have no vest,
And my heart it is cold as it beats in my breast;
No father, no mother, no kindred have I
For I am a parentless Wandering Boy.

III.

Yet I had a home, and I once had a sire,
A mother who granted each infant desire;
Our cottage it stood in a wood embower'd vale
Where the ring-dove would warble its sorrowful
tale.

IV.

But my father and mother were summon'd away,
And they left me to hard-hearted strangers a prey;
I fled from their rigour with many a sigh,
And now I'm a poor little Wandering Boy.

V.

The wind it is keen and the snow loads the gale,
And no one will list to my innocent tale;
I'll go to the grave where my parents both lie,
And death shall befriend the poor Wandering Boy.

FRAGMENT.

— The western gale,
Mild as the kisses of connubial love,
Plays round my languid limbs, as all dissolved,
Beneath the ancient elm's fantastic shade
I lie, exhausted with the noontide heat :
While rippling o'er his deep-worn pebble bed,
The rapid rivulet rushes at my feet,
Dispensing coolness.—On the fringed marge
Full many a floweret rears its head,—or pink,
Or gaudy daffodil.—'Tis here, at noon,
The buskin'd wood-nymphs from the heat retire,
And lave them in the fountain ; here secure
From Pan, or savage satyr, they disport ;
Or stretch'd supinely on the velvet turf,
Lull'd by the laden bee, or sultry fly,
Invoke the god of slumber.

And, hark ! how merrily, from distant tower,
Ring round the village bells ! now on the gale
They rise with gradual swell, distinct and loud ;
Anon they die upon the pensive ear,
Melting in faintest music.—They bespeak
A day of jubilee, and oft they bear,
Commix'd along the unfrequented shore,
The sound of village dance and tabor loud,
Startling the musing ear of Solitude.

Such is the jocund wake of Whitsuntide,
When happy Superstition, gabbling eld,
Holds her unwhimsical gambols.—All the day
The rustic revellers ply the merry dance
On the smooth-shaven green, and then at eve
Commence the harmless rites and auguries,
And many a tale of ancient days goes round.
They tell of wizard seer, whose potent spells
Could hold in dreadful thrall the labouring moon,
Or draw the fix'd stars from their eminence,
And still the midnight tempest.—Then anon
Tell of uncharnell'd spectres, seen to glide
Along the lone wood's unfrequented path,
Startling the 'nighted traveller ; while the sound
Of undistinguish'd murmurs, heard to come
From the dark centre of the deep'ning glen,
Struck on his frozen ear.

Oh, Ignorance !
Thou art fall'n man's best friend ! With thee he
speeds
In frigid apathy along his way,
And never does the tear of agony
Burn down his scorching cheek ; or the keen steel
Of wounded feeling penetrate his breast.

Even now, as leaning on this fragrant bank,
I taste of all the keener happiness
Which sense refined afford.—Even now my heart
Would fain induce me to forsake the world,
Throw off these garments, and in shepherd's
 weeds,
With a small flock, and short suspended reed,
To sojourn in the woodland.—Then my thought
Draws such gay pictures of ideal bliss,
That I could almost err in reason's spite,
And trespass on my judgment.

Such is life—
The distant prospect always seems more fair,
And when attain'd, another still succeeds,
Far fairer than before,—yet compass'd round
With the same dangers, and the same dismay.
And we poor pilgrims in this dreary maze,
Still discontented, chase the fairy form
Of unsubstantial Happiness, to find,
When life itself is sinking in the strife,
'Tis but an airy bubble and a cheat.

ODE.

WRITTEN ON WHIT-MONDAY.

HARK ! how the merry bells ring jocund round
And now they die upon the vernal breeze :
Anon they thunder loud
Full on the musing ear.

Waf'ring in varying cadence, by the shore
Of the still twin king river, they bespeak
A day of jubilee,
An ancient holiday.

And, lo ! the rural revels are begun,
And gaily echoing to the laughing sky,
On the smooth-shaven green,
Resounds the voice of Mirth.
Alas ! regardless of the tongue of Fate,
That tells them 'tis but as an hour since they
Who now are in their graves,
Kept up the Whitsun dance.

And that another hour, and they must fall
Like those who went before, and sleep as still
Beneath the silent sod,
A cold and cheerless sleep.

Yet why should thoughts like these intrude to
sate
The vagrant Happiness, when she will deign
To smile upon us here,
A transient visitor ?

Mortals ! be glad some while ye have the power,
And laugh and seize the glittering lapse of joy ;
In time the bell will toll
That warns ye to your graves.

I to the woodland solitude will bend [shout
My lonesome way—where Mirth's obstreperous
Shall not intrude to break
The meditative hour.

There will I ponder on the state of man,
Joyless and sad of heart, and consecrate
This day of jubilee
To sad reflection's shrine ;

And I will cast my fond eye far beyond
This world of care, to where the steeple loud
Shall rock above the sod,
Where I shall sleep in peace.

CANZONET.

I.

MAIDEN ! wrap thy mantle round thee,
Cold the rain beats on thy breast :
Why should Horror's voice astound thee ?
Death can bid the wretched rest !
All under the tree
Thy bed may be,
And thou may'st slumber peacefully.

II.

Maiden ! once gay Pleasure knew thee ;
Now thy cheeks are pale and deep :
Love has been a felon to thee.
Yet, poor maiden, do not weep :
There's rest for thee
All under the tree,
Where thou wilt sleep most peacefully.

COMMENCEMENT OF A POEM

ON DESPAIR.

SOME to Aonian lyres of silver sound
With winning elegance attune their song,
Form'd to sink lightly on the soothed sense,
And charm the soul with softest harmony :
'Tis then that Hope with sanguine eye is seen
Roving through Fancy's gay futurity ;
Her heart light dancing to the sounds of pleasure,
Pleasure of days to come.—Memory, too, then
Comes with her sister, Melancholy sad,
Pensively musing on the scenes of youth,

Scenes never to return.*

Such subjects merit poets used to raise
The attic verse harmonious; but for me
A dreadlier theme demands my backward hand,
And bids me strike the strings of dissonance
With frantic energy.

'Tis wan Despair I sing; if sing I can
Of him before whose blast the voice of Song,
And Mirth, and Hope, and Happiness all fly,
Nor ever dare return. His notes are heard
At noon of night, where on the coast of blood,
The lacerated son of Argolæ
Howls forth his sufferings to the moaning wind;
And, when the awful silence of the night
Strikes the chill death dew to the murderer's heart,
He speaks in every conscience-prompted word
Half utter'd, half suppress'd—

'Tis him I sing—Despair—terrific name,
Striking unsteadily the tremulous chord
Of timorous terror—discord in the sound:
For to a theme revolting as is this,
Dare not I woo the maids of harmony,
Who love to sit and catch the soothing sound
Of lyre Æolian, or the martial bugle,
Calling the hero to the field of glory,
And firing him with deeds of high emprise,
And warlike triumph; but from scenes like mine
Shrink they affrighted, and detest the bard
Who dares to sound the hollow tones of horror.

Hence, then, soft maids,
And woo the silken zephyr in the bowers
By Heliconia's sleep-inviting stream:
For aid like yours I seek not: 'tis for powers
Of darker hue to inspire a verse like mine!
'Tis work for wizards, sorcerers, and fiends!

Hither, ye furious imps of Acheron,
Nurslings of hell, and beings shunning light,
And all the myriads of the burning concave;
Souls of the damned—Hither, oh! come and join
The infernal chorus. 'Tis Despair I sing!
He, whose sole toith inflicts a deadlier pang
Than all your tortures join'd. Sing, sing Despair!
Repeat the sound, and celebrate his power;
Unite shouts, screams, and agonizing shrieks,
'Till the loud pean ring through hell's high vault,
And the remotest spirits of the deep
Leap from the lake, and join the dreadful song.

TO THE WIND,

AT MIDNIGHT.

NOT unfamiliar to mine ear,
Blasts of the night! ye howl as now
My shuddering casement loud
With fitful force ye beat.

Mine ear has dwelt in silent awe,
The howling sweep, the sudden rush;
And when the passing gale
Pour'd deep the hollow dirge.

THE EVE OF DEATH.

IRREGULAR.

I.

SILENCE of death—portentous calm,
Those airy forms that yonder fly,
Denote that your void fore-runs a storm,
That the hour of fate is nigh.
I see, I see, on the dim mist borne,
The Spirit of battles rear his crest!
I see, I see, that ere the morn,
His spear will forsake its hated rest,
And the widow'd wife of Larrendill will beat her
naked breast.

* Alluding to the two pleasing poems, the Pleasures of Hope and of Memory.

II.

O'er the smooth bosom of the sullen deep,
No softly ruffling zephyrs fly;
But Nature sleeps a deathless sleep,
For the hour of battle is nigh.
Not a loose leaf waves on the dusky oak,
Yet a creeping stillness reigns around;
Except when the raven, with ominous croak,
On the ear does unwelcomely sound.
I know, I know what this silence means;
I know what the raven saith—
Strike, oh, ye bards! the melancholy harp,
For this is the eve of death.

III.

Behold, how along the twilight air
The shades of our fathers glide!
There Morven died, with the blood-drench'd hair,
And Colma with gray side.
No pale around its coolness flings,
Yet sadly sigh the gloomy trees;
And, hark! how the harp's unvisited strings
Sound sweet, as if swept by a whispering breeze!
'Tis dore! the sun he has set in blood!
He will never set more to the brave;
Let us pour to the hero the dirge of death—
For to-morrow he lies to the grave.

THANATOS.

OH! who would cherish life,
And clime unto this heavy clog of clay,
Love this rude world of strife,
Where glooms and tempests cloud the fairest day;
And where, 'neath outward smiles,
Conceal'd, the snake lies feeding on its prey,
Where pitfalls lie in every flowery way,
And sirens lure the wanderer to their wiles!
Hateful it is to me,
Its riotous railings and revengeful strife;
I'm tired with all its screams and brutal shouts
Dimming the ear;— away—away with life!
And welcome, oh! thou silent maid,
Who in some foggy vault art laid,
Where never day light's dazzling ray
Comes to disturb thy dismal sway;
And there amid unwholesome damps dost sleep.
In such forgetful slumbers deep,
That all thy senses stupified,
Are to marble petrified.
Sleepy Death, I welcome thee!
Sweet are thy calms to misery.
Poppies I will ask no more,
Nor the fatal hellebore;
Death is the best, the only cure,
His are slumbers ever sure.
Lay me in the Gothic tomb,
In whose solemn fretted gloom
I may lie in mouldering state,
With all the grandeur of the great:
Over me, magnificent,
Carve a stately monument:
Then thereon my statue lay,
With hands in attitude to pray,
And angels serve to hold my head,
Weeping o'er the father dead.
Duly too at close of day,
Let the pealing organ play;
And while the harmonious thunders
Chant a vesper to my soul—
Thus how sweet my sleep will be,
Shut out from thoughtful misery!

ATHANATOS.

AWAY with Death—away
With all her sluggish sleeps and ethereal damps,
Impervious to the day,
Where Nature sinks into inanity.
How can the soul desire
Such hateful nothingness to crave,
And yield with joy the vital fire,
To moulder in the grave!

Yet mortal life is sad,
Eternal storms molest its sullen sky;
And sorrows ever rise
Drain the sacred fountain dry—
Away with mortal life!

But, hail the calm reality,
The seraph Immortality,
Hail the Heavenly bowers of peace!
Where hll the storms of passion cease.
Wild Life's dismaying struggle o'er,
The wearied spirit weeps no more;
But wears the eternal smile of joy,
Tasting bliss without alloy.
Welcome, welcome, happy bowers,
Where no passing terepest lowers;
But the azure heavens display
The everlasting smile of day;
Where the choral seraph choir
Strike to praise the harmonious lyre;
And the spirit sinks to ease,
Lulled by distant symphonies.
Oh! to think of meeting there
The friends whose graves received our tear,
The daughter loved, the wife adored,
To our widow'd arms restored;
And all the joys which death did sever,
Given to us again for ever!
Who would cling to wretched life,
And hug the poison'd thorn of strife;
Who would not long from earth to fly,
A sluggish senseless lump to lie,
When the glorious prospect lies
Full before his raptured eyes?

MUSIC.

*Written between the ages of Fourteen and Fifteen,
with a few subsequent verbal alterations.*

MUSIC, all powerful o'er the human mind,
Can still each mental storm, each tumult calm,
Soothe anxious Care on sleepless couch reclined,
And even fierce Anger's furious rage disarm.

At her command the various passions lie;
She stirs to battle, or she lulls to peace;
Melts the charm'd soul to thrilling ecstasy,
And bids the jarring world's harsh clangour cease.

Her martial sounds can fainting troops inspire
With strength unwonted, and enthusiasm raise;
Infuse new ardour, and with youthful fire
Urge on the warrior gray with length of days.

Far better she, when, with her soothing lyre,
She charms the Fichion from the savage grasp,
And melting into pity vengeful Ire,
Looses the bloody breastplate's iron clasp.

With her in pensive mood I long to roam,
At midnight's hour, or evening's calm decline,
And thoughtful o'er the falling streamlet's foam,
In calm Seclusion's hermit-walks recline.

Whilst mellow sounds from distant copse arise,
Of softest flute or reeds harmonic join'd,
With rapture thrill'd each worldly passion dies,
And pleased Attention claims the passive mind.

Soft through the dell the dying strains retire,
Then burst majestic in the varied swell;
Now breathe melodious as the Grecian lyre,
Or on the ear in sinking cadence dwell.

Romantic sounds! such is the bliss ye give,
That heaven's bright scenes seem bursting on
the soul,
With Joy I'd yield each sensual wish, to live
For ever 'neath your undefiled control.

Oh! surely melody from heaven was sent,
To cheer the soul when tired with human strife,
To soothe the wayward heart by sorrow rent,
And soften down the rugged road of life.

ODE,

TO THE HARVEST MOON.

Cum ruit imbriferum ver:
Spicea jam campis cum messis inhorruit, et cum
Frumenta in viridi stipula lactentia turgent.

Cuncta tibi Cererem pubes agrestis adoret.

Virgil.

MOON of Harvest, herald mild
Of plenty, rustic labour's child,
Hail! oh hail! I greet thy beam,
As soft it trembles o'er the stream,
And gilds the straw-thatch'd hamlet wide,
Where Innocence and Peace reside;
'Tis thou that glad'st with joy the rustic throng,
Promptest the tramping dance, th' exhilarating song

Moon of Harvest, I do love
O'er the uplands now to rove,
While thy modest ray serene
Gilds the wide surrounding scene;
And to watch thee riding high
In the blue vault of the sky,
Where no thin vapour intercepts thy ray,
But in unclouded majesty thou walkest on thy way.

Pleasing 'tis, oh! modest Moon!
Now the Night is at her noon,
'Neath thy sway to musing lie,
While around the zephyrs sigh,
Fanning soft the sun-tann'd wheat,
Ripen'd by the summer's heat;
Picturing all the rustic's joy
When boundless plenty greets his eye,
And thinking soon,
Oh, modest Moon!
How many a female eye will roam
Along the road,
To see the load,
The last dear load of harvest-home.

Storms and tempests, floods and rains,
Stern despoilers of the plains,
Hence away, the season flee,
Foes to light-heart jollity:
May no winds carolling high,
Drive the clouds along the sky,
But may all nature smile with aspect boon,
When in the heavens thou show'st thy face, oh,
Harvest Moon!

'Neath yon lowly roof he lies,
The husbandman, with sleep-seal'd eyes;
He dreams of crowded barns, and round
The yard he hears the flail resound;
Oh! may no hurricane destroy
His visionary views of joy!
God of the Winds! oh, hear his humble prayer,
And while the moon of harvest shines, thy bluster-
ing whirlwind spare.

Sons of luxury, to you
Leave I Sleep's dull power to woo
Press ye still the downy bed,
While feverish dreams surround your head;
I will seek the woodland glade,
Penetrate the thickest shade,
Wrapp'd in Contemplation's dreams,
Musing high on holy themes,
While on the gale
Shall softly sail
The nightingale's enchanting tune,
And oft my eyes
Shall grateful rise
To thee, the modest Harvest Moon!

SONG.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN.

I.

SOFTLY, softly blow, ye breezes,
Gently o'er my Edwy fly!
Lo! he slumbers, slumbers sweetly;
Softly, zephyrs, pass him by!

My love is asleep,
He lies by the deep,
All along where the salt waves sigh.

II.

I have cover'd him with rushes,
Water-flags, and branches dry;
Edwy, long have been thy slumbers;
Edwy, Edwy, ope thine eye!
My love is asleep,
He lies by the deep,
All along where the salt waves sigh.

III.

Still he sleeps; he will not waken,
Fastly closed is his eye;
Paler is his cheek, and chillier
Than the icy moon on high.
Alas! he is dead,
He has chose his death-bed
All along where the salt waves sigh.

IV.

Is it, is it so, my Edwy?
Will thy slumbers never fly?
Couldst thou think I would survive thee?
No, my love, thou bidd'st me die.
Thou bidd'st me seek
Thy death-bed bleak
All along where the salt waves sigh.

V.

I will gently kiss thy cold lips,
On thy breast I'll lay my head,
And the winds shall sing our death-dirge,
And our shroud the waters spread;
The moon will smile sweet,
And the wild wave will beat,
Oh! so softly o'er our lonely bed.

THE

SHIPWRECKED SOLITARY'S SONG

TO THE NIGHT.

THOU, spirit of the spangled night!
I woo thee from the watch-tower high,
Where thou dost sit to guide the bark
Of lonely mariner.

The winds are whistling o'er the wolds,
The distant main is moaning low;
Come, let us sit and weave a song—
A melancholy song!

Sweet is the scented gale of morn,
And sweet the noontide's fervid beam,
But sweeter far the solemn calm,
That marks thy mournful reign.

I've pass'd here many a lonely year,
And never human voice have heard;
I've pass'd here many a lonely year
A solitary man.

And I have linger'd in the shade,
From sultry noon's hot beam; and I
Have knelt before my wicker door,
To sing my evening song.

And I have hail'd the gray morn high,
On the blue mountain's misty brow,
And tried to tune my little reed
To hymns of harmony.

But never could I tune my reed,
At morn, or noon, or eve, so sweet,
As when upon the ocean shore
I hail'd thy star-beam mild.

The day-spring brings not joy to me,
The moon it whispers not of peace;
But oh! when darkness robes the heavens,
My woes are mix'd with joy.

And then I talk, and often think
Aerial voices answer me;
And oh! I am not then alone—
A solitary man.

And when the blustering winter winds
Howl in the woods that clothe my cave,
I lay me on my lonely mat,
And pleasant are my dream

And Fancy gives me back my wife;
And Fancy gives me back my child;
She gives me back my little home,
And all its placid joys.

Then hateful is the morning hour,
That calls me from the dream of bliss,
To find myself still lone, and hear
The same dull sounds again.

The deep-toned winds, the moaning sea,
The whispering of the boding trees,
The brooks eternal flow, and oft
The Condor's hollow scream.

SONNET.

SWEET to the gay of heart is Summer's smile,
Sweet the wild music of the laughing Spring;
But ah! my soul far other scenes beguile,
Where gloomy storms their sullen shadows fling.
Is it for me to strike the Idalian string—
Raise the soft music of the warbling wire,
While in my ears the howls of fumes ring,
And melancholy wastes the vital fire?
Away with thoughts like these—To some lone cave
Where howls the shrill blast, and where sweeps
the wave,
Direct my steps; there, in the lonely drear,
I'll sit remote from worldly noise, and muse
Till through my soul shall Peace her balm infuse
And whisper sounds of comfort in mine ear.

ON

BEING CONFINED TO SCHOOL.

ONE PLEASANT MORNING IN SPRING.

Written at the age of Thirteen.

THE morning sun's enchanting rays
Now call forth every songster's praise;
Now the lark, with upward flight,
Gayly ushers in the light;
While wildly warbling from each tree,
The birds sing songs to Liberty.

But for me no songster sings,
For me no joyous lark up-springs;
For I, confined in gloomy school,
Must own the pedant's iron rule,
And, far from sylvan shades and bowers,
In durance vile must pass the hours;
There con the scholast's dreary lines,
Where no bright ray of genius shines,
And close to rugged learning cling,
While laughs around the jocund spring.

How gladly would my soul forego
All that arithmeticians know,
Or stiff grammarians quaintly teach,
Or all that industry can reach,
To taste each morn of all the joys
That with the laughing sun arise
And unconstrain'd to rove along
The bushy brakes and glens among;
And woo the muse's gentle power,
In unfrequented rural bower!
But, ah! such heaven-approaching joys
Will never greet my longing eyes;
Still will they cheat in vision fine,
Yet never but in fancy shine.

Oh, that I were the little wren
That shrilly chirps from yonder glen !
Oh, far away I then would rove,
To some secluded hushy grove ;
There hop and sing with careless glee,
Hop and sing at liberty ;
And till death should stop my lays,
Far from men would spend my days.

TO

CONTEMPLATION.

THEE do I own, the prompter of my joys,
The soother of my cares, inspiring peace ;
And I will ne'er forsake thee.—Men may rave,
And blame and censure me, that I don't tie
My every thought down to the desk, and spend
The morning of my life in adding figures
With accurate monotony : that so
The good things of the world may be my lot,
And I might taste the blessedness of wealth :
But, oh ! I was not made for money-getting ;
For me no much-respected plume awaits,
Nor civic honour, envied.—For as still
I tried to east with school dexterity
The interesting sums, my vagrant thoughts
Would quick revert to many a woodland haunt,
Which fond remembrance cherish'd, and the pen
Dropp'd from my senseless fingers as I pictured,
In my mind's eye, how on the shores of Trent
I erewhile wander'd with my early friends
In social intercourse. And then I'd think
How contrary pursuits had thrown us wide,
One from the other, scatter'd o'er the globe ;
They were set down with sober steadiness,
Each to his occupation. I alone,
A wayward youth, misled by Fancy's vagaries,
Remain'd unsettled, insecure, and veering
With every wind to every point o' th' compass.
Yes, in the counting-house I could indulge
In fits of close abstraction ; yea, amid
The busy bustling crowds could meditate,
And send my thoughts ten thousand leagues away
Beyond the Atlantic, resting on my friend.
Ay, Contemplation, even in earliest youth
I wou'd thy heavenly influence ! I would walk
A weary way when all my toils were done,
To lay myself at night in some lone wood,
And hear the sweet song of the nightingale.
Oh, those were times, of happiness, and still
To memory doubly dear ; for growing years
Had not then taught me man was made to mourn ;
And a short hour of solitary pleasure,
Stolen from sleep, was ample recompense
For all the hateful bustles of the day.
My opening mind was ductile then, and plastic,
And soon the marks of care were worn away,
While I was sway'd by every novel impulse,
Yielding to all the fancies of the hour.
But it has now assumed its character ;
Mark'd by strong lineaments, its haughty tone,
Like the firm oak, would sooner break than bend.
Yet still, oh, Contemplation ! I do love
To indulge thy solemn musings ; still the same
With thee alone I know to melt and weep,
In thee alone delighting. Why along
The dusky tract of commerce should I toil,
When, with an easy competence content,
I can alone be happy ; where with thee
I may enjoy the loveliness of Nature,
And loose the wings of Fancy ?—Thus alone
Can I partake of happiness on earth,
And to be happy here is man's chief end,
For to be happy he must needs be good.

TO

THE HERB ROSEMARY.*

1.

SWEET scented flower ! who are wont to bloom
On January's front severe,
And o'er the wintry desert drear
To waft thy waste perfume !

* The Rosemary buds in January. It is the flower commonly put in the coffins of the dead.

Come, thou shalt form my nosegay now,
And I will bind thee round my brow ;
And as I twine the mournful wreath,
I'll weave a melancholy song :
And sweet the strain shall be and long,
The melody of death.

2.

Come, funeral flower ! who lov'st to dwell
With the pale corse in lonely tomb,
And throw across the desert gloom
A sweet decaying smile.
Come, press my lips, and lie with me
Beneath the lowly alder tree,
And we will sleep a pleasant sleep,
And not a care shall dare intrude,
To break the marble solitude
So peaceful and so deep.

3.

And hark ! the wind-god, as he flies,
Moans hollow in the forest trees,
And sailing on the gusty breeze,
Mysterious music dies,
Sweet flower ! that requiem wild is mine,
It warns me to the lonely shrine,
The cold turf altar of the dead ;
My grave shall be in yon lone spot,
Where as I lie, by all forgot,
A dying fragrance thou wilt o'er my ashes shed.

TO

THE MORNING.

WRITTEN DURING ILLNESS.

BEAMS of the day-break faint ! I hail
Your dubious hues, as on the robe
Of night, which wraps the slumbering globe,
I mark your traces pale.
Tired with the taper's sickly light,
And with the wearying, number'd night,
I hail the streaks of morn divine ;
And lo ! they break between the dewy wreaths
That round my rural casement twine :
The fresh gale o'er the green lawn breathes ;
It fans my feverish brow,—it calms the mental strife,
And cheerily re-illumes the lambent flame of life.

The lark has her gay song begun,
She leaves her grassy nest,
And soars till the unrisen sun
Gleams on her speckled breast.
Now let me leave my restless bed,
And o'er the spangled uplands tread ;
Now through the custom'd wood-walk wend ;
By many a green land lies my way,
Where high o'er head the wild briars bend,
Till on the mountain's summit gray,
I sit me down, and mark the glorious dawn of day

Oh, Heaven ! the soft refreshing gale
It breathes into my breast !
My sunk eye gleams ; my cheek, so pale,
Is with new colours dress'd.

Blithe Health ! thou soul of life and ease !
Come thou too, on the balmy breeze
Invigorate my frame :
I'll join with thee the buskin'd chase,
With thee the distant clime will trace,
Beyond those clouds of flame.
Above, below, what charms unfold
In all the varied view !
Before me all is burnish'd gold,
Behind the twilight's hue,
The mists which on old Night await,
Far to the west they hold their state,
They shun the clear blue face of Morn
Along the fine cerulean sky,
The fleecy clouds successive fly,
While bright prismatic beams their shadowy fold
adorn.

And hark ! the Thatcher has begun
His whistle on the eaves,
And oft the Hedges' bill is heard
Among the rustling leaves.

The slow team creaks upon the road,
The noisy whip resounds,
The driver's voice, his carol blithe,
The mower's stroke, his whistling sithe,
Mix with the morning's sounds.

Who would not rather take his seat
Beneath these clumps of trees,
The early dawn of day to greet,
And catch the healthy breeze,
Than on the silken couch of sloth
Luxurious to lie?
Who would not from life's dreary waste,
Snatch, when he could, with eager haste,
An interval of joy?

To him who simply thus recounts
The morning's pleasures o'er,
Fate dooms, ere long, the scene must close
To open him no more.
Yet, Morning! unrepining still
He'll greet thy beams awhile;
And surely thou, when o'er his grave
Solemn the whispering willows wave,
Wilt sweetly on him smile;
And the pale glow-worm's pensive light
Will guide his ghostly walks in the drear moonless
night.

MY OWN CHARACTER.

Addressed (during illness) to a Lady.

DEAR Fanny, I mean, now I'm laid on the shelf,
To give you a sketch—ay, a sketch of myself.
'Tis a pitiful subject, I frankly confess,
And one it would puzzle a painter to dress;
But however, here goes, and as sure as a gun,
I'll tell all my faults like a penitent nun;
For I know, for my Fanny, before I address her,
She won't be a cynical father confessor.

Come, come, 'twill not do! put that purling brow
down;
You can't, for the soul of you, learn how to frown.
Well, first I premise, it's my honest conviction,
That my breast is a chaos of all contradiction,
Religious—Deistic—now loyal and warm;
Then a dagger-drawn democrat hot for reform;
This moment a sop, *that*, sententious as Titus;
Democritus now, and anon Heraclitus;
Now laughing and pleased, like a child with a rattle;
Then vex'd to the soul with impertinent tattle;
Now moody and sad, now unthinking and gay,
To all points of the compass I veer in a day.

I'm proud and disdainful to Fortune's gay child,
But to Poverty's offspring submissive and mild;
As rude as a boor, and as rough in dispute;
Then as for politeness—oh! dear—I'm a brute!
I show no respect where I never can feel it;
And as for contempt, take no pains to conceal it,
And so in the suite, by these laudable ends,
I've a great many foes, and a very few friends.

And yet, my dear Fanny, there are who can feel
That this proud heart of mine is not fashion'd like
steel.

It can love (can it not?)—it can hate, I am sure;
And it's friendly enough, tho' in friends it be poor.
For itself though it bleed not, for others it bleeds
If it have not *ripe* virtues, I'm sure it's the seeds
And though far from faultless, or even so-so,
I think it may pass as our worldly things go.

Well, I've told you my frailties without any gloss;
Then as to my virtues, I'm quite at a loss!
I think I'm devout, and yet I can't say,
But in process of time I may get the wrong way.
I'm a *general* lover, if that's commendation,
And yet can't withstand, *you know* those fascinations.
But I find that amidst all my tricks and devices,
In fishing for virtues, I'm pulling up vices;
So as for the good, why, if I posses it,
I am not yet learned enough to express it.

You yourself must examine the lovelier side,
And after your every art you have tried,

Whatever my faults, I may venture to say,
Hypocrisy never will come in your way.
I am upright, I hope; I am downright, I'm clear!
And I think my worst foe must allow I'm sincere;
And if ever sincerity glow'd in my breast,
'Tis now when I swear—

ODE

ON DISAPPOINTMENT.

1.

COME, Disappointment, come!
Not in thy terrors clad;
Come in thy meekest, saddest guise;
Thy chastening rod but terrifies
The restless and the bad.
But I recline
Beneath thy shrine, (twine,
And round my brow resign'd, thy peaceful cypress

2.

Though Fancy flies away
Before thy hollow tread,
Yet Meditation, in her cell,
Hears with faint eye, the lingering knell,
That tells her hopes are dead;
And though the tear
By chance appear, (here,
Yet she can smile, and say, My all was not laid

3.

Come, Disappointment, come!
Though from Hope's summit hurl'd,
Still, rigid Nurse, thou art forgiven,
For thou severe were sent from heaven,
To warn me from the world:
To turn my eye
From vanity,
And point to scenes of bliss that never, never die.

4.

What is this passing scene?
A peevish April day?
A little sun—a little rain,
And then night sweeps along the plain,
And all things fade away.
Man (soon discuss'd)
Yields up his trust,
And all his hopes and fears lie with him in the dust.

5.

Oh, what is Beauty's power?
It flourishes and dies;
Will the cold earth its silence break,
To tell how soft how smooth a cheek
Beneath its surface lies?
Mute, mute is all
O'er Beauty's fall; (pall,
Her praise resounds no more when mantled in her

6.

The most beloved on earth
Not long survives to day;
So music past is obsolete,
And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet,
But now 'tis gone away.
Thus does the shade
In memory fade,
When in forsaken tomb the form beloved is laid.

7.

Then since this world is vain,
And volatile, and fleet,
Why should I lay up earthly joys,
Where dust corrupts, and moth destroys,
And cares and sorrows eat?
Why fly from ill
With anxious skill,
When soon this hand will freeze, this throbbing
heart be still?

8.

Come, Disappointment, come!
Thou art not stern to me;
Sad Monitress I own thy sway,
A votary sad in early day,
I bend my knee to thee.

From sun to sun
My race will run,
I only bow, and say, My God, thy will be done!

On another paper are a few lines, written probably in the freshness of his disappointment.

I DREAM no more—the vision flies away,
And Disappointment
There fell my hopes—I lost my all in this,
My cherish'd all of visionary bliss.
Now hope farewell, farewell all joys below;
Now welcome sorrow, and now welcome woe.
Plunge me in glooms

His health soon sunk under these habits; he became pale and thin, and at length had a sharp fit of sickness. On his recovery he wrote the following lines in the church-yard of his favourite village.

LINES

WRITTEN IN WILFORD CHURCH-YARD

On Recovery from Sickness.

HERE would I wish to sleep.—This is the spot
Which I have long mark'd out to lay my bones in;
Tired out and wearied with the riotous world,
Beneath this Yew I would be sepulchred.
It is a lovely spot! The sultry sun,
From his meridian height, endeavours vainly
To pierce the shadowy foliage, while the zephyr
Comes wafting gently o'er the rippling Trent,
And plays about my wan cheek. 'Tis a nook
Most pleasant. Such a one perchance, did Gray
Frequent, as with a vagrant muse he wanton'd.

Come, I will sit me down and meditate,
For I am wearied with my summer's walk;
And here I may repose in silent ease;
And thus, perchance, when life's sad journey's o'er,
My harass'd soul, in this same spot, may find
The haven of its rest—beneath this sod
Perchance may sleep it sweetly, sound as death.

I would not have my corpse cemented down
With brick and stone, defrauding the poor earth-
worm
Of its predestined dues; no, I would lie
Beneath a little hillock, grass-o'-ergrown,
Swathed down with *oxlips*, just as sleep the cottiers
Yet may not *undistinguished* be my grave;
But there at ere may some congenial soul
Duly resort, and shed a pious tear,
The good man's benison—no more I ask.
And, oh! (if heavenly beings may look down
From where, with cherubim, inspired they sit,
Upon this little dim-discover'd spot,
The earth,) then will I cast a glance *below*,
On him who thus my ashes shall embalm;
And I will weep too, and will bless the wanderer,
Wishing he may not long be doom'd to pine
In this low-thoughted world of darkling woe,
But that, ere long, he reach his kindred skies.

Yet 'twas a silly thought, as if the body,
Mouldering beneath the surface of the earth,
Could taste the sweets of summer scenery,
And feel the freshness of the balmy breeze!
Yet nature speaks within the human bosom,
And, spite of reason, bids it look beyond
His narrow verge of being, and provide
A decent residence for its clayey shell,
Endear'd to it by time. And who would lay
His body in the city burial-place,
To be thrown up again by some rude Sexton,
And yield its narrow house another tenant,
Ere the moist flesh had mingled with the dust,
Ere the tenacious hair had left the scalp,
Exposed to insult lewd, and wantonness?
No, I will lay me in the *village* ground;
There are the dead respected. The poor hind,
Unlettered as he is, would scorn to invade
The silent resting-place of death. I've seen
The labourer, returning from his toil,

Here stay his steps, and call his children round,
And slowly spell the rudely sculptured rhymes,
And, in his rustic manner, narrate.
I've mark'd with what a silent awe he'd spoken,
With head uncover'd, his respectful manner.
And all the honours which he paid the grave,
And thought on cities, where even cemeteries,
Bestrew'd with all the emblems of mortality,
Are not protected from the drunken insolence
Of wassailers profane, and wanton havoc.
Grant, Heaven, that here my pilgrimage may close
Yet, if this be denied, where'er my bones
May lie—or in the city's crowded bounds,
Or scatter'd wide o'er the huge sweep of waters
Or left a prey on some deserted shore
To the rapacious cormorant,—yet still,
(For why should sober reason cast away
A thought which soothes the soul!—) yet still in
spirit
Shall wing its way to these my native regions,
And hover o'er this spot. Oh, then I'll think
Of times when I was seated 'neath this yew
In solemn rumination; and will smile
With joy that I have got my long'd release.

THE CHRISTIAD,

A DIVINE POEM.

BOOK I.

I.

I SING the Cross.—Ye white-robed angel choirs,
Who know the chords of harmony to sweep,
Ye who o'er holy David's varying wires
Were wont, of old, your hovering watch to
keep,
Oh, now descend! and with your harpings
Pouring sublime the full symphonious stream
Of music, such as soothes the saint's last sleep,
Awake my slumbering spirit from its dream,
And teach me how to exalt the high mysterious
theme.

II.

Mourn! Salem, mourn! low lies thine humbled
state, ground!
Thy glittering fane are level'd with the
Fallen is thy pride!—Thine halls are desolate!
Where erst was heard the timbrel's sprightly
sound,
And frolic pleasures tripp'd the nightly round,
There breeds the wild fox lonely,—and agast
Stands the mute pilgrim at the void profound,
Unbroke by noise, save when the hurrying blast
Sighs, like a spirit, deep along the cheerless waste.

III.

It is for this, proud Solyma! thy towers
Lie crumbling in the dust; for this forlorn
Thy genius wails along thy desert bowers,
While stern Destruction laughs, as if in scorn,
That thou didst dare insult God's eldest born;
And, with most bitter persecuting ire,
Pursued his footsteps till the last day-dawn
Rose on his fortunes—and thou saw'st the fire
That came to light the world, in one great flash
expire.

IV.

Oh! for a pencil dipp'd in living light,
To paint the agonies that Jesus bore!
Oh! for the long-lost harp of Jesse's might,
To hymn the Saviour's praise from shore to
shore;
While seraph hosts the lofty psalm pour,
And Heaven enraptur'd lists the loud acclaim!
May a frail mortal dare the theme explore?
May he to human ears his weak song frame?
Oh! may he dare to sing Messiah's glorious
name?

V.

Spirits of pity! mild Crusaders, come! {float,
Buoyant on clouds around your minstrel
And give him eloquence who else were dumb,
And raise to feeling and to fire his note!
And thou, Urania! who dost still devote
Thy nights and days to God's eternal shrine,
Whose mild eyes {lumin'd what Isaiah
wrote,
Throw o'er thy Bard that solemn stole of thine,
And clothe him for the fight with energy divine.

VI.

When from the temple's lofty summit prone,
Satan o'ercome, fell down and {throned
there,
The Son of God confess'd, in splendour shone;
Swift as the glancing sunbeam cuts the air,
Mad with defeat, and yelling his despair,

Fled the stern king of Hell—and with the
glare
Of gliding meteors, ominous and red,
Shot athwart the clouds that gather'd round his
head.

VII.

Right o'er the Euxine, and that gulf which late
The rude Massagete adored, he bent
His northering course, while round, in dusky
state, {augment;
The assembling fiends their summon'd troops
Clothed in dark mists, upon their way they
went,
While, as they pass'd to regions more severe,
The Lapland sorcerers swell'd with loud lament
The solitary gale, and, fill'd with fear,
The howling dogs bespoke unholy spirits near.

VIII.

Where the North Pole, in moody solitude
Spreads her huge tracks and frozen wastes
around,
There ice-rocks piled aloft, in order rude,
Form a gigantic hall, where never sound
Startled dull Silence' ear, save when profound
The smoke-frost mutter'd: there drear Cold for
aye {inbound,
Thrones him,—and, fix'd on his primeval
Ruin, the giant, sits; while stern Disney {way,
Stalks like some wo-struck man along the desert

IX.

In that drear spot, grim Desolation's lair,
No sweet remain of life encheers the sight;
The dancing heart's blood in an instant there
Would freeze to marble.—Mingling day and
night {light,)
{Sweet interchange, which makes our labours
Are there unknown; while in the summer skies
The sun rolls ceaseless round his heavenly
height,
Nor ever sets till from the scene he flies,
And leaves the long bleak night of half the year to
rise.

X.

'Twas there, yet shuddering from the burning
lake,
Satan had fix'd their next consistory,
When parting last he fondly hoped to shake
Messiah's constancy,—and thus to free
The powers of darkness from the dread decree
Of bondage brought by him, and circumvent
The unerring ways of Him whose eye can see
The womb of Time, and, in its embryo pent,
Discern the colours clear of every dark event.

XI.

Here the stern monarch stay'd his rapid flight,
And his thick hosts, as with a jetty pall,
Hovering obscured the north star's peaceful light,
Waiting on wing their haughty chieftain's call.
He, meanwhile, downward, with a sullen fall,
Dropp'd on the echoing ice. Instant the sound
Of their broad vans was hush'd, and o'er the
hall,
Vast and obscure, the gloomy cohorts bound,
Till wedged in ranks, the seat of Satan they sur-
round

XII.

High on a solium of the solid wave,
Prank'd with rude shapes by the fantastic frost,
He stood in silence;—now keen thoughts engrave
Dark figures on his front; and, tempest-toss'd,
He fears to say that every hope is lost.
Meanwhile the multitude as death are mute:
So, ere the tempest on Malacca's coast,
Sweet Quiet, gently touching her soft lute, {pute.
Sings to the whispering waves the prelude to dis-

XIII.

At length collected, o'er the dark Diran
The arch-fiend glanced, as by the Boreal blaze
Their downcast brows were seen, and thus began
His fierce harangue;—"Spirits! our better days
Are now elapsed; Moloch and Belial's praise
Shall sound no more in groves by myriads trod.
Lo! the light breaks!—The astonish'd nations
For us is lifted high the avenging rod! {gaze!
For, spirits, this is He,—this is the Son of God!

XIV.

"What then!—shall Satan's spirit crouch to fear?
Shall he who shook the pillars of God's reign
Drop from his unnerv'd arm the hostile spear?
Madness! The very thought would make me
fain
To tear the spanglets from yon gaudy plian,
And hurl them at their Maker!—Fix'd as fate
I am his Foe!—Yea, though his pride should
deign
To soothe mine ire with half his regal state,
Still would I burn with fix'd, unalterable hate.

XV.

"Now hear the issue of my cursed emprise,
When from our last sad synod I took flight,
Buoy'd with false hopes, in some deep-laid dis-
guise,
To tempt this vaunted Holy One to write
His own self-condemnation; in the plight
Of aged man in the lone wilderness,
Gathering a few stray sticks, I met his sight,
And, leaning on my staff, seem'd much to
guess {cess.
What cause could mortal bring to that forlorn re-

XVI.

"Then thus in homely guise I fealty framed
My lowly speech:—"Good Sir, what leads this
way {blamed
Your wandering steps? must hapless chance be
That you so far from haunt of mortals stray?
Here have I dwelt for many a lingering day,
Nor trace of man have seen; but how! me-
thought
Thou wert the youth on whom God's holy ray
I saw descend in Jordan, when John taught
That he to fallen man the saving promise brought.

XVII.

"I am that man," said Jesus, "I am He,
But truce to questions—Canst thou point me
To some low hut, if haply such there be {feet
In this wild labyrinth, where I may meet
With homely greeting, and may sit and eat;
For forty days I have tarried fasting here,
Hid in the dark glens of this lone retreat,
And now I hunger; and my fainting ear
Longs much to greet the sound of fountains gushing
near."

XVIII.

"Then thus I answer'd wily:—"If, indeed,
Son of our God thou be'st, what need to seek
For food from men?—Lo! on these flint stones
feed,
Bid them be bread! Open thy lips and speak,
And living rills from yon parch'd rock will
Instant as I had spoke, his piercing eye {break.
Fix'd on my face,—the blood forsook my cheek,
I could not bear his gaze;—my mask slipp'd by;
I would have shunn'd his look, but had not power
to fly.

XIX.

"Then he rebuked me with the holy word—
Accurs'd sounds! but now my native pride
Return'd, and by no foolish quail deterr'd,
I bore him from the mountain's woody side,

Up to the summit, where extending wide
Kingdoms and cities, palaces and fanes,
Bright sparkling in the sunbeams, were descried,
And in gay dance, amid luxuriant plains,
Tripp'd to the jocund reed the emasculated swains.

XX.

"Behold," I cried, "these glories! scenes divine!
Thou whose sad prime in pining want decays;
And these, O rapture! these shall all be thine,
If thou wilt give to me, not God, the praise.
Hath he not given to indigence thy days?
Is not thy portion peril here and pain?
Oh! leave his temples, shun his wounding
ways!
Seize the tiara! these mean weeds disdain,
Kneel, kneel, thou man of war, and peace and splendour gain."

XXI.

"Is it not written," sternly he replied,
'Tempt not the Lord thy God!' Frowning he spake,
And instant sounds, as of the ocean tide,
Rose, and the whirlwind from its prison brake,
And caught me up aloft, till in one flake,
The sidelong volley met my swift career,
And smote me earthward.—Jove himself might quake
At such a fall; my sinews crack'd, and near,
Obscure and dizzy sounds seem'd ringing in mine ear.

XXII.

"Senseless and stunn'd I lay; till, casting round
My half unconscious gaze, I saw the foe
Borne on a car of roses to the ground,
By volant angels; and as sailing slow
He sunk, the hoary battlement below,
While on the tall spire slept the slant sunbeam,
Sweet on the enamour'd zephyr was the flow
Of heavenly instruments. Such strains oft seem,
On star-light hill, to soothe the Syrian shepherd's dream.

XXIII.

"I saw blaspheming, Hate renew'd my strength;
I smote the ether with my iron wing,
And left the accursed scene.—Arrived at length
In these dark halls, to ye, my peers: I bring
The tidings of defeat. Hell's haughty king
Thrice vanquish'd, baffled, smitten, and dismay'd!
O shame! Is this the hero who could fling
Defiance at his Maker, while array'd,
High o'er the walls of light rebellion's banners
play'd!"

XXIV.

"Yet shall not Heaven's bland minions triumph long;
Hell yet shall have revenge.—O glorious sight,
Prophetic visions on my fancy throng,
I see wild Agony's lean finger write
Sad figures on his forehead!—Keenly bright
Revenge's flambeau burns! Now in his eyes
Stand the hot tears,—unmanned in the night,
Lo! he retires to mourn!—I hear his cries!
He faints—he falls—and lo!—'tis true, ye powers,
he dies."

XXV.

Thus spake the chieftain,—and as if he view'd
The scene he pictured, with his foot advanced
And chest inflated, motionless he stood,
While under his uplifted shield he glanced,
With straining eye-ball fix'd, like one entranced,
On viewless air;—thither the dark platoon
Gazed wondering, nothing seen, save when
there danced
The northern flash, or fiend late fled from noon,
Darken'd the disk of the descending moon.

XXVI.

Silence crept still through the ranks.—The breeze
Spoke most distinctly. As the sailor stands,
When all the midnight gasping from the seas
Break boddy sobs, and to his sight expands

High on the shrouds the spirit that com
The ocean-farer's life; so still—so sear [mands
Stood each dark power;—while through their
numerous bands
Beat not one heart, and mingling hope and fear
Now told them all was lost, now bade revenge ap
pear.

XXVII.

One there was there, whose loud defying tongue
Nor hope nor fear had silenced, but the swell
Of over-boiling malice. Utterance long
His passion mock'd, and long he strove to tell
His labouring ire; still syllable none fell
From his pale quivering lip, but died away
For very fury; from each hollow cill
Half sprang his eyes, that cast a flaming ray,
And

XXVIII.

"This comes," at length burst from the furious
chief,
"This comes of distant counsels! Here behold
The fruits of wily cunning! the relief
Which coward policy would fain unfold,
To soothe the powers that warr'd with Heaven
O wise! O potent! O sagacious snare! [of old!
And lo! our prince—the mighty and the bold,
There stands he, spell-struck, gazing at the an,
While Heaven subverts his reign, and plants her
standard there."

XXIX.

Here, as recovered, Satan fix'd his eye
Full on the speaker; dark it was and stern;
He wrapp'd his black vest round him gloomily,
And stood like one whom weightiest thoughts
concern.
Him Moloch mark'd, and strove again to turn
His soul to rage. "Behold, behold," he cried,
"The lord of Hell, who bade these legions
spurn
Almighty rule—behold he lays aside [defied."
The spear of just revenge, and shrinks by man

XXX.

Thus ended Moloch, and his burning tongue
Hung quivering, as if [mad] to quench its heat
In slaughter. So, his native wilds among,
"I he famish'd tiger pants, when, near his seat,
Press'd on the sands, he marks the traveller's
feet.
Instant low murmurs rose, and many a sword
Had from its scabbard sprung; but toward the
Of the arch-fiend all turn'd with one accord, [sat
As loud he thus harangued the sanguinary horde.

"Ye powers of Hell, I am no coward. I proved
this of old: who led your forces against the armies
of Jehovah? Who coped with Ishmael and the
thunders of the Almighty? Who, when stunned
and confused ye lay on the burning lake, who first
awoke, and collected your scattered powers? Last-
ly, who led you across the unbottomable abyss to
this delightful world, and established that reign
here which now totters to its base? How, therefore,
dares yon treacherous bend to cast a stain on Satan's
bravery? he who preys only on the defenceless—
who sucks the blood of infants, and delights only in
acts of ignoble cruelty and unequal contention.
Away with the boaster who never joins in action,
but, like a cormorant, hovers over the field, to feed
upon the wounded, and overwhelm the dying.
True bravery is as remote from rashness as from
hesitation; let us counsel coolly, but let us execute
our counsel'd purposes determinately. In power
we have learned, by that experiment which lost us
Heaven, that we are inferior to the Thunder-bearer
—In subtlety—in subtlety alone we are his equals.
Open war is impossible.

"Thus we shall pierce our Conqueror, through
the race
Which as himself he loves; thus if we fall,
We fall not with the anguish, the disgrace
Of falling unrevenged. The stirring call
Of vengeance wrings within me! Warriors all,
The word is vengeance, and the spur despair.
Away with coward wiles!—Death's coal-black
pall

TRIBUTARY VERSES.

51

Be now our standard!—Be our torch the glare
Of cities fired! our lives, the shrieks that fill the air!"

Him answering rose Mecashpim, who of old,
Far in the silence of Chaldea's groves,
Was worshipp'd, God of Fire, with charms untold
And mystery. His wandering spirit roves.
Now vainly searching for the flame it loves,
And sits and mourns like some white-robed sire,
Where stood his temple, and where fragrant
And cinnamon upheav'd the sacred pyre, [cloves
And nightly magi watch'd the everlasting fire.

He waved his robe of flame, he cross'd his breast,
And sighing—his papyrus scarf survey'd,
Woven with dark characters; then thus address'd
The troubled council.

I.

THUS far have I pursued my solemn theme
With self-rewarding toil, thus far have sung

Of godlike deeds, far loftier than becom
The lyre which I in early days have strung;
And now my spirits faint, and I have hung
The shell, that solaced me in saddest hour,
On the dark cypress! and the strings which
rung.

With Jesus' praise, their harpings now are o'er,
Or, when the breeze comes by, moan, and are heard
no more.

And must the harp of Judah sleep again?
Shall I no more re-animate the lay?
Oh! thou who visitest the sons of men,
Thou who dost listen when the humble pray,
One little space prolong my mournful day!
One little lapse suspend thy last decree!
I am a youthful traveller in the way,
And this slight boon would consecrate to thee,
Ere I with Death shake hands, and smile that I
am free.

• • • • •
• • • • •

TRIBUTARY VERSES.

LINES AND NOTE

BY LORD BYRON.

UNHAPPY White!* while life was in its spring,
And thy young muse just waved her joyous wing,
The spoiler came; and all thy promise fair
Has sought the grave, to sleep for ever there
Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,
When science' self destroy'd her favourite son!
Yes! she too much indulg'd thy fond pursuit,
She sow'd the seeds, but death has reap'd the fruit.
'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow,
And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low.
So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart.
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel,
He nursed the pinton which impell'd the steel;
While the same plumage that had warm'd his nest,
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.

WRITTEN IN

THE HOMER OF MR. H. K. WHITE,

Presented to me by his Brother, J. Neville White.

I.

BARD of brief days, but ah, of deathless fame!
While on these awful leaves my fond eyes rest,
On which thine late have dwelt, thy hand late
I pause; and gaze regretful on thy name. [press'd,

* Henry Kirke White died at Cambridge in October, 1806, in consequence of too much exertion in the pursuit of studies that would have matured a mind which disease and poverty could not impair, and which death itself destroyed rather than subdued. His poems abound in such beauties as must impress the reader with the liveliest regret that so short a period was allotted to talents, which would have dignified even the sacred functions he was destined to assume.

By neither chance nor envy, time nor flame,
Be it from this its mansion dispossess'd!
But thee, Eternity, clasps to her breast,
And in celestial splendour thrones thy claim.

II.

No more with mortal pencil shalt thou trace
An imitative radiance * thy pure lyre
Springs from our changeful atmosphere's embrace
And beams and breathes in empyreal fire:
The Homeric and Miltonian sacred tone
Responsive hail that lyre congenial to their own.

Bury, 11th Jan. 1807.

C. L.

TO THE

MEMORY OF H. K. WHITE.

BY A LADY.

IF worth, if genius, to the world are dear,
To Henry's shade devote no common tear.
His worth on no precarious tenure hung,
From genuine piety his virtues sprung:
If pure benevolence, if steady sense,
Can to the feeling heart delight dispense;
If all the highest efforts of the mind,
Exalted, noble, elegant, refined,
Call for fond sympathy's heart-felt regret,
Ye sons of genius, pay the mournful debt:
His friends can truly speak how large his claim,
And "Life was only wanting to his fame."
Art Thou, indeed, dear youth, for ever fled?
So quickly number'd with the silent dead.
Too sure I read it in the downcast eye,
Hear it in mourning friendship's stifled sigh.
Ah! could esteem, or admiration, save
So dear an object from th' untimely grave,
This transcript faint had not essay'd to tell,
The loss of one beloved, revered so well.
Vainly I try, even eloquence were weak,
The silent sorrow that I feel, to speak.

* Alluding to his pencilled sketch of a head surrounded with a glory.

No more my hours of pain thy voice will cheer,
 And bind my spirit to this lower sphere;
 Bend o'er my suffering frame with gentle sigh,
 And bid new fire rekindle my languid eye:
 No more the pencil's mimic art command,
 And with kind pity guide my trembling hand;
 Nor dwell upon the page in fond regard,
 To trace the meaning of the Tuscan bard.
 Vain all the pleasures Thou can'st not inspire,
 And "in my breast th' imperfect joys expire."
 I fondly hoped thy hand might grace my shrine,
 And little dream'd I should have wept o'er thine:
 In Fancy's eye methought I saw thy lyre
 With virtue's energies each bosom fire;
 I saw admiring nations press around,
 Eager to catch the animating sound:
 And when, at length, sunk in the shades of night,
 To brighter worlds thy spirit wing'd its flight,
 Thy country hail'd thy venerated shade,
 And each graced honour to thy memory paid.
 Such was the fate hope pictured to my view—
 But who, alas! e'er found hope's visions true?
 And, ah! a dark presage, when last we met,
 Sadden'd the social hour with deep regret;
 When Thou thy portrait from the minstrel drew,
 The living Edwin starting on my view—
 Silent, I ask'd of Heaven a lengthen'd date;
 His genius thine, but not like thine his fate.
 Shuddering I gazed, and saw too sure reveal'd,
 The fatal truth, by hope till then conceal'd.
 Too strong the portion of celestial flame
 For its weak tenement, the fragile frame;
 Too soon for us it sought its native sky,
 And soar'd impervious to the mortal eye.
 Like some clear planet, shadow'd from our sight,
 Leaving behind long tracks of lucid light:
 So shall thy bright example fire each youth
 With love of virtue, piety, and truth.
 Long o'er thy loss shall grateful Granta mourn,
 And bid her sons revere thy favour'd urn.
 When thy loved flower "Spring's victory makes
 known,"
 The primrose pale shall bloom for thee alone:
 Around thy urn the rosemary we'll spread,
 Whose "tender fragrance,"—emblem of the dead—
 Shall "teach the maid, whose bloom no longer
 lives."
 That "virtue every perish'd grace survives."
 Farewell! sweet Morahut; heart-sickening grief
 Tells me in duty's paths to seek relief,
 With surer aim on faith's strong pinions rise
 And seek hope's vanish'd anchor in the skies.
 Yet still on thee shall fond remembrance dwell,
 And to the world thy worth delight to tell;
 Though well I feel unworthy Thee the lays
 That to thy memory weeping friendship pay.

STANZAS

Supposed to have been written at the Grave of
 H. K. White.

BY A LADY.

1.
 YE gentlest gales! oh, hither waft
 On airy undulating sweeps.
 Your frequent sighs, so passing soft,
 Where he, the youthful Poet, sleeps!
 He breathed the purest, tenderest sigh,
 The sigh of sensibility.

2.
 And thou shalt lie, his favourite flower,
 Pale primrose, on his grave reclined:
 Sweet emblem of his fleeting hour,
 And of his pure, his spotless mind!
 Like thee, he sprung in lowly vale;
 And felt, like thee, the trying gale.

3.
 Nor hence thy pensive eye seclude,
 Oh thou, the fragrant Rosemary,
 Where he, "in marble solitude,
 So peaceful, and so deep," doth lie.
 His harp prophetic sung to thee
 In notes of sweetest minstrelsy.

4.

Ye falling dews, Oh! ever leave
 Your crystal drops these flowers to star;
 At earliest morn, at latest eve,
 Oh let them for their Poet weep.
 For tears bedew'd his gentle eye,
 The tears of heavenly sympathy.

5.

Thou western Sun, effuse thy beams:
 For he was wont to pace the glade,
 To watch in pale uncertain gleams,
 The crimson zoned horizon fade—
 Thy last, thy setting radiance pour,
 Where he is set to rise no more.

ODE

On the late H. K. White.

AND is the minstrel's voyage o'er?
 And is the star of genius fled?
 And will his magic harp no more,
 Mute in the mansions of the dead,
 Its strains seraphic pour?

A Pilgrim in this world of woe,
 Condemn'd, alas! awhile to stray,
 Where bristly thorns, where briars grow,
 He bade, to cheer the gloomy way,
 Its heavenly music flow.

And oft he bade, by fame inspired,
 Its wild notes seek th' ethereal plain,
 Till angels by its music fired,
 Have, list'ning, caught th' ecstatic strain.
 Have wonder'd, and admir'd.

But now secure on happier shores,
 With choirs of sainted souls he sings;
 His harp th' Omnipotent adores,
 And from its sweet, its silver strings
 Celestial music pours.

And though on earth no more he'll weave
 The lay that's fraught with magic fire,
 Yet oft shall Fancy hear at eve
 His now exalted, heavenly lyre
 In sounds Æolian grieve.

B. Stoke.

JUVENILE.

VERSES

Occasioned by the Death of H. K. White.

WHAT is this world at best,
 Though deck'd in vernal bloom,
 By hope and youthful fancy dress?
 What, but a ceaseless toil for rest,
 A passage to the tomb?
 If flowerets strewn
 The avenue,
 Though fair, alas! how fading, and how few
 And every hour comes arm'd
 By sorrow, or by woe:
 Conceal'd beneath its little wings,
 A sith the soft-shod pilferer brings,
 To lay some comfort low:
 Some tie to unbind,
 By love entwined,
 Some silken bond that holds the captive mind

And every month displays
 The ravages of time:
 Faded the flowers!—The Spring is past!
 The scatter'd leaves, the wintry blast,
 Warn to a milder clime:
 The songsters flee
 The leafless tree,
 And bear to happier realms their melody.

Henry: the world no more
Can claim thee for her own:
In purer skies thy radiance beams!
Thy lyre employ'd on nobler themes
Before th' eternal throne
Yet, spirit dear,
Forgive the tear

Which those must shed who're doom'd to linger here.

Although a stranger, I
In friendship's train would weep
Lest to the world, alas! so young,
And must thy lyre, in silence hung,
On the dark cypress sleep?
The poet, all
Their friend may call;
And Nature's self attends his funeral.

Although with feeble wing
Thy flight I would pursue,
With quicken'd zeal, with humbled pride,
Alike our object, hopes, and guide,
One heaven alike in view;
True, it was thine
To tower, to shine;
But I may make thy milder virtues mine.

If Jesus own my name,
(Though fame pronounced it never,)
Sweet spirit, not with thee alone,
But all whose absence here I moan,
Circling with harps the golden throne,
I shall unite for ever:
At death then why
Tremble or sigh?
Oh! who would I wish to live, but he who fears to die!

Dec. 5th, 1807.

JOSIAH CONDER.

SONNET,

On seeing another written to H. K. White, in September 1803, inserted in his "Remains by Robert Southey."

BY ARTHUR OWEN.

AH! once again the long-left wires among,
T'raunts the Muse to weave her requiem song;
With sterner lore now busied, erst the lay
Cheer'd my dark morn of manhood, wont to strave
O'er fancy's fields in quest of musky flower;
To me nor fragrant less, though barr'd from view
And courtship of the world: hail'd was the hour
That gave me, dripping fresh with nature's dew,
Poor Henry's budding beauties—to a clime
Hapless transplanted, whose exotic ray
Forced their young vigour into transient day,
And drain'd the stalk that rear'd them! and shall
time
Trample these orphan blossoms?—No! they breathe
Still lovelier charms—for Southey culls the wreath!

Oxford, Dec. 17th, 1807.

SONNET.

In Memory of Mr. H. K. White.

"TIS now the dead of night," and I will go
To where the brook soft-murmuring glides along
In the still wood; yet does the plaintive song
Of Philomela through the welkin flow;
And while pale Cynthia carelessly doth throw
Her dewy beams the verdant boughs among,
Will sit beneath some spreading oak tree strong,
And intermingle with the streams my woe:
Hush'd in deep silence every gentle breeze;
No mortal breath disturbs the awful gloom;
Cold, chilling dew-drops trickle down the trees,
And every flower withholds its rich perfume.

'Tis sorrow leads me to that sacred ground
Where Henry moulders in a sleep profound!

J. G.

REFLECTIONS,

On reading the *Life* of the late H. K. White.

BY WILLIAM HOLLOWAY,

Author of "*The Peasant's Fate*."

DARLING of science and the muse,
How shall a son of song refuse
To shed a tear for thee?
To us, so soon, for ever lost,
What hopes, what prospects have been cross'd
By Heaven's supreme decree?

How could a parent, love-beguil'd,
In life's fair prime resign a child
So duteous, good, and kind?
The warblers of the soothing strain
Must string the elegiac lyre in vain
To soothe the wounded mind!

Yet Fancy, hovering round the tomb,
Half envies, while she mourns thy doom,
Dear poet, saint, and sage!
Who into one short span, at best,
The wisdom of an age compress'd,
A patriarch's lengthen'd age!

To him a genius sanctified,
And purged from literary pride,
A sacred boon was given:
Chaste as the psalmist's harp, his lyre
Celestial raptures could inspire,
And lift the soul to Heaven.

'Twas not the laurel earth bestows,
'Twas not the praise from man that flows,
With classic toil he sought:
He sought the crown that martyrs wear,
When rescued from a world of care;
Their spirit too he caught.

Here come, ye thoughtless, vain, and gay,
Who idly range in Folly's way,
And learn the worth of time:
Learn ye, whose days have run to waste,
How to redeem this pearl at last,
Atoning for your crime.

This flower, that droop'd in one cold clime
Transplanted from the soil of time
To immortality,
In full perfection there shall bloom;
And those who now lament his doom
Must bow to God's decree.

London, 27th Feb. 1808.

ON READING THE POEM ON SOLITUDE

In the second Volume of H. K. White's "*Remains*."

BUT art thou thus indeed "alone?"
Quite unbefriended—all unknown?
And hast thou then his name forgot
Who form'd thy frame, and fix'd thy lot?

Is not his voice in evening's gale?
Beams not with him the "star" so pale?
Is there a leaf can fade and die,
Unnoticed by his watchful eye?

Each fluttering hope—each anxious fear—
Each lonely sigh—each silent tear—
To thine Almighty Friend are known;
And say'st thou, thou art "all alone?"

JOSIAH CONDER

TRIBUTARY VERSES.

TO THE

MEMORY OF H. K. WHITE,

BY THE REV. W. B. COLLYER, A. M.

O, LOST too soon! accept the tear
A stranger to thy memory pays!
Dear to the muse, to science dear,
In the young morning of thy days

All the wild notes that pity loved
Awoke, responsive still to thee,
While o'er the lyre thy fingers roved
In softest, sweetest harmony.

The chords that in the human heart
Compassion touches as her own,
Bore in thy symphonies a part—
With them in perfect unison.

Amidst accumulated woes,
That premature afflictions bring,
Submission's sacred hymn arose,
Warbled from every mournful string.

When o'er thy dawn the darkness spread,
And deeper every moment grew;
When rudely round thy youthful head,
The chilling blasts of sickness blew;

Religion heard no plainings loud,
The sigh in secret stole from thee;
And pity, from the "dropping cloud,"
Sheds tears of holy sympathy.

Cold is that heart in which were met
More virtues than could ever die;
The morning-star of hope is set—
The sun adorns another sky.

O partial grief! to mourn the day
So suddenly o'erclouded here,

To rise with unextinguish'd ray—
To shine in a superior sphere!

Oh genius early quits this sod,
Impatient of a robe of clay,
Spreads the light pinion, spurns the clod,
And smiles, and soars, and steals away

But more than genius urged thy flight,
And mark'd the way, dear youth! for thee
Henry sprang up to worlds of light,
On wings of immortality!

Blackheath Hill, 24th June, 1808.

ON

THE DEATH OF

H. K. WHITE.

TOO, too prophetic did thy wild note swell,
Impassion'd minstrel! when its pitying wail
Sigh'd o'er the vernal primrose as it fell
Untimely, wither'd by the northern gale.*
Thou wert that flower of promise and of prime!
Whose opening bloom, mid many an adverse blast,
Charm'd the lone wanderer thro' this desert clime,
But charm'd him with a rapture soon o'ercast,
To see thee languish into quick decay.
Yet was not thy departing immature;
For ripe in virtue thou wert reft away,
And pure in spirit, as the bless'd are pure;
Pure as the dew-drop, freed from earthly leaven,
That sparkles, is exhaled, and blends with heaven!†

T. PARK.

* See Clifton Grove.

† Young, I think, says of Narcissa, "she sparkled,
was exhaled, and went to Heaven."

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
R O B E R T B U R N S,
AS COLLECTED AND PUBLISHED
BY DR. CURRIE.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

THE AUTHOR.

ROBERT BURNS was born on the 29th day of January, 1759, in a small house about two miles from the town of Ayr in Scotland. The family name, which the poet modernized into *Burns*, was originally *Burnes* or *Burness*. His father, William, appears to have been early inured to poverty and hardships, which he bore with pious resignation, and endeavoured to alleviate by industry and economy. After various attempts to gain a livelihood, he took a lease of seven acres of land, with a view of commencing nurseryman and public gardener; and having built a house upon it with his own hands (an instance of patient ingenuity by no means uncommon among his countrymen in humble life,) he married, December 1757, Agnes Brown.* The first fruit of his marriage was Robert, the subject of the present sketch.

In his sixth year, Robert was sent to a school, where he made considerable proficiency in reading and writing, and where he discovered an inclination for books not very common at so early an age. About the age of thirteen or fourteen, he was sent to the parish school of Dalrymple, where he increased his acquaintance with English grammar, and gained some knowledge of the French. Latin was also recommended to him: but he did not make any great progress in it.

The far greater part of his time, however, was employed on his father's farm, which, in spite of much industry, became so unproductive as to involve the family in great distress. His father having taken another farm, the speculation was yet more fatal, and involved his affairs in complete ruin. He died, Feb. 13, 1784, leaving behind him the character of a good and wise man, and an affectionate father, who under all his misfortunes, struggled to procure his children an excellent education; and endeavoured, both by precept and example, to form their minds to religion and virtue.

It was between the fifteenth and sixteenth year of his age, that Robert, first "committed the sin of rhyme." Having formed a boyish affection for a female who was his companion in the toils of the field, he composed a song, which, however extraordinary from one at his age, and in his circum-

* This excellent woman is still living in the family of her son Gilbert. (May, 1813.)

stances, is far inferior to any of his subsequent performances. He was at this time "an ungainly, awkward boy," unacquainted with the world, but who occasionally had picked up some notions of history, literature, and criticism, from the few books within his reach. These, he informs us, were Salmon's and Guthrie's Geographical Grammars, the Spectator, Pope's Works, some plays of Shakspeare, Tull and Dickson on Agriculture, the Pantheon Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding, Stackhouse's History of the Bible, Justice's British Gardener's Directory, Boyle's Lectures, Allan Ramsay's Works, Taylor's Scripture Doctrine of Original Sin, a Select Collection of English Songs, and Hervey's Meditations. Of this motley assemblage, it may readily be supposed, that some would be studied, and some read superficially. There is reason to think, however, that he perused the works of the poets with such attention as, assisted by his naturally vigorous capacity, soon directed his taste, and enabled him to discriminate tenderness and sublimity from affectation and bombast.

It appears that from the seventeenth to the twenty-fourth year of Robert's age, he made no considerable literary improvement. His accessions of knowledge, or opportunities of reading, could not be frequent, but no external circumstances could prevent the innate peculiarities of his character from displaying themselves. He was distinguished by a vigorous understanding, and an untameable spirit. His resentments were quick, and although not durable, expressed with a volubility of indignation which could not but silence and overwhelm his humble and illiterate associates; while the occasional effusions of his muse on temporary subjects, which were handed about in manuscript, raised him to a local superiority that seemed the earnest of a more extended fame. His first motive to compose verses, as has been already noticed, was his early and warm attachment to the fair sex. His favourites were in the humblest walks of life; but during his passion, he elevated them to Lauras and Saccharissas. His attachments, however, were of the purer kind, and his constant theme the happiness of the married state; to obtain a suitable provision for which, he engaged in partnership with a flax-dresser, hoping, probably, to attain by degrees the rank of a manufacturer. But this speculation was attended with very little

success, and was finally ended by an accidental fire.

On his father's death he took a farm in conjunction with his brother, with the honourable view of providing for their large and orphan family. But here, too, he was doomed to be unfortunate, although, in his brother Gilbert, he had a coadjutor of excellent sense, a man of uncommon powers both of thought and expression.

During his residence on this farm he formed a connection with a young woman, the consequences of which could not be long concealed. In this dilemma, the imprudent couple agreed to make a legal acknowledgment of a private marriage, and projected that she should remain with her father, while he was to go to Jamaica "to push his fortune." This proceeding, however romantic it may appear, would have rescued the lady's character, according to the laws of Scotland, but it did not satisfy her father, who insisted on having all the written documents respecting the marriage cancelled, and by this unfeeling measure, he intended that it should be rendered void. Divorced now from all he held dear in the world, he had no resource but in his projected voyage to Jamaica, which was prevented by one of those circumstances, that in common cases, might pass without observation, but which eventually laid the foundation of his future fame. For once, his poverty stood his friend. Had he been provided with money to pay for his passage to Jamaica, he might have set sail, and been forgotten. But he was destitute of every necessary for the voyage, and was therefore advised to raise a sum of money by publishing his poems in the way of subscription. They were accordingly printed at Kilmarnock, in the year 1786, in a small volume, which was encouraged by subscriptions for about 350 copies.

It is hardly possible to express with what eager admiration these poems were every where received. Old and young, high and low, learned and ignorant, all were alike delighted. Such transports would naturally find their way into the bosom of the author, especially when he found that, instead of the necessity of flying from his native land, he was now encouraged to go to Edinburgh and superintend the publication of a second edition.

In the metropolis, he was soon introduced into the company and received the homage of men of literature, rank, and taste; and his appearance and behaviour at this time, as they exceeded all expectation, heightened and kept up the curiosity which his works had excited. He became the object of universal admiration, and was feasted, and flattered, as if it had been impossible to reward his merit too highly. But what contributed principally to extend his fame into the sister kingdom, was his fortunate introduction to Mr. Mackenzie, who, in the 97th paper of the *Lounger*, recommended his poems by judicious specimens, and generous and elegant criticism. From this time, whether present or absent, Burns and his genius were the

objects which engrossed all attention and all conversation.

It cannot be surprising if this new scene of life produced effects on Burns which were the source of much of the unhappiness of his future life: for while he was admitted into the company of men of taste and virtue, he was also seduced, by pressing invitations, into the society of those whose habits are too social and inconsiderate. It is to be regretted that he had little resolution to withstand those attentions which flattered his merit, and appeared to be the just respect due to a degree of superiority of which he could not avoid being conscious. Among his superiors in rank and merit, his behaviour was in general decorous and unassuming; but among his more equal or inferior associates he was himself the source of the mirth of the evening, and repaid the attention and submission of his hearers by sallies of wit, which from one of his birth and education, had all the fascination of wonder. His introduction, about the same time, into certain convivial clubs of higher rank, was an injudicious mark of respect to one who was destined to return to the plough, and to the simple and frugal enjoyments of a peasant's life.

During his residence at Edinburgh, his finances were considerably improved by the new edition of his poems; and this enabled him to visit several other parts of his native country. He left Edinburgh, May 6, 1787, and in the course of his journey was hospitably received at the houses of many gentlemen of worth and learning. He afterwards travelled into England as far as Carlisle. In the beginning of June he arrived in Ayrshire, after an absence of six months, during which he had experienced a change of fortune, to which the hopes of few men in his situation could have aspired. His companion in some of these tours was a Mr. Nicol, a man who was endeared to Burns not only by the warmth of his friendship, but by a certain congeniality of sentiment and agreement in habits. This sympathy, in some other instances, made our poet capriciously fond of companions, who, in the eyes of men of more regular conduct, were insufferable.

During the greater part of the winter 1787-8, Burns again resided in Edinburgh, and entered with peculiar relish into its gayeties. But as the singularities of his manner displayed themselves more openly, and as the novelty of his appearance wore off, he became less an object of general attention. He lingered long in this place, in hopes that some situation would have been offered which might place him in independence: but as it did not seem probable that any thing of that kind would occur soon, he began seriously to reflect that tours of pleasure and praise would not provide for the wants of a family. Influenced by these considerations he quitted Edinburgh in the month of February, 1788. Finding himself master of nearly £500 from the sale of his poems, he took the farm of Elmsland, near Dumfries, and stocked it with part of this money, besides generously advancing £200 to

his brother Gillert, who was struggling with difficulties. He was now also legally united to Mrs. Burns, who joined him with their children about the end of this year.

Quitting now speculations for more active pursuits, he rebuilt the dwelling-house on his farm; and during his engagement in this object, and while the regulations of the farm had the charm of novelty, he passed his time in more tranquillity than he had lately experienced. But unfortunately, his old habits were rather interrupted than broken. He was again invited into social parties, with the additional recommendation of a man who had seen the world, and lived with the great; and again partook of those irregularities for which men of warm imaginations, and conversation-talents, find too many apologies. But a circumstance now occurred which threw many obstacles in his way as a farmer.

Burns very fondly cherished those notions of independence, which are dear to the young and ingenuous. But he had not matured these by reflection; and he was now to learn, that a little knowledge of the world will overturn many such airy fabrics. If we may form any judgment, however, from his correspondence, his expectations were not very extravagant, since he expected only that some of his illustrious patrons would have placed him, on whom they bestowed the honours of genius, in a situation where his exertions might have been uninterrupted by the fatigues of labour, and the calls of want. Disappointed in this, he now formed a design of applying for the office of exciseman, as a kind of resource in case his expectations from the farm should be baffled. By the interest of one of his friends this object was accomplished; and after the usual forms were gone through, he was appointed exciseman, or, as it is vulgarly called, *gauger* of the district in which he lived.

"His arm was now abandoned to his servants, while he betook himself to the duties of his new appointment. He might still, indeed, be seen in the spring, directing his plough, a labour in which he excelled, or striding with measured steps, along his turned-up furrows, and scattering the grain in the earth. But his farm no longer occupied the principal part of his care or his thoughts. Mounted on horseback, he was found pursuing the defaulters of the revenue, among the hills and vales of Nithsdale."

About this time (1792,) he was solicited, to give his aid to Mr. Thomson's Collection of Scottish songs. He wrote, with attention and without delay, for this work, all the songs which appear in this volume, to which we have added those he contributed to Johnson's Musical Museum.

Burns also found leisure to form a society for purchasing and circulating books among the farmers of the neighbourhood; but these, however praiseworthy employments, still interrupted the attention he ought to have bestowed on his farm,

which became so unproductive that he found it convenient to resign it, and disposing of his stock and crop, removed to a small house which he had taken in Dumfries, a short time previous to his lyric engagement with Mr. Thomson. He had now received from the Board of Excise, an appointment to a new district, the emoluments of which amounted to about seventy pounds sterling per annum.

While at Dumfries, his temptations to irregularity recurred so frequently as nearly to overpower his resolutions, and which he appears to have formed with a perfect knowledge of what is right and prudent. During his quiet moments, however, he was enlarging his fame by those admirable compositions he sent to Mr. Thomson: and his temporary sallies and flashes of imagination, in the merriment of the social table, still bespoke a genius of wonderful strength and captivations. It has been said, indeed, that, extraordinary as his poems are, they afford but inadequate proof of the powers of their author, or of that acuteness of observation, and expression, he displayed on common topics in conversation. In the society of persons of taste, he could refrain from those indulgences, which, among his more constant companions, probably formed his chief recommendation.

The emoluments of his office, which now composed his whole fortune, soon appeared insufficient for the maintenance of his family. He did not, indeed, from the first, expect that they could; but he had hopes of promotion, and would probably have attained it, if he had not forfeited the favour of the Board of Excise, by some conversations on the state of public affairs, which were deemed highly improper, and were probably reported to the Board in a way not calculated to lessen their effect. That he should have been deceived by the affairs in France during the early periods of the revolution, is not surprising; he only caught a portion of an enthusiasm which was then very general: but that he should have raised his imagination to a warmth beyond his fellows, will appear very singular, when we consider that he had hitherto distinguished himself as a Jacobite, an adherent to the house of Stewart. Yet he had uttered opinions which were thought dangerous, and information being given to the Board, an inquiry was instituted into his conduct, the result of which, although rather favourable, was not so much as to re-instate him in the good opinion of the commissioners. Interest was necessary to enable him to retain his office, and he was informed that his promotion was deferred, and must depend on his future behaviour.

He is said to have defended himself, on this occasion, in a letter addressed to one of the Board, with much spirit and skill. He wrote another letter to a gentleman, who, hearing that he had been dismissed from his situation, proposed a subscription for him. In this last, he gives an account of the whole transaction, and endeavours to vindicate his loyalty; he also contends for an independence of spirit, which he certainly possessed, but

which yet appears to have partaken of that extravagance of sentiment which is fitter to point a stanza than to conduct a life.

A passage in this letter is too characteristic to be omitted.—“Often,” says our poet, “in blasting anticipation have I listened to some future hackney scribbler, with heavy malice of savage stupidity, exultingly asserting that Burns, notwithstanding the fanfaronade of independence to be found in his works, and after having been held up to public view, and to public estimation, as a man of some genius, yet quite destitute of resources within himself to support his borrowed dignity, dwindled into a paltry exciseman; and slunk out the rest of his insignificant existence, in the meanest of pursuits and among the lowest of mankind.”

This passage has no doubt often been read with sympathy. That Burns should have embraced the only opportunity in his power to provide for his family, can be no topic of censure or ridicule, and however incompatible with the cultivation of genius the business of an exciseman may be, there is nothing of moral turpitude or disgrace attached to it. It was not his choice, it was the only help within his reach: and he laid hold of it. But that he should not have found a patron generous or wise enough to place him in a situation at least free from allurements to “the sin that so easily beset him,” is a circumstance on which the admirers of Burns have found it painful to dwell.

Mr. Mackenzie, in the 97th number of the *Lounger*, after mentioning the poet's design of going to the West Indies, concludes that paper in words to which sufficient attention appears not to have been paid: “I trust means may be found to prevent this resolution from taking place; and that I do my country no more than justice, when I suppose her ready to stretch out the hand to cherish and retain this native poet, whose “wood notes wild” possess so much excellence.—To repair the wrongs of suffering or neglected merit: to call forth genius from the obscurity in which it had pined indignant, and place it where it may profit *“and delight the world”*—these are exertions which give to wealth an enviable superiority, to greatness and to patronage a laudable pride.”

Although Burns deprecated the reflections which might be made on his occupation of exciseman, it may be necessary to add, that from this humble step, he foresaw all the contingencies and gradations of promotion up to a rank on which it is not usual to look with contempt. In a letter dated 1794, he states that he is on the list of supervisors; that in two or three years he should be at the head of that list, and be appointed, as a matter of course; but that then a friend might be of service in getting him into a part of the kingdom which he would like. A supervisor's income varies from about £120 to £200 a year: but the business is “an incessant drudgery, and would be nearly a complete bar to every species of literary pursuit.” He proceeds, however, to observe, that the moment he is ap-

pointed supervisor he *might* be nominated on the Collector's list, “and this is always a business purely of political patronage. A collectorship varies from much better than two hundred a year to near a thousand. Collectors also come forward by precedence on the list, and have, besides a handsome income, a life of complete leisure. A life of literary leisure with a decent competence, is the summit of my wishes.”

He was doomed, however, to continue in his present employment for the remainder of his days, which were not many. His constitution was now rapidly decaying; yet, his resolutions of amendment were but feeble. His temper became irritable and gloomy, and he was even insensible to the kind forgiveness and soothing attentions of his affectionate wife. In the month of June, 1796, he removed to Brow, about ten miles from Dumfries, to try the effect of sea-bathing; a remedy that at first, he imagined, relieved the rheumatic pains in his limbs, with which he had been afflicted for some months: but this was immediately followed by a new attack of fever. When brought back to his house at Dumfries, on the 18th of July, he was no longer able to stand upright. The fever increased, attended with delirium and debility, and on the 21st he expired, in the thirty-eighth year of his age.

He left a widow and four sons, for whom the inhabitants of Dumfries opened a subscription, which being extended to England, produced a considerable sum for their immediate necessities.* This has since been augmented by the profits of the edition of his works, printed in four volumes, 8vo.; to which Dr. Currie, of Liverpool, prefixed a life written with much elegance and taste.

As to the person of our poet, he is described as being nearly five feet ten inches in height, and of a form that indicated agility as well as strength. His well-raised forehead, shaded with black curling hair, expressed uncommon capacity. His eyes were large, dark, full of ardour and animation. His face was well formed, and his countenance uncommonly interesting. His conversation is universally allowed to have been uncommonly fascinating, and rich in wit, humour, whim, and occasionally in serious and apposite reflection. This excellence, however, proved a lasting misfortune to him: for while it procured him the friendship of men of character and taste, in whose company his humour was guarded and chaste, it had also allurements for the lowest of mankind, who know no difference between freedom and licentiousness, and are never so completely gratified as when genius condescends to give a kind of sanction to their grossness. He died poor, but not in debt, and left behind him a name the fame of which will not be soon eclipsed.

* Mrs. Burns continues to live in the house in which the Poet died: the eldest son, Robert, is at present in the Stamp-Office: the other two are officers in the East India Company's army, William is in Bengal, and James in Madras. (May, 1813) Wallace, the second son, a lad of great promise, died of a consumption.

THE DEATH OF BURNS.

BY MR. ROSCOE

REAR high thy bleak, majestic hills,
 Thy shelter'd valleys proudly spread,
 And, Scotia, pour thy thousand rills,
 And wave thy heaths with blossoms red;
 But, ah! what poet now shall tread
 Thy airy heights, thy woodland reign,
 Since he the sweetest bard is dead
 That ever breath'd the soothing strain?

As green thy towering pines may grow,
 As clear thy streams may speed along;
 As bright thy summer suns may glow,
 And wake again thy feathery throng;
 But now, unheeded is the song,
 And dull and lifeless all around,
 For his wild harp lies all unstrung,
 And cold the hand that wak'd its sound

What though thy vigorous offspring rise,
 In arts and arms thy sons excel;
 Though beauty in thy daughters' eyes,
 And health in every feature dwell;
 Yet who shall now their praises tell,
 In strains impassion'd, fond, and free,
 Since he no more the song shall swell
 To love, and liberty, and thee!

With step-dame eye and frown severe
 His hapless youth why didst thou view!
 For all thy joys to him were dear,
 And all his vows to thee were due;
 Nor greater bliss his bosom knew,
 In opening youth's delightful prime
 Than when thy favouring ear he drew
 To listen to his chanted rhyme.

Thy lonely wastes and frowning skies
 To him were all with rapture fraught;
 He heard with joy the tempests rise
 That wak'd him to sublimer thought;
 And oft thy winding dells he sought,
 Where wild flowers pour'd their rathe perfume,
 And with sincere devotion brought (fure,
 To thee the summer's earliest bloom.

But, ah, no fond maternal smile
 His unprotected youth enjoy'd;
 His limbs mur'd to early toil,
 His days with early hardships tried.
 And more to mark the gloomy void,
 And bid him feel his misery,
 Before his infant eyes would glide
 Day-dreams of immortality.

Yet, not by cold neglect depress'd,
 With sinewy arm he turn'd the soil,
 Sunk with the evening sun to rest,
 And met at morn his earliest smile.
 Wak'd by his rustic pipe, meanwhile
 The powers of fancy came along,
 And soothed his lengthen'd hour of toil
 With native wit and sprightly song.

—Ah! days of bliss, too swiftly fled,
 When vigorous health from labour springs,
 And bland contentment smooths the bed,
 And sleep his ready opiate brings;
 And hovering round on airy wings
 Float the light forms of young desire,
 That of unutterable things
 The soft and shadowy hope inspire.

Now spells of mightier power prepare,
 Bid brighter phantoms round him dance;
 Let flattery spread her viewless snare,
 And fame attract his vagrant glance;
 Let sprightly pleasure too advance,
 Unveil'd her eyes, unclasp'd her zone,
 Till lost in love's delirious trance
 He scorn the joys his youth has known.

Let friendship pour her brightest blaze,
 Expanding all the bloom of soul!
 And mirth concentrate all her rays,
 And point them from the sparkling bow;
 And let the careless moments roll
 In social pleasures unconfin'd,
 And confidence, that spurns control,
 Unlock the inmost springs of mind.

And lead his steps those bowers among,
 Where elegance with splendour vies,
 Or science bids her favour'd throng
 To more refin'd sensation rise;
 Beyond the peasant's humbler joys,
 And freed from each laborious strife,
 There let him learn the bliss to prize
 That waits the sons of polish'd life.

Then whilst his throbbing veins beat high
 With every impulse of delight,
 Dash from his lips the cup of joy,
 And shroud the scene in shades of night;
 And let despair, with wizard light,
 Disclose the yawning gulf below,
 And pour incessant on his sight,
 Her specter'd ills and shapes of woe:

And show beneath a cheerless shed,
 With sorrowing heart and streaming eyes.
 In silent grief where droops her head,
 The partner of his early joys.

And let his infants' tender cries
 His fond parental succour claim,
 And bid him hear in agonies
 A husband and a father's name.

'Tis done—the powerful charm succeeds;
 His high reluctant spirit bends;
 In bitterness of soul he bleeds,
 No longer with his fate contends.
 An idiot laugh the welkin rends
 As genius thus degraded lies;
 Till pitying Heaven the veil extends
 That shrouds the Poet's ardent eyes.

—Rear high thy bleak, majestic hills,
 Thy shelter'd valleys proudly spread,
 And, Scotia, pour thy thousand rills,
 And wave thy heaths with blossoms red;
 But never more shall poet tread
 Thy airy heights, thy woodland reign,
 Since he the sweetest bard is dead
 That ever breath'd the soothing strain.

P R E F A C E

TO THE FIRST EDITION OF

BURNS' POEMS,

PUBLISHED AT KILMARNOCK, 1796.

THE following trifles are not, the production of the poet, who with all the advantages of learned art, and perhaps amid the elegances and idlenesses of upper life, looks down for a rural theme, with an eye to Theocritus or Virgil. To the author of this, these and other celebrated names, their countrymen, are, at least in their original language, a *fountain shut up, and a book sealed*. Unacquainted with the necessary requisites for commencing poet by rule, he sings the sentiments and manners he felt and saw in himself and his rustic compeers around him, in his and their native language.

Though a rhymers from his earliest years, at least from the earliest impulses of the softer passions, it was not till very lately that the applause, perhaps the partiality, of friendship, awakened his vanity so far as to make him think any thing of his worth showing; and none of the following works were composed with a view to the press. To amuse himself with the little creations of his own fancy, amid the toil and fatigues of a laborious life; to transcribe the various feelings, the loves, the griefs, the hopes, the fears, in his own breast: to find some kind of counterpoise to the struggles of a world, always an alien scene, a task uncouth to the poetical mind—these were his motives for courting the Muses, and in these he found poetry to be its own reward.

Now that he appears in the public character of an author, he does it with fear and trembling. So dear is fame to the rhyming tribe, that even he, an obscure, nameless Bard, shrinks aghast at the thought of being branded as—An impertinent blockhead, obtruding his nonsense on the world; and, because he can make a shift to jingle a few doggerel Scotch rhymes together, looking upon

himself as a poet of no small consequence forsooth!

It is an observation of that celebrated poet, Shenstone, whose divine elegies do honour to our language, our nation, and our species, that "*Humility* has depressed many a genius to a hermit, but never raised one to fame!" If any critic catches at the word *genius*, the author tells him once for all, that he certainly looks upon himself as possessed of some poetic abilities, otherwise his publishing in the manner he has done, would be a *manœuvre* below the worst character which, he hopes, his worst enemy will ever give him. But to the genius of a Ramsay, or the glorious dawns of the poor, unfortunate Fergusson, he, with equal unaffected sincerity, declares, that, even in his highest pulse of vanity, he has not the most distant pretensions. These two justly admired Scotch poets he has often had in his eye in the following pieces; but rather with a view to kindle at their flame than for servile imitation.

To his Subscribers, the Author returns his most sincere thanks. Not the mercenary bow over a counter, but the heart-throbbing gratitude of the bard, conscious how much he owes to benevolence and friendship, for gratifying him, if he deserves it, in that dearest wish of every poetic bosom—to be distinguished. He begs his readers, particularly the learned and the polite, who may honour him with a perusal, that they will make every allowance for education and circumstances of life; but if, after a fair, candid, and impartial criticism, he shall stand convicted of dulness and nonsense, let him be done by as he would in that case do by others—let him be condemned, without mercy, to contempt and oblivion.

DEDICATION

OF THE

SECOND EDITION OF THE POEMS FORMERLY PRINTED.

TO THE

NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN

OF THE

CALEDONIAN HUNT.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

A Scottish Bard, proud of the name, and whose highest ambition is to sing in his Country's service—where shall he so properly look for patronage as to the illustrious names of his native Land; those who bear the honours and inherit the virtues of their Ancestors? The Poetic Genius of my Country found me, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at the plough; and threw her inspiring mantle over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my native soil, in my native tongue: I tuned my wild, artless notes, as she inspired—She whispered me to come to this ancient Metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my Songs under your honoured protection: I now obey her dictates.

Though much indebted to your goodness, I do not approach you, my Lords and Gentlemen, in the usual style of dedication, to thank you for past favours: that path is so hackneyed by prostituted learning, that honest rusticity is ashamed of it. Nor do I present this Address with the venal soul of a servile Author, looking for a continuation of those favours: I was bred to the Plough, and am independent. I come to claim the common Scottish name with you, my illustrious Countrymen; and to tell the world that I glory in the title. I come to congratulate my Country, that the blood

of her ancient heroes still runs uncontaminated; and that from your courage, knowledge, and public spirit, she may expect protection, wealth, and liberty. In the last place, I come to proffer my warmest wishes to the Great Fountain of Honour, the Monarch of the Universe, for your welfare and happiness.

When you go forth to waken the Echoes, in the ancient and favourite amusement of your forefathers, may Pleasure ever be of your party; and may Social Joy await your return: When harassed in courts or camps with the jostlings of bad men and bad measures, may the honest consciousness of injured worth attend your return to your native seats; and may Domestic Happiness, with a smiling welcome, meet you at your gates! May corruption shrink at your kindling indignant glance; and may tyranny in the Ruler, and licentiousness in the People, equally find you an inexorable foe!

I have the honour to be,
With the sincerest gratitude,
and highest respect,
My Lords and Gentlemen,
Your most devoted humble servant,

ROBERT BURNS.

*Edinburgh,
April 4, 1787.*

POEMS,

CHIEFLY SCOTTISH.

THE TWA DOGS.

A TALE

TWAS in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That bears the name o' *Auld King Coil*,
Upon a bonnie day in June,
When wearing through the afternoon,
Twa dogs that were na thrang at hame,
Fogather'd ance upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him *Cæsar*,
Was keepit for his Honour's pleasure:
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
Show'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs;
But whalpit some place far abroad,
Where sailors gang to fish for Cod.

His locked, letter'd, braw brass collar,
Show'd him the gentleman and scholar;
But though he was o' high degree,
The fient a pride, na pride had he;
But wad hae spent an hour caressin',
Er'n wi' a tinkler-ryper's messin'.
At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
Nae tawted tyke, though e'er sae doddie,
But he wad siaw'n, as glad to see him,
And stroun't on stanes an hillocks wi' him.

The fither was a ploughman's collie,
A rhyming, ranting, caving billie.
Wha for his friend an' comrade had him,
And in his freaks had *Luath* ca'd him,
After some dog in Highland sang,
Was made lang syne—Lord knows how lang.

He was a gush an' faithful tyke,
As ever lap a sheuch or dyke.
His honest, samsie, baws'n't face,
Aye gat him friends in ilka place.
His breast was white, his towzie back
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;
His gawie tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung o'er his huries wi' a swirl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
An' unco pack an' thick thegither;
Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd and snowkit,
Whyles mlice an' moudieworts they howkit;
Whyles scour'd awa' in lang excursion,
An' worry'd ither in diversion;
Untill wi' daffin weary grown,
Upon a knowe they sat them down,
And there began a lang digression
About the *lords o' the creation*.

CÆSAR.

I've aften wonder'd, honest *Luath*,
What sort o' life poor dogs li'd have;
An' when the gentry's life I saw,
What way poor bodies liv'd aye.

Our Laird gets in his racked rents,
His coals, his kale, and a' his stents:

• Cuchullin's dog in Ossian's Fingal.

He rises when he likes himself;
His flunkies answer at the bell;
He ca's his coach, he ca's his horse;
He draws a bonnie sliken purse
As lang's my tail, where, through the steeks,
The yellow letter'd Geordie treks.

Fræ morn to e'en it's nought but toiling,
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling;
An' though the gentry first are stechin,
Yet ev'n the ha' folk fill their pechan
Wi' sauce, ragouts, and siclike trashtrie.
That's little short o' downright wastrie.
Our Whipper-in, wee blastit wonner,
Poor worthless elf, it cuts a dinner
Better than ony tenant man
His Honour has in a' the lan':
An' what poor cot-folk pit their palnch in,
I own it's past my comprehension.

LUATH.

Trowh, *Cæsar*, whyles they're fish't eneuch
A cottar howkin in a sheuch,
Wi' dirty stanes beggin a dyke,
Baring a quarry, and sic like,
Himself, a wife, he thus sustains,
A smytie o' wee doddie wacans,
An' nought but his han' darg, to keep
Them right and tight in thack an' rape.

An' when they meet wi' sair disasters,
Like loss o' health, or want o' masters,
Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
An' they maun starve o' cauld an' hunger;
But, how it comes, I never kenn'd yet,
They're maistly wonderfu' contented;
An' buirdy chiefs, an' clever hizzies,
Are bred in sic a way as this is.

CÆSAR.

But then to see how ye're neglectit,
How huff'd, and cuff'd, and disrespeckit!
L—d, man, our gentry care as little
For delfers, ditchers, and sic cattle;
They gang as saucy by poor folk,
As I wad by a stinking brock.

I've notic'd on our Laird's court-day,
An' mony a time my heart's been wae,
Poor tenant bodies scant o' cash,
How they maun thole a factor's snash:
He'll stamp an' threaten, curse an' swear,
He'll apprehend them, poind their gear;
While they maun staun, wi' aspect humble,
An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble.

I see how folk live that hae riches;
But surely poor folk maun be wretches?

LUATH.

They're nae sse wretched's ane wad think:
Though constantly on poortith's brink:
They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
The view o't gies them little fright.

Then chance an fortune are sse guidet,
They're aye in less or mair provided;

An' though fatigu'd wi' close employment,
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
Their gushie weans an' faithfu' wives;
The prattling things are just their pride,
That sweetens an' their fire-side.

An' whyles twalpenne worth o' nappy
Can mak' the bodies unco happy;
They lay aside their private cares,
To mend the Kirk and State affairs:
They'll talk o' patronage and priests,
Wi' kindling fury in their breasts,
Or tell what new taxation's comin',
An' ferlie at the folk in *Bon'on*.

As bleak fae'd Hallowmass returns,
They get the jovial, ranting kirms,
When *rural life*, o' ev'ry station,
Unite in common recreation;
Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth,
Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins,
They bar the door on frosty winds;
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam;
The luntin' pipe, an' sneeshin' mill,
Are handed round wi' richt guid will;
The cantie auld folks crackin' crouse,
The young anes rantin' through the house,—
My heart has been sae fain to see them,
That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.

Still it's owre true that ye hae said,
Sic game is now owre aften play'd,
There's monie a creditable stock,
O' decent, honest, fawson fu'k,
Are riven out baith root and branch,
Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,
Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster
In favour wi' some gentle master,
Wha, siblins, thrang a-parlamentin',
For Britain's guid his saul indentin'—

CÆSAR.

Halh, lad, sp' little ken about it;
For Britain's guid I guid faith I doubt it!
Say rather, gaun as *Premiers* lead him,
An' sayin' *aye* or *no*'s they bid him,
At operas an' plays parading;
Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading;
Or may be, in a frolic daf, *To Hague* or *Cadix* takes a waft,
To mak a tour, an' tak a whirl,
To learn *bon ton*, an' see the warl'.

There, at *Vienna* or *Versailles*
He rives his father's auld entails;
Or by *Madrid* he takes the rout,
To thrum guitars, and fight wi' nowt;
Or down Italian vista startles,
Wh-re-hunting among groves o' myrtles:
Then boues drumly German water,
To mak himsel look fair and fatter,
An' clear the consequential sorrows
Love-gifts of Carnival simors.
For Britain's guid! for her destruction!
Wi' dissipation, feud, an' faction.

LUATH.

Hech man! dear Sirs! is that the gate
They waste sae monie a braw estate!
Are we sae foughten an' harass'd
For gear to gang that gate at last!

O would they stay aback frae courts,
An' please themsels wi' kintira sports,
It wad far ev'ry ane be better.
The Laird, the Tenant, and the Cotter!
For thae frank, rantin', ramblin' billies,
Hent haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows;
Except for breakin' o' their timmer,
Or speakin' lightly o' their limmer,
Or shootin' o' a hare or moor-cock,
The neer a bit they're ill to poor folk.

But will ye tell me, Master *Cæsar*,
Sae great folk's life's a life o' pleasure?

Nae cauld nor hunger e'er can steer them,
The vera thought o' need na fear them.

CÆSAR.

L—d, man, were ye but whyles whare I am,
The gentles ye wad ne'er envy 'em.

It's true they need na starve or sweat,
Through winter's cauld, or simmer's heat;
They've nae sair wark to craze their bines,
An' fill auld age wi' gripes an' granes:
But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They make enow themselves to vex them;
An' aye the less they ha'e to start them,
In like proportion less will hurt them.
A country fellow at the plough,
His acres till'd, he's richt enough;
A kintra lassie at her wheel,
Her dizzens done, she's unco weel:
But Gentlemen, an' Ladies warst,
Wi' ev'ndown want o' wark are curst.
They loiter, lounging, lank, an' lazy:
Though deil haet ails them, yet uneasy,
Their days, insipid, dull, an' tasteless;
Their nights unquiet, lang, an' restless;
An' e'en their sports, their balls an' races,
Their galloping through public places;
There's sic parade, sic pomp, an' art,
The joy can scarcely reach the heart.
The men cast out in party matches,
Then sowther a' in deep debauches;
Ae night they're mad wi' drink an' whoring,
Neist day their life is past enduring.
The Ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
As great and gracious as sisters;
But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
They're a' run duls and jads thegither.
Whyles o'er the wee bit cup and plate,
They sip the scandal potion pretty;
Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks
Pore owre the devil's pictur'd bouks;
Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
An' cheat like onie unhang'd blackguard.

There's some exception, man an' woman;
But this is Gentry's life in common.

By this, the sun was out o' sight,
An' darker gloaming brought the night!
The bum-clock humm'd wi' lazy drone;
The kye stood rowtin' i' the loan;
When up they gat, and shook their lugs,
Rejoiced they were na men but dogs;
An' each took aff his several way,
Resolv'd to meet some ither day.

SCOTCH DRINK.

GIF him strong drink, until he wink,
That's sinking in despair,
An' ti puer guid to fire his bluid,
That's press'd wi' grief an' care;
There let him bouce, an' deep carouse,
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
Till he forgets his loves or debts,
An' minds his griefs no more.

Solomon's Proverbs, xxxi. 6, 7

LET other poets raise a fraes
'Bout wines, an' wines, an' drunken *Dacchus*,
An' crabbit names an' stories wrack us,
An' grate our lug,
I sing the juice *Scots* bear can mak us,
In glass or jug.

O thou, my *Muse*! guid auld *Scotch Drink*,
Whether through whimpling worms thou jink,
Or, richly brown, ream o'er the brink,
In glorious faem,
Inspire me, till I lisp and wink,
To sing thy namel

Let husky Wheat the haughs adorn,
An' Alts set up their awnie horn,
An' Pease and Beans at e'en or morn,
Perfume the plain,
Leeze me on thee, Jo'n *Barleycorn*,
Thou king o' grain!

On thee afit Scotland chows her cood,
In souple scones, the wale o' food!
Or tumblin' in the boiling flood
Wi' kail an' beef;
But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood,
There thou shines chief.

Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin';
Though life's a gift no worth receivin',
When heavy dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin',
But, oil'd by thee,
The wheels o' life gae down-hill, scrievin',
Wi' rattlin' glee.

Thou clears the head o' doited Lear;
Thou cheers the heart o' droopin' Care;
Thou strings the nerves o' Labour sair,
At's weary toil,
Thou even brightens dark Despair
Wi' gloomy smile.

Aft, clad in massy siller weed,
Wi' Gentles thou erects thy head;
Yet humbly kind in time o' need,
The poor man's wine;
His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
Thou kitchens fine.

Thou art the life o' public haunts;
But thee, what were our fairs and rants?
Ev'n godly meetings o' the saunts,
By thee inspir'd,
When gaping they beseege the tents,
Are doubly fir'd.

That merry night we get the corn in,
O sweetly then thou reams the horn in!
Or reckon' on a New-year morning
In cog or bicker,
An' just a wee drap spiritual burn in,
An' gusty sucker!

When Vulcan gies his bellows breath,
An' ploughmen gather wi' their graith,
O rare! to see thee sizz an' freath
T' the luggit caup!
Then *Burnevin** comes on like death
At every chaup.

Nae mercy, then, for aim or steel:
The brawnie, bainie, ploughman chiel
Brings hard owrechip, wi' sturdy wheel,
The strong forchammer,
Till block an' studdle ring an' reel
Wi' dinsome clamour.

When skirlin' weanies see the light,
Thou maks the gossips clatter bright,
How fumbelin' cuffs their dearies sight;
Wae wad the name!
Nae howdie gets a social night,
Or plack frae them.

When neebors anger at a plea,
An' just as wud as wud can be,
How easy can the *barley bree*
Cement the quarrel!
It's aye the cheapest lawyer's fee,
To taste the barrel.

Alake! that e'er my Muse has reason
To wyte her countrymen wi' treason!
But monie daily weet their weason
Wi' liquors nice,
An' hardly, in a winter's season,
E'er spier her price.

Wee worth that *brandy*, burning trash!
Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash!
Twins monie a poor, doylt, drunken hash,
O' half his days;

An' tends, beside, auld Scotland's cesh
To her worst fact.

Ye Scots, wha wish auld Scotland well
Ye chief, to you my tale I tell,
Poor plackless deevils like mysel'!
It sets you ill,
Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mcll,
Or foreign gill.

May gravel round his blather wrench,
An' gouts torment him inch by inch,
Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch
O' sour disdalin,
Out owre a glass o' *whisky punch*
Wi' honest men.

O *Whisky*! saul o' plays an' pranks!
Accept a Bardie's humble thanks!
When wanting thee, what funless cranks
Are my poor *verses*!
Thou comes—they rattle i' their ranks
At fither's a-s!

Thee, *Ferintosh*! O sadly lost!
Scotland, lament frae coast to coast!
Now colic grips, an' barkin' hoast
May kill us a';
For royal Forbes' charter'd boast
Is ta'en awa!

Thae curst horse-leeches o' the Excise,
Wha mak the *Whisky Stells* their prize!
Haud up thy han', Deil! ance, twice, thrice!
There, seize the blinkers!
And bake them up in brunstane pies
For poor d—nd drinkers.

Fortune! if thou'll but gie me still
Hale breeks, a scone, and *Whisky gill*,
An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will,
Tak a' the rest,
An' deal't about as thy blind skill
Directs thee best.

THE

AUTHOR'S EARNEST CRY AND PRAYER*

TO THE

SCOTCH REPRESENTATIVES,
IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Dearest of Distillation! last and best—
—How art thou lost! Parody on Milton.

YE Irish Lords, ye Knights an' Squires,
Wha represent our brughs an' shires,
An' doucely manage our affairs
In parliament,
To you a simple Poet's prayers
Are humbly sent.

Alas! my roupet Muse is hearse!
Your Honours' hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce,
To see her sittin' on her a—
Low i' the dust,
An' screechin' out prosaic verse,
An' like to burst!

Tell them wha hae the chief direction,
Scotland an' me's in great affliction,
E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction
On *Aquavite*;
An' rouse them up to strong conviction,
An' move their pity.

* This was written before the act anent the Scotch Distilleries, of session 1786; for which Scotland and the Author return their most grateful thanks.

* *Burnevin*—*turn-the-wind*—the Blacksmith—an appropriate title. E.

Stand forth, an' tell yon *Premier Youth*,
The honest, open, naked truth:
Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth,
His servants humble:
The muckle deeril blaw ye south,
If ye dissemble!

Does ony great man glunch an' gloom?
Speak out, an' never fash your thumb;
Let posts an' pensions sink or soom
Wi' them wha grant 'em:
If honestly they canna come,
Far better want 'em.

In gath'ring votes you were na slack;
Now stand as tightly by your tack;
Ne'er claw your lug, an' fidge your back,
An' hum an' haw;
But raise your arm, and tell your crack
Before them a'.

Paint Scotland greeting owre her thrissle;
Her mutchkin stoup as toom's a whissle:
An' d—mn'd Excisemen in a bussle,
Seizin' a *Stell*,
Triumphant crushin't like a mussel
Or lampit shell.

Then on the tither hand present her,
A blackguard Smuggler right behind her,
An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie Vintner,
Colleagueing join,
Picking her pouch as bare as winter
Of a' kind coin.

Is there, that bears the name o' *Scot*,
But feels his heart's blaid rising hot,
To see his poor auld Mither's pot
Thus dung in staves,
An' plunder'd o' her hindmost groat
By gallows knaves?

Alas! I'm but a nameless wight,
Trode i' the mire clean out o' sight;
But could I like *Montgomerie's* fight,
Or gab like *Boswell*,
There's some sark-necks I wad draw tight,
An' tie some hose well.

God bless your Honours, can ye see't,
The kind, auld, cantie Carlin greet,
An' no get warmly to your feet,
An' gar them hear it,
An' tell them wi' a patriot heat,
Ye winna bear it!

Some o' you nicely ken the laws,
To round the period, an' pause,
An' wi' rhetoric clause on clause
To mak harangues;
Then echo through Saint Stephen's wa's
Auld Scotland's wrangs

Dempster, a true blue Scot, I've warran;
Thee, aith-detesting, chaste *Kilkerran*;
An' that glib-gabbet Highland Baron,
The Laird o' *Graham*,
An' ane, a chap that's d—mn'd auldfarran,
Dundas his name.

Erskine, a spunkie Norland billie;
True *Campbells*, *Frederick* an' *Ilay*;
An' *Livingstone*, the bauld *Sir Willie*;
An' name ithers,
Wham auld Demosthenes or Tully
Might own for brithers.

Arouse, my boys! exert your mettle,
To get auld Scotland back her kettle;
Or faith! I'll wad my new plough-pettle,
Ye'll see't, or lang,
She'll teach you, wi' a reekin' whittle,
Anither sang.

This while she's been in crankous mood,
Her lost *Militia* fir'd her bluid;
(Deil na they never mair do guid,
Plav'd her that plikie!)

An' now she's like to rin red-wud
About her Whisky.

An' L—d, if ance they pit her till't,
Her tartan petticoat she'll kilt,
An' durk an' pistol at her belt,
She'll tak' the streets,
An' rin her whittle to the hilt,
I' th' first she meets!

For G-d sake, Sirs! then speak her fair,
An' straik her cannie wi' the hair,
An' to the muckle house repair,
Wi' instant speed,
An' strive wi' a' your wit and leart,
To get remead.

Yon ill-tongu'd tinkler, *Charlie Fox*,
May taunt you wi' his jeers an' mocks;
But gie him't het, my hearty cocks!
E'en cove the caddie
An' send him to his dicing box
An' sportin' lady.

Tell yon guid bluid o' auld *Boconnocks*
I'll be his debt twa mashlum bannocks,
An' drink his health in auld *Nanse Tinnocks*
Nine times a-week,
If he some scheme, like tea an' winnock's,
Wad kindly seek.

Could he some commutation broach,
I'll pledge my aith in guid braid Scotch,
He need na fear their foul reproach
Nor erudition,
Yon mixtie-martie queer hoch-potch,
The *Coalition*.

Auld Scotland has a raucel tongue;
She's just a devil wi' a rung;
An' if she promise auld or young
To tak their part,
Though by the neck she should be strung,
She'll no desert.

An' now, ye chosen *Five-and-Forty*,
May still your Mither's heart support ye;
Then, though a Minister grow dotty,
An' kick your place,
Ye'll snap your fingers, poor and hearty,
Before his face.

God bless your Honours a' your days,
Wi' sowps o' kail and brats o' claise,
In spite o' a' the thievish kaes,
That haunts *St. Jamie's*!
Your humble Poet sings and prays
While *Rab* his name is.

POSTSCRIPT.

LET half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies
See future wines, rich clust'ring, rise;
Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,
But blythe and frisky,
She eyes her freeborn, martial boys,
Tak aff their Whisky.

What tho' their Phœbus kinder warms,
While fragrance blooms and beauty charms,
When wretches range in famish'd swarms,
The scented groves,
Or hounded forth, dishonour arms
In hungry droves.

Their gun's a burden on their shoulder;
They downa bide the stink o' powder;
Their bauldest thought's a hank'ring swither
To stan' or ran,
Till skelp—a shot—they're aff, a' throwther,
To save their skin.

* Sir Adam Ferguson. E.

† The present Duke of Montrose. 1800. E.

* A worthy old Hostess of the Author's in *Mauchline*, where he sometimes studied Politics over a glass of guid auld Scotch Drink.

First bring a *Sco'tsman* frae his hill,
Clap in his cheek a *Highland gill*,
Say, such is royal *George's* will,
An' t'ere's the for,
He has nae thought but how to kill
Twa at a blow.

Nae could, faint-hearted doubtings leave him;
Death comes, wi' fearless eye he sees him;
Wi' bluddy hand a welcome gives him;
An' I when he's,
His latest draught o' breathin' leaves him
In faint huzzas.

Sages their solemn sen may steek,
An' raise a philosophic reek,
And physically caures seek,
In climate and season;
But tell me *Whisky's* name in Greek,
I'll tell the reason.

Scotland, my auld, respected Mither!
Tho' whiles ye mortify your leather,
Till whare ye sit, on craps o' heather,
Ye fine your dam;
(*Freedom and Whisky* gang thegither!)
Tak aff your dram!

THE HOLY FAIR.*

*A robe of seeming truth and trust
Hid crafty Observation;
And secret hung, with poison'd crust,
The dirk of Deformation.
A mask that like the gorget show'd,
Due varying on the pigeon;
An' for a mantle large and broad,
He wrapt him in Religion.
Hypocrisy a-la-mode.*

I.

UPON a simmer Sunday morn,
When Nature's face is fair,
I walk'd forth to view the corn,
An' sniff the caller air.
The rising sun owre *Galden* muls,
Wi' glorious light was glintin';
The hares were hirplin' down the furs,
The lav'rocks they were chantin'
Fu' sweet that day.

II.

As lightso'mely I glow'd abroad,
To see a scene sae gay,
Three hizzies, early at the road,
Cam skelpin' up the way;
Twa had manteles o' dolefu' black,
But aye wi' lyart lining;
The third, that gawd a wee a-back,
Was in the fashion shining
Fu' gay that day.

III.

The twa appear'd like sisters twinn,
In feature, form an' claes!
Their visage, wither'd, lang, an' thin,
An' sour as ony slaes:
The third cam up, hap-step-an-lowp,
As light as ony lambie,
An' wi' a curchie low did stoop,
As soon as e'er she saw me,
Fu' kind that day.

IV.

Wi' bannet aff, quoth I, "Sweet lass,
I think ye seem to ken me;
I'm sure I've seen that bonnie face,
But yet I canna name ye."
Quo' she, an' laughin' as she spak',
An' takes me by the hands,

"Ye, for my sake, ha'e gien the feck
Of a' the ten commands
A screed some day.

V.

"My name is *Fan*—your croule dear,
The nearest friend ye hae;
An' this is *Superstition* here,
An' that's *Hypocrisy*.
I'm gaun to ***** *Holy Fair*
To spend an hour in duffin';
Gin ye'll go there, ye'runkid pair,
We will get famous loughin'
At them this day.

VI.

Quoth I, "With a' my heart, I'll do't!
I'll get my Sunday's sark on,
An' meet you on the holy spot;
Faith, we're hae fine remarkin'!"
Then I gied hame at crowdie-time
An' soon I made me ready,
For roads were clad, frae side to side,
Wi' monie a wearie body,
In droves that day.

VII.

Here farmers gush, in ridin' gralth,
Gard hoddin by their cotters;
There swankies young, in braw braid-clalth,
Are springin' o'er the gutters.
The lassies, skelpin barelet, thrang,
In silks an' scarlets glitter;
Wi' an'et-milk cheese, in monie a whang,
An' farls bak'd wi' butter
Fu' crump that day.

VIII.

When by the plate we set our nose,
Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence,
A grovel glowr Black Bonnet throws,
An' we maun draw our tippence:
Then in we go to see the show,
On ev'ry side they're gatherin',
Some carryin' dyles, some chairs an' stools,
An' some are busy blethin'
Right loud that day.

IX.

Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs,
An' screen our kintra Gentry,
There, *racer Jess*, an' twa-three whores,
Are blinkin' at the entry.
Here sits a raw of titlin' jades,
Wi' heaving breast and bare neck,
An' there a batch of wabster lads,
Blackguarding frae K——ck
For fun this day.

X.

Here some are thinkin' on their sins,
An' some upo' their claes;
Ane curtes feet that fy'd his shins,
Are blinkin' on the chair back,
On this hand sits a chosen swatch,
Wi' screw'd up grace-proud faces;
On that a set o' chaps at watch,
Thrang winkin' on the lassies
To chairs that day.

XI.

O happy is that man an' blest!
Nae wonder that it pride him!
Whase an dear lass, that he licks best,
Comes elinkin' down beside him!
Wi' arm repos'd on the chair back,
He sweetly does compose him,
Which, by degrees, slips round her neck,
An' loof upon her bosom,
Unken'd that day.

XII.

Now a' the congregation o'er,
Is silent expectation.
For ***** speels the holy door
Wi' tidings o' d-mn-t—n.
Should *Horrie*, as in ancient days,
'Mang sons o' G—— present him,
The vera sight o' ***** face,
To's auld het hame had sent him
Wi' fright that day.

* *Holy Fair* is a common phrase in the West of Scotland for a Sacramental occasion.

XIII.

Hear how he clears the points o' falth,
Wi' rattlin' an' wi' thumpin'!
Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
He's stampin' an' he's jumpin'!
His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd up snout,
His eldritch squeal and gestures,
Oh how they fire the heart devout,
Like cantharidian plasters,
On sic a day!

XIV.

But, hark! the *tent* has chang'd its voice;
There's peace an' rest nae langer:
For a' the *real judges* rise,
They canna sit for anger.
• • • • • opens out his cauld harangues,
On practice and on morals;
An' a' the godly pour in thrangs,
To gie the jars an' barrels
A lift that day.

XV.

What signifies his barren shine
Of moral pow'rs and reason?
His English style, an' gesture fine,
Are a' clean out o' season.
Like *Socrates* or *Antoine*,
Or some auld pag in *Heathen*,
The moral man he does define,
But ne'er a word o' faith in
That's right that day.

XVI.

In guid time comes an antidote
Against sic poison'd nostrum;
For • • • • • frae the water-fit,
Ascends the holy rostrum:
See, up he's got the word o' G—,
An' meek an' mild has view'd it,
While *Common-Sense* has ta'en the road,
An' a'f, an' up the Cowgate,
Fast, fast, that day.

XVII.

Wee • • • • •, nicest, the Guard relieves,
An' Orthodoxy rables,
Though in his heart he wae believes,
An' thinks it auld wives' fables:
But, faith! the birkie wants a Manse,
So, cannily he huns them;
Although his carnal wit an' sense
Like haffluns-ways o'ercomes him
At times that day.

XVIII.

Now butt an' ben, the Change-house fills,
Wi' yill-caup Commentators:
Here's crying out for bakes and gills,
An' there the pint stowp clatters;
While thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang,
Wi' Logic an' wi' Scripture,
They raise a din, that in the end,
Is like to breed a rupture
O' wrath that day.

XIX.

Leeze me on Drink! it gies us mair
Than either school or College:
It moiders wit, it waukens lair,
It pangs us fou o' knowledge.
Be't whisky gill, or penny wheep,
Or ony stronger potion,
It never fails on drinking deep,
To kittle up our notion
By night or day.

XX.

The lads an' lasses blythely bent
To mind baith saul an' body,
Sit round the table wae content,
An' steer about the toddy.
On this ane's dress, an' that ane's leuk,
They're making observations;
While some are cozie i' the neuk,
An' formin' assignations,
To meet some day.

XXI.

But now the L—d's ain trumpet touts
Till a' the hills are raisin',

An' echoes back return the shouts
Black • • • • • is na spairin':
His piercing words, like Highland swords,
Divide the joints an' marrow,
His talk o' H—ll, where devils dwell,
Our vera sauls does harrow
Wi' fright that day

XXII.

A vast, unbottom'd, boundless pit,
Fill'd fou o' lowin' brunstane,
Wha's ragin' flame, an' scorchin' heat,
Wad melt the hardest whun-stane!
The half asleep start up wi' fear,
An' think they hear it roarin',
When presently it does appear,
'Twas but some neebor snorin'
Asleep that day.

XXIII.

'Twad be owre lang a tale, to tell
How monie stones past,
An' how they crowded to the yill
When they were a dismist;
How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caps,
Among the furms an' benches;
An' cheese an' bread frae women's laps,
Was dealt about in lunches,
An' dawds that day.

XXIV.

In comes a gaulce gash Guidwife,—
An' sits down by the fire,
Syne draws her kebbuck an' her knife,
The lasses they are shy;
The auld Guldmen about the *grace*,
Frae side to side they bother,
Till some ane by his bonnet lays,
An' gr'es them't like a tether,
Fu' lang that day

XXV.

Waesucks! for him that gets nae lass,
Or lasses that hae naething!
Sma' need has he to say a grace,
Or melvie his braw claithing!
O wives, be mindfu', ance yoursel,
How bonnie lads ye wanted,
An' dinna, for a kebbuck-heel,
Let lasses be affronted
On sic a day!

XXV.

Now *Clinkumbell*, wi' rattlin' tow,
Begins to jow an' croon;
Some swagger hame, the best they dow
Some wait the afternoon.
At slaps the billies halt a blink,
Till lasses strip their shoon:
Wi' faith an' hope, an' love an' drink,
They're a' in famous tune,
For crack that day.

XXVII.

How monie hearts this day converts
O' sinners and o' lasses!
Their hearts o' stane, gin night are gane,
As soft as ony flesh is.
There's some are fou o' love divine;
There's some are fou o' brandy
An' monie jobs that day begin,
May end in Houghmagandie
Some ither day.

DEATH AND DR. HORNBOOK.

A TRUE STORY.

SOME books are lies frae end to end,
And some great lies were never penn'd
Ev'n Ministers, they hae been kenn'd
In holy rapture
A rousing whid, at times, to vend,
And naill't wi' *Scriptura*.

• Shakespeare's Hamlet.

But this that I am goun to tell,
Which lawly on a night befel,
As just as true's the Devil's in hell
Or Dublin city:
That e'er he nearer comes oursel
S a muckle pity.

The Clachan yill had made me canly,
I was na fou, but just had plenty;
I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent aye
To free the ditches;
An' hillocks, stanes, an' bushes kenn'd aye
Frae ghaists an' witches.

The rising moon began to glow's
The distant Cumnock hills out-owre:
To count her horns, wi' a' my pow'r;
I set mysel;
But whether she had three or four,
I could na tell.

I was come round about the hill,
And toddlin' down on Willie's mill,
Setting my staff wi' a' my skill,
To keep me sicker:
Though leeward whyles, against my will,
I took a bicker.

I there wi' Something did forgather,
That put me in an eerie swither
An' awfu' sithie, out-owre ae shoulder,
Clear-dangling, hang;
A three-tae'd leister on theither
Lay, large an' lang.

Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ell's twa,
The queerest shape that e'er I saw,
For sient a wame it had ava!
And then, its shanks,
They were as thin, as sharp an' sma'
As checks o' branks.

"Guld-een," quo' I, "Friend! hae ye been
Whenither folk are busy sawin'?"* [mawin',
It seem'd to mak a kind o' stan',
But naething spak;
At length, says I, "Friend, whare ye goun,
Will ye go back?"

It spak right howe,—"My name is Death,
But be na fley'd."—Quoth I, "Gud faith,
Ye're maybe come to stap my breath;
But tent me, billie:
I red ye weel, tak care o' skaith,
See, there's a gully!"

"Guidman," quo' he, "put up your whittle,
I'm no design'd to try its mettle;
But if I did, I wad be kittle
To be misleard,
I wad na mind it, no, that spittle
Out-owre my beard."

"Weel, weel!" says I, "a bargain be't;
Come, gies your hand, an' sae we're gree't;
We'll ease our shanks an' tak a seat,
Come, gies your news;
This while † ye hae been monie a gate
At monie a house."

"Ay, ay!" quo' he, an' shook his head,
"It's e'en a lang, lang time indeed
Sin' I began to nick the thread,
An' choke the breath:
Folk maun do something for their bread,
An' sae maun Death."

"Sax thousand years are near hand fled
Sin' I was to the butchering bred,
An' monie a scheme in vain's been laid,
To stap or scar me;
Till ane Hornbook's ‡ ta'en up the trade,
An' faith, he'll waur me."

"Ye ken Jock Hornbook! the Clachan,
Deil mak his king's-hood in a spleuchan.
He's grown sae well acquaint wi' Buchan •
An' ither chaps,
The weans haud out their fingers laighlin',
And pouk my hips."

"See, here's a sithie, and there's a dart,
They hae pierc'd monie a gallant heart;
But Doctor Hornbook, wi' his art
And curs'd skill,
Has made them baith no worth a f—t,
Damn'd haet they'll kill."

"'Twas but yestreen, nae farther gaen,
I threw a noble throw at ane;
Wi' less, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain;
But deil-ma-care,
It just play'd dirli on the bane,
But did nae mair."

"Hornbook was by, wi' ready art,
And had sae fortified the part
That when I looked to my dart,
It was sae blunt,
Fient haet o't wad hae pierc'd the heart
Of a kail-runt."

"I drew my sithie in sic a fury,
I nearhand cowpit wi' my hurry,
But yet the bauld Apothecary
Withstood the shock;
I might as weel hae tried a quarry
O' hard whin rock."

"Ev'n them he canna get attended,
Although their face he ne'er had kend it,
Just — in a kail-blade, and send it,
As soon's he smells't,
Baith their disease, and what will mend it
At once he tells't."

"And then a' doctors' saws and whittles,
Of a' dimensions, shapes, an' mettles,
A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, an' bottles,
He's sure to hae;
Their Latin names as fast he rattles
As A B C."

"Calces o' fossils, earth, and trees;
True Sal-marinum o' the seas;
The Farina of beans and pease,
He has't in plenty;
Aqua-fontis, what you please,
He can content ye."

"Forbye some new, uncommon weapons,
Urinus Spiritus of capons;
Or Mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
Distill'd per se;
Sal-alkali o' Midge-tail clippings,
And monie mae."

"Waes me for Johnie Ged's Hole † now,"
Quo' I, "if that the news be true!
His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew,
Sae white and bonnie,
Nae doubt they'll rive it wi' the plew;
They'll ruin Johnie!"

The creature grain'd an' eldritch laugh,
And says, "Ye need na yoke the pleugh,
Kirkyards will soon be fill'd enough,
Tak' ye nae fear:
They'll a' be trench'd wi' monie a sheugh
In twa-three year."

"Whare I kill'd ane a fair strae-death,
By loss o' blood or want o' breath,
This night I'm free to tak my aith,
That Hornbook's skill
Has clad a score i' their last clath,
By drap an' pill."

"An honest Wabster to his trade,
Whase wife's twa nieves were scarce weel bred,
Gat tippence-worth to mend her head,
When it was sair;

* This rencounter happened in seed-time, 1785.
† An epidemical fever was then raging in that country.

‡ This gentleman, Dr. Hornbook, is, professionally, a brother of the Sovereign Order of the Ferula; but, by intuition and inspiration, is at once an Apothecary, Surgeon, and Physician.

• Buchan's Domestic Medicine.
† The Grave-digger.

BURNS' POEMS.

The wife slade cannie to her bed,
But ne'er spak mair.

"A kintra Laird had ta'en the batts,
Or some cunnurring in his guts,
His only son for *Hornbook's* sets,
An' pays him well;
The lad, for twa guid gimmer pets,
Was laird himsel'.

"A bonnie lass, ye kend her name,
Some ill-brewn drink had hov'd her wame:
She trusts hersel', to hide the shame,
In *Hornbook's* care
Horn sent her aff to her lang hame,
To hide it there.

"That's just a swatch o' *Hornbook's* way;
Thus goes he on from day to day,
Thus does he poison, kill, and slay,
An' weel paid for't;
Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey,
Wi' his d-mn'd dirt:

"But hark! I'll tell you of a plot,
Though dinna ye be speaking o't;
I'll nail the self-conceited sot,
As dead's a herrin':
Niest time we meet, I'll wad a groat,
He gets his fairin'!"

But just as he began to tell,
The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell
Some wee short hour ayont the *twail*,
Which rais'd us baith,
I took the way that pleas'd mysel',
And sae did *Death*.

THE BRIGS OF AYR,

A POEM,

Inscribed to J. B*****, Esq. Ayr.

THE simple Bard, rough at the rustle plough,
Learning his tuneful trade from every bough;
The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush,
Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn
bush;

The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,
Or deep-ton'd plovers, gray, wild-whistling o'er the
Shall he, nur'd in the peasant's lowly shed, [hill;
To hardy Independence bravely bred,
By early Poverty to hardihood steed'd,
And train'd to arms in stern Misfortune's field,
Shall he be guilty of their hireling crimes,
The servile mercenary Swiss of rhymes?
Or labour hard the pænegetic close,
With all the venal soul of dedicating Prose?
No! though his artless strains he rudely sings,
And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings,
He glows with all the spirit of the Bard,
Fame, honest fame, his great, his dear reward.
Still, if some Patron's gen'rous care he trace,
Skill'd in the secret, to bestow with grace;
When B***** befriends his humble name,
And hands the rustic stranger up to fame,
With heart-felt throes his grateful bosom swells,
The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels.

'Twas when the stacks get on their winter-hap,
And thack and rape secure the toil-won crop;
Potatoe-bings are snugged up frae skalth
Of coming Winter's biting, frosty breath;
The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer toils,
Unnumber'd buds an' flowers' delicious spoils,
Seal'd up with frugal care in massive waxen piles,
Are doom'd by man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
The death o' devils smoor'd wi' brimstone reek:
The thundering guns are heard on ev'ry side,
The wounded coreys, reeling, scatter wide;
The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie,
Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie:
(What warm, poetic heart, but inly bleeds,
And execrates man's savage, ruthless deed!)

Nae mair the flower in field or meadow springs;
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,
Except perhaps the Robin's whistling glee,
Proud o' the height o' some bit half lang tree:
The hoary morns precede the sunny days,
Mild, calm, serene, wide spreads the noontide blaze,
While thick the gossamer waves wanton in the rays.
'Twas in that season, when a simple bard,
Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward,
Ae night, within the ancient brugh of Ayr,
By whim inspir'd, or haply prest wi' care;
He left his bed, and took his wayward route,
And down by *Simpson's** wheel'd the left about
(Whether impell'd by all-directing Fate,
To witness what I after shall narrate;
Or whether, rapt in meditation high,
He wander'd out he knew not where nor why.)
The drowsy *Dungeon-clock*† had number'd two,
And *Wallace Tower*‡ had sworn the fact was true.
The tide-swoln Firth with sullen sounding roar,
Thro' the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore.
All else was hush'd as Nature's closed e'e;
The silent moon shone high o'er tower and tree:
The chilly frost, beneath the silver beam,
Crept, gently crusting, o'er the glittering stream.—
When, lo! on either hand the list'ning Bard,
The clanging sugh of whistling wings is heard;
Two dusky forms dart through the midnight air,
Swift as the *Gos*§ drives on the wheeling hare;
Ane on th' *Auld Brig* his airy shape appears,
The ither flutters o'er the rising piers:
Our warlock Rhymer instantly descried
The Sprites that owe the *Brigs of Ayr* preside.
[That Hards are second-sighted is nae joke,
And ken the lingo of the spiritual folk;
Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them,
And ev'n the very devils they bravely ken them.)
Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race,
The vera wrinkles Gothic in his face:
He seem'd as he wi' Time had warstl'd lang,
Yet toughly doure, he bade an unco bang.
New Brig was buskit in a braw new coat,
That he, at *Len'non*, frae anc *Adams*, got;
In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a bead,
Wi' virls and whirlinggigums at the head,
The Goth was stalking round with anxious search,
Spying the time-worn flaws in ev'ry arch;
It chanc'd his new-come neebor took his e'e,
And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he!
Wi' thievish sneer to see his modish mien,
He, down the water, gie's him this guidene:—

AULD BRIG.

I doubt na, frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheep-shank,
Ance ye were streokit o'er frae bank to bank!
But gin ye be a brig as auld as me,
Though faith that day, I doubt, ye'll never see;
There'll be, if that date come, I'll wad a boddle,
Some fewer whigmeleeries in your noddle.

NEW BRIG.

Auld Vandal, ye but show your little mense,
Just much about it wi' your scanty sense;
Will your poor, narrow footpath of a street,
Where twa wheel-barrows tremble when they meet,
Your ruin'd, formless bulk o' stane and lime,
Compare wi' bonnie *Brigs* o' modern time?
Tha're men o' taste would tak' the *Ducat-stream*,§
Though they should cast the very sark and swim,
Ere they would grate their feelings wi' the view,
Of sic an ugly Gothic hulk as you.

AULD BRIG.

Conceited gawk! puff'd up wi' windy pride!
This monie year I've stood the flood an' tide;
And tho' wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfaim,
I'll be a *Brig*, when ye're a shapeless cairn!
As yet ye little ken about the matter,
But twa-three winters will inform you better,
When heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains,
Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains: [Coil,
When from the hills where springs the brawling
Or stately *Lugar's* mossy fountains boil,

* A noted tavern at the Auld Brig end.

† The two steeples.

‡ The gos-hawk, or falcon.

§ A noted ford, just above the Auld Brig.

Or where the *Green-ek* winds his moorland course,
Or hunted *Garpal** draws his feeble source,
Aroun'd by blust'ring winds an' spitting thowes,
In monie a torrent down his snabroo rows;
While crashing ice, borne on the roaring speat,
Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate;
And from *Glenbrook*† down to the *Rodenkey*,‡
Auld *Ayr* is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea!
Then down ye'll hurl, dell nor ye never rise!
And dash the gummie jaups up to the pouring skies!
A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,
That Architecture's noble art is lost!

NEW BRIG.

Fine *Architecture*, growth, I needs must say't o't!
Tho I—al be thankit that we're tint the gate o't!
Giant, ghastly, ghast-allyring edifices,
Hanging with threath'ning jut, like precipices;
O'er arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
Supporting roofs fantastic, stony groves;
Windows and doors, in senseless sculpture drest,
With order, symmetry, or taste unbless'd;
Forms like some bedlam's statuary's dream,
The craz'd creations of misguided whim;
Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee,
And still the crowd would come and be free,
Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea.
Mansions that would disgrace the building taste
Of any maxon, reptile, bird, or beast;
Fit only for a doited Monkish race,
Or fronted muds forewent the dear embrace,
Or cuffs of later times, wha held the notion
That sullen gloom was sterling, true devotion;
Fancies that our good *Bruch* denies protection,
And soon may they expire, unbless'd with resur-
rection!

AULD BRIG.

O ye, my dear-remember'd, ancient realings,
Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings!
Ye worthy *Procceses*, an' monie a *Bailie*,
Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil aye;
Ye dainty *Deacons* and ye douce *Conceners*,
To whom our moderns are but canny-clearancers;
Ye godly *Councils* wha hae blest this town;
Ye godly *Brethren* o' the sacred gown,
Wha meekly gie your *hurdies* to the *smilers*;
And (what would now be strange) ye godly *Writers*:
A' ye douce folk I've berne aboon the broo,
Were ye but here, what would ye say or do?
How would your spirits groan in deep vexation,
To see each melan-holy alteration:
And, agonizing, curse the time and place
When ye berat the base degenerate race!
Nae langer *Rev'rend Men*, their country's glory,
In plain braid Scots hold forth a plain braid story!
Nae langer thrifty *Citizens*, an' douce,
Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house;
But stummel, corky-headed, graceless Gentry,
The herryment and ruin of the country;
Men, three parts made by Tailors and by Barbers,
Wha waste your well-hain'd gear on d—d new *Brigs*
and *Harbours*!

NEW BRIG.

Now haud you there! for faith ye've said enough,
And muckle mair than ye can mak to through,
As for your priesthood, I shall say but little,
Corbies and *Clergy* are a shot right kittle:
But under favour o' your langer beard,
Abuse o' Magistrates might wel be spair'd:
To liken them to your auld-waist squab,
I must needs say, comparisons are odd.
In *Ayr*, Wag-wits nae mair can hae a handle
To mouth "a Citizen," a term o' scandal:
Nae mair the Council waddles down the street,
In all the pomp of ignorant conceit;
Men wha grew wise priggish owre hops an' raisins,
Or gather'd lib'ral views in Bonds and Selsins.
If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp,
Had shor'd them with a glimmer of his lamp,

* The banks of *Garpal Water* is one of the few places in the West of Scotland, where those fancy-scaring beings, known by the name of *Ghaisles*, still continue pertinaciously to inhabit.

† The source of the river *Ayr*.

‡ A small landing place above the large key.

And would to Common-sense, for once betray'd them,
Plain, dull Stupidity slept kindly in to add them.

What farther clahmarliver might be said,
What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to shed,
No man can tell; but all before their sight,
A fairy train appear'd in order bright:
Adown the glittering stream they frantically danc'd;
Bright to the moon their various dresses glanc'd:
They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,
The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet:
While arts of Ministry among them run,
And soul-ennobling birds heroic ditties sung.
O had I *Lauchlan*,* thairm-inspiring sage,
Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,
When thro' his dear *Sforathajey* they bore with
Highland rage,
Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs,
The lover's raptur'd joys or bleeding cares;
How would his Highland lug been nobler fir'd,
And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch in
spird!

No guess could tell what instrument appear'd,
But all the soul of Music's self was heard:
Harmonious concert rung in every part,
While simple melody pour'd on the heart.
The genius of the Stream in front appears,
A venerable Chief advanc'd in years
His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd,
His manly leg with garter tangle bound.
Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,
Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with Spring;
Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came rural Joy,
And Summer, with his ferid beaming eye:
All-cheering Plenty, wi' her flowing horn,
Led yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding corn;
Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show
By Hospitality with cloudless brow.
Next follow'd Courage with his martial stride,
From where the *Fell* wild-woody coverts hide
Benevolence, with mild benignant air,
A female form, came from the towers of *Stair*
Learning and Worth in equal measures trode
From simple *Cathrine*, their long-lov'd abode:
Last, white-robb'd Peace, crown'd with a hazel
wreath,
To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
The broken iron instruments of death;
At sight of whom our Sprites forgot their kindling
wrath.

THE ORDINATION.

For sense they little owe to Frugal Heaven—
To please the Mob they hide the little given.

I.

KILMARNOCK Wabsters fidge an' claw,
An' pour your cressie nations:
An' ye wha leather rax an' draw,
Of a' denominations,
Swi'th to the *Laigh Kirk*, ane an' a',
An' there tak up your stations;
Then aff to *D-ge-* in a rax,
An' pour divine libations
For joy this day.

II.

Curst Common Sense, that Imp o' hell,
Cam in wi' Maggie Lauder;
But () * * * * * aff made her yell,
An' H * * * * * sair mick'd her;
This day M * * * * * takes the snail,
An' he's the boy will blaud her!
He'll clap a shangan on her tail,
An' set the bairns to daub her
Wi' dirt this day.

* A well known performer of Scottish music on the violin.

† Alluding to a scoffing ballad which was made on the admission of the late Reverend and worthy Mr. L. to the *Laigh Kirk*.

III.

Mak haste an' turn king David owre,
An' bilt wi' holy clangor;
O double verse come gie us four,
An' skirl up the Bangor:
This day the kirk kicks up a stoure,
Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her,
For Heresy is in her pow'r,
An' gloriously shall whang her
Wi' pith this day.

IV.

Come, let a proper text be read,
An' touch it aff wi' vigour,
How graceless Ham† leugh at his Dad.
Which made *Canaan* a niger;
Or *Phineas* ‡ drove the murdering blade,
Wi' whore-abhorring rigour;
Or *Zipporah*, § the scauldin' jade,
Was like a bluidy tiger
I' th' inn that day.

V

There try his mettle on the creed,
And bind him down wi' caution,
That *Stipend* is a carnal weed
He tak's but for the fashion;
An' gie him o'er the flock, to feed,
And punish each transgression;
Especially, *rams* that cross the breed,
Gie them sufficient threshin',
Spare them nae day.

VI.

Now auld *Kilmarnock* cock thy tail,
And toss thy horns fu' canty;
Nae mair thou'lt rowte out-owre the dale,
Because thy pasture's scanty;
For lapfu's large o' *gospel kail*
Shall fill thy crib in plenty,
An' *rums* o' grace the pick an' wale,
No gien by way o' dainty,
But ilka day.

VII.

Nae mair by *Babel's streams* we'll weep,
To think upon our *Zion*;
And hing our fiddles up to dreep,
Like baby-clouts a-dryin':
Come, screw the pegs, wi' tune fu' cheep,
And o'er the thairns be tryin';
Oh, rare! to see o' our elbows wheep,
An' a' like lamb-tails flyin'
Fu' fast this day!

VIII.

Lang *Patronage*, wi' rod o' airn,
Has shor'd the Kirk's undoin',
As lately *F-nv-ck* sair forfain,
Has proven to its ruin:
Our Patron, honest man! *Glencairn*,
He saw mischief was brewin';
And like a godly elect bairn,
He's wald us out a true ane,
And sound this day.

IX.

Now R ***** harangue nae mair,
But steek your gab for ever:
Or try the wicked town of A***
For there they'll think you clever;
Or, nae reflection on your lear,
Ye may commence a Shaver;
Or to the *N-h-ri-n* repair,
And turn a Carpet-weaver
Aff-hand this day.

X.

M ***** and you were just a match,
We never had sic twa drones:
Auld *Hornie* did the *Laigh Kirk* watch,
Just like a winkin' baudrons;
And aye he catch'd the tither wretch,
To fry them in his caudrons;
But now his honour maun detach,
Wi' a' his brimstone squadrons,
Fast, fast this day.

XI.

See, see auld *Orthodoxy's* face,
She's swingin' through the city:
Hark, how the nine-tail'd cat she plays
I vow it's unco pretty:
There Learning, with his Greekish face,
Grunts out some Latin ditty,
And Common Sense is gaun, she says,
To mak to *Jamie Beattie*
Her plaint this day.

XII.

But there's *Morality* himsel',
Embracing all opinions;
Hear, how he gies the tither yell,
Between his twa companions;
See, how she peels the skin an' fell,
As ane were peelin' onions!
Now there—they're packed aff to hell,
And banish'd our dominions,
Henceforth this day.

XIII.

O happy day! rejoice, rejoice!
Come bouse about the porter!
Morality's demure decoys
Shall here nae mair find quarter:
M'***** It ***** are the boys,
That Heresy can torture;
They'll gie her on a rape and hoyse,
And cow her measure shorter
By th' head some day.

XIV.

Come, bring the tither mutchkin in,
And here's for a conclusion,
To every *New Light** mother's son,
From this time forth, Confusion,
If mair they deave us with their din,
Or Patronage intrusion,
We'll light a spunk, and, ev'ry skin,
We'll rin them aff in fusion
Like oil, some day.

THE CALF.

TO THE REV. MR. ———

On his Text, Malachi, ch. iv. ver. 2. "And they shall go forth, and grow up, like calves of the stall."

RIGHT, Sir! your text I'll prove it true,
Though Heretics may laugh;
For instance; there's yoursel' just now,
God knows, an unco Calf!

And should some Patron be so kind,
As bless you wi' a kirk,
I doubt na, Sir, but then we'll find,
Ye're stilt as great a *Stirk*.

But, if the Lover's raptur'd hour
Shall ever be your lot,
Forbid it, ev'ry heavenly Power,
You e'er should be a *Stot*!

Though, when some kind, connubial Dear,
Your but-and-ben adorns,
The like has been that you may wear
A noble head of *horns*.

And in your lug, most reverend *James*,
To hear you roar and rowt,
Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
To rank among the *novels*.

And when ye're number'd wi' the dead,
Below a grassy hillock,
Wi' justice they may mark your head—
"Here lies a famous *Bullock*!"

* Genesis chap. ix. ver. 22.

† Numbers ch. xxv. ver. 8.

‡ Exodus, ch. iv. ver. 25.

* *New Light* is a cant phrase, in the West of Scotland, for those religious opinions which Dr. Taylor of Norwich has defended so strenuously.

ADDRESS TO THE DEIL.

*O Prince! O Chief of many throned Powers,
That led th' embattled Seraphim to war.* Milton

O THOU! whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
Wha in yon cavern grim an' sootie,
Closed under hatches,
Sparges about the brunstane cootie,
To scaud poor wretches!

Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee,
An' let poor damned bodie be;
I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
E'en to a deil,
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,
An' hear us sequel!

Great is thy pow'r, an' great thy fame;
Far kend and noted is thy name;
An' though yon lowin' heugh's thy hame,
Thou travels far.
An' faith! thou's neither lag nor lame,
Nor blate nor scaur.

Whyles, ranging like a roarin' lion,
For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin';
Whyles on the strong-wing'd tempest flyin',
Tirling the kirk;
Whyles, in the human bosom pryin',
Unseen thou lurks.

I've heard my reverend Grannie say,
In lanely glens ye like to stray;
Or where auld ruin'd castles, gray,
Nod to the moon,
Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way,
Wi' eldritch croon.

When twilight did my Grannie summon
To say her prayers, douce, honest woman!
An' yont the dyke she's heard yon hummin',
Wi' eerie drone;
Or, rastlin', through the bootrees comin',
Wi' heavy groan.

Ae dreary, windy, winter night,
The stars shot down wi' skintin' light,
Wi' you, myself, I gat a fright,
Asont the lough
Ye, like a rash-bud, stood in sight,
Wi' waving sigh.

The cudgel in my nerie did shake,
Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake,
When wi' an eldritch, stoor quack—quack—
Among the springs,
Awa ye squatter'd, like a drake,
On whistling wings.

Let warlocks grim, an' wither'd legs,
Tell how wi' you on ragweed nags
They slum the mulrs, an' dizzy crags,
Wi' wicked speed;
And in kirk yards renew their leaces,
Owre howkit dead.

Thence kintz wives, wi' toil an' pain,
May plunge an' plunge the kirk in vain;
For, oh! the yellow treasure's ta'en
By witching skill;
An' dawt! twal-pint Hanksie's gaen
As yell's the Bill.

Thence mystic knots mak great abuse,
On young Guidman, fond, keen, an' crouse;
When the best wark-lume i' the house,
By canting wit,
Is instant made no worth a louse,
Out at the bit.

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,
An' fleet the jinglin' fry-boord,
Thon Water-Sprites haunt the foord,
By your direction.
An' nighted Travellers are auld'd
To their destruction.

An' aft your moss-traversing Spunkies
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is:
The bleezin', curst, mischievous monkeys
Delude his eyes,
Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
Ne'er mair to rise.

When Masons' mystic word an' grip
In storms an' tempests raise you up,
Some cock or cat your rage maun stop,
Or, strange to fall!
The youngest Brother ye wad whip
Aff'straight to hell!

Lang syne, in Eden's bonnie yard,
When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,
An' all the soul of love they shar'd,
The raptur'd hour,
Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry swaird,
In shady bow'r:

Then you, ye auld, snic-drawing dog!
Ye came to Paradise incoo,
An' play'd on man a curs'd brogue,
(Black be your fa'!)
An' gied the infant wand a shog,
Mair ruin'd a'.

D'ye mind that day, when in a biz,
Wi' reekit duds, an' reestit glizz,
Ye did present your smootie phiz,
Mang better folk
An' sklent on the man of Uz
Your spitefu' joke?

An' how ye gat him i' your thrall,
An' brak him out o' house an' h'ill,
While scabs an' blotches did him gall,
Wi' bitter claw,
An' lows'd his ill-tongu'd, wicked scawil,
Was warst ava?

But a' your doings to rehearse,
Your wily snares an' fechtin' fierce,
Sin' that day Michael* did you pierce,
Down to this time,
Wad ding a Lallan tongue, or Ewe,
In prose or rhyme.

An' now, auld Clootie, I ken ye're thinkin'
A certain Bardie's rantin' drinkin',
Some luckless hour will send him linkin',
To your black pit;
But, faith! he'll turn a corner junkin',
An' cheat you yet.

But, fare ye weel, auld Nickie ben!
O wad ye tak' a thought an' men!
Ye aubins might—I dunna ken—
Still hae a stake—
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
E'en for your sake!

THE

DEATH AND DYING WORDS

OF

POOR MAILIE,

THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWE.

An Unco Mournfu' Tale.

As Mailie, an' her lambs thegither,
Were ae day nibbling on the tether,
Upon her clootie coast a hitch,
An' owre the warld in the ditch:
There, groaning, dying, she did lie,
When Hughie he came doytin by.

* Vide Milton, Book VI.
† A neebor hard cailan.

Wl' glowrin een, an' lifted han's,
 Poor *Hughoe* like a statue stan's;
 He saw her days were near-hand ended,
 But, wae's my heart, he could na mend it!
 He gaped wide, but naething spak!
 At length Poor *Mailie* silence brak.

"O thou, whase lamentable face
 Appears to mourn my wofu' case!
 My *dying words* attentive hear,
 An' bear them to my master dear.

"Tell him, if e'er again he keep,
 As muckle gear as buy a sheep,
 O, bid him never tie them wair,
 Wl' wicked strings o' hemp or hair.
 But ca' them out to park or hill,
 An' let them wander at their will
 So may his flock increase an' grow
 To scores o' lambs, an' packs o' woe!

"Tell him, he was a master kin',
 An' ay was guid to me and mine;
 An' now my dying charge I gie him,
 My helpless lambs I trust them wi' him.

"O, bid him save their harmless lives,
 Frae dogs, an' tods, an' butchers' knives!
 But gie them guid cow-milk their fill,
 Till they be fit to fend themsel:
 An' tent them duly, e'en an' morn,
 Wl' teats o' hay an' rips o' corn.

"An' may they never learn the gaets
 Of ither vile wantrestfu' *pets*!
 To slink thro' slaps, an' reave an' steal,
 At stacks o' peace, or stocks o' kail.
 So may they, like their great forbears,
 For monie a year come thro' the sheers:
 So wives will gie them bits o' bread,
 An' balms great for them when they're dead

"My poor *toop-lamb*, my son an' heir,
 O, bid him breed him up wi' care!
 An', if he live to be a beast,
 To pit some havins in his breast;
 An' warn him, whot I winna name,
 To stay content wi' jowes at hame;
 An' no to rin an' wear his cloots,
 Like ither menseless, graceless brutes.

"An' nest my *yonie*, silly thing,
 Gude keep thee frae a tether string!
 O, may thou ne'er forgether up
 Wl' ony blattit, moorland toop,
 But ay keep mind to moop an' mell,
 Wl' sheep o' credit like thyself!

"And now, my bairns, wi' my last breath
 I lea'e my blessin' wi' you balth:
 An' when you think upo' your Mither,
 Mind to be kin' to ane anither.

"Now honest *Hughoe*, d'anna fall,
 To tell my master a' my tale;
 An' bid him burn this cursed tether,
 An', for thy pins, thou'se get my blather."

This said, poor *Mailie* turn'd her head,
 An' clod'd her e'en amang the dead.

POOR MAILIE'S ELEGY.

LAMENT in rhyme, lament in prose,
 Wl' saut tears trickling down your nose;
 Our bairdie's fate is at a close,
 Past a' remead;
 The last sad cape-stane of his woe;
 Poor *Mailie's* dead!

It's no the loss o' warl's gear,
 That could ae bitter draw the tear,
 Or mak our bairdie, dowly, wear
 The mourning weed,
 But lost a friend and neebor dear,
 In *Mailie* dead.

Thro' a' the town she trotted by him;
 A lang half-mile she could de-cry him;
 Wl' kindly bleat, when she did spie him,
 She ran wi' speed!
 A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam nigh him,
 Than *Mailie* dead.

I wat she was a sheep o' sense,
 An' could behave hersel wi' mense:
 I'll say't she never brak' a fence,
 Thro' thievish greed,
 Our bairdie, lanely keeps the spence
 Sin' *Mailie's* dead.

Or, if he wanders up the howe,
 Her living image in her yow,
 Comes bleating to him owre the knowe,
 For bits o' bread;
 An' down the briny pearls rowe
 For *Mailie* dead.

She was nae get o' moorland tips,
 Wl' tawted ket, an' hairy hips;
 For her forbears were brought in ships
 Frae yont the *Tweed*,
 A bonnier *fleesh* ne'er cross'd the clips
 Than *Mailie* dead.

Wae worth the man wha first did shape
 That vile, wanchancie thing—a *rape*!
 It maks guid fellows gurn an' rape,
 Wl' chokin' drend;
 An' *Robin's* bonnet wave wi' crape,
 For *Mailie* dead.

O, a' ye bards on bonnie *Doon*!
 An' whin' on *Ayr* your chanter's tune!
 Come, join the melanchollous croon
 O' *Robin's* reed!
 His heart will never get aboon!
 His *Mailie* dead.

TO J. S****.

*Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul
 Sweet'ner of life, and soldier of society,
 I owe thee much.* ———— *Blair.*

DEAR S****, the sleest, paulkie thief,
 That e'er attempted stealth or rief,
 Ye surely hae some warlock-breef
 Owre human hearts;
 For ne'er a bosom yet was prief
 Against your arts.

For me, I swear by sun an' moon,
 And ev'ry star that binks aboon,
 Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon
 Just gaun to see you;
 And ev'ry ither pair that's done,
 Mair ta'en I'm wi' you.

That auld, capricious carlin, Nature,
 To mak' amends for scrippit stature,
 She's turn'd you aff, a human creature
 On her first plan,
 And in her freaks, on ev'ry feature,
 She's wrote the *Mon.*

Just now I've ta'en the fit o' rhyme,
 My barmie noddle's working prime,
 My fancy yerkit up sublime
 Wl' hasty summon:
 Hae ye a leisure-moment's time
 To hear what's comin'?

Some rhyme a neebor's name to lash;
 Some rhyme (vain thought!) for needfu' cash;
 Some rhyme to court the kintie clash,
 An' raise a din;
 For me, an aim I never fash:
 I rhyme for fun.

The star that rules my luckless lot,
 Has fated me the russet coat.

An' damn'd my fortune to the groat;
But in requit,
Has biess'd me wi' a random shot
O' kintra wit.

This while my notion's ta'en a sklent,
To try my fate in guid black *prent*;
But still the mair I'm that way bent,
Something cries, "Hoolie!
I red you, honest man, tak' tent!
Ye'll shaw your folly.

"There's ither poets, much your better,
Far seen in *Greek*, deep men o' letters.
Hae thought they had ensur'd their debtors,
A' future ages;
Now moths deform in shapless tatters,
Their unknown pages."

Then fareweel hopes o' laurel-boughs,
To garland my poetic brows!
Henceforth I'll rove where busy ploughs
Are whistling thrang,
An' teach the lanchy heights an' howes
My rustic sang.

I'll wander on, with tentless heed,
How never-halting moments speed,
Till fate shall snap the brittle thread;
Then, all unknown,
I'll lay me with the inglorious dead,
Forgot and gone!

But why o' death begin a tale?
Just now we're living sound and hale,
Then top and maintop crowd the sail,
Heave *care o'er side*!
And large, before enjoyment's gale,
Let's tak' the tide.

This life, sae far's I understand,
Is 't enchanted, fairy land,
Where pleasure is the magic wand,
That wielded right,
Maks hours, like minutes, hand in hand,
Dance by fu' light.

The magic-wand then let us wield;
For, ance that five-an' forty's speel'd,
See crazy, weary, joyless eild,
Wi' wrinkl'd face,
Comes hostin, hurplin owre the field,
Wi' creepin' pace.

When ance *life's day* draws near the gloamin',
Then fareweel vacant careless roamin';
An' fareweel cheerfu' tankards foamin',
An social noise;
An fareweel dear, deluding *woman*,
The joy o' joys!

O life, how pleasant in the morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning!
Cold pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
We frisk away,
Like school-boys, at th' expected warning,
To joy and play.

We wander there, we wander here,
We eye the rose upon the brier,
Unmindful that the thorn is near,
Among the leaves,
And though the puny wound appear,
Short while it grieves.

Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spot,
For which they never toil'd nor swat;
They drink the sweet, and eat the fat,
But care or pain;
And, haply, eye the barren hut
With high disdain;

With steady aim some fortune chase;
Keen Hope does every siner brace;
Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race,
And seize the prey:
Then cannie, in some cozie place,
They close the day.

And others, like your humble servan',
Poor wights! nae rules nor roads observin';
To right or left, eternal swervin',
They zig-zag on;

Till curst with age, obscure an' starvin',
They aften groan.

Alas! what bitter toil an' training—
But truce with peevish, poor complaining!
Is fortune's sickle *Luna* waning?
E'en let her gang!
Beneath what light she has remaining,
Let's sing our sang.

My pen I here fling to the door,
And kneel, "Ye powers!" and warm implore
"Tho' I should wander *terra o'er*,
In all her climes,
Grant me but this, I ask no more,
Aye rowth o' rhymes.

"Gie dreeping roasts to kintra lairds,
Till icicles hing frae their beards;
Gie braw tne claes to fine life-guards,
And maids of honour;
And yill and whiskie gie to caurds,
Until they sonner;

"A title, *Dempster* merits it;
A *garter* gie to *Wallie Pitt*;
Gie wealth to some be-le' 'rd cit,
In cent. per cent.,
But give me real sterling wit,
And I'm content.

"While ye are pleas'd to keep me hale,
I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal,
Be't *water-brosc*, or *muslin-kail*,
Wi' cheerfu' face,
As lang's the muses dunna fail
To say the grace."

An anxious e'e I never throws
Behint my lug, or by my nose
I jouk beneath misfortune's blows
As weel' I may;
Sworn foe to sorrow, care, and prose,
I rhyme away.

O ye douce folk, that live by rule,
Grave, tidless-blooded, calm and cool,
Compart wi' you—O fool! fool! fool!
How much unlike!
Your hearts are just a standing pool,
Your lives, a dyke!

Nae hair-brain'd, sentimental traces
In your unletter'd, nameless faces!
In *arioso* trails and graces
Ye never stray,
But, *gravissimo*, solemn bisses
Ye hum away.

Ye are sae *grave*, nae doubt ye're *wise*;
Nae folly tho' ye do despise
The hairum-scaurum, ram-tam boys,
The rattlin' squad:
I see you upward cast your eyes—
—Ye ken the road—

Whilst I—but I shall had me there—
Wi' you I'll scarce gang *ony where*—
Then, *Jamie*, I shall sae nae mair,
But rant my sang,
Content wi' you to mak a pair,
Where'er I gang.

A D R E A M.

*Thoughts, words, and deeds, the statute blames with
reason;
But surely dreams were ne'er indicted treason.*

[On reading, in the public papers, the *Laurcate's Ode*, with the other parade of June 4, 1786, the author was no sooner dropped asleep, than he imagined himself transported to the birth-day levee; and in his dreaming fancy made the following *Address*.]

I.

GUID-MORNIN' to your Majesty!
May Heav'n augment your blisses,
On every new birth-day ye see,
A humble poet wishes!

My hardship here, at your levee,
On sic a day as this is,
Is sure an uncouth sight to see,
Among the birth-day dresses
Sae fine this day.

II.

I see ye're complimented thrang,
By monie a lord and lady;
"God save the king!" 's a cuckoo sang
That's unco easy said aye;
The poets, too, a venal gang,
Wi' rhymes weel-turn'd and ready,
Wad gar ye throw ye ne'er do wrang,
But aye unerring steady,
On sic a day.

III.

For me! before a monarch's face,
Ev'n there I winna flatter;
For neither pension, post, nor place,
Am I your humble debtor:
So, nae reflection on your grace,
Your kingship to bespatter;
There's monie waur been o' the race,
And aiblins ane been better
Than you this day.

IV.

'Tis very true my sovereign king,
My skill may weel be doubted:
But facts are chieft'ns that winna ding,
An' downa be disputed:
Your royal nest, beneath your wing,
Is e'en right reft an' clouted,
And now the third part of the string,
An' less, will gang about it
Than did ae day.

V.

Far be't frae me that I aspire
To blame your legislation;
Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire,
To rule this mighty nation!
But, faith! I muckle doubt, my Sire,
Ye've trusted ministration
To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre,
Wad better fill their station
Than courts yon day.

VI.

And now ye've gi'en auld Britain peace,
Her broken shins to plaster;
Your sair taxation does her fleece,
Till she has scarce a tester;
For me, thank God, my life's a lease,
Nae bargain wearing faster,
Or, faith! I fear, that wi' the geese,
I shortly boost to pasture,
I' the craft some day.

VII.

I'm no mistrusting Willie Pitt,
When taxes he enlarges,
(An' *Will's* a true guid fallow's get,
A name not envy sparges.)
That he intends to pay your debt,
An' lessen a' your charges;
But, G-d-sake! let nae saving-fit
Abridge your bonnie barges
An' boats this day.

VIII.

Adieu, my *Liege*! may freedom geck
Beneath your high protection;
An' may ye rax corruption's neck,
And gi'e her for dissection!
But since I'm here, I'll no neglect,
In loyal, true affection,
To pay your *Queen*, with due respect,
My fealty an' subjection
This great birth-day.

IX.

Hail, *Majesty Most Excellent*!
While nobles strive to please ye,
Will ye accept a compliment
A simple poet gi'es ye?
Thae bonnie bairn-time, Heav'n has lent,
Still higher may they heeze ye
In bliss, till fate some day is sent,
For ever to release ye
Frae care that day.

X.

For you, young potentate o' W——,
I tell your *Highness* fairly,
Down pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails,
I'm tauld ye're driving rarely;
But some day ye may gnaw your nails,
An' curse your folly sairly,
That e'er ye brak' *Diana's* pales,
Or rattled dice wi' *Charlie*,
By night or day.

XI.

Yet aft a ragged *corte's* been known
To make a noble aiver;
So, ye may douchely fill a throne,
For a' their clish-ma-claver:
There, him* at *Agincourt* wha shone,
Few better were or braver;
And yet, wi' funny, queer *Sir John*,†
He was an unco shaver
For monie a day.

XII.

For you, right rev'rend O——,
Nane sets the *lawn-sleeve* sweeter,
Although a ribban at your lug
Wad been a dress completer:
As ye disown yon paughty dog
That bears the keys of *Peter*,
Then, swith! an' get a wife to hug,
Or, trouth! ye'll stain the mitre
Some luckless day.

XIII.

Young, royal *Tarry Bracks*, I learn,
Ye've lately come athwart her;
A glorious *galley*,† stem an' stern,
Weel rigg'd for *Venus*' barter;
But first hang out, that she'll discern
Your hymeneal charter,
Then heave aboard your grapple airn,
An', large upo' her quarter,
Come full that day.

XIV.

Ye, lastly, bonnie blossoms a',
Ye royal lasses dainty,
Heav'n mak' you guid as weel as braw,
An' gie you lads a-plenty:
But mear nae *British boys* awa',
For kings are unco scant ay;
An' German gentles are but *smä*,
They're better just than *want äye*
On onle day.

XV.

God bless you a'! consider now,
Ye're unco muckle dautet;
But, ere the *course* o' life be through,
It may be bitter sautet:
An' I ha'e seen their *coggie* fou,
That yet ha'e tarrow't at it;
But or the day was done, I trow,
The laggen they hac clautet
Fu' clean that day.

THE VISION.

DUAN FIRST.§

THE sun had clos'd the winter day,
The curlers quat their roaring play,
An' hunger'd maukin ta'en her way
To kail-yards green,
While faithless snaws ilk step betray
Whare she has been.

* King Henry V.

† Sir John Falstaff; vide Shakspeare.

‡ Alluding to the newspaper account of a certain royal sailor's amour.

§ *Duan*, a term of Ossian's for the different divisions of a digressive poem. See his *Cath-Loda*, vol. ii. of M'Pherson's translation.

The thresher's weary *hingin'-ree*
The lee-long day had tired me;
And when the day had clos'd his e'e,
Far I the west
Ben' the *spence*, right pensive, e,
I gaed to rest.

There, lonely, by the ingle-cheek,
I sat and ey'd the spewing reek,
That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking sneek,
The auld clay biggin';
An' heard the restless rattons squeak
About the riggin'.

All in this mottie, misty clime,
I backward mus'd on wasted time,
How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
An' done nae-thing,
But stringin' blethers up in rhyme,
For fools to sing.

Had I to guid advice but harkit,
I might, by this, hae led a market,
Or strutted in a bank an' clarkit
My cash account:
While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-sarkit,
Is a' th' amount.

I started, mutt'ring, block-head! coof!
And heav'd on high my waukit loof,
To swear by a' yon starry roof,
Or some rash aith,
That I, henceforth, would be *rhyme-proof*
Till my last breath—

When click! the string the snick did draw;
And jee! the door gaed to the wa';
An' by my ingle-lowe I saw,
Now bleezin' bright,
A tight, outlandish *Hizzie*, brow,
Come full in sight.

Ye need na doubt, I held my whisht;
The infant aith, half-form'd, was crusht;
I glow'd as eerie's I'd been dusht
In some wild glen;
When sweet, like modest worth, she blusht,
And stepped ben.

Green, slender, leaf-clad *holly-boughs*
Were twist'd, gracefu', round her brows;
I took her for some *Scottish Muse*,
By that same token;
An' come to stop those reckless rows,
Would soon been broken.

A "hair-brain'd, sentimental trace,"
Was strongly marked in her face;
A wildly-witty, rustic grace
Shone full upon her;
Her eye, ev'n turn'd on empty space,
Beam'd keen with honour.

Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen;
Till half a leg was scrippily seen;
And such a leg! my bonnie *Jean*
Could only peer it;
Sae straught, sae taper, tight, and clean,
Nane else came near it.

Her mantle large, of greenish hue,
My gazing wonder chiefly drew;
Deep *tights* and *shades*, bold-mingling threw,
A lustre grand;
And seem'd, to my astonish'd view,
A well known land.

Here, rivers in the sea were lost;
There, mountains to the skies were tost;
Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast,
With surging foam;
There, distant shone *Asi's* lofty boss,
The lordly dome.

Here, *Doon* pour'd down his far-fetch'd floods;
There, well-fed *Irvine* stately thuds;
Auld hermit *Ayr* staw through his woods,
On to the shore;
And many a lesser torrent scud'd,
With seeming roar.

Low, in a sandy valley spread,
An ancient *borough* rear'd her head;

Still, as in Scottish story read,
She boasts a race,
To ev'ry nobler virtue bred,
And polish'd grace.

By stately tow'r or palace fair,
Or ruins pendent in the air,
Bold stems of heroes, here and there,
I could discern;
Some seem'd to muse, some seem'd to dare,
With feature stern.

My heart did glowing transport feel,
To see a race* heroic wheel,
And brandish round the deep-died steel
In sturdy blows;
While back-recoiling seem'd to reel
Their suthron foes.

His Country's Saviour, † mark him well!
Bold *Richardson's* ‡ heroic swell;
The chief on *Sark's* § who glorious fell,
In high command
And he whom ruthless fates expel
His native land.

There, where a scepter'd *Pictish shade*, ¶
Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid,
I mark'd a martial race, portray'd
In colours strong;
Bold, soldier featu'r'd, undismay'd
They strode along.

Through many a wild, romantic grove, ¶
Near many a hermit-fancied cove,
(Fit haunts for friendship or for love)
In musing mood,
An aged judge, I saw him rove,
Dispensing good.

With deep-struck reverential awe**
The learned sire and son I saw,
To Nature's God and Nature's law
They gave their lore,
This, all its source and end to draw,
That, to adore.

Brydone's brave ward †† I well could spy,
Beneath old *Scotia's* smiling eye;
Who call'd on fame, low standing by,
To hand him on,
Where many a patriot name on high,
And hero shone.

DUAN SECOND.

WITH musing-deep, astonish'd stare,
I view'd the heavenly-seeming fair;
A whispering throb did witness bear,
Of kindred sweet,
When with an elder sister's air
She did me greet.

"All hail! my own inspired bard!
In me thy native muse regard!

* The Wallaces.

† William Wallace.

‡ Adam Wallace, of Richardson, cousin to the Immortal preserver of Scottish Independence.

§ Wallace, Laird of Craigie, who was second in command under Douglas, Earl of Ormond, at the famous battle on the banks of Sark, fought anno 1448. That glorious victory was principally owing to the judicious conduct and intrepid valour of the gallant Laird of Craigie, who died of his wounds after the action.

¶ Collus, king of the Picts, from whom the district of Kyle is said to take its name, lies buried, as tradition says, near the family-seat of the Montgomeries of Collis-field, where his burial place is still shown.

¶ Baskimming, the seat of the late Lord Justice Clerk.

** Catrine, the seat of the late Doctor, and present Professor Stewart.

†† Colonel Fullarton.

Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
Thus poorly low !
I come to give thee such reward
As we bestow.

" Know, the great *genius* of this land
Has many a light, aerial band,
Who, all beneath his high command,
Harmoniously,
As arts or arms they understand,
Their labours ply.

" They *Scotia's* race among them share,
Some fire the soldier on to dare;
Some rouse the patriot up to bare
Corruption's heart:
Some teach the bard, a darling care,
The tuneful art.

" 'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,
They, ardent, kindling spirits pour;
Or, 'mid the venal senate's roar,
They, sightless, stand,
To mend the honest patriot-love,
And grace the hand.

" And when the bard, or hoary sage,
Charm or instruct the future age,
They bind the wild poetic rage
In energy,
Or point the inconclusive page
Full on the eye.

" Hence *Fullarton*, the brave and young
Hence *Dempster's* zeal-inspired tongue;
Hence sweet harmonious *Beattie* sung
His 'Minstrel lays';
Or tore, with noble ardour stung,
The *sceptic's* bays.

" To lower orders are assign'd
The humbler ranks of human-kind,
The rustic Bard, the lab'ring Hind,
The Artisan;
All choose, as various they're inclin'd,
The various man.

" When yellow waves the heavy grain,
The threatening storm some strongly rein;
Some teach to meliorate the plain
With tillage-skill;
And some instruct the shepherd-train,
Blythe o'er the hill.

" Some hint the lover's harmless wile;
Some grace the maiden's artless smile;
Some soothe the lab'rer's weary toil,
For humble gains,
And make his cottage-scenes beguile
His cares and pains.

" Some, bounded to a district-space,
Explore at large man's infant race.
To mark the embryotic trace
Of rustic Bard;
And careful note each op'ning grace,
A guide and guard.

" Of these am I—*Coila* my name;
And this district as mine I claim,
Where once the *Campbells*, chiefs of fame,
Held ruling pow'r:
I mark'd thy embryo tuneful flame,
Thy natal hour.

" With future hope, I oft would gaze
Fond, on thy little early ways,
Thy rudely caroll'd chiming phrase,
In uncouth rhymes,
Fir'd at the simple, artless lays
Of other times.

" I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
Delighted with the dashing roar;
Or when the north his fleecy store
Drove through the sky,
I saw grim nature's visage hoar
Struck thy young eye.

" Or, when the deep green-mantled earth
Warm cherish'd ev'ry flow'ret's birth,
And joy and music pouring forth
In ev'ry grove.

I saw thee eye the gen'ral warth
With boundless love.

" When ripen'd fields, and azure skies
Call'd forth the reaper's rustling noise,
I saw thee leave their evening joys,
And lonely stalk,
To rent thy bosom's swelling rise
In pensive walk.

" When youthful love, warm-blushing, strong,
Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,
Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
Thy adored *Name*,
I taught thee how to pour in song,
To soothe thy flame.

" I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
Wild send thee pleasure's devious way,
Misled by fancy's meteor ray,
By passion driven;
But yet the light that led astray
Was light from heaven.

" I taught thy manners-painting strains,
The loves, the ways of simple swains,
Till now, o'er all my wide domains
Thy fame extends:
And some, the pride of *Coila's* plains,
Become thy friends.

" Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,
To paint with *Thomson's* landscape-glow;
Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
With *Shenstone's* art;
Or pour, with *Gray*, the moving flow
Warm on the heart.

" Yet all beneath th' unrivall'd rose,
The lowly daisy sweetly blows;
Though large the forest's monarch throws
His army shade,
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows,
Adown the glade.

" Then never murmur nor repine;
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine;
And trust me, not *Patos's* mine,
Nor kings' regard,
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,
A rustic Bard.

" To give my counsels all in one,
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;
Preserve the *Dignity of Man*,
With soul erect;
And trust, the *Universal Plan*
Will all protect.

" And wear thou this"—she solemn said,
And bound the *Holly* round my head:
The polish'd leaves, and berries red,
Did rustling play;
And, like a passing thought, she fled
In light away.

ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID,

OR,

THE RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS.

MY son, these maxims make a rule,
And lump them aye together;
The Rigid Righteous is a fool,
The Rigid Wise another:
The cleanest corn that e'er was dight
May hae some pyles o' caff in;
So ne'er a fellow-creature slight
For random flits o' daffin'.

Solomon.—Eccles. ch. vii. ver. 16

I.

O YE wha are sae guid yoursel',
Sae pious and sae holy,
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
Your neebor's faults and folly!

Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
Supplied wi' store o' water,
The heaped happier's ebbing still,
And still the clap plays clatter.

II.

Hear me, ye venerab' core,
As counsel for poor mortals,
That frequent pass doun Wisdom's door,
For glackit Polly's portals;
I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
Would here propound defences,
Their dowie tricks, their black mistakes,
Their fallings and m'schances.

III.

Ye see your state wi' theirs compar'd,
And shudder at the niffur,
But cast a moment's fair regard,
What maks the mighty differ;
Discount what scant occasion gave,
That purity ye pride in,
And (what's a' mair than a' the lave,
Your better art o' hiding.

IV.

Think, when your castigated pulse
Gies now and then a wallop,
What racings must his veins convulse,
That still eternal gillip:
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
Right on ye send your sea-way;
But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
It maks an unco leeway.

V.

See social life and glee sit down,
All joyous and unthinking,
Till, quite transmugrify'd, they're grown
Debauchery and drinking:
O, would they stay to calculate
Th' eternal consequences;
Or your more dreaded hell to state,
Damnation of expenses!

VI.

Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,
Tied up in godly laces,
Before ye gie poor frailty names,
Suppose a change o' cases;
A dear lov'd lad, convenience snug,
A treacherous inclination—
But, let me whisper i' your lug,
Ye're aiblins nae temptation.

VII.

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang;
To step aside is human:
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving why they do it:
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it.

VIII.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord—its various tone,
Each spring, its various bias:
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resistid.

TAM SAMSON'S* ELEGY.

An honest man's the noblest work of God. Pope.

HAS auld K ***** seen the Deil?
Or great M ***** thrawn his heel?

* When this worthy old sportsman went out
his muir-fowl season, he supposed it was to be, in
Osian's phrase, "the last of his fields;" and ex-
pressed an ardent wish to die and be buried in the
muirs. On this hint the author composed his elegy
and epitaph.

† A certain preacher, a great favourite with the
million. Vide the Ordination, stanza II.

Or R ***** again grown weel,
To preach an' read?
"Na, waur than a l' cries ilka chiel,
Tam Samson's dead!

K ***** lang may grunt an' grane,
An' sigh, an' sab, an' greet her lane,
An' cleed her bairns, man, wife, an' wean,
In mourning weed;
To death, she's dearly paid the kane,
Tam Samson's dead!

The brethren of the mystic level
May hing their head in woeful bevel,
While by their nose the tears will revel,
Like ony bead;
Death's gien the lodge an unco devel:
Tam Samson's dead!

When winter muffles up his cloak,
And binds the mire like a rock;
When to the loughs the curlers flock,
Wi' gleesome speed,
Wha will they station at the cock?
Tam Samson's dead!

He was the king o' a' the core,
To guard, or draw, or wick a bore,
Or up the rink like Jehu roar
In time of need;
But now he lags on death's hog-score:
Tam Samson's dead!

Now safe the stately sawmont sail,
And trout's bedropp'd wi' crimson hail,
And eels weel kenn'd for soupie tail,
And gees for greed,
Since dark in death's flash-creel we wail
Tam Samson dead!

Rejoice, ye birring patricks a';
Ye cootie moorcocks, crousely craw;
Ye maukins, cock your fud fu' braw,
Withouten dread;
Your mortal fac is now awa,
Tam Samson's dead!

That wofu' morn he ever mourn'd,
Saw him in shootin' graith adorn'd,
While pointers round impatient burn'd,
Frae couples freed;
But, och! he gaed and ne'er return'd!
Tam Samson's dead!

In vain auld age his body batters;
In vain the gout his ankles fotters;
In vain the burns came down like waters,
An acre brid!
Now ev'ry auld wife, greetin', clatters,
Tam Samson's dead!

Owre many a weary hag he limpit,
An' aye the tither shot he thumpit,
Till coward death behind him jumpit,
Wi' deadly foudie;
Now he proclaims, wi' tout o' trumpet,
Tam Samson's dead!

When at his heart he felt the dagger,
He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger,
But yet he drew the mortal trigger
Wi' well aim'd heed;
"L—d, five!" he cried, an' owre did stagger.
Tam Samson's dead!

Ilk hoary hunter mourn'd a brither;
Ilk sportsman youth bemoan'd a father
Yon auld gray stane, among the heather,
Marks out his head,
Where Burns has wrote, in rhyming blether,
Tam Samson's dead!

There low he lies, in lasting rest;
Perhaps upon his mould'ring breast
Some spitefu' muirfowl bigs her nest,
To hatch an' breed;
Alas! nae mair he'll them molest
Tam Samson's dead!

† Another preacher, an equal favourite with the
few, who was at that time ailing. For him, see
also the Ordination, stanza IX.

When August winds the heather wave,
And sportsmen wander by yon grave,
Three volleys let his mem'ry crave
O' pouter an' lead,
Till Echo answer frae her cave,
Tam Samson's dead!

Heav'n rest his saul, where'er he be!
Is th' wish o' monie mae than me;
He had twa faults, or may be three,
Yet what retnaid?
Ae social, honest man want we;
Tam Samson's dead!

THE EPITAPH.

TAM SAMSON'S weel-worn clay here lies,
Ye canting zealots, spare him!
If honest worth in heaven rise,
Ye'll mend or ye win near him.

PER CONTRA.

Go, Fame, an' canter like a filly
Through a' the streets an' neuks o' Killie,*
Tell ev'ry social honest billie
To cease his greevin',
For yet, unskait'h'd by death's gleg gullie,
Tam Samson's livin'.

HALLOWEEN.†

[The following Poem will, by many readers, be well enough understood; but for the sake of those who are unacquainted with the manners and traditions of the country where the scene is cast, notes are added, to give some account of the principal charms and spells of that night, so big with prophecy to the peasantry in the west of Scotland. The passion of prying into futurity makes a striking part of the history of human nature in its rude state, in all ages and nations: and it may be some entertainment to a philosophic mind, if any such should honour the author with a perusal, to see the remains of it, among the more unenlightened in our own.]

*Yet! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
The simple pleasures of the lonely train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.*

Goldsmith.

I.

UPON that night, when fairies light,
On *Cassilis Downans*‡ dance,
Or owe the lays, in splendid blaze,
On sprightly coursers prance;
Or for *Colean* the route is ta'en,
Beneath the moon's pale beams;
There up the cove,§ to stray an' rove
Among the rocks and streams
To sport that night.

II.

Among the bonnie winding banks,
Where *Doon* rins, wimpling clear,

* *Killie* is a phrase the country-folks sometimes use for Kilmarnock.

† Is thought to be a night when witches, devils, and other mischief-making beings, are all abroad on their baneful, midnight errands; particularly those aerial people the Fairies, are said on that night to hold a grand anniversary.

‡ Certain little, romantic, rocky, green hills, in the neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the Earls of Cassilis.

§ A noted cavern near *Colean-house*, call'd The Cove of *Colean*; which, as *Cassilis Downans*, is famed in country story for being a favourite haunt of fairies.

Where Bruce* ance rul'd the martial ranks,
An' shook his *Carriack* spear,
Some merry, friendly, countra folks,
Together did convene,
To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks,
An' haud their *Halloween*
Fu' blythe that night.

III.

The lasses feat, an' cleanly neat,
Mair braw than when they're fine;
Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe,
Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin';
The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs;
Weel knotted on their garten;
Some unco blate, and some wi' gabs,
Gar lasses' hearts gang startin'
Whiles fast at night.

IV.

Then first and foremost thro the kail,
Their *stock*† maun a' be sought ance:
They steek their een, an' graip an' wale,
For muckle anes an' straight anes.
Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
An' wander'd thro' the *bow-kail*,
An' pou't, for want o' better shift,
A runt was like a sow-tail,
Sae bow't that night.

V.

Then, straught or crooked, yird or none,
They roar and cry a' throu'ther;
The vera wee things, toddlin', rin
Wi' stocks out-owre their shouter;
An' gif the *custoc*‡ sweet or sour,
Wi' joctlegs they taste them;
Syn'e coziely, aboon the door,
Wi' cannie care they place them
To lie that night.

V.

The lasses staw frae 'mang them a'
To pou their *stalks o' corn*‡;
But Rab slips out, an' jinks about,
Behint the muckle thorn:
He gripped Nelly hard an' fast;
Wi' loud skirl'd a' the lasses;
But her *tap-pickle* maist was lost,
When kiutlin in the fause-houses
Wi' him that night.

VII.

The auld guidwife's weel hoordet nits||
Are round an' round divided,
An' monie lads' and lasses' fates,
Are there that night decided:

* The famous family of that name, the ancestors of Robert the great deliverer of his country, were Earls of Carnock.

† The first ceremony of Halloween, is, pulling each a *stock*, or plant of kail. They must go out, hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with: Its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their spells—the husband or wife. If any yird, or earth, stick to the root, that is *tocher*, or fortune; and the taste of the *custoc*, that is, the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems, or, to give them their ordinary appellation, the *runts*, are placed somewhere above the head of the door; and the christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house, are according to the priority of placing the *runts*, the names in question.

‡ They go to the barn yard and pull each, at three several times, a stalk of oats. If the third stalk wants the *top-pickle*, that is, the grain at the top of the stalk, the party in question will come to the marriage-bed any thing but a maid.

§ When the corn is in a doubtful state, by being too green, or wet, the stack-builder, by means of old timber, &c., makes a large apartment in his stack, with an opening in the side which is fairest exposed to the wind: this he calls a *fause-house*.

|| Burning the nuts is a famous charm. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in the fire, and accordingly as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the courtship will be.

Some kindle, couthie, side by side,
An' burn thegither trimly;
Some start awa wi' saucy pride,
And jump out-owre the chimble
Fu' high that night.

VIII.

Jean slips in twa wi' tentie e'e;
Wha 'twas she wadna tell;
But this is *Jock*, an' this is *me*,
She says into hersel'.
He bleez'd owre her, an' she owre him,
As they wad never mair part;
Till fuff! he started up the lum,
And Jean had e'en a sair heart
To see t that night.

IX.

Poor Willie, wi' his *bon-kail-runt*,
Was brunt wi' primsie Mallie;
An' Mallie, nae doubt took the drunt,
To be compar'd to Willie;
Mall's nit lap out wi' pridefu' fling,
An' her ain fit it brunt it;
While Willie lap, and swoor by *jing*,
'Twas just the way he wanted
To be that night.

X.

Nell had the fause-house in her min',
She pits hersel' an' Rob an;
In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
Till white in ase they're sobbin':
Nell's heart was dancin' at the view,
She whisper'd Rob to leuk for':
Rob, stowlins, prie'd her bonnie mou,
Fu' cozie in the neuk for',
Unseen that night.

XI.

But Merran sat behint their backs,
Her thoughts on Andrew Bell;
She lea'es them gashin' at their cracks,
And slips out by hersel'.
She thro' the yard the nearest tak,
An' to the kiln she goes then,
An' darlins graped for the bawks,
And in the *blue-clue* * throws then,
Right fear't that night.

XII.

An' aye she win't, an' aye she swat,
I wat she made nae jaukin';
Till somethin' held within the pat,
Guid L—d! but she was quakin'!
But whether 'twas the Deil himsel',
Or whether 'twas a bawken',
Or whether it was Andrew Bell,
She did na wait on talkin'
To spier that night.

XIII.

Wee Jenny to her Grannie says,
'Will ye go wi' me, grannie?
I'll cat the apple † at the glass,
I gat frae uncle Jolme.'
She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,
In wrath she was sae vav'rin',
She notic't na, an' azle brunt
Her braw new worset apron
Out thro' that night.

XIV.

"Ye little skelpie-limmer's face;
How daur you try sic sportin',
As seek the foul thief ouny place,
For him to spae your fortune:

* Whoever would, with success, try this spell, must strictly observe these directions: Steal out, all alone, to the *kiln*, and, darkling throw into the *pot* a clue of blue yarn; wind it in a new clue off the old one; and, towards the latter end, something will hold the thread; demand *wha hoids*; i. e. who holds? an answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the Christian and surname of your future spouse.

† Take a candle, and go alone to a looking glass; eat an apple before it, and some traditions say, you should comb your hair, all the time; the face of your conjugal companion, to be, will be seen in the glass, as if peeping over your shoulder.

Nae doubt but ye may get a *sight*!
Great cause ye hae to fear it;
For monie a ane has gotten a fright,
An' liv'd an' di'd deleeret
On sic a night.

XV.

"Ae hairst afore the Sherra-moor,
I mind't as weel's yestreen,
I was a gilpey then, I'm sure
I was na past fifteen:
The simmer had been cauld an' wat,
An' stuff was unco green;
An' ay a rantin kirm we gat,
An' just on *Halloween*
It fell that night.

XVI.

"Our stibble-rig was Rab M'Graen,
A clever, sturdy fallow;
He's sin' gat Eppie Sim wi' wean,
That he'd in A-chmacalla:
He gat *hemp-seed*, * I mind it weel,
An' he made unco light o't;
But monie a day was *by himsel*,
He was sae sairly frighted
That vera night."

XVII.

Then up gat fechtin' Jamie Fleck,
An' he swoor by his conscience,
That he could *saw hemp-seed*, a peck;
For it was a' but nonsense;
The auld guidman raught down the peck,
An' out a handfu' gied him;
Syne bad him slup frae mang the folk
Sometime when nae snee'd him:
An' try't that night.

XVIII.

He marches thro' among the stacks,
Tho' he was something sturtin';
The *grap* he for a *harrow* tak,
An' hauris at his curpin:
An' e'er'y now an' then, he says,
"Hemp-seed I saw thee,
An' her that is to be my lass,
Come after me, and draw thee,
As fast this night

XIX.

He whistled up Lord Lenox' march,
To keep his courage cheerie,
Altho' his hair began to arch,
He was sae fley'd an' eerie:
Till presently he hears a squeak,
An' then a grane an' grundle;
He by his shouter gae a keek
An' tumbld wi' a winkle
Out-owre that night.

XX.

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout,
In dreadfu' desperation!
An' young an' auld came rinnin' out,
To hear the sad narration:
He swoor 'twas hilchin Jean M'Craw,
Or crouchie Merran Humphie,
Till stop! she trotted thro' them a';
An' wha was it but *Grumphy*
Asteer that night!

XXI.

Meg fain wad to the barn gaen
To win three *nechts* o' naething †;

* Steal out unperceived, and sow a handful of hemp seed; harrowing it with any thing you can conveniently draw after you. Repeat now and then, "Hemp seed I saw thee, hemp seed I saw thee; and him (or her) that is to be my true-love come after me and pou thee." Look over your left shoulder, and you will see the appearance of the person invoked, in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some traditions say, "come after me, and shaw thee," that is, show thyself: in which case it simply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and say, "come after me, and harrow thee."

† This charm must likewise be performed unperceived, and alone. You go to the *barn*, and open both doors, taking them off the hinges, if possible; for there is danger that the *being*, about to appear,

But for to meet the dell her lane,
 She put but little faith in;
 She gies the herd a pickle nits,
 An' twa red cheekit apples,
 To watch, while for the barn she sets,
 In hopes to see Tam Kipples
 That vera night.

XXII.

She turns the key wi' cannie thraw,
 An' owre the threshold ventures;
 But first on Sawnie gies a ca'
 Syne bauldly in she enters;
 A rattan rattled up the wa',
 An' she cry'd L—d preserve her!
 An' ran thro' midden-hole an' a',
 An' pray'd wi' zeal an' fervour,
 Fu' fast that night.

XXIII.

They hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice:
 They hech't him some fine braw ane;
 It chanc'd the *stack* he *faddom'd* thrice,*
 Was timmer propt for throwin';
 He taks a swirlie, auld moss-oak
 For some black, gousome carlin';
 An' loot a winze, an' drew a stroke,
 Till skin in blyes came haulin'
 Aff's nieves that night.

XXIV.

A wanton widow Leezie was,
 As canty as a kitten;
 But Och! that night, among the shaws,
 She got a fearful settlin'!
 She thro' the whuns, an' by the cairn,
 An' owre the hill gaed screevin,
 Where *three lairds' lands met at a burn†*
 To dip her left sark-sleeve in,
 Was bent that night.

XXV.

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
 As thro' the glen it wimpl't;
 Whyles round a rocky scar it strays:
 Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't;
 Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
 Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle;
 Whyles cockit undeneath the braes,
 Below the spreading hazel,
 Unseen that night.

XXVI.

Among the brachens, on the brae,
 Between her an' the moon,
 The dell, or else an outer quey,
 Gat up an' gae a croon:
 Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool;
 Near lav rock height she jumpit,
 But mist a fit, an' in the pool
 Out-owre the lugs she plumpit,
 Wi' a plunge that night.

XXVII.

In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
 The *luggies* three† are ranged,

may shut the doors, and do you some mischief. Then take that instrument used in winnowing the corn, which, in our country dialect, we call a *wecht*, and go through all the attitudes of letting down corn against the wind. Repeat it three times; and the third time an apparition will pass through the barn, in at the windy door, and out at the other, having both the figure in question, and the appearance or retinue, marking the employment or station in life.

* Take an opportunity of going, unnoticed to a *Beer-stack*, and fathom it three times round. The last fathom of the last time, you will catch in your arms the appearance of your future conjugal yoke-fellow.

† You go out, one or more, for this is a social spell, to a south running spring or rivulet, where "three lairds' lands meet," and dip your left shirt sleeve. Go to bed in sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry. Lie awake; and sometime near midnight, an apparition, having the exact figure of the grand object in question will come and turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other side of it.

‡ Take three dishes; put clean water in one, ~~and~~ water in another, leave the third empty;

And ev'ry time great care is ta'en,
 To see them duly changed:
 Auld uncle John, wha wedlock's joys
 Sin *Marr's* years did desire,
 Because he gat the toom dish thrice,
 He hear'd them on the fire
 In wrath that night.

XXVIII.

Wi' merry songs, an' friendly cracks,
 I wat they didna weary;
 An' unco tales, an' funnie jokes,
 Their sports were cheap an' cheery,
 Till *butter'd sons*,* wi' fragrant lunt,
 Set a' their gabs a-steerin';
 Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,
 They parted aff careerin'
 Fu' blythe that night.

THE AULD FARMER'S

NEW-YEAR MORNING SALUTATION

TO

HIS AULD MARE MAGGIE,

On giving her the accustomed Ripp of Corn to
 hansel in the New Year.

A GUID *New-year* I wish thee, Maggie.
 Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld haggie;
 Though thou's howe-backit, now, an' knaggie,
 I've seen the day,
 Thou could hae gaen like onie staggie
 Out-owre the lay.

Though now thou's dowie, stiff, an' crazy,
 An' thy auld hide's as white's a daisy,
 I've seen thee dappl't, sleek, and glazie,
 A bonnie gray:
 He should been tight that daur't to raise thee,
 Ane in a day.

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,
 A *filly* buirdly, steeve, an' swank,
 An' set weel down a shapely shank,
 As e'er tread yir
 An' could hae floun out-owre a stank,
 Like onie bird.

It's now some nine an' twenty year,
 Sin' thou was my guid father's *niece*;
 He gied me thee, o' tocher clear,
 An' fifty mark;
 Though it was sma', 'twas weel-won gear,
 An' thou was stark.

When first I gaed to woo my *Jenny*,
 Ye then was trottin' wi' your minnie;
 Though ye was trickie, slee, an' funnie,
 Ye ne'er was donsie;
 But hamely, tawie, quiet, an' cannie,
 An' unco sounsie.

That day, ye prane'd wi' muckle pride,
 When ye bure hame my bonnie *bride*;
 An' sweet, an' gracefu' she did ride,
 Wi' maiden air!
 Kyle Stewart I could bragged wide
 For sic a pair.

Though now ye dow but hoyte and hobble,
 An' wintle like a saumont-cobble,

blindfold a person, and lead him to the hearth where the dishes are ranged; he (or she) dips the left hand: if by chance in the clean water, the future husband or wife will come to the bar of matrimony a maid; if in the foul, a widow; if in the empty dish, it foretells, with equal certainty, no marriage at all. It is repeated three times, and every time the arrangement of the dishes is altered.
 * Sowsen, with butter instead of milk to them, is always the *Hallonen Supper*.

That day ye was a jinker noble,
For heels an' win'!
An' ran them till they a' did wauble,
Far, far behin'.

W' en thou an' I were young an' skeigh,
An' stable-meals at fairs were dreigh,
How thou wad prance, an' snore, an' skreigh,
An' tak the road!
Town's bodies ran, and stood abeigh,
An' ca't thee mad.

When thou was corn't, an' I was mellow,
We took the roid aye like a swallow:
At *Brooses* thou had ne'er a fellow,
For pith an' speed;
But er'ry tall thou pay't them hollow,
Where'er thou gaed.

The sma', droop-rumpl't, hunter cattle,
Might niblins waur't thee for a brattle;
But sax Scotch miles thou try't their mettle,
An' gar't them whaizle:
Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle
O' saugh or hazel.

Thou was a noble *flitie-lan'*,
As e'er in tug or tow was drawn!
Aft thee an' I, in aught hours gaun,
On guid March weather.
Hae turn'd sax rood beside our han',
For days thegither.

Thou never braindg't, an' fetch't, an' fliskit,
But thy auld tail thou wad hae whikit,
An' spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket,
W' pith, an' pow'r,
Till spritty knowes wad rair't and risket,
An' sllypet owre.

When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were deep,
An' threaten'd labour back to keep,
I gied thy cog a wee-bit heap
Aboon the timmer;
I kenn'd my *Maggie* wad na sleep
For that, or simmer.

In cart or car thou never recsit;
The steysid brae thou wad hae fact it.
Thou never lap, and sten't, and breastit,
Then stood to blaw;
But just thy step a wee thing hastit,
Thou snoov't awa.

My *pleugh* is now thy bairn-time a':
Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw:
Forbye sax mae, I've sell't awa,
That thou hast nurst:
They diew me thretteen pund an' twa,
The vera warst.

Monie a sair daunk we twa hae wrought,
An' wi' the weary war' fought!
An' monie an anxious day, I thought
We wad be beat!
Yet here to crazy age we're brought,
Wi' something yet.

And think na, my auld trusty servan',
That now perhaps thou's less deservin',
An' thy auld days may end in starvin',
For my last *foe*,
A heapit *stimpert*, I'll reserve ane
Laid by for you.

We're worn to crazy years thegither;
We'll toytie about wi' ane anither;
Wi' tentie care I'll slit thy tether,
To some hain'd rig,
Whare ye may nobly rax your leather,
Wi' sma' fatigue.

TO A MOUSE,

*On turning her up in her nest with the Plough,
November 1785.*

WEE, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
b, what a panic's in thy breastie!

Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murdering *fattle*!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which maks thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
An' fellow mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live
A *daimen-icker* in a thrave
'S a sma' request:
I'll get a blessing' wi' the lave,
And never miss't!

Thy wee bit *housie*, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin'!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin',
Baith snell and keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary winter comin' fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash! the cruel *coulter* past
Out through thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Has cost thee monie a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch could,

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving *foresight* may be vain:
The best laid schemes o' *mice* an' *men*,
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief and pain,
For promis'd joy.

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But, Och! I backward cast my e'e,
On prospects drear!
An' forward, though I canna see,
I guess an' fear.

A WINTER NIGHT.

*Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm!
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these?* — Shakespeare.

WHEN biting *Boreas*, fell and doure,
Sharp shivers through the leafless bow'r;
When *Phœbus* gies a short-liv'd glow'r
Far south the lift,
Dim-dark'ning through the flaky show'r,
Or whirling drift:

Ae night the storm the steeples rock'd,
Poor labour sweet in sleep was lock'd,
While burns, wi' snawy wreaths up-check'd,
Wild eddying swirl,
Or through the mining outlet lock'd,
Down headlong hurl.

List'ning, the doors an' winnocks rattle,
I thought me on the ourie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
O' winter war,
And through the drift, deep-lairing sprattle,
Beneath a scar.

Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing,
That, in the merry months o' spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee?
Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chattering wing,
An' close thy e'e?

Er'n you on murd'ring errand: toll'd,
Lone from your savage homes exil'd,
The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-cote spoil'd,
My heart forgets,
While pityless the tempest wild
Sore on you beats.

Now *Phaebe*, in her midnight reign,
Dark muffl'd, view'd the dreary plain;
Still crowding thoughts, a pensive train,
Rose in my soul,
When on my ear this plaintive strain,
Slow, solemn, stole—

"Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier gust!
And freeze, thou bitter-biting frost!
Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows!
Not all your rage, as now united, shows
More hard unkindness, unrelenting,
Vengeful malice unrepenting, [stows!
Than heav'n-illum'd man on brother man be-
See stern oppression's iron grip,
Or mad ambition's gory hand,
Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
Wo, want, and murder o'er a land!
Er'n in the peaceful rural vale,
Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,
How pamper'd luxury, flatt'ry by her side,
The parasite empoisoning her ear,
With all the servile wretches in the rear
Looks o'er proud property, extended wide;
And eyes the simple rustic hind,
Whose toil upholds the glitt'ring show,
A creature of another kind,
Some coarser substance, unrefin'd, [low;
Plac'd for her lordly use thus far, thus vile, be-
Where, where is love's fond tender throe,
With lordly honour's lofty brow,
The pow'rs you proudly own?
Is there, beneath love's noble name,
Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim,
To bless himself alone!
Mark maiden-innocence a prey
To love-pretending snares,
This boasted honour turns away,
Shunning soft pity's rising sway,
Regardless of the tears, and unavailing prayers!
Perhaps, this hour, in misery's squalid nest,
She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
And with a mother's fears shrinks at the rocking
blast!

Oh ye! who sunk in beds of down,
Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,
Whom friends and fortune quite disown!
Ill-satisfied keen nature's clam'rous call,
Stretch'd on his straw he lays himself to sleep,
While through the ragged roof and chinky wall,
Chill o'er his slumbers piles the drift' heap!
Think on the dungeon's grim confine,
Where guilt and poor misfortune pine!
Guilt, erring man, relenting view!
But shall thy legal rage pursue
The wretch, already crushed low
By cruel fortune's undeserved blow?
Affliction's sons are brothers in distress,
A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!"

I heard nae mair, for *Chanticleer*
Shook off the pouthery snaw,
And hail'd the morning with a cheer,
A cottage-rousing crow.

But deep this truth impress'd my mind—
Through all his works abroad,
The heart, benevolent and kind,
The most resembles God.

EPISTLE TO DAVIE,

A BROTHER POET.*

January—

I.

WHILE winds frae aff *Ben Lomond* blaw,
And bar the doors wi' driving snaw,

* *David Sillar*, one of the club at Tarbolton, and author of a volume of *Poems in the Scottish dialect*. E.

And hing us owre the ingle,
I set me down to pass the time,
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,
In hameely westlin' jingle.
While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
Ben to the chimla lug,
I grudge a wee the great folks' gift,
That live sae bien an' snug:
I tent less, and want less
Their roomy fire-side;
But hanker and canker,
To see their cursed pride.

II.

It's hardly in a body's pow'r,
To keep, at time, frae being sour,
To see how things are shar'd;
How best o' chiefs are whiles in want,
While coofs on countless thousands rant,
And ken na how to wait'r:
But, *Davie*, lad, ne'er fash your head,
Though we hae little gear,
We're fit to win our daily bread,
As lang's we're hale and fier:
"Mair spier na", nor fear na,"^f
Auld age ne'er mind a feg,
The last o't, the worst o't,
Is only for to beg.

III.

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
When banes are craz'd and bluid is thin,
Is doubtless, great distress!
Yet then content could make us blest;
Ev'n then, sometimes we'd snatch a taste
Of truest happiness.
The honest heart that's free frae a'
Intended fraud or guile,
However fortune kick the ba',
Has aye some cause to smile,
And mind still, you'll find still,
A comfort this nae sma':
Nae mair then, we'll care then,
Nae farther can we fa'.

IV.

What though, like commoners of air,
We wander out, we know not where,
But either house, or hall?
Yet nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
Are free alike to all.
In days when daisies deck the ground,
And blackbirds whistle clear,
With honest joy our hearts will bound,
To see the coming year:
On braes when we please, then,
We'll sit an' sowth a tune;
Syne *rhyme* till't we'll time till't,
And sing 't when we hae done.

V.

It's no in titles nor in rank;
It's no in wealth like *Lon'on* bank,
To purchase peace and rest;
It's no in makin' muckle *mair*;
It's no in books; it's no in lear,
To make us truly blest:
If happiness hae not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest;
Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
Could make us happy lang;
The heart aye's the part aye,
That makes us right or wrang.

VI.

Think ye, that sic as you and I,
Wha drudge and drive through wet and dry
Wi' never-ceasing toll!
Think ye, are we less blest than they,
Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
As hardly worth their while?
Alas! how aft in baughty mood,
God's creatures they oppress!
Or else, neglecting a'that's guid,
They riot in excess!
Barth careless, and fearless
Of either heaven or hell!

* Ramsay.

Esteeming, and deeming
It's a' an idle tale!

VII.

Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce,
Nor make our scanty pleasures less,
By pining at our state;
And, even should misfortunes come,
I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some,
An's thankfu' for them yet.
They gie the wit of age to youth;
They let us ken oursel'!
They make us see the naked truth,
The real guld and ill.
Though losses, and crosses,
Be lessons right severe,
There's wit there, ye'll get there,
Ye'll find nae other where.

VIII.

But tent me, *Davie*, ace o' hearts!
(To say aught less wad wrang the cartes,
And dlattry I detest)
This life has joys for you and I;
And joys that riches ne'er could buy;
And joys the very best.
There's a' the pleasures o' the heart
The lover an' the frien'!
Ye hae your *Meg*, your dearest part,
And I my darling *Jean*!
It warms me, it charms me,
To mention but her name:
It heats me it beats me,
And sets me a' in flame!

IX.

O all ye pow'rs who rule above!
O *Thou*, whose very self art love!
Thou know'st my words sincere!
The life-blood streaming through my heart,
Or my more dear, immortal part,
Is not more fondly dear!
When heart-corroding care and grief
Deprive my soul of rest,
Her dear idea brings relief
And solace to my breast.
Thou *Heing*, All-seeing,
O hear my fervent pray'r,
Still take her, and make her
Thy most peculiar care!

X.

All hail, ye tender feelings dear:
The smile of love, the friendly tear,
The sympathetic glow;
Long since, this world's thorny ways
Had numbered out my weary days,
Had it not been for you!
Fate still has bless'd me with a friend,
In every care and ill;
And oft a more endearing band,
A tie more tender still.
It lightens, it brightens
The tenebrious scene,
To meet with, and greet with
My *Davie* or my *Jean*.

XI.

O, how that name inspires my style!
The words come skelpin' rank and file,
Amast before I ken!
The ready measure rins as fine,
As *Phœbus* and the famous Nine
Were glowrin' owre my pen.
My spaviet *Pegasus* will limp,
Till ance he's fairly het;
And then he'll hiech, and stilt, and jimp,
An' rin an unco fit:
But least then, the beast then,
Should rue this hasty ride,
I'll light now, and dight now
His sweaty wizen'd hide.

THE LAMENT,

OCCASIONED BY THE UNFORTUNATE
ISSUE OF A FRIEND'S AMOUR.

*Alas! how oft does Goodness wound itself,
And sweet Affection prove the spring of woe! Home.*

I.

O THOU pale orb, that silent shines,
While care-untrouled mortals sleep!

Thou seest a wretch that inly pines,
And wanders here to wail and weep!
With wo I nightly vigils keep,
Beneath thy wan unwarming beam;
And mourn, in lamentation deep,
How life and love are all a dream

II.

I joyless view thy rays adorn
The faintly-marked distant hill;
I joyless view thy trembling horn,
Reflected in the gurgling rill:
My fondly-fluttering heart, be still!
Thou busy pow'r, Remembrance, cease!
Ah! must the agonizing thrill
For ever bar returning peace!

III.

No idly-feign'd poetic pains,
My sad, love-lorn lamentings claim;
No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains;
No fabled tortures, quaint and tame:
The plighted faith; the mutual flame;
The oft attested pow'rs above:
The *promis'd Father's tender name*:
These were the pledges of my love!

IV.

Encircled in her clasping arms,
How have the raptur'd moments flown!
How have I wish'd for fortune's charms,
For her dear sake, and hers alone!
And must I think it! is she gone,
My secret heart's exulting boast?
And does she heedless hear my groan?
And is she even, ever lost?

V.

Oh! can she hear so base a truth,
So lost to honour, lost to truth,
As form the fondest lover part,
The plighted husband of her youth!
Alas! life's path may be unsmooth,
Her way may lie through rough distress.
Then who her pangs and pains will soothe,
Her sorrows share, and make them less?

VI.

Ye winged hours that o'er us past,
Enraptur'd more, the more enjoy'd,
Your dear remembrance in my breast,
My fondly-treasur'd thoughts employ'd.
That breast how dreary now, and void,
For her too scanty once of room!
Ev'n ev'ry ray of hope destroy'd,
And not a wish to gild the gloom!

VII.

The morn that warns th' approaching day
Awakes me up to toil and wo:
I see the hours in long array,
That I must suffer, lingering, slow,
Full many a pang, and many a throe,
Keen recollection's direful train,
Must wring my soul, ere *Phœbus*, low,
Shall kiss the distant, western main.

VIII.

And when my nightly couch I try,
Sore-harass'd out with care and grief,
My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye,
Keep watchings with the nightly thief:
Or it I slumber, fancy, chief,
Reigns haggard-wild, in sore affright:
Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief,
From such a horror-breathing night.

IX.

O! thou bright queen, who o'er th' expanse,
Now highest reign'st, with boundless sway,
Oft has thy silent-marking glance
Observ'd us, fondly-wand'ring, stray!
The time, unheeded, sped away,
While love's luxurious pulse beat high,
Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray,
To mark the mutual kindling eye.

X.

Oh! scenes in strong remembrance set!
Scenes, never, never, to return!
Scenes, if in stupor I forget,
Again I feel, again I burn!

From ev'ry joy and pleasure torn,
Life's weary vale I'll wander through;
And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn
A faithless woman's broken vow.

DESPONDENCY.

AN ODE.

I.

OPPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with care,
A burden more than I can bear
I sit me down and sigh:
O life! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I!
Dilm backward as I cast my view,
What sick'ning scenes appear!
What sorrows yet may pierce me through,
Too justly I may fear!
Still carling, despairing,
Must be my bitter doom;
My woes here shall close ne'er,
But with the closing tomb!

II.

Happ'r, ye sons of busy life,
Who equal to the bustling strife,
No other view regard!
Er'n when the wished end's denied,
Yet while the busy means are plied,
They bring their own reward:
Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
Unfitted with an aim,
Meet ev'ry sad returning night,
And joyless morn the same;
You, bustling, and jussling,
Forget each grief and pain:
I, listless, yet restless,
Find every prospect vain.

III.

How blest the Solitary's lot,
Who, all-forgetting, all forgot,
Within his humble cell,
The cavern wild with tangling roots,
Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
Beside his crystal well!
Or, haply, to his ev'ning thought,
By unfrequented stream,
The ways of men are distant brought,
A faint collected dream:
While praising, and raising
His thoughts to heav'n on high,
As wand'ring, moan'd'ring,
He views the solemn sky.

IV.

Than I, no lonely hermit plac'd
Where never human footstep trac'd,
Less fit to play the part,
The lucky moment to improve,
And just to stop, and just to move,
With self-respecting art.
But ah! those pleasures, loves, and joys,
Which I too keenly taste,
The Solitary can despise,
Can want, and yet be blest!
He needs not, he heeds not,
Or human love or hate,
Whilst I here must cry here,
At perfidy ingrate!

V.

Oh! enviable, early days,
When dancing thoughtless pleasure's maze,
To care, to guilt unknown!
How ill exchang'd for ripper times,
To feel the follies, or the crimes,
Of others, or my own!
Ye tiny elves that gullible sport,
Like linnets in the bush,
Ye little know the ill ye court,
When manhood is your wish!
The losses, the crosses,
That active man engage!
The fears all, the tears all
Of dilm-declining age!

WINTER.

A DIRGE.

I.

THE wintry west extends his blast,
And hail and rain does blow;
Or, the stormy north sends driving forth
The blinding sleet and snow:
While tumbling brown, the burn comes down,
And roars frae bank to brae;
And bird and beast in covert rest
And pass the heartless day.

II.

"The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast,"
The joyless winter-day,
Let others fear, to me more dear
Than all the pride of May:
The tempest's howl, it soothes my soul,
My griefs it seems to join,
The leafless trees my fancy please,
Their fate resembles mine!

III.

Thou *Pow'r Supreme*, whose mighty scheme
These woes of mine fulfil,
Here, firm, I rest, they *must* be best,
Because they are *Thy Will*!
Then all I want (O, do thou grant
This one request of mine!)
Since to *enjoy* thou dost deny,
Assist me to *resign*.

THE

COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO R. A****, ESQ.

*Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short but simple annals of the poor.* Gray.

I.

MY lov'd, my honour'd, much respected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride I scorn each selfish end;
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise.
To you I sing, in simple *Scottish* lays,
The lovely train in life's sequester'd scene,
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways.
What A**** in a cottage would have been;
Ah! though his worth unknown, far happier there,
I ween.

II.

November chill blows loud wi' angry sigh;
The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
The merry boasts retire, and frae the plough;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose:
The toll-worm *Cotter* frae his labour goes,
This night his weekly mool is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hame-ward bend.

III.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant *wee-things*, toddlin' stacher thro'
To meet their Dad, wi' slichter'n noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnily,
His clean hearth-stane, his thriflie *wife's* smile,
The sleeping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary, carkin' cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil.

• Dr. Young.

IV.

Belye the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out, among the farmers roun';
Some ca' the plough, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town:
Their eldest hope, their *Jenny*, woman grown,
In youthful bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw new gown,
Or deposit her sair won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they li' hardship be.

V

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers;
The social hours, swift-wing'd unnotic'd fleet;
Each tells the uncot that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view;
The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
Gars auld elaes look amnis at weel's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

VI.

Their master's an' their mistress's command,
The youngers a' are warn'd to obey;
"An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
An' ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk or play:
An' O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
An' mind your *duty*, *duly*, morn an' night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore his counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord
aright!"

VII.

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door,
Jenny, who ken, the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convey her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in *Jenny's* e'e, and flush her cheek;
With heart-struck, anxious care, inquires his
name,
While *Jenny* haffins is afraid to speak;
Weel pleas'd the mother hear- it's nae wild, worth-
less rake.

VIII.

Wi' kindly welcome *Jenny* brings him ben;
A strapp'n youth; he takes the mother's eye;
Blythe *Jenny* sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
The father cracks of horses, ploughs, and kye.
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy;
But blunt and laithfu', scarce can weel believe;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave;
Weel pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the
lave.

IX.

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary mortal round,
And sage experience bids me thus declare—
"If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In others arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'n-
ing gale."

X.

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet *Jenny's* unsuspecting youth!
Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!
Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exil'd?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction
wild?

XI.

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The halesome parritch, chief o' *Scotia's* food:
The soups their only *Hawkie* does afford,
That yont the hallan snugly chows her cood:
The dame brings forth in complamental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
An' aft he's prest, an' aft he's ca's it guld;

The frugal wife, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

XII.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big *ha'-Bible*, ance his father's pride:
His bonnet re'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

XIII.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim.
Perhaps *Dunder's* wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive *Martyn's*, worthy of the name;
Or noble *Elgin* beats the heav'nward flame,
The sweetest far of *Scotia's* holy lays!
Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame,
The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise;
Nae unson hae they with our Creator's praise.

XIV.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How *Abram* was the friend of God on high;
Or, *Moses* bade eternal warfare wage
With *Amalek's* ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie,
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or, *Job's* pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt *Isaiah's* wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

XV

Perhaps the *Christian volume* is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How *He*, who bore in Heaven the second name;
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head:
How his first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
How *he*, who lone in *Palmos* banish'd,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
And heard great *Babylon's* doom pronounc'd by
Heav'n's command.

XVI.

Then kneeling down, to Heav'n's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days;
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal

XVII.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!
The *Pom'rs*, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul;
And in his *book of life* the inmates poor enrol.

XVIII.

Then homeward all take off their serv'al way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request
That *He* who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

XIX.

From scenes like these old *Scotia's* grandeur
springs,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God;"
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
What is a lordling's pomp! a cumbrous load.

Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd !

XX.

O *Scotia* ! my dear, my native soil !
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent !
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
Be bless'd with health, and peace, and sweet content !
And, O ! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile !
Then, how'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd *Isle*.

XXI.

O *Thou* ! who pour'd the patriotic tide
That stream'd thro' *Wallace's* undaunted heart,
Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's *God*, peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward !)
O never, never, *Scotia's* realm desert :
But still the patriot and the patriot bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard !

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

A DIRGE.

I.

WHEN chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One ev'ning, as I wander'd forth
Along the banks of *Ayr*,
I spied a man, whose aged step
Seem'd weary, worn with care ;
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

II.

" Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou ?"
Began the reverend sage ;
" Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasure's rage ;
Or haply, press'd with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast begun
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
The miseries of man !

III.

" The sun that overhangs yon moors,
Out-spreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labour to support
A haughty lordling's pride ;
I've seen yon weary wintry sun
Twice forty times return ;
And ev'ry time has added proofs,
That man was made to mourn.

IV.

" O man ! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time !
Mispending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prim-
Alternate follies take the sway ;
Licentious passions burn ;
Which tenfold force gives nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

V.

" Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might ;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right :
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn,
Then age and want, Oh ! ill-match'd pair !
Show man was made to mourn.

VI.

" A few seem favourites of fate,
In pleasure's lap carest ;
Yet, think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest.

But, Oh ! what crowds in ev'ry land,
Are wretched and forlorn ;
Through weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn.

VII.

" Many and sharp the num'rous dis-
Inwoven with our frame !
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, remorse, and shame !
And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn !

VIII.

" See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil,
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

IX.

" If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave,—
By nature's law design'd,
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind ?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty or scorn !
Or why has man the will and pow'r,
To make his fellow mourn ?

X.

Yet let not this, too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast :
This partial view of human-kind
Is surely not the last !
The poor, oppressed, honest man,
Had never, sure, been born
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn !

XI.

" O death ! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best !
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest !
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow
From pomp and pleasure torn ;
But, Oh ! a bless'd relief to those
That weary-laden mourn !"

A PRAYER

IN THE

PROSPECT OF DEATH.

I.

O THOU unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear !
In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear !

II.

If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun ;
As something, loudly, in my breast,
Remonstrates I have done ;

III.

Thou know'st that thou hast formed me
With passions wild and strong ;
And list'ning to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

IV.

Where human weakness has come short,
Or frailty stept aside,
Do thou, *All-Good* ! for such thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.

V.

Where with intention I have err'd,
No other plea I have,
But, *Thou art good* ; and goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

STANZAS

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

WHY am I loath to leave this earthly scene?
Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?
Some drops of joy with draughts of all between;
Some gleams of sunshine 'mid renewing storms:
Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?
Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?
For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms;
I tremble to approach an angry God,
And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.

Fain would I say, "Forgive my foul offence!
Fain promise never more to disobey;
But, should my Author health again dispense,
Again I might desert fair virtue's way;
Again in folly's path might go astray:
Again exalt the brute and sink the man;
Then how should I for heavenly mercy pray,
Who act so counter heavenly mercy's plan?
Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation
ran?"

O Thou, great Governor of all below!
If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee,
Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
Or still the tumult of the raging sea:
With that controlling pow'r assist ev'n me,
Those headlong furious passions to confine
For all unfit I feel my powers to be,
To rule their torrent in th' allowed time;
O, aid me with thy help, Omnipotence Divine!

LYING AT A REVEREND FRIEND'S
HOUSE ONE NIGHT, THE AUTHOR LEFT
THE FOLLOWING VERSES

In the room where he slept.

I.

O THOU dread Pow'r, who reign'st above!
I know thou wilt me hear:
When for this scene of peace and love,
I make my pray'r sincere.

II.

The hoary sire—the mortal stroke,
Long, long, he pleas'd to spare!
To bless his little filial flock,
And show what good men are.

III.

She, who her lovely offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears,
O, bless her with a mother's joys,
But spare a mother's tears!

IV.

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
In manhood's dawning blush;
Bless him, thou God of love and truth,
Up to a parent's wish!

V.

The beauteous, seraph sister-band,
With earnest tears I pray,
Thou know'tt the snarcs on ev'ry hand,
Guide thou their steps alway!

VI.

When soon or late they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driv'n,
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
A family in Heav'n!

THE FIRST PSALM.

THE man, in life wherever plac'd,
Hath happiness in store,
Who walks not in the wicked's way,
Nor learns their guilty lore!

Nor from the seat of scorn 't pride
Casts forth his eyes abroad.

But with humility and awe
Still walks before his God.

That man shall flourish like the trees
Which by the streamlets grow,
The fruitful top is spread on high,
And firm the root below.

But he whose blossom buds in guilt
Shall to the ground be cast,
And like the rootless stubble, tost
Before the sweeping blast.

For why? that God the good adore
Hath giv'n them peace and rest,
But hath decreed that wicked men
Shall ne'er be truly blest.

A PRAYER,

UNDER THE PRESSURE OF VIOLENT
ANGUISH.

O THOU Great Being! what thou art
Surpasses me to know:
Yet sure I am, that known to thee
Are all thy works below.

Thy creature here before thee stands
All wretched and distressed;
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey thy high behest.

Sure thou, Almighty, canst not act
From cruelty or wrath!
O, free my weary eyes from tears.
Or close them fast in death!

But if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design;
Then man my soul with firm resolves
To bear and not repine!

THE FIRST SIX VERSES OF THE NINE-
TIETH PSALM.

O THOU, the first, the greatest friend
Of all the human race!
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling place!

Before the mountains heav'd their heads
Beneath thy forming hand,
Before this pond'rous globe itself,
Arose at thy command;

That pow'r which rais'd and still upholds
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time
Was ever still the same.

Those mighty periods of years
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before thy sigh
Than yesterday that's past.

Thou giv'st the word: Thy creature, man,
Is to existence brought:
Again thou say'st, "Ye sons of men,
Return ye into nought!"

Thou layest them with all their cares
In everlasting sleep;
As with a flood thou tak'st them off
With overwhelming sweep.

They flourish like the morning flow'r,
In beauty's pride array'd;
But long ere night cut down it lies
All wither'd and decay'd.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

On turning one down with the plough in April, 1786.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r
't nou's met me in an evil hour;

For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie *Lark*, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy veet!
Wi' speckled breast,
When upward-springing, blythe to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth!
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield,
But thou beneath the random field
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histle *stibble-field*,
Unseen, alane.

There in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawy bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise:
But now the *share* uprears thy hed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
Sweet *flow'ret* of the rural shade—
By love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soild's laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to *suffering worth* is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n,
To mis'ry's brink,
Till wretch'd of ev'ry stay but *Heav'n*,
He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
That *fate* is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's *rough-share* drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom!

TO RUIN.

I.

ALL hail! Inexorable lord!
At whose destruction-breathing word,
The mightiest empires fall!
Thy cruel wo-delighted train,
The ministers of grief and pain,
A sullen welcome all!
With stern-resolved, despairing eye,
I see each aimed dart;
For one has cut my *dearest tie*,
And quivers in my heart.
Then low'ring, and pouring,
The *storm* no more I dread;
Tho' thick'ning and black'ning,
I round my devoted head.

II.

And thou, grim pow'r, by life abhor'd,
While life a *pleasure* can afford,
Oh! hear a wretch's pray'r!
No more I shrink appall'd, afraid;
I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
To close this scene of care!
When shall my soul in silent peace,
Besign life's *joyless* day;
My weary heart its throbbing cease,
Cold mould'ring in the clay?

No fear more, no tear more,
To stain my lifeless face;
Enclasped, and grasped
Within thy cold embrace!

TO MISS L—,

With Beattie's Poems as a New Year's Gift,
January 1, 1787.

AGAIN the silent wheels of time
Their annual round have driv'n,
And you, though scarce in maiden prime,
Are so much nearer Heav'n.

No gifts have I from Indian coasts
The infant year to hail;
I send you more than India boasts,
In *Edwin's* simple tale.

Our sex with guile and faithless love
Is charg'd, perhaps, too true;
But may, dear maid, each lover prove
An *Edwin* still to you!

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND

MAY—1786.

I.

I LANG hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
A something to have sent you,
Though it should serve nae other end
Than just a kind *memento*;
But how the subject-theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

II.

Ye'll try the world soon, my lad,
And, *Andrew* dear, believe me,
Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
And muckle they may grieve ye:
For care and trouble set your thought,
Ev'n when your end's attained;
And a' your views may come to naught,
Where ev'ry nerve is strained.

III.

I'll no say, men are villains a';
The real, harden'd wicked,
Wha hae nae check but human law,
Are to a few restrict'd:
But och! mankind are unco weak,
An' little to be trust'd;
If *self* the wavering balance shake,
It's rarely right adjust'd!

IV.

Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,
Their fate they should nae censure
For still th' *important end* of life,
They equally may answer;
A man may hae an honest heart,
Though poortith hourly stare him;
A man may tak a neebor's part,
Yet hae nae cash to spare him.

V.

Aye free, aff han' your story tel,
When wi' a bosom crony;
But still keep something to yoursel
Ye scarcely tell to ony.
Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can
Frae critical dissection;
But keek through ev'ry other man,
Wi' sharpen'd, sleek inspection.

VI.

The sacred love o' weel plac'd love,
Luxuriantly indulge it,
But never tempt th' *illicit* rove,
Though naething should divulge it

I wave the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard o' omeoaling;
But oh! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling!

VII.

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
A cautious wait upon her;
And gather gear by ev'ry wile
That's justified by honour;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Not for a train-attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.

VIII.

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip
To haid the wretch in order;
But where you feel your honour grip,
Let that aye be your border;
Its slightest touches, instant pause—
Debar a' side pretences;
And resolutely keep the laws,
Uncaring consequences.

IX.

The great Creator to revere,
Must sure become the creature.
But still the preaching cant forbear,
And ev'n the rigid feature:
Yet ne'er with wile profane to range,
Be complaisance extended;
An Atheist's laugh's a poor exchange
For Duty offended!

X.

When ranting round in pleasure's ring,
Religion may be blinded;
Or if she gie a random sting,
It may be little minded;
But when on life we're tempest-driv'n,
A conscience but a canker—
A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n,
Is sure a noble anchor!

XI.

Adieu, dear, amiable youth!
Your heart can ne'er be wanting—
May prudence, fortune, and truth,
Erect your brow undaunting!
In ploughman phrase, "God send you speed,"
Still daily to grow wiser:
And may you better reck the rede,
Than ever did th' adviser!

ON A SCOTCH BARD,

GONE TO THE WEST INDIES.

A' YE wha live by soups o' drink,
A' ye wha live by cranbo-clink,
A' ye wha live and never think,
Come mourn wi' me!
Our *billie's* gien us a' a junk,
An' owre the sea.

Lament him a' ye rantin' core,
Wha dearly like a random-splore,
Nae mair he'll join the merry roar,
In social key;
For now he's ta'en another shore,
An' owre the sea.

The bonnie lasses weel may wile him,
And in their dear *petitions* place him:
The widows, wives, an' a' may bless him,
Wi' tearfu' e'e;
For weel I wat they'll surely miss him
That's owre the sea.

O Fortune, they hae room to grumble!
Hadst thou ta'en a' some drowsy bummle,
Wha can do nought but fyke an' fumble,
"T'wad been nae ples;
But he was gleg as ony wumblie,
That's owre the sea.

VOL. II.

Auld, cantie Kyle may weepers wear,
An' stain them wi' the salt, salt tear;
"Twill mak her poor auld heart I fear,
In slanders flee;
He was her laureate monie a year,
That's owre the sea.

He saw misfortune's cauld *nor-west*
Lang mustering up a bitter blast;
A Juliet brak his heart at last,
Ill may she be.
So, took a birth afore the mast,
An' owre the sea.

To tremble under Fortune's cummock,
On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock,
Wi' his proud, independent stomach,
Could ill agree;
So, row'd his hurdles in a *hammock*,
An' owre the sea.

He ne'er was gien to great misguding,
Yet coin his pouches wad nae hide in;
Wi' him it ne'er was under hiding;
He dealt it free;
The muse was a' that he took pride in,
That's owre the sea.

Jamaica bodies, use him weel,
An' hap him in a cozie biele;
Ye'll find him aye a dainty chiel,
And fou' o' glee:
He wad na wrang'd the vera dell,
That's owre the sea.

Fareweel, my rhyme *composin' billie*!
Your native soil was right ill-willie;
But may ye flourish like a lily,
Now bonnille!
I'll toast ye in my hindmost gillie,
Though owre the sea.

TO A HAGGIS.

FAIR fa' your honest, sonse face,
Great chieftain o' the pudding-race!
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
Patnach, tripe, or thaurm;
Weel are ye worder o' a *grace*,
As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hurdies like a distant bill,
Your *pin* wad help to mend a mill
In time o' need,
While through your pores the dew's distil
Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic labour dight,
An' cut you up with ready slight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright
Like onie ditch;
And then, O what a glorious sight,
Warm-reekin', rich.

Then horn for horn they stretch an' strive,
Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,
Till a' their weel-wall'd kytes beylve
Are bent like drums;
Then auld guidman, mair like to ryve,
Bethunkid hums.

Is there that o'er his French *ragout*,
Or *ole* that wad staw a sow,
Or *fricasee* wad mak her spew
Wi' perfect sconner,
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view
On sic a dinner?

Poor devil! see him owre his trash,
As feckless as a wither'd rash,
His spindle shank a guld whip lash,
His nose ailt;
Through bloody flood or field to dash,
O how unfit!

But mark the rustic, *haggis-fed*,
The trembling earth resounds his tread,

Clap in his walle nieve a blade,
He'll mak it whistle;
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned,
Like taps o' thrissle.

Ye pow'r, wha mak mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware
That jaups in luggies;
But, if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r,
Gie her a *Haggis*!

A DEDICATION.

TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.

EXPECT na, Sir, in this narration,
A fleechin', sleth'in dedication,
To roose you up, an' ca' you guid,
An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid,
Because ye're surnam'd like *his grace*,
Perhaps related to the race:
Then when I'm tir'd—and sae are ye,
Wi' mony a fulsome, sinfu' lie,
Set up a face, how I stop short,
For fear your modesty be hurt.

This may do—maun do, Sir, wi' them wha
Maun please the great folk for a wamefon;
For me! sae laigh I needna bow,
For, Lord be thankit, I can plough;
And when I downa yoke a naig,
Then, Lord be thankit, I can beg:
Sae I shall say, an' that's nae flatt'rin',
It's just *sic poet*, an' *sic patron*.

The Poet, some guid angel help him,
Or else, I fear some ill ane skelp him,
He may do weel for a' he's done yet,
But only he's no just begun yet.

The Patron, (Sir, ye maun forgie me,
I winna lie, come what will o' me)
On ev'ry hand it will allow'd be,
He's just—nae better than he should be.

I readily and freely grant,
He downa see a poor man want;
What's no his ain he winna tak it,
What ance he says he winna break it;
Ought he can lend he'll no refus't,
Till aft his guidness is abus'd;
And rascals whyles that do him wrang,
Ev'n *that*, he does na mind it lang:
As master, landlord, husband, father,
He does na fail his part in either.

But then, nae thanks to him for a' that,
Nae *godly symptom* ye can ca' that;
It's naething but a milder feature,
(Of our poor, sinfu' corrupt nature)
Ye'll get the best o' moral works,
'Mang black Gentoes and pagan Turks,
(Or hunters wild on *Ponolaxi*,
Wha never heard of orthodoxy.
That he's the poor man's friend in need,
The *gentleman* in word and deed,
It's no through terror of d-mn-tion;
It's just a carnal inclination.

Morality, thou deadly bane,
Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain!
Vain is his hope, whose stay and trust is
In *moral* mercy, truth, and justice!

No—stretch a point to catch a plack;
Abuse a brother to his back;
Steal through a *rimnock* frae a whore,
But point the rake that tak the door:
Be to the poor like onie whunstone,
And haud their noses to the grunstone,
Fly every art o' *legal* thieving;
No matter, stick to *sound* believin'.

Learn three-mile pray'rs, and half-mile graces,
Wi' weel-spread looves, an' lang wry faces;
Grunt up a solemn, lengthen'd groan,
And damn a' parties but your own;

I'll warrant then, ye're nae deceiver,
A steady, sturdy, staunch believer.

O ye wha leave the springs of *C-le-n*,
For *gumle dubs* of your ain delvin'!
Ye sons of heresy and error,
Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror!
When vengeance draws the sword in wrath,
And in the fire throws the sheath;
When Ruin, with his sweeping *besom*,
Just frets till Heav'n commission gies him:
While o'er the *harp* pale mis'ry moans,
And strikes the ever-deep'ning tones,
Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans!

Your pardon, Sir, for this digression,
I maist forgot my *dedication*;
But when divinity comes cross me,
My readers still are sure to lose me.

So, Sir, ye see 'twas nae daff vapour,
But I maturely thought it proper,
When a' my works I did review,
To dedicate them, Sir, to *You*:
Because (ye need na tak it ill)
I thought them something like *yoursel*'.

Then patronise them wi' your favour,
And your petitioner shall ever—
I had amaist said, *ever pray*,
But that's a word I need na say:
For prayin' I hae little skill o't;
I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o't;
But I'll repeat each poor man's pray'r,
That kens or hears about you, Sir—

“May ne'er misfortune's gowling bark,
Howl through the dwelling o' the *Clerk*!
May ne'er his gen'rous, honest heart,
For that same gen'rous spirit smart!
May K*****'s far honour'd name
Lang beet his hymeneal flame,
Till H*****, at least a dozen,
Are frae their nuptial labours risen;
Five bonnie lasses round their table,
And seven braw fellows, stout an' able
To serve their king and country weel,
By word, or pen, or pointed steel!
May health and peace, with mutual rays,
Shine on the evening o' his days;
Till his wee curtle *John's* ier-oe,
When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
The last, sad, mournful rites bestow!”

I will not wind a lang conclusion
Wi' complimentary effusion;
But whilst your wishes and endeavours
Are blest with Fortune's smiles and favours,
I am, dear Sir, with zeal most fervent,
Your much indebted, humble servant.

But if (which Pow'r's above prevent!)
That iron-hearted carl, *Wan*,
Attended in his grim advances,
By sad mistakes, and black mischances,
While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,
Make you as poor a dog as I am,
Your *humble servant* then no more;
For who would humbly serve the poor!
But by a poor man's hopes in Heav'n!
While recollection's pow'r is given,
If, in the vale of humble life,
The victim sad of fortune's strife,
I, through the tender gushing tear,
Should recognize my *master dear*,
If friendless, low, we meet together
Then, Sir, your hand—my *friend* . . . *and brother*!

TO A LOUSE.

ON SEEING ONE ON A LADY'S BUNNET,
AT CHURCH.

HA! whare ye gaun, ye crowsin' ferlie!
Your impudence protects you sairly:
I canna say but ye strunt rarely,
Owre gauze and lace;

Though faith, I fear ye dine but sparingly
On sic a place.

Ye eat, creepin', blatt' wanner,
Dashed, shann'd by saunt an' stanner,
How dare ye set your fit upon her,
Ye fine a lady!
Gae so newhere else an' seek your dinner
On some poor body.

Swith, in some le-gar's haffet squattle;
There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle
Wi' thier kindred, jumpin' cattle,
In shoals and nations;
Where *hens* or *hens* ne'er dare unsettle
Your thick plantations.

Now hand ye there, ye're out o' sight,
Below the fastin's, snug an' tight,
Na, fast ye yet! ye'll no be right
Till ye've got on it,
The vera tapmost, tow'ring height
O' *Miss's* kounet

My sneth I richt bauld ye set your nose out,
As plump and gray as onie crook;
O for some rank, mercenar' roset,
Or fell, red smeldum,
I'd gie you sic a hearty dose o',
Wad dress your droddum!

I wad na been surpris'd to say
You on an auld wif's shinen toy;
Or ablin's some bit duddle boy,
On a wyllecoast;
But *Miss's* fine *Leonard's* he
How dare ye do't!

O *Jenny*, dinna tou your head,
An' set your beauties abrood!
Ye hie'ten what curst speed
The blattie's makin'!
These *links* and *finger-ends*, I dread,
Are notice takin'!

O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
To see *oursels* as *others* see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
And frae monie a duncle ne'er;
What ails in dress an' gait wad let's us,
And e'en Devotion!

ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH.

I.

EDINA! *Scotia's* darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat legislation's sov'reign pow'r!
From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
As on the banks of *Ayr* I stry'd,
And winging, lone, the linc'ning hours,
I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

II.

Here wealth still swells the golden tide,
As busy trade his labours plies;
There architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance and splendour rise;
Here justice, from her native skies,
Hich yields her balance and her rod;
There learning, with his eagle's eyes,
Seeks science in her coy abode.

III.

Thy sons, Edina, social, kind,
With open arms the stranger hail;
Their views enlarg'd, their liberal mind,
Above the narrow, rural vale;
Attentive still to sorrow's wail,
Or modest merit's silent claim;
And never may thier sources fail!
And never envy blot thier name.

IV.

Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn!
Gay as the gilded summer sky,
Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy!

Fair Il— strikes th' adoring eye,
Heaven's beauties on my fancy shine;
I see the *size of love* on *hills*,
And own his work indeed divine!

V.

There, watching high the levell storms,
Thy rough, rude fortres gleams afar;
Like some bold tetra, gray in arms,
And mark'd with many a scumy scar
The pond'rous wall and ruddy bar,
Grim-riding o'er the rugged rock;
Have oft withstood availing war,
And oft repell'd the invader's shock.

VI.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
I view that noble, stately dome,
Where *Scotia's* kings of other years,
Fam'd heroes! had thier royal home;
Alas! how chang'd the times to come!
Thier royal name low in the dust!
Thier hapless race wild-wandering round!
Though rigid law cries out, 'twas just!

VII.

Wild beats my heart to trace your steps,
Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
Through hostile ranks an' ruin'd gaps
Old *Scotia's* bloody lien bore;
E'en I who sang in rattle lore,
Haply *my eyes* have left thier shed,
And fac'd grim danger's loudest roar,
Hold-following where your fathers led

VIII.

Edina! *Scotia's* darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat legislation's sov'reign pow'r!
From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
As on the banks of *Ayr* I stry'd,
And singing, lone, the linc'ning hours,
I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

EPISTLE TO J. LAPRAIK,

AN OLD SCOTTISH BARD.

April, 1st, 1785.

WHILE briars and woodhines budding green,
An' puddicks scratchin' loud at e'en,
An' morning poussie whiddin' seen,
Inspire my muse,
This freedom in an *unknown* friend,
I pray excuse.

On fasten-een we had a rockin',
To ca' the crack and weave our stockin';
And there was muckle fun and jokin',
Ye need na doubt;
At length we had a hearty yokin'
At sang about

There was an sang, among the rest,
About them a' it pleas'd me best,
That some kind husband had addrest
To some sweet wif:
It thir'd the heart-strings through the breast,
A' to the life.

I've scarce heard ought describ'd sic weel,
What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel;
Thought I, "Can this be *Pope*, or *Steele*,
Or *Beattie's* work?"
They tald me 'twas an odd kind chiel
About *Muirkirk*.

It gat me fidgin'-fain to hear't,
And aye about him there I splur'd;
Then a' that ken't him round declar'd
He had inspir'd,
That name excell'd it, few cam near't,
It was aye fine

That set him to a pint of ale,
An' either douce or merry tale,
Or rhymes an' sangs he'd made himsel',
Or witty catches,
'Tween Inverness and Tiviotdale,
He had few matches.

Then up I gat, an' swear an' aith,
Though I should pawn my plough and grailth,
Or dle a cadger pownie's death,
At some dyke-back,
A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith
To hear your crack.

But, first an' foremost, I should tell,
Amaist as soon as I could spell,
I to the *crambo-jingle* fell,
Though rude an' rough,
Yet crooning to a body's sel',
Does well enough.

I am nae poet, in a sense,
But just a *rhymier*, like, by chance,
An' hae to learning nae pretence,
Yet, what the matter?
Whene'er my muse does on me glance,
I jingle at her.

Your critter-folk may cock their nose,
And say, "How can you e'er propose,
You wha ken hardly *verse* frae *prose*,
To mak a *sang*!"
But, by your leaves, my learned foe,
Ye're maybe wrang.

What's a' your jargon o' your schools,
Your Latin names for horns an' stools;
If honest nature made you *fools*,
What kairs your grammars?
Ye'd better ta'en up spades and shoofs,
Or knappin' hammers.

A set o' dull, conceited hashers,
Confuse their brains in college classes!
They gang in sturks, and come out asses,
Plain truth to speak;
An' syne they think to climb Parnassus!
By dint o' Greek!

Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
That's a' the learning I desire;
Then though I drudge through dub an' mire
At plough or cart,
My muse, though hamely in attire,
May touch the heart.

O for a spark o' Allan's glee,
Or Ferguson's, the bauld and slee,
Or bright Lapraik's, my friend to be,
If I can hit it!
That would be lea' enough for me,
If I could get it.

Now, Sir, if ye hae friends enow,
Though real friends, I b'lieve, are few,
Yet, if your catalogue be fou,
I'll no insist,
But gif ye want ae friend that's true,
I'm on your list

I winna blaw about mysel';
As ill I like my faults to tell;
But friends, and folk that wish me well,
They sometimes rooze me,
Though I maun own, as monie still
As far abuse me.

There's ae *ree-faut* they whyles lay to me,
I like the laze—Gude forgive me!
For monie a plack they whirle frae me,
At dance or fair;
May be some *ither thing* they gie me
They weel can spare.

But *Mauchline* race, or *Mauchline* fair,
I should be proud to meet you there;
We's gie ae night's discharge to care,
If we forgather,
An' hae a swap o' *rhymie's* rare
Wi' ane anither.

The four-gill chap, we'e gar him clatter,
An' kirs an him wi' reekin' water;

Syne we'll sit down and tak our whitter,
To cheer our heart,
An' faith we's be acquainted better
Before we part.

Awa, ye selfish warly race,
Wha think that havins, sense, an' grace,
Ev'n love an' friendship, should gie place
To *catch-the-plack*!
I dinna like to see your face,
Nor hear you crack.

But ye whom social pleasure charms,
Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,
Who hold your *being* on the terms,
Each aid the others',
Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
My friends, my brothers!

But, to conclude my lang epistle,
As my auld pen's worn to the gristle;
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fistle,
Who am, most fervent,
While I can either sing, or whistle,
Your friend and servant.

TO THE SAME.

April 21st, 1785.

WHILE new-ca'd kye rout at the stake,
An' pownies reek in pleugh or braik,
This hour on e'enin's edge I take,
To own I'm debtor
To honest-hearted, auld Lapraik,
For his kind letter.

Forjesket sair, with weary legs,
Rattlin' the corn out-owre the rigs,
Or dealing thro' amang the naigs,
Their ten-hours' bite,
My awkart muse sair pleads and begs
I would na write.

The tapetless ramfecz'd hizzle,
She's saft at best, and something lazy,
Quo' she, "Ye ken we've been sae busy
This month an' mair,
That trouth my head is grown right dizzie,
An' something sair."

Her dowf excuses pat me mad;
"Conscience," says I, "ye thowless jad!"
I'll write, an' that a hearty blaud,
This vera night;
So dinna ye affront your trade,
But rhyme it right.

"Shall Bauld Lapraik, the king o' hearts,
Tho' mankind were a pack o' cartes,
Roose you sae weel for your deserts,
In terms to friendly,
Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts,
An' thank him kindly!"

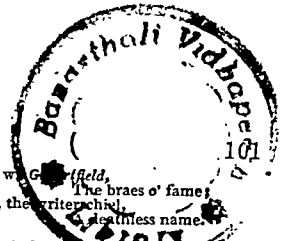
Sae I gat paper in a blink,
An' down faced *stumpie* in the ink:
Quoth I, "Before I sleep a wink,
I vow I'll close it:
An' if ye winna mak it clink,
By Jove I'll prose it!"

Sae I've begun to scrawl, but rather
In rhyme or prose, or baith thegither,
Or some hotch-potch that's rightly neither,
Let time mak proof;
But I shall scribble down some blether
Just clean aff-loof.

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp,
Tho' fortune use you had an' sharp;
Come kittle up your *sneerland karp*,
Wi' glesome touch!
Ne'er mind how fortune *naff* an' mapp;
She's but a blith.

She's gien me monie a jirt an' fleg,
Eln' I could striddle owre a rig;

BURNS' POEMS.



But, by the L—d, tho' I should beg
Wi' lyart now,
I'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg,
As lang's I dowl!

Now comes the sax an' twentieth simmer
I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,
Still persecuted by the limmer
Frae year to year;
But yet despite the kittle kimmer,
I, Rob, am here.

Do ye envy the city Gent,
Behint a kist to lie and sklent,
Or purse-proud, big wi' cent. per cent.
And muckle wame;
In some bit brugh to represent
A Baillie's name?

Or is't the paughty feudal Thane,
Wi' ruff'd sark an' glancin' cane,
Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane,
But lordly stalks,
While caps and bonnets aff are ta'en,
As by he walks?

"O Thou wha gies us each guid gift!
Gle me o' wit an' sense a lift,
Then turn me, if Thou please adrift,
Thro' Scotland wide;
Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift,
In a' their pride!"

Were this the charter of our state,
"On pain o' hell be rich an' great,"
Damnation then would be our fate,
Beyond remead;
But, thanks to Heav'n! that's no the gate
We learn our creed

For thus the royal mandate ran,
When first the human race began,
"The social friendly honest man,
Whate'er he be,
'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan,
An' none but he!"

O mandate glorious and divine!
The ragged followers of the Nine,
Poor, thoughtless devils! yet may shine
In glorious light,
While sordid sons of Mammon's line
Are dark as night.

Tho' here they scrape, an' squeeze, an' growl,
Their worthless nievfu' of a soul
May in some future carcase howl,
The forest's fright;
Or in some day-detesting owl
May shun the light.

Then may Lapraik and Burns arise,
To reach their native, kindred skies,
And sing their pleasures, hopes, an' joys,
In some mild sphere,
Still closer knit in friendship's ties
Each passing year.

TO W. S*****N,

OCHILTREE.

May, 1785.

I GAT your letter, winsome Willie;
Wi' gratefu' heart I thank you brawlie;
Tho' I maun say't, I wad be silly,
An' unco vain,
Should I believe, my coaxin' billie,
Your flatterin' strain.

But I'se believe ye kindly meant it,
I sud be laith to think ye hinted
Ironie satire, sidelin's sklentend
On my poor Musie;
Tho' in sic phrasin' terms ye're penn'd it,
I scarce excuse ye.

My senses wad be in a creel,
Should I but dare a hope to steel

Wi' Allan, or wae G. (field),
The braes o' fame;
Or Fergusson, the writer-chin,
The useless name.

(O Fergusson! thy glory as a poet
Ill suited law's dry, musty, an' cold;
My curse upon your whunstone hearts,
Ye Enbrugh Gentry!
The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes,
Wad stow'd his pantry!)

Yet when a tale comes i' my head,
Or lasses gie my heart a screed,
As whyles they're like to be my dead,
(O sad disease!)
I kittle up my rustic reed;
It gies me ease.

Auld Coila now may fidge fu' fain,
She's gotten Poets o' her ain,
Chiefs wha their chanters winna hain,
But tune their lays,
Till echoes a' resound again
Her weel-sung praise.

Nae poet thought her worth his while,
To set her name in measur'd style;
She lay like some unkenn'd of isle
Beside Nem-Holland,
Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil
Besouth Magellan.

Ramsay an' famous Fergusson
Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon;
Yarrow an' Tweed to monie a tune,
Owre Scotland rings,
While Irvin, Lugar, Ayr, an' Doon,
Nae body sings.

Th' Illiasus, Tiber, Thames, an' Seine,
Glide sweet in monie a tune! line!
But, Willie, set your fit to mine,
An' cock your crest,
We'll gar our streams and burnies shine
Up wi' the best.

We'll sing auld Coila's plains an' fells,
Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells,
Her banks an' braes, her dens and dells,
Where glorious Wallace
Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
Frae southron billies.

At Wallace's name what Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring-tide flood!
Oft have our fearless fathers strode
By Wallace's side,
Still pressing onward, red-wat-shod,
Or glorious died.

O, sweet are Coila's haughs an' woods,
When lint-whites chant among the buds,
An' jinkin' hares, in amorous wids,
Their loves enjoy,
While thro' the braes the cushat croods
With wailfu' cry!

Ev'n winter bleak has charms for me
When winds rave through the naked tree;
Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree
Are hoary gray;
Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,
Dark'ning the day!

O Nature! a' thy shows an' forms
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms!
Whether the simmer kindly warms,
Wi' life an' light,
Or winter howls, in gusty storms,
The lang, dark night!

The Muse, nae poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel', he learn'd to wander,
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
An' no think lang;
O sweet! to stray, an' pensive ponder
A heart-felt sang!

The warly race may drudge an' drive,
Hog-shoulder, jundie, stretch, an' strive,
Let me fair Nature's face describe,
And I, wi' pleasure,

She'll let the busy, grumbling hive
Bum owre their treasure.

Fareweel, "my rhyme-composing brither!"
We've been owre lang unkenn'd to ither:
Now let us lay our heads thegither,
In love fraternal:
May *Envy* wallop in a tother,
Black fiend, infernal!

While highlandmen hate tolls and taxes;
While moorlan' herds like gud fat braxies:
While terra firma on her axis

Diurnal turns,
Count on a friend, in faith an' practice,
In Robert Burns.

POSTSCRIPT.

MY memory's no worth a preen;
I had amais't forgotten clean,
Ye bade me write you what they mean
By this *New-Light*,
Bout which our *herds* sae aft hae been
Maist like to fight.

In days when mankind were but callans
At grammar, logic, an' sic talents,
They took nae pains their speech to balance,
Or rules to gie,
But spak their thoughts in plain, braid lallans,
Like you or me.

In thae auld times, they thought the moon,
Just like a sark, or pair o' shoon,
Wore by degrees, till her last roon,
Gaed past their viewling,
An' shortly after she was done,
They gat a new one.

This past for certain, undisputed;
It ne'er can I' their heads to doubt it,
Till chiefs gat up an' wad confute it,
An' ca'd it wrang;
An' muckle din there was about it,
Baith loud and lang.

Some *herds*, weel learn'd upo' the beuk,
Wad threap auld folk the thing mistook;
For 'twas the *auld moon* turn'd a neuk,
An' out o' sight,
An' backlins-comin', to the leuk,
She grew mair bright.

This was denie'd, it was affirm'd;
The *herds* an' *hissels* were alarm'd
The rev'rend gray-beards rav'd and storm'd,
That beardless laddies
Should think they better were inform'd
Than their auld daddies.

Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks;
Frae words an' oaths to clours and nicks;
An' monie a fallow gat his leeks,
Wi' hearty crunt;
An' some, to learn them for their tricks,
Were hang'd an' brunt.

'This game was play'd in monie lands,
An' *auld-light* caddies bure sic hands,
That faith the youngsters took the sands
Wi' nimble shanks,
The lairds forbade, by strict commands,
Sic bluidy pranks.

But *new-light herds* gat sic a cove,
Folk thought them run'd stick-an'-stowe,
Till now amais't on ev'ry knowe,
Ye'll find ane plac'd;
An' some their *new-light* fair avow,
Just quite barefac'd.

Nae doubt the *auld-light flocks* are bleatin';
Their zealous *herds* are vex'd an' swatin';

* See note, p. 12.

Mysel', I've even seen them greetin',
Wi' ginnin' spite,
To hear the moon sae sadly lied on
By word an' write.

But shortly they will cove the louns!
Some *auld-light herds* in neebor towns
Are mind't, in things they ca' balloons,
To tak a flight,
An' stay a month among the moons
An' see them right.

Guid observation they will gie them;
An' when the *auld moon's* gaun to lea'e them,
The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them,
Just i' their pouch,
An' when the *new-light* billies see them,
I think they'll crouch!

Sae, ye observe that a' this clatter
Is naething but a "moonshine matter;"
But though dull prose-folk Latin splatter
In logic tulzie,
I hope, we bairds ken some better
Than mind sic bruizie

EPISTLE TO J. R*****,

ENCLOSING SOME POEMS.

O ROUGH, rude, ready-witted, R*****,
The wale o' cocks for fun and drinkin'!
There's monie godly folks are thinkin',
Your *dreams** an' tricks
Will send you, Korah-like, n-sinkin',
Straught to auld Nick's.

Ye hae sae monie cracks an' cants,
And in your wicked drucken rants,
Ye mak a devil o' the saunts,
An' fill them fou;
And then their fallings, flaws, an' wants,
Are a' seen through.

Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it!
That ho' robe, O dinna tear it!
Spare 't for their sakes wha aften wear it,
The lads in black!
But your curst wit, when it comes near it,
Lives 't aff their back.

Think, wicked sinner, wha ye're skaithing,
Its just the *blue-gown* badge an' claithing
O' saunts; tak that, ye lea'e them naething
To ken them by,
Frae onle unregenerate heathen
Like you or I.

I've sent you here some rhyming ware,
A' that I bargain'd for an' mair;
Sae, when ye hae an hour to spare,
I will expect
Yon sang,† ye'll sen't wi' cannie care,
And no neglect.

Though faith, sma' heart hae I to sing!
My muck-dow scarcely spread her wing!
I've play'd mysel' a bonnie spring,
An' dane'd my fill!
I'd better gane an' sair'd the king,
At *Dunker's Hill*.

'Twas ae night lately in my fun,
I gaed a roving wi' the gun,
An' brought a *pair-trick* to the grun,
A bonnie hen,
And, as the twillight was begun,
Thought nane wad ken.

The poor wee thing was little huri;
I stralkt it a wee for sport,

* A certain humorous *dream* of his was then making a noise in the country side.

† A song he had promised the Author.

Ne'er thinkin' they wad fash me fur't;
But, dail-ma-care
Somebody tells the ouside court
The hale affair.

Some said udd hands had ta'en a note,
That he a hen had got a shot;
I was suspected for the plot;
I scorn'd to lie;
So gat the whistle o' my great,
An' pay't the fife.

But, by my gun, o' guns the wale,
An' by my powder an' my hail,
An' by my hen, an' by her fall,
I vow an' swear!
The game shall pay o'er moor an' dale,
For this, next year.

As soon's the clockin'-uffe is by,
An' the wee peats begin to cry,
Lead, I've hae sportin' by an' by,
For my crowd guinea:
Though I should herd the buckskin kye
Fert in Virginia.

Trowth, they had muckle far to blame!
'Twas nather broken wing nor limb,
But twa-three draps about the wame
scarce thro' the feathers;
An' laith a yellow George to claim,
An' thole their blethers!

It's me aye as mad's a hare;
So I can rhyme nor write nae mair;
But I can rhyme again is fair,
When time's expedient:
Meanwhile I am, respected sir,
Your most obedient.

JOHN BARLEYCORN.*

A BALLAD.

I.

THERE were three kings into the east,
Three kings, both great and high,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

II.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,
But clod'd upon his head,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

III.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
And showers began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surpris'd them all.

IV.

The tulzie suns of summer came,
And he grew thick and strong,
His head wad arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

V.

The sober autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew want and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

VI.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age;
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

VII.

They're ta'en a weapon long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee;
Then did him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

* This is partly composed on the plan of an old song known by the same name.

VIII.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

IX.

They fill'd up a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
They heav'd in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

X.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him further woe,
And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

XI.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones;
But a miller udd him worst of all,
For he crush'd him 'tween two stones.

XII.

And they hae ta'en his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

XIII.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise,
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise.

XIV.

'Twill make a man forget his woe;
'Twill heighten all his joy;
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Though the tear were in her eye.

XV.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fall in old Scotland!

A FRAGMENT.

Tune—"Gilliecrankie."

I.

WHEN Gullford good our pilot stood
And did our helm throw, man,
Ae night, at ten, began a pica,
Within America, man;
Then up they gat the maskin'-pat,
And in the sea did jaw, man;
An' did nae less, in full congress,
Than quite refuse our law, man.

II.

Then through the lakes Montgomery takes,
I wat he was na slave, man;
Down *Louise's* burn he took a turn,
And *Carleton* did ca', man;
But yet, what-reck, he, at *Quebec*,
Montgomery-like did fa', man;
Wi' sword in hand, before his band,
Among his enemies a', man.

III.

Poor *Tammy Gage*, within a cage
Was kept at *Boston* ha', man;
Till *Willie Howe* took o'er the knowe
For *Philadelphia*, man;
Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin
Gild christian blood to draw, man;
But at *New-York*, wi' knife an' fork,
Sir-loin he hacked sma', man.

IV.

Burgoyne gied up, like spur an' whip,
Till *Fraser* brave did fa', man;
Then lost his way, ae misty day,
In *Saratoga* shaw, man.

Cornwallis fought as lang's he dought,
An' did the buckskins claw, man;
But *Clinton's* glaive frae rust to save,
He hung it to the wa', man.

V.

"Then *Montague*, an' *Gulford* too,
Began to fight a fa', man;
na *Sackville* dourie wha stood the stoure,
The German chief to throw, man;
or *Paddy Burke*, like ony Turk,
Nae mercy had at a', man;
nd *Charlie Fox* threw by the box,
An' lous'd his tinkler jaw, mhn.

VI.

Then *Rockingham* took up the game,
Till death did on him ca', man;
When *Shelburne* meek held up his cheek,
Conform to gospel law, man;
Saint *Stephen's* boys, wi' jarring noise,
They did his measures thrav, man,
For *North* an' *For* united stocks,
An' bore him to the wa', man.

VII.

Then clubs an' hearts were *Charlie's* cartes,
He swept the stakes awa', man,
Till the diamond's ace, of *Indian* race,
Led him a sair *faux pas*, man;
The *Saxon* lads, wi' loud placads,
On *Chatham's* boy did ca', man;
An' *Scotland* drew her pipe an' blew,
"Up, Willie, waur them a', man!"

VIII.

Behind the throne then *Grenville's* gone,
A secret word or twa, man;
While sleet *Dundas* arous'd the class
Be-north the Roman wa' man;
An' *Chatham's* wealth, in heavenly graith,
(Inspired bardies saw, man)
Wi' kindling eyes cry'd, "*Willie*, rise!
Would I hae fear'd them a', man?"

IX.

But, word an' blow, *North*, *Fox*, and *Co.*
Gowff'd *Willie* like a ba', man,
Till *Southron* raise, and coost their claive
Behind him in a raw, man;
An' *Caledon* threw by the drone,
An' did her whittle draw, man;
An' swoor fu' rude, through dirt an' blood
To make it guide in law, man.

• • • • •

SONG.

Tune—"Corn rigs are bonnie."

I.

IT was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonnie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa to Annie:
The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
Till 'tween the late an' early;
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed,
To see me through the barley.

II.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly;
I set her down, wi' right good will,
Among the rigs o' barley:
I kenn't her heart was a' ray ain;
I lov'd her most sincerely;
I kiss'd her owre and owre again
Among the rigs o' barley.

III.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace;
Her heart was beating rarely:
My blessings on that happy place,
Among the rigs o' barley!
But by the moon and stars so bright,
That shone that hour so clearly!
She aye shall bless that happy night,
Among the rigs o' barley.

IV.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear;
I hae been merry drinkin';
I hae been joyfu' gatherin' gear;
I hae been happy thinkin':
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Though three times doubled fairly,
That happy night was worth them a',
Among the rigs o' barley.

CHORUS.

Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,
An' corn rigs are bonnie:
I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
Among the rigs wi' Annie.

SONG,

COMPOSED IN AUGUST.

Tune—"I had a horse, I had nae mair."

I.

NOW westlin' winds, and slaught'ring guns
Bring autumn's pleasant weather;
The moorcock springs, on whirling wings,
Among the blooming heather;
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary farmer;
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,
To muse upon my charmer.

II.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells;
The plover loves the mountains;
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells;
The soaring hern the fountains:
Through lofty groves the cushat roves,
The path of man to shun it;
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
The spreading thorn the linnet.

III.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
The savage and the tender;
Some social join, and leagues combine;
Some solitary wander:
Awaunt, away! the cruel sway,
Tyrannic man's dominion;
The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
The flutt'ring, gory pinion!

IV.

But *Peggy* dear, the ev'ning's clear,
Thick flies the skimming swallow;
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading-green and yellow:
Come let us stray our glad some way,
And view the charms of nature;
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
And every happy creature.

V.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
Till the silent moon shine clearly;
I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,
Swear how I love thee dearly:
Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,
Not autumn to the farmer,
So dear can be as thou to me,
My fair, my lovely charmer

SONG.

Tune—"My Nannie, O."

I.

BEHIND yon hills where *Lugar** flows,
'Mang moors and mosses many, O,
The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
And I'll awa to Nannie, O.

* Originally Stinchar.

II.

The westlin' wind blows loud an' shill;
The night's bath mirk an' rainy, O;
But I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal,
An' owre the hulls to Nannie, O.

III.

My Nannie 's charming, sweet, an' young;
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O;
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nannie, O.

IV.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as the 's bonnie, O;
The op'ning gowan, wet wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

V.

A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few they be,
I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.

VI.

My riches a' 's my penny fee,
An' I maun guide it cannie, O;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

VII.

Our auld Guldman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his plough,
An' has nae care but Nannie, O.

VIII.

Come weel, come wo, I care na by,
I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O;
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live, an' love my Nannie, O.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

A FRAGMENT.

CHORUS.

*Green grow the rushes, O!
Green grow the rushes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent amang the lasses, O!*

I.

THERE'S nought but care on ev'ry han',
In ev'ry hour that passes, O;
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

II.

The warly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' though at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
Green grow, &c.

III.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O;
An' warly cares, an' warly men,
May a' gae tapsaltravie, O!
Green grow, &c.

IV.

For you sae douse, ye smear at this,
Ye'er nought but senseless asses, O;
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly lovd the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

V.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears,
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her 'prentice han' she try'd on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

• • • • •

SONG.

Tune—"Jockey's Grey Bree?"

I.

AGAIN rejoicing nature sees
Her robe assume its vernal hues,
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
All freshly steep'd in morning dew.

CHORUS.*

*And maun I still on Menie doat,
And bear the scorn that's in her e'e?
For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
An' it winna let a body be!*

II.

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
In vain to me the v'lets spring;
In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
The mavis and the linnwhite sing.
And maun I still, &c.

III.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
Wi' joy the tentle seedsman stalks,
But life to me 's a weary dream,
A dream of aye that never wauks.
And maun I still, &c.

IV.

The wanton coot the water skims,
Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,
The stately swan majestic swims,
And every thing is blest but I.
And maun I still, &c.

V.

The sheep-herd steeks his fauldin' slap,
And owre the moorlands whistles shill,
Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step,
I meet him on the dewy hill.
And maun I still, &c.

VI.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
And mounts and sings on flitting wings,
A wo-worn ghaist I hameward glide.
And maun I still, &c.

VII.

Come, Winter, with thine angry howl,
And raging bend the naked tree;
Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
When nature all is sad like me!

CHORUS.

*And maun I still on Menie doat,
And bear the scorn that's in her e'e?
For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
An' it winna let a body be.†*

SONG.

Tune—"Roslin Castle."

I.

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast,
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain;
The hunter now has left the moor,
The scatter'd coveys meet secure,
While here I wander prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

* This chorus is part of a song composed by a gentleman in Edinburgh, a particular friend of the authors.

† *Menie* is the common abbreviation of *Marianne*.

‡ We cannot presume to alter any of the poems of our bard, and more especially those printed under his own direction; yet it is to be regretted that this chorus, which is not of his own composition, should be attached to these fine stanzas, as it perpetually interrupts the train of sentiment which they excite. E.

II.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn
By early Winter's ravage torn;
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly:
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

III.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
'Tis not that fatal deadly shore;
Though death in ev'ry shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear:
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound;
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

IV.

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales;
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Fursuing past, unhappy loves!
Farewell, my friends! Farewell, my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those—
The bursting tears, my heart declare,
Farewell the bonnie banks of Ayr.

SONG.

Tune—"Gilderoy."

I.

FROM thee, *Eliza*, I must go,
And from my native shore;
The cruel fates between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar:
But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
Between my love and me,
They never, never can divide
My heart and soul from thee.

II.

Farewell, farewell, *Eliza* dear,
The maid that I adore!
A boding voice is in mine ear,
We part to meet no more!
But the last throb that leaves my heart,
While death stands victor by,
That throb, *Eliza*, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh.

THE FAREWELL

TO THE

BRETHREN OF ST. JAMES'S LODGE,

TARBOLTON.

Tune—"Good night and joy be wi' you a'!"

I.

ADIEU! a heart-warm, fond adieu!
Dear brothers of the *mystic tie*,
Ye favour'd, ye enlighten'd few,
Companions of my social joy!
Though I to foreign lands must hie,
Fursuing Fortune's slid'ry ba',
With melting heart, and brimful eye,
I'll mind you still, though far awa'.

II.

Oh have I met your social band,
And spent the cheerful festive night;
Oh, honour'd with supreme command,
Presided o'er the *sons of light*:
And by that *hieroglyphic* bright,
Which none but *craftsmen* ever saw!
Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa'.

III.

May freedom, harmony, and love,
Unite you in the *grand design*,
Beneath th' omniscient eye above,
The glorious architect divine!
That you may keep th' *unerring line*,
Still rising by the *plummet's* law,
Till order bright completely shine,
Shall be my pray'r when far awa'.

IV.

And you, farewell! whose merits claim,
Justly, that *highest badge* to wear!
Heav'n bless your honour'd, noble name,
To *Masonry* and *Scotia* dear!
A last request permit me here,
When yearly ye assemble a',
One round, I ask it with a *tear*,
To him, the *Bard* that's far awa'.

SONG.

Tune—"Prepare, my dear brethren, to the tavern
let's fly."

I.

No churchman am I for to rail and to write,
No statesman nor soldier to plot or to fight,
No sly man of business contriving a snare,
For a big-belly'd bottle's the whole of my care.

II.

The peer I don't envy, I give him his bow;
I scorn not the peasant, though ever so low;
But a club of good fellows, like those that are here,
And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

III.

Here passes the squire on his brother—his horse;
There centum per centum, the cit, with his purse;
But see you the *Crown* how it waves in the air,
There, a big-belly'd bottle still eases my care.

IV.

The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die;
For sweet consolation to church I did fly;
I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
That a big-belly'd bottle's a cure for all care.

V.

I once was persuaded a venture to make;
A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck;—
But the pury old landlord just waddled up stairs,
With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

VI.

"Life's cares they are comforts," '—a maxim laid
down
By the bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the
black gown;
And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair;
For a big-belly'd bottle's a heav'n of care.

A Stanza added in a Mason Lodge.

Then fill up a bumper and make it o'erflow,
And honours masonic prepare for to throw!
May every true brother of the compass and square
Have a big-belly'd bottle when harass'd with care

WRITTEN IN

FRIARS-CARSE HERMITAGE,

ON NITH-SIDE.

Thou whom chance may hither lead,—
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou deckt in silken stole,
Grave these counsels on thy soul.

Life is but a day at most,
Prung from night, in darkness lost,

* Young's Night Thoughts.

Hope not sunshine every hour,
Fear not clouds will always lower.

As youth and love with sprightly dance,
Beneath thy morning star advance,
Pleasure with her siren air,
May delude the thoughtless pair;
Let prudence bless enjoyment's cup,
Then snatch'd slip, and slip it up.

As thy day grows warm and high,
Life's meridian flaming nigh,
Dost thou spurn the humble vale?
Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale?
Check the climbing steep elate,
Evils lurk in felon wait:
Dangers, eagle-pinion'd, bold,
Sow around each cliffy hold,
While cheerful peace, with linnet song,
Chants the lowly dells among.

As the shades of evening close,
Beck'ning thee to long repose;
As life itself becomes decay,
Seek the chimney-neck of ease,
There ruminatè with sober thought,
On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought;
And teach the sportive youngsters round,
Saws of experience, sage and sound,
Say, man's true genuine estimate,
The grand criterion of his fate,
Is not, art thou high or low?
Did thy fortune ebb or flow?
Did many talents gild thy span?
Or frugal nature grudge thee one?
Tell them, and press it on their mind,
As thou thyself must shortly find,
The smile or frown of awful Heaven,
To virtue or to vice is giv'n.
Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
There solit self-enjoyment lies;
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
Lead to the wretched, vile, and base.

Thus resign'd and quiet, creep
To the bed of lasting sleep;
Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,
Night, where dawn shall never break,
Till future life, future no more,
To light and joy the good restore,
To light and joy unknown before.

Stranger, go! Heav'n be thy guide!
Quod the headman of Nith-side.

ODE,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
MRS. — OF —

DWELLER in yon dungeon dark,
Hangman of creation! mark
Who in widow-woods appears,
Laden with unhonour'd years,
Nosing with care a bursting purse,
Baited with many a deadly curse!

STROPHE.

View the wither'd beldam's face—
Can thy keen inspection trace
Aught of humanity's sweet, melting grace!
Note that eye, 'tis rheum o'erflows,
Pity's flood there never rose.
See those hands, ne'er stretch'd to save,
Hands that took—but never gave.
Keeper of Mammon's iron chest,
Lo, there she goes, unpitied and unblest;
She goes, but not to realms of everlasting rest!

ANTISTROPHE.

Plunderer of armies, lift thine eyes,
(A while forbear, ye tott'ring fiends!)
Beest thou whose step unwilling hither bends!
No fallen angel, hur'd from upper skies;
'Tis thy trusty quondam mate,
Doom'd to share thy fiery fate,
She, tardy, hell-ward piles.

EPODE.

And are they of no more avail,
Ten thousand glittering pounds a year?
In other worlds can Mammon fail,
Omnipotent as he is here?
O, bitter mock'ry of the *jeuneur* tier,
While down the wretched *trial* part is driv'n!
The care-lodg'd leggat, with a conscience
clear,
Expires in rage, unknown, and goes to Heav'n.

ELEGY

ON

CAPT. MATTHEW HENDERSON,
A GENTLEMAN WHO HELD THE PATENT
FOR HIS HONOURS IMMEDIATELY FROM
ALMIGHTY GOD!

*But now his radiant course is run,
For Matthew's course was bright;
His soul was like the glorious sun,
A matchless Heavenly Light!*

O DEATH! thou tyrant fell and bloody!
The meikle devil w't a woodie
Haur'd thee hame to his black smidlie,
O'er hutchens' hides,
And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie,
W't thy auld sides!

He's gane, he's gane! he's frae us torn,
The ae best fellow o'er was born!
Thee, Matthew, Nature's self shall mourn
By wood and wild,
Where, haply, pity strays forthorn,
Frae man exil'd.

Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns,
That proudly cock your cresting calms!
Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing searms,
Where echo slumbers!
Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns,
My wailing numbers!

Mourn, Ilka grove the cushat kens!
Ye haz'lly shaws and briery dens!
Ye burnies, wimplin' down your glens,
W't toddlin' din,
Or foaming strang, w't hasty stens,
Frae Ilk to Ilk.

Mourn, little harebells o'er the lee;
Ye stately foxgloves fair to see;
Ye woodbines hanging bonnille,
In scented bow'rs;
Ye roses on your thorny tree,
The first o' flow'rs.

At dawn, when ev'ry grassy blade
Droops with a diamond at his head,
At ev'n, when beans their fragrance shed,
I'th' rustling gale,
Ye maunks whiddin' through the glade,
Come join my wail.

Mourn, ye wee songsters of the wood;
Ye grouse that crap the heather bud;
Ye curlews calling through a clud;
Ye whistling plover;
And mourn, ye whirling patrick brood;
He's gane for ever!

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals,
Ye fisher herons, watching eels;
Ye duck and drake, w't airy wheels
Circling the lake;
Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
Hair for his sake.

Mourn, clam'ring crails at close o' day,
Mang fields o' flow'ring clover gay;
And when you wing your annual way
Frae our cauld shore,

Tell thae far warlds, wha lies in clay,
Wham we deplore.

Ye houlets, frae your ivy bow'r,
In some auld tree, or eildritch tow'r,
What time the moon wi' silent glow'r,
Sets up her horn,
Wail through the dreary midnight hour
Till waukrife morn!

O rivers, forests, hills, and plains!
Oft have ye heard my canty strains:
But now, what else for me remains
But tales of woe;
And frae my een the drapping rains
Maun ever flow.

Mourn, spring, thou darling of the year!
Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear:
Thou, summer, while each corny spear
Shoots up its head,
Thy gay, green, flow'ry tresses shear,
For him that's dead!

Thou, autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
In grief thy fallow mantle tear!
Thou, winter, hurling through the air
The roaring blast,
Wido o'er the naked world declare
The worth we've lost!

Mourn him, thou sun, great source of light!
Mourn, empress of the silent night!
And you, ye twinkling starnies, bright,
My Matthew mourn!
For through your orbs he's ta'en his flight,
Ne'er to return.

O Henderson—the man, the brother!
And art thou gone, and gone for ever!
And hast thou crost that unknown river,
Life's dreary bound!
Like thee, where shall I find another,
The world around!

Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye Great,
In a' the tinsel trash o' state!
But by the honest turf I'll wait,
Thou man of worth!
And weep the ae best fellow's fate
E'er lay in earth.

THE EPITAPH.

STOP, passenger! my story's brief;
And truth I shall relate, man;
I tell nae common tale o' grief,
For Matthew was a great man.

If thou uncommon merit hast,
Yet spurr'd at fortune's door, man;
A look of pity hither cast,
For Matthew was a poor man.

If thou a noble sodger art,
That passeth by this grave, man,
There moulders here a gallant heart;
For Matthew was a brave man.

If thou on men, their works and ways,
Canst throw uncommon light, man;
Here lies wha weel had won thy praise,
For Matthew was a bright man.

If thou at friendship's sacred ca'
Wad life itself resign, man;
Thy sympathetic tear maun fa',
For Matthew was a kind man!

If thou art staunch without a stain,
Like the unchanging blue, man;
This was a kinsman o' thy ain,
For Matthew was a true man.

If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire,
And ne'er guid wine did fear, man;
This was thy billie, dam, and sire,
For Matthew was a queer man.

If onle whingish whincin sot,
To blame poor Matthew dare, man;
May dool and sorrow be his lot,
For Matthew was a rare man.

LAMENT

OF

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS,

On the Approach of Spring.

NOW nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea:
Now Phoebus cheers the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies;
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies.

Now lar'rocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing;
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,
Makes woodland echoes ring;
The mavis mild wi' many a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest:
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall oppress.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae:
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang;
But I, the Queen o' a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,
Where happy I hae been;
Fu' lightly raise I in the morn,
As blythe lay down at e'en:
And I'm the sovereign of Scotland,
And monie a traitor there;
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
And never ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman,
My sister and my fae,
Grim vengeance yet shall whet a sword
That through thy soul shall gae:
The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee;
Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe
Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son! my son! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine;
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er wad blink on mine!
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee:
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend
Remember him for me!

Oh! soon, to me, may summer suns
Nae mair light up the morn!
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn!
And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave;
And the next flow'rs that deck the spring,
Bloom on my peaceful grave!

TO ROBERT GRAHAM, Esq.

OF FINTRA.

LATE crippl'd of an arm, and now a leg,
About to beg a *pass* for leave to beg;
Dull, listless, teas'd, dejected, and deprect,
(Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest:)

Will, generous Heaven list to his Poet's wail?
(It is thy poor misery, I earkening to her tale,
A curse on the cur o' the night be first surr'd,
And d'v'ly curse the luckless rhyming trade?)

Then, Nature, partial Nature, I arraign;
Of thy spite, maternal I complain.
The lion and the bull thy care have found,
One dwells in the forests, and one spurns the ground—
The eagle in the eagle's hide, the snail his shell,
The ever-vind'g wisp, victorious, guards his cell.—
Thy minions, kings, defend, control, devour,
In all th' omnipotence of rule and power—
Foxes and statesmen, subtle wiles ensure;
The cat and polecat stink, and are secure.
Teach with their poison, doctors with their drug,
The priest and hedgehog in their robes are snug.
E'en silly woman has her warlike arts,
Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and darts.

But Oh! thou bitter step-mother and hard,
To thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard!
A thing unteachable in world's skill,
And half an idiot too, more helpless still.
No heels to bear him from the op'ning dun;
No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun;
No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn,
And those alas! not Amalthea's horn;
No nerves olfact'ry, Mammon's trusty cur,
Clad in rich dulness' comfortable fur,
In naked feeling, and in aching pride,
He bears th' unbroken blast from ev'ry side:
Vampire booksellers drain him to the heart,
And scorpion critics careless venom dart.

Critics—appall'd I venture on the name,
Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame;
Bloody dissectsors, worse than ten Monroes;
He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose.

His heart by causeless, wanton malice wrung,
By blockheads' daring into madness stung;
His well-won bays, than life itself more dear,
By miscreants torn, who ne'er onesprig must wear:
Foil'd, bleeding, tortur'd, in the unequal strife,
The hapless poet founders on through life,
Till fled each hope that once his bosom fir'd,
And fled each muse that glorious once inspir'd,
Low sunk in squalid, unprotected age,
Dead, even resentment, for his injur'd page,
He heeds or feels no more the ruthless critic's rage!

So, by some hedge, the generous steed deceased,
For half-starv'd snarling curs a dainty feast;
By toll and famine wore to skin and bone,
Lies senseless of each tugging bitch's son.

O dulness! portion of the truly blest!
Calm shelter'd haven of eternal rest!
Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
Of fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams.
If mantling high she fills the golden cup,
With sober selfish ease they sip it up;
Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,
They only wonder "some folks" do not starve.
The grave, sage hern thus easy picks his frog,
And thinks the mallard a sad, worthless dog.
When disappointment snaps the clue of hope,
And through disastrous night they darkling grope,
With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,
And just conclude that "fools are fortune's care."
No, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.

Not so the idle muses' mad-cap train,
Not such the workings of their moon-struck brain;
In equanimity they never dwell,
By turns in soaring heav'n, or vaulted hell.

I dread thee, fate, relentless and severe,
With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear!
Already one strong hold of hope is lost,
Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust;
(Fled, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears,
And left us darkling in a world of fears.)
O! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish pray'r!
Findra, my other stay, long bless and spare!
Through a long life his hopes and wishes crown,
And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down!
May bliss domestic smooth his private path;
Give energy to life; and soothe his latest breath,
With many a filial tear circling the bed of death!

LAMENT

FOR

JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

THE wind blew hollow frae the hills,
By fits the sun's departing beam
Look'd on the fading yellow woods
That warr'd o'er Lugar's winding stream:
Beneath a craggy steep, a bard
Laden with years and meikle pain,
In loud lament bewail'd his lord,
Whom death had all untimely ta'en.

He lean'd him to an ancient alk,
Whose trunk was mould'ring down with years;
His locks were bleached white wi' time!
His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears!
And as he touch'd his trembling harp,
And as he tun'd his doleful sang,
The winds, lamenting through their caves,
To echo bore the notes along.

"Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing,
The reliques of the vernal quire!
Ye woods that shed on a' the winds
The honours of the aged year!
A few short months, and glad and gay,
Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e;
But nocht in all revolving time
Can gladness bring again to me.

"I am a bending aged tree,
That long has stood the wind and rain;
But now has come a cruel blast,
And my last baid of earth is gane:
Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,
Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom;
But I maun lie before the storm,
And others plant thom in my room.

"I've seen sae monie changefu' years,
On earth I am a stranger grown;
I wander in the ways of men,
Alike unknowing and unknown:
Unheard, unpitied, unreliev'd,
I bear alone my lade o' care,
For silent, low, on beds of dust,
Lie a' that would my sorrows share.

"And last (the sum of a' my griefs!)
My noble master lies in clay;
The slow'r amang our barons bold,
His country's pride, his country's stay:
In weary being now I pine,
For a' the life of life is dead,
And hope has left my aged ken,
On forward wing for ever fled.

"Awake thy last sad voice, my harp!
The voice of woe and wild despair;
Awake, resound thy latest lay,
Then sleep in silence evermair
And thou, my last, best, only friend,
That fillest an untimely tomb,
Accept this tribute from the bard
Thou brought from fortune's mirkest gloom.

"In poverty's low, barren vale,
Thick mists, obscure, involv'd me round:
Though oft I turn'd the wistful eye,
Nae ray of fame was to be found:
Thou found'st me, like the morning sun
That melts the fogs in limpid air,
The friendless bard and rustic song,
Became alike thy fostering care.

"O! why has worth so short a date?
While villains ripen gray with time!
Must thou, the noble, generous, great,
Fall in bold manhood's P'rdy prime!
Why did I live to see that day?
A day to me so full of woe!
O! had I met the mortal shaft
Which laid my benefactor low!

"The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been:

The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast don't for me."

LINES

SENT TO SIR JOHN WHITEFOORD,

OF WHITEFOORD, BART.,

With the foregoing Poem.

THOU, who thy honour as thy God rever'st,
Who, save thy mind's reproach, nought earthly
To thee this voice offering I impart, [fear'st,
The tearful tribute of a broken heart.
The friend thou valued'st, I the patron lov'd;
His worth, his honour, all the world approv'd.
We'll mourn till we too go as he has gone,
And tread the dreary path to that dark world unknown.

TAM O' SHANTER.

A TALE.

Of Brownie and of Doggie's full is this Buik.
Gavin Douglas.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' gettin' fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Where sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
(Guld Ayr whom ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonnie lasses.)

O Tam! had'st thou but been sae wise,
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken bhellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was nae sober;
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.
She prophesied, that, late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon;
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the kirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how monie counsels sweet,
How monie lengthen'd sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: Ae market night,
Tam had got plantit unco right;
Fast by an ingle, bleering finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, souter Johnnie,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'd him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter;
And aye the ale was growing better;
The landlady and Tam grew gracious;
Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious
The souter tauld his queerest stories;
Tam's landlady's laugh was ready chorus:

The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.
Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himself among the nappy.

As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure;
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.—
Nae man can tether time or tide;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane;
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he takes the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling show'rs rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd:
That night, a child might understand,
The deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit on through dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles holding fast his gaid blue bonnet;
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogies catch him unawares,
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry.—

By this time he was cross the ford,
Where in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Where drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
And through the whins, and by the cairn,
Where hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Where Mungo's mither hang'd hersel'.—
Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars through the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When, glimmering through the groaning tree,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a breeze;
Through ilka bore the beams were glancing;
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.—

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn.
Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquabae we'll face the devil!
The swats sae ream'd in Tamme's noddle,
Fair play, he ca'd na deils a boddle.
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventur'd forward on the light;
And, vow! Tam saw an unco sight!
Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillon brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.
A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge:
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a'd did dirr.
Coffins stood round like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish contraip slight,
Each in its cauld hand held a light,—
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted;
Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted;

A *cat*, which a babe had strangled;
A *knife*, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The *poor* hags yet stuck to the heft;
With *mur* o' horrible and awfu',
Which evn to name wad be unlawfu'.

As *Tommy* glow'd, amaz'd, and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious;
The *upper* loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reeld, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
Till lik a carlin' swat and reekit,
And coast her duddles to the wark,
And linket at it in her sark!

Now *Tam*, O *Tam*! had they been queans
A' plump and strapping, in their teens;
Their sarks, instead o' creesie flannan,
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen!
Their breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' guld blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them a' my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags wad span a foal,
Loupin an' slinging on a crummock,
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But *Tam* kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie,
There was ae winsome wench and wallee,
That night inlisted in the core,
Lang after kenn'd on *Carriek* shore!
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd mony a bonnie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And took the country-side in fear,
Her cuttie sark o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude though sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie—
Ah! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie,
That sark she cost for her wee *Nannie*,
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever grac'd a dance o' witches!

But here my muse her wing maun cour;
Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;
To sing how *Nannie* lap and flang,
(A souple jade she was and strang)
And how *Tam* stood like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very e'en enrich'd;
Even Satan glow'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
And hoot'd and blew wi' might and main:
Till first he caper, syne another,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant all was dark:
And scarcely had he *Maggie* rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke;
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When, "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So *Maggie* runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and hollow.

Ah, *Tam*! ah, *Tam*! thou'll get thy fairin'!
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'!
In vain thy *Kate* awaits thy comin'!
Kate soon will be a wofu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, *Mag*,
And win the key-stane o' the brig;
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they dare na cross.
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fiend a tail she had to shake!
For *Nannie*, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble *Maggie* prest,

* It is a well-known fact that witches, or any evil spirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any further than the middle of the next running stream.—It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveller, that when he falls in with *legles*, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back.

And flew at *Tam* wi' furious ettle;
But little wist she *Maggie*'s mettle—
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain gray tail:
The carlin' claught her by the rump,
And left poor *Maggie* scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son tak heed:
Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
Remember *Tam o' Shanter*'s mare.

ON SEEING A WOUNDED HARE

LIMP BY ME,

Which a Fellow had just Shot at.

INHUMAN man! curse on thy barb'rous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye:
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!

Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
The bitter little of that life remains: [plains,
No more the thickening brakes and verdant
To thee shall home, or food, or pasture yield.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,
No more of rest, but now thy dying bed!
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.

Of as by winding Nith I, musing, wait
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn, [fate,
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless

ADDRESS

TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON,

On Crowning his Bust at Ednam, Roxburgh-shire, with Bays.

WHILE virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood
Or tunes Eolian strains between:

While Summer with a matron grace
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade:

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects his aged head,
And sees, with self-approving mind,
Each creature on his bounty fed:

While maniac Winter rages o'er
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows;

So long, sweet Poet of the year,
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that Thomson was her son.

EPITAPHS,

ÆC.

ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

HERE souter * * * in death does sleep;
To h-ll if he's gane thither,
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep,
He'll haud it weel thegither.

ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

BELOW this stanes lie Jamie's banes
O death, it's my opinion,
Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin b-tch
Into thy dark dominion!

ON WEE JOHNIE.

Hic jacet wee Johnie.

WHOE'ER thou art, O reader, know
That death has murder'd Johnie!
An' here his *body* lies fu' low—
For *saul* he ne'er had ony.

FOR THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

O YE, whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious reverence and attend
Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
The tender father, and the generous friend.
The pitying heart that felt for human woe;
The dauntless heart that fear'd no human pride;
The friend of man, to vice alone a foe;
"For ev'n his failings leant to virtue's side."*

FOR R. A. ESQ.

KNOW, thou, O stranger to the fame
Of this much lov'd, much honour'd name!
(For none that knew him need be told)
A warmer heart death ne'er made cold.

FOR G. H. ESQ.

THE poor man weeps—here G—n sleeps
Whom canting wretches blam'd:
But with *such as he*, where'er he be,
May I be *sav'd* or *damn'd*!

A BARD'S EPITAPH.

IS there a whim-inspired fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,
Let him draw near;
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
And drap a tear.

Is there a bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
That weekly this area throng,
O, pass not by!
But with a frater-feeeling strong,
Here, heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear,
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
Wild as the wave;
Here pause—and, through the starting tear,
Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And *after flame*,
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name!

Reader, attend—whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthy hole,
In low pursuit;
Know, prudent, cautious *self-control*
Is wisdom's root.

* Goldsmith.

ON THE LATE

CAPT. GROSE'S PEREGRINATIONS
THROUGH SCOTLAND,

Collecting the Antiquities of that Kingdom.

HEAR, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Johnie Groat's;
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede you tent it:
A chieft's amang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent

If in your bounds ye chance to light
Upon a fine, fat, fodgef wight,
O' stature short, but genius bright,
That's he, mark weel—
And vow! he has an unco slight
O' cauk and keel.

By some auld, houlet-haunted biggin',
Or kirk deserted by its riggin',
It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in
Some eldritch part,
Wi' dells, they say, L—d save's! colleaguin'
At some black art—

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chamner,
Ye gipsy-gang that deal in glamor,
And you deep read in hell's black grammar,
Warlocks and witches;
Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
Ye midnight b—es.

It's tauld he was a sodger bred,
And ane wad rather fa'n than fled;
But now he's quat the spurtle blade,
And dos-skin wallet,
And ta'en the—*Antiquarian trade*,
I think they call it.

He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets:
Rusty airm caps and jinglin' jackets,
Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
A towmont guid;
And parritch-pats, and auld saut-buckets,
Before the Flood.

Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder;
Auld Tubal Cahn's fire-shool and fender;
That which distinguished the gender
O' Balaam's ass;
A broom stick o' the witch of Endor,
Weel shod wi' brass.

Forbye, he'll shape you aff, fu' gleg,
The cut of Adam's phillibeg;
The knife that nicket Abel's craig
He'll prove you fully,
It was a fauldin' jockeyleg,
Or lang-kail gullie—

But wad ye see him in his glee,
For meikle glee and fun has he,
Then set him down, and twa or three
Guid fellows wi' him;
And *port*, O *port*! shine thou a wee,
And then ye'll see him!

Now, by the pow'r's o' verse and prose!
Thou art a dainty chieft, O Grose!
Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,
They sair misca' thee;
I'd take the rascal by the nose,
Wad say, Shame fa thee.

TO MISS CRUIKSHANKS,

A VERY YOUNG LADY,

*Written on the Blank Leaf of a Book, presented to
her by the Author.*

BEAUTEOUS rose-bud, young and gay
Blooming on thy early May,
Never may'st thou, lovely flow'r,
Chilly shrink in sleety show'r!

* Vide his Antiquities of Scotland.
† Vide his Treatise on Ancient Armour and Weapons.

Never Boreas' heavy path,
 Never Eurus' poisonous breath,
 Never baleful stellar lights,
 Taint thee with untimely blights!
 Never, never rattle thine
 Riot on this virgin leaf!
 Not even Sol too fiercely view
 Thy bosom, blushing still with dew!

Blas't thou long, sweet crimson gem,
 Richly deck the native stem;
 Till some evening, sober, calm,
 Drooping dews, and breathing balm,
 While all around the woodland rings,
 And every bird thy requiem sings—
 Thou, amid the dirgeful sound,
 Shed the divine honours round,
 And resign to parent earth
 The loveliest form she e'er gave birth

SONG.

ANNA, thy charms my bosom fire,
 And waste my soul with care;
 But ah! how bootless to admit,
 When fated to despair!

Yet to thy presence, lovely Fair,
 To hope may be forgiven;
 For sure 'twere impious to despair,
 So much in sight of Heav'n.

ON READING, IN A NEWSPAPER,
THE DEATH OF JOHN McLEOD, ESQ.

*Brother to a Young Lady, a particular Friend
 of the Author's.*

Sad thy tale, thou idle page,
 And rueful thy alarms;
 Death tears the brother of her love
 From Isabella's arms.

Sweetly deckt wi' pearly dew
 The morning rose may blow;
 But cold successive noontide blasts
 May lay its beauties low.

Fair on Isabella's morn
 The sun propitious smil'd;
 But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds
 Succeeding hopes beguil'd.

Fate oft tears the bosom chords
 That nature finest strung;
 So Isabella's heart was form'd,
 And so that heart was wrung.

Dread Omnipotence, alone,
 Can heal the wound he gave;
 Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes
 To scenes beyond the grave.

Virtue's blossoms there shall blow,
 And fear no withering blast;
 There Isabella's spotless worth
 Shall happy be at last.

THE HUMBLE PETITION

OF BRUAR WATER*

TO

THE NOBLE DUKE OF ATHOLE.

MY Lord, I know, your noble ear
 We ne'er assail in vain;
 Embolden'd thus, I beg you'll hear
 Your humble Slave complain,
 How saucy Phœbus' scorching beams,
 In flaming summer pride,

* Bruar Falls, in Athole, are exceedingly picturesque and beautiful; but their effect is much impaired by the want of trees and shrubs.

Dry-withering, waste my foaming streams,
 And drink my crystal tide.

The lightly-jumping glowrin' trouts,
 That through my waters play,
 If, in their random, wanton spouts,
 They near the margin stray;
 If, hapless chance! they linger lang,
 I'm scorching up so shallow,
 They're left the whitening stanes amang,
 In gasping death to wallow.

Last day I grat wi' spite and teen,
 As Poet B**** came by,
 That, to a Bard I should be seen
 Wi' half my channel dry;
 A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
 Even as I was he shor'd me;
 But had I in my glory been,
 He kneeling wad ador'd me.

Here, foaming down the shelvy rocks,
 In twisting strength I rin;
 There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
 Wild-roaring o'er a linn:
 Enjoying large each spring and well
 As nature gae them me,
 I am, although I say't mysel,
 Worth gain a mile to see.

Would then my noble master please
 To grant my highest wishes,
 He'll shade my banks wi' tow'ring trees,
 And bonnie spreading bushes;
 Delighted doubly then, my Lord,
 You'll wander on my banks,
 And listen monie a grateful bird
 Return you tuneful thanks.

The sober laverock, warbling wild,
 Shall to the skies aspire;
 The gowdspink, music's gayest child,
 Shall sweetly join the choir:
 The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear
 The mavis mild and mellow;
 The robin pensive autumn cheer,
 In all her locks of yellow:

This too, a covert shall ensure,
 To shield them from the storm;
 And coward maulkin sleep secure
 Low in her grassy form:
 Here shall the shepherd make his seat,
 To weave his crown of flow'rs;
 Or find a sheltering safe retreat,
 From prone descending showers.

And here, by sweet endearing stealth,
 Shall meet the loving pair,
 Despising worlds with all their wealth
 As empty, idle care:
 The flow'rs shall vie in all their charms
 The hour of heav'n to grace,
 And birks extend their fragrant arms,
 To screen the dear embrace.

Here, haply too, at vernal dawn,
 Some musing bard may stray,
 And eye the smoking, dewy lawn,
 And misty mountain, gray;
 Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,
 Mild-chequering through the trees,
 Hare to my darkly dashing stream,
 Hoarse swelling on the breeze.

Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
 My lowly banks o'erspread,
 And view, deep-pending in the pool,
 Their shadows' wat'ry bed!
 Let fragrant birks in woodbines drest
 My craggy cliffs adorn;
 And, for the little songster's nest,
 The close embow'ring thorn.

So may, old Scotia's darling hope,
 Your little angel band,
 Spring, like their fathers, up to prop
 Their honour'd native land!
 So may through Albion's farthest ken,
 The social flowing glasses,
 To grace her—Athole's honest men,
 And Athole's bonnie lasses!

ON SCARING SOME WATER FOWL IN
LOCH-TURIT,*A wild scene among the hills of Oughtertyre.*

WHY, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your wat'ry haunt forsake!
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly?
Why disturb your social joys,
Parent, filial, kindred ties?—
Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free:
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
Busy feed, or wanton lave,
Or beneath the sheltering rock,
Bide the surging billow's shock.

Conscious, blushing for our race,
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace.
Man, your proud usurping foe,
Would be lord of all below:
Plumes himself in Freedom's pride,
Tyrant stern to all beside.

The eagle, from the cliffy brow,
Marking you his prey below,
In his breast no pity dwells,
Strong necessity compels.
But man, to whom alone is giv'n
A ray direct from pitying Heaven,
Gloves in his heart humane—
And creatures for his pleasure slain.

In these savage, liquid plains,
Only known to wand'ring swains,
Where the mossy riv'let strays,
Far from human haunts and ways;
All on Nature you depend,
And life's poor season peaceful spend.

Or, if man's superior might,
Dare invade your native right,
On the lofty ether burne,
Man with all his pow'rs you scorn;
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other springs;
And the foe you cannot brave,
Scorn at least to be his slave.

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL
OVER THE CHIMNEY-PIECE*In the Parlour of the Inn at Kenmore,
Taymouth.*

ADMIRING Nature in her wildest grace,
These northern scenes with weary feet I trace;
O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
Th' abodes of covey'd grouse and timid sheep,
My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
Till fam'd Breadalbane opens to my view.
The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
The woods, wild-scatter'd, clothe their ample sides;
Th' outstretching lake, embosom'd 'mong the hills,
The eye with wonder and amazement fills;
The Tay meand'ring sweet in infant pride,
The palace rising on his verdant side;
The lawns wood-fring'd in Nature's native taste;
The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste;
The arches striding o'er the new-born stream;
The village, glittering in the moonlit beam—

Poetic ardours in my bosom swell,
Lone wind'ring by the hermit's mossy cell:
'The swarming theatre of hanging woods;
Th' incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods—

Here Poetry might wake her hear'n-taught lyre,
And look through nature with creative fire,
Here, to the wrongs of fate half-recon'd,
Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wander wild;

And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
Find balm to soothe her bitter ranking wounds;
Here heart-struck Grief might heav'n-ward stretch
her scan,
And injur'd Worth forget and pardon man.

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL,

Standing by the Falls of Fyers, near Loch-Ness.

AMONG the heathy hills and ragged woods
The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods;
Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
Where, through a shapeless breach, his stream re-
sounds.
As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
As deep recoiling surges form below,
Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends
And viewless echo's ear, astonish'd, rends,
Dim-seen, thro' rising mists and ceaseless show'rs,
The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, low'rs,
Still through the gap the struggling river toils,
And still below the horrid caldron boils—

ON THE BIRTH
OF A

POSTHUMOUS CHILD,

Born in peculiar circumstances of family distress.

SWEET Flow'ret, pledge o' meikle love,
And ward o' monie a pray'r,
What heart o' stane wad thou na move,
Sae helpless, sweet, and fair!

November hirls o'er the lea,
Chill, on thy lovely form;
And gane, alas! the shelt'ring tree,
Should shield thee frae the storm.

May He who gives the rain to pour,
And wings the blast to blow,
Protect thee frae the driving show'r,
The bitter frost and snaw!

May He, the friend of wo and want,
Who heals life's various stounds,
Protect and guard the mother plant,
And heal her cruel wounds!

But late she flourish'd, rooted fast,
Fair on the summer morn:
Now feebly bends she in the blast,
Unshelt'rd and forlorn.

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,
Unscath'd by ruffian hand!
And from thee many a parent stem
Arise to deck our land!

THE WHISTLE.

A BALLAD.

AS the authentic prose history of the Whistle is curious I shall here give it.—In the train of Anne of Denmark, when she came to Scotland, with our James the Sixth, there came over also a Danish gentleman of gigantic stature and great prowess, and a matchless champion of Bacchus. He had a little ebony Whistle, which at the commencement of the orgies he laid on the table, and whoever was last able to blow it, every body else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the Whistle as a trophy of victory. The Dane pro-

lured credentials of his victories, without a single defeat, at the courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty courts in Germany; and challenged the Scots Bacchanals to the alternative of trying his prowess, or else of acknowledging their inferiority.—After many overthrows on the part of the Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwellton, ancestor of the present worthy baronet of that name; who, after three days' and three nights' hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table,

And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill.

Sir Walter, son to Sir Robert before mentioned, afterwards lost the Whistle to Walter Riddel of Glenriddel, who had married a sister of Sir Walter's.—On Friday, the 16th of October, 1790, at Friars-Craig, the Whistle was once more contended for, as related in the ballad, by the present Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwellton; Robert Riddel, Esq. of Glenriddel, lineal descendant and representative of Walter Riddel, who won the Whistle, and in whose family it had continued; and Alexander Ferguson, Esq. of Craighdarroch, likewise descended of the great Sir Robert: which last gentleman carried off the hard-won honours of the field.

I SING of a Whistle, a Whistle of worth,
I sing of a Whistle, the pride of the North,
Was brought to the court of our good Scottish king,
And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring.

Old Loda,* still ruing the arm of Fingal,
The god of the bottle sends down from his hall—
"This Whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er
And drink them to hell, Sir! or ne'er see me more!"

Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell,
What champions ventur'd what champions fell;
The son of great Loda was conqueror still,
And blew on the whistle his requiem shrill.

Till Robert, the Lord of the Cairn and the Scaur,
Unmatch'd at the bottle, unconquer'd in war,
He drank his poor god-ship as deep as the sea,
No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he.

Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has gain'd;
Which now in his house has for ages remain'd;
Till three noble chieftains and all of his blood,
The jovial contest again have renew'd.

Three joyous good fellows with hearts clear of
flaw;
Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth, and law;
And trusty Glenriddel, so skill'd in old coins;
And gallant Sir Robert, deep read in old wines.

Craigdarroch began, with a tongue smooth as oil,
Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil—

* See Ossian's Caric-thura.

Or else he would muster the heads of the clan,
And once more, in claret, try which was the man.

"By the gods of the ancients!" Glenriddel replies,
"Before I surrender so glorious a prize,
I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie More,*
And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er."

Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend,
But he ne'er turn'd his back on his foe—or his friend,
Said, toss down the Whistle, the prize of the field,
And knee-deep in claret, he'd die ere he'd yield.

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair,
So noted for drowning of sorrow and care,
But for wine and for welcome not more known to
fame, (dame,
Then the sense, wit, and taste, of a sweet, lovely

A bard was selected to witness the fray,
And tell future ages the feats of the day;
A bard who detested all sadness and spleen,
And wish'd that Parnassus a vineyard had been.

The dinner being over, the claret they ply,
And ev'ry new cork is a new spring of joy!
In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,
And the bands grew the tighter the more they were
wet.

Gay pleasure—riot as bumpers ran o'er;
Bright Phœbus ne'er witness'd so joyous a core,
And vow'd that to leave them he was quite forlorn,
Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn.

Six bottles a-piece had well wore out the night,
When gallant Sir Robert to finish the fight,
Turn'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestors did.

Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage,
No longer the warfare, ungodly, would wage;
A high ruling Elder to wallow in wine!
He left the foul business to folks less divine.

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end;
But who can with fate and quart bumpers contend?
Though fate said—a hero should perish in light;
So uprose bright Phœbus—and down fell the knight.

Next uprose our bard, like a prophet in drink:—
"Craigdarroch, thou'lt soar when creation shall
sink!
But if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme,
Come—one bottle more—and have at the sublime!"

"Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with
Bruce,
Shall heroes and patriots ever produce:
So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay;
The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day!"

* See Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES OF POETRY,

EXTRACTED

FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF BURNS:

SONGS,

COMPOSED FOR THE MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS OF MESSRS. THOMSON AND
JOHNSON;

WITH ADDITIONAL PIECES.

SECOND EPISTLE TO DAVIE,

A BROTHER POET.*

Auld Neebor,

I'm three times doubly o'er your debtor,
For your auld-farrant, friendly letter;
Though I maun say't I doubt ye flatter,
Ye speak sae fair;
For my puir, silly, rhyming clatter,
Some less maun sair.

Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle;
Lang may your cl' buck jink an' diddle,
To cheer you through the weary widdle
O warly cares,
Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle
Your auld, gray hairs.

But, Davie, lad, I'm red ye're glaukit;
I'm tauld the Muse you hae negleckit;
An' gif it's sae, ye sud be lickit
Until ye fyke;
Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be faikit,
Be haunt wha like.

For me, I'm on Parnassus' brink,
Hivin' the words to gar them clink;
Whyles dais't wi' love, whyles dais't wi' drink,
Wi' jads or masons;
An' whyles, but aye owre late I think
Braw sober lessons.

Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man,
Commen' me to the Bardie clan:
Except it be some idle plan
O rhyming clink,
The devil-haet, that I sud ban,
They ever think.

Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme o' livin',
Nae cares to gie us joy or grievin':
But just the pouchie put the nieve in.
An' while ought's there,
Then, hiltie, skiltie, we gae scrievin',
An' fash nae mair.

Leeze me on rhyme! It's aye a treasure,
My chief, amais't my only pleasure,
At hame, a-fiel', at wark or leisure,
The Muse, poor hizzie!
Though rough an' raploch be her measure,
She's seldom lazy.

Haud to the Muse, my dainty Davie;
The warl' may play you monie a shavie;
But for the Muse, she'll never leave ye,
Though e'er sae puir,
No, even though limpin' wi' the spavie
Frae door to door.

THE LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE.

'Twas even—the dewy fields were green,
On ev'ry blade the pearls hang;
The Zephyr wantoned round the bean,
And bore its fragrant sweets along;
In every glen the mavis sang,
All nature listening seem'd the while,
Except where green-wood echoes rang,
Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward strayed,
My heart rejoiced in nature's joy,
When musing in a lonely glade,
A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy;
Her look was like the morning's eye,
Her air like nature's vernal smile,
Perfection whisper'd passing by,
Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle!

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
And sweet is night in Autumn mild;
When roving through the garden gay,
Or wandering in the lonely wild;
But woman, nature's darling child!
There all her charms she does compile;
Even there her other works are foil'd
By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

O, had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain,
Though sheltered in the lowest shed
That ever rose in Scotland's plain!
Through weary winter's wind and rain
With joy, with rapture, I would toil;
And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,
Where fame and honours lofty shine;
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
Or downward seek the Indian mine;
Give me the cot below the pine,
To tend the flocks or till the soil,
And every day have joys divine,
With the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

* This is prefixed to the poems of David Sillar published at Kilmarnock, 1789.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

THOU lingering star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary, dear deprived shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love!
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning, green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west,
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy blissful place of rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

LINES ON

AN INTERVIEW WITH LORD DAER.

THIS wot ye all whom it concerns,
I Rhymèr Robin, alias Burns,
October twenty-third,
A ne'er to be forgotten day;
Sae far I sprakkled up the brae,
I dinner'd wi' a Lord.

I've been at drunken *writers'* feasts,
Nay, been bitch-fou 'mang godly priests,
Wi' reverence be it spoken;
I've even join'd the honour'd jorum,
When mighty Squireships of the quorum,
Their hydra drouth did sloken.

But wi' a Lord—stand out my shin,
A Lord—a Peer—an Earl's son,
Up higher yet my bonnet;
An' sic a Lord—lang Scotch ells twa,
Our Peerage he o'erlooks them a',
As I look o'er my sonnet.

But oh for Hogarth's magic pow'r!
To show Sir Birdy's willart glowr,
And how he star'd and stammer'd,
When goavan, as if led wi' branks,
An' stumpin' on his ploughman shanks,
He in the parlour hammer'd.

I sidling shelter'd in a nook,
An' at his lordship steal't a look
Like some portentous omen;
Except good-sense and social glee,
An' (what surpris'd me) modesty,
I mark'd nought uncommon.

I watch'd the symptoms o' the Great,
The gentle pride, the lordly state,
The arrogant assuming;
The feint a pride, nae pride had he,
Nor sauce, nor state that I could see,
Mair than an honest ploughman.

Then from his Lordship I shall learn,
Henceforth to meet wi' unconcern
One rank as well's another;

Nae honest worthy man need care
To meet with noble, youthful Daer,
For he but meets a brother.

ON A YOUNG LADY,

*Residing on the banks of the small river Devon, in
Clackmannanshire, but whose infant years were
spent in Ayrshire.*

HOW pleasant the banks of the clear-winding
Devon,
With green-spreading bushes, and flowers bloom-
But the bonniest flower on the banks of the Devon,
Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.

Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,
In the gay rosy morn as it bathes in the dew;
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
That steals on the evening each leaf to renew.

O, spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
With chill hoary wing as ye usher the dawn!
And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes
The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn!

Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,
And England triumphant display her proud rose,
A fairer than either adorns the green valleys
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

CASTLE GORDON.

I.

STREAMS that glide in orient plains,
Never bound by winter's chains;
Glowing here on golden sands,
There commix'd with foulest stains
From tyranny's empurpled bands:
These, their richly-gleaming waves,
I leave to tyrants and their slaves;
Give me the stream that sweetly laves
The banks, by Castle Gordon.

II.

Spicy forests, ever gay,
Shading from the burning ray
Hapless wretches sold to toil,
Or the ruthless native's way,
Bent on slaughter, blood, and spoil:
Woods that ever verdant wave,
I leave the tyrant and the slave,
Give me the groves that lofty brave
The storms, by Castle Gordon.

III.

Wildly here without control,
Nature reigns and rules the whole;
In that sober pensive mood,
Dearest to the feeling soul,
She plants the forest, pours the flood;
Life's poor day I'll musing rave,
And find at night a sheltering cave,
Where waters flow and wild woods wave,
By bonnie Castle Gordon.*

NAE-BODY.

I HAE a wife o' my ain,
I'll partake wi' nae-body;
I'll tak cuckold frae nane,
I'll gie cuckold to nae-body.

I hae a penny to spend,
There—thanks to nae-body;
I hae naething to lend,
I'll borrow frae nae-body.

* These verses our Poet composed to be sung to *Morag*, a Highland air, of which he was extremely fond.

I am nae-body's lord,
I'll be slave to nae-body;
I hae a guid braid sword,
I'll tak dunts frae nae-body.

I'll be merry and free,
I'll be sad for nae-body;
If nae-body care for me,
I'll care for nae-body.

ON THE DEATH OF A LAP-DOG,
NAMED ECHO.

IN wood and wild, ye warbling throng,
Your heavy loss deplore;
Now half-extinct your powers of song,
Sweet Echo is no more.

Ye jarring screeching things around,
Scream your discordant joys;
Now half your din of tuneless sound
With Echo silent lies.

SONG.*

Tune—"I am a man unmarried."

O, ONCE I lov'd a bonnie lass,
Ay, and I love her still,
And whilst that virtue warms my breast
I'll love my handsome Nell.
Tal la! de ral, &c.

As bonnie lasses I hae seen,
And mony full as braw,
But for a modest gracefu' mien
The like I never saw.

A bonnie lass, I will confess,
Is pleasant to the e'e,
But without some better qualities
She's no a lass for me.

But Nelly's looks are blithe and sweet,
And what is best of a',
Her reputation is complete,
And fair without a flaw.

She dresses aye sae clean and neat,
Both decent and genteel;
And then there's something in her gait
Gars ony dress look weel.

A gaudy dress and gentle air
May slightly touch the heart,
But it's innocence and modesty
That polishes the dart.

'Tis this in Nelly pleases me,
'Tis this enchants my soul;
For absolutely in my breast
She reigns without control.
Tal la! de ral, &c.

INSCRIPTION

TO THE MEMORY OF FERGUSSON.

HERE LIES

ROBERT FERGUSSON, POET.

Born September 5th, 1751—Died, 16th October, 1774.

NO sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lay,
"No storied urn nor animated bust,"
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way
To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust.

* This was our Poet's first attempt.

THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

THE small birds rejoice in the green leaves return-
ing, (the vale;
The murmuring streamlet winds clear through
The hawthorn trees blow in the dew's of the morn-
ing, (dale
And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green

But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
While the lingering moments are number'd by
care? (ing,
No flower, gaily springing, no birds sweetly sing-
Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dar'd could it merit their malice,
A king and a father to place on his throne?
His right are these hills and his right are these
valleys,
Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can
find none.

But 'tis not my sufferings thus wretched, forlorn,
My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn:
Your deeds prov'd so loyal in hot bloody trial,
Alas! can I make you no sweeter return!

EPISTLE TO R. GRAHAM, Esq.

WHEN Nature her great master-piece design'd,
And fram'd her last best work, the human mind,
Her eye intent on all the mazy plan,
She form'd of various parts the various man.

Then first she calls the useful many forth;
Plain plodding industry, and sober worth:
Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of earth,
And merchandise' whole genus take their birth:
Each prudent cit a warm existence finds,
And all mechanics' many apron'd kinds.
Some other rarer sorts are wanted yet,
The lead and buoy are needful to the net;
The *caput mortuum* of gross desires
Makes a material for mere knights and squires;
The martial phosphorus is taught to flow,
She kneads the lumpish philosophic dough,
Then marks th' unyielding mass with grave designs,
Law, physics, politics, and deep divines:
Last, she sublimes th' Aurora of the poles,
The flashing elements of female souls.

The order'd system fair before her stood,
Nature, well-pleas'd, pronounced it very good;
But e'er she gave creating labour o'er,
Half-jest, she try'd one curious labour more.
Some spumy, fiery, *ignis fatuus* matter;
Such as the slightest breath of air might scatter;
With arch-alacrity and conscious glee
(Nature may have her whim as well as we,
Her Hogarth-art perhaps she meant to show it)
She forms the thing, and christens it—a poet.
Creature, though oft the prey of care and sorrow,
When blest to-day, unmindful of to-morrow,
A being form'd t' amuse his graver friends,
Admir'd and prais'd—and there the homage
ends:

A mortal quite unfit for Fortune's strife,
Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life;
Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give,
Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live:
Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan,
Yet frequent all unheeded in his own.

But honest nature is not quite a Turk,
She laugh'd at first, then felt for her poor work.
Pitying the propless clamber of mankind,
She cast about a *standard tree* to find;
And, to support his helpless woodbine state,
Attach'd him to the *generous truly great*,
A title, and the only one I claim,
To lay strong hold for help on bounteous Graham.

Pity the tuneless muses' hapless train,
Weak, timid laudmen on life's stormy main!
Their hearts no selfish stern absorbent stuff,
That never gives—though humbly takes enough;
The little fate allows, they share as soon,
Unlike sage, proverb'd Wisdom's hard-wrung boon.

The world were blest did bliss on them depend,
 Ah, that "the friendly e'er should want a friend!"
 Let prudence number o'er each sturdy son,
 Who life and wisdom at one race begun,
 Who feel by reason, and who give by rule,
 (Instinct, a brute, and sentiment a fool!)
 Who make *poor* will do wait upon *I should*—
 We own they're prudent, but who feels they're
 good?

Ye wise ones, hence! ye hurt the social eye!
 God's image rudely etch'd on base alloy!
 But come ye who the godlike pleasure know,
 Heaven's attribute distinguish'd—to bestow!
 Whose arms of love would grasp the human race:
 Come thou who giv'st with all a courtier's grace;
Friend of my life, true patron of my rhymes!
 Prop of my dearest hopes for future times.
 Why shrinks my soul half blushing, half afraid,
 Backward, abash'd to ask thy friendly aid?
 I know my need, I know thy giving hand,
 I crave thy friendship at thy kind command;
 But there are such who court the tuneful nine—
 Heavens! should the branded character be mine!
 Whose verse in manhood's pride sublimely flows,
 Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose.
 Mark, how their lofty independent spirit
 Soars on the spurning wing of injur'd merit!
 Seek not the proofs in private life to find;
 Pity the best of words should be but wind!
 So, to heaven's gates the lark's shrill song ascends,
 But grovelling on the earth the carol ends.
 In all the clam'rous cry of starving want,
 They dun benevolence with shameless front;
 Oblige them, patronise their tinsel lays,
 They persecute you all your future days!
 Ere my poor soul such deep damnation stain,
 My horny fist assume the plough again;
 The piebald jacket let me patch once more;
 On eighteen-pence a week I've liv'd before.
 Though, thanks to Heaven, I dare even that last
 shift,
 I trust meantime my boon is in thy gift:
 That plac'd by thee upon the wish'd for height,
 Where, man and nature fairer in her sight,
 My muse may imp her wing for some sublimer
 flight.*

FRAGMENT,

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON.

C. J. FOX.

How wisdom and folly meet, mix, and unite;
 How virtue and vice blend their black and their
 white;
 How genius, the illustrious father of fiction,
 Confounds rule and law, reconciles contradiction—
 I sing: If these mortals, the critics, should bustle,
 I care not, not I, let the critics go whistle.

But now for a Patron, whose name and whose
 glory
 At once may illustrate and honour my story.

Thou first of our orators, first of our wits;
 Yet whose parts and acquisitions seem mere lucky
 hits; [strong,
 With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so
 No man with the half of 'em e'er went far wrong;
 With passions so potent, and fancies so bright,
 No man with the half of 'em e'er went quite right;
 A sorry, poor misbegot son of the Muses,
 For using thy name offers fifty excuses.

Good I—d, what is man! for as simple he looks,
 Do but try to develop his hooks and his crooks;
 With his depths and his shallows, his good and his
 evil,
 All in all he's a problem must puzzle the devil.

—
 This is our Poet's first epistle to Graham of
 Fintra. It is not equal to the second; but it con-
 tains too much of the characteristic vigour of its
 author to be suppressed. A little more knowledge
 of natural history, or of chemistry, was wanted to
 enable him to execute the original conception cor-
 rectly.

On his one ruling passion Sir Pope hugely labours,
 That, like th' old Hebrew walking-switch, eats up
 its neighbours:

Mankind are his show-box—a friend, would you
 know him? [him.

Pull the string, ruling passion the picture will show
 What pity, in rearing so beauteous a system.
 One trifling particular, truth, should have mis'd
 him;

For, spite of his fine theoretic positions,
 Mankind is a science defies definitions.

Some sort all our qualities each to its tribe,
 And think human nature they truly describe;
 Have you found this, or t'other? there's more in
 the wind.

As by one drunken fellow his comrades you'll find.
 But such is the flaw, or the depth of the plan,
 In the make of that wonderful creature, call'd Man,
 No two virtues, whatever relation they claim,
 Nor even two different shades of the same,
 Though like as was ever twin brother to brother,
 Possessing the one shall imply you're the other.

TO DR. BLACKLOCK.

Ellisland, 21st Oct. 1789.

WOW, but your letter made me vauntie!

And are ye hale, and weel, and cantie?
 I kenn'd it still your wee bit jauntie

Wad bring ye to:
 Lord send you aye as weel's I want ye,
 And then you'll do.

The ill-thief blaw the Heron south!
 And never drink be near his drouth!
 He tald mysel' by word o' mouth,
 He'd tak my letter;
 I lippen'd to the chiel in trouth,
 And bade nae better.

But aiblins honest Master Heron
 Had at the time some dainty fair one,
 To ware his theologic care on,
 And holy study;
 And tir'd o' sauls to waste his lear on,
 E'en tried the body.

But what d'ye think, my trusty fier,
 I'm turn'd a gauger—Peace be here!
 Parnassian queens, I fear, I fear
 Ye'll now disdain me,
 And then my fifty pounds a-year
 Will little gain me

Ye glaikit, gleesome, daintie damies,
 Wha by Castalia's wimplin' streamies,
 Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limbies,
 Ye ken, ye ken,
 That strang necessity supreme is
 'Mang sons o' men.

I hae a wife and twa wee laddies,
 They maun hae brose and brats o' duddies;
 Ye ken yoursels my heart right proud is,
 I need na vaunt,
 But I'll sned besoms—throw saugh woodies,
 Before they want.

Lord help me through this warld o' care!
 I'm weary sick o't late and air!
 Not but I hae a richer share
 Than monie ither;
 But why should ae man better fare,
 And a' men brithers?

Come, Firm Resolve, take thou the van,
 Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man!
 And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan
 A lady fair,
 Wha does the utmost that he can,
 Will whyles do mair.

* Mr. Heron, author of the History of Scotland,
 and of various other works.

But to conclude my silly rhyme,
(I'm scant o' verse, and scant o' time)
To make a happy fire-side clime
To weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.

My compliments to sister Beekie;
And eke the same to honest Lucky;
I wat she is a dainty chuckie,
As e'er tread clay!
And gratefully, my guid auld cockie,
I'm yours for aye.

ROBERT BURNS.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken at the Theatre, Ellisland, on New-Year-Day Evening.

NO song nor dance I bring from yon great city
That queens it o'er our taste—the more's the pity:
Though, by the by, abroad why will you roam?
Good sense and taste are natives here at home:
But not for panegyric I appear,
I come to wish you all a good New-year!
Old Father Time depute me here before ye,
Not for to preach, but tell his simple story:
The sage grave ancient cough'd, and bade me say,
"You're one year older this important day,"
If *niser* too—he hinted some suggestion,
But 'twould be rude, you know, to ask the ques-
tion;
And with a would-be-roguish leer and wink,
He bade me on you press this one word—"think"
Ye sprightly youths, quite flush with hope and
spirit,

Who think to storm the world by dint of merit,
To you the dotard has a deal to say,
In his sly, dry, sententious, proverb way!
He bids you mind, amid your thoughtless rattle,
That the first blow is ever half the battle;
That tho' some by the skirt may try to snatch him;
Yet by the forelock is the hold to catch him;
That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing,
You may do miracles by persevering.

Last, though not least in love, ye youthful fair,
Angelic forms, high Heaven's peculiar care!
To you old Bald-pate smooths his wrinkled brow,
And humbly begs you'll mind the important—now!
To crown your happiness he asks your leave,
And offers, bliss to give and to receive.

For our sincere, though haply weak endeavours,
With grateful pride we own your many favours;
And howsoever our tongues may ill reveal it,
Believe our glowing bosoms truly feel it.

ELEGY

ON THE LATE MISS BURNET,

OF MONBODDO.

LIFE ne'er exulted in so rich a prize,
As Burnet, lovely from her native skies;
Nor envious death so triumph'd in a blow,
As that which laid the accomplish'd Burnet low.

Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget?
In richest ore the brightest jewel set!
In thee, high Heaven above was truest shown,
As by his noblest work the Godhead best is known.

In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye groves:
Thou crystal streamlet with thy flowery shore,
Ye woodland choir that chant your idle loves,
Ye cease to charm—Eliza is no more!

Ye heathy wastes, immix'd with reedy fens;
Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes stor'd;
Ye rugged cliffs, o'erhanging dreary glens,
To you I fly, ye with my soul accord.

Princes, whose cumb'rous pride was all their worth,
Shall venal lays their pompous exit hail!
And thou, sweet excellence! forsake our earth
And not a muse in honest grief bewail?

We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride,
And virtue's light, that beams beyond the spheres;
But like the sun eclips'd at morning tide,
Thou left'st us darkling in a world of tears.

The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee,
That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care!
So deck'd the woodbine sweet yon aged tree,
So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and bare.

IMITATION OF AN OLD JACOBITE SONG.

BY yon castle wa' at the close of the day,
I heard a man sing, though his head it was gray
And as he was singing, the tears fast down came—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

The church is in ruins, the state is in jars,
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars:
We dare na weel say 't, but we ken wha't to blame—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
And now I greet round their green beds in the yerd
It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

Now life is a burden that bows me down,
Sin' I tint my harns, and he tint his crown;
But till my last moment my words are the same—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

SONG OF DEATH.

*Scene—a field of battle; time of the day—evening—
the wounded and dying of the victorious army are
supposed to join in the following Song.*

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and
ye skies,
Now gay with the bright setting sun!
Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear, tender ties,
Our race of existence is run!

Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
Go, frighten the coward and slave;
Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know,
No terrors hast thou to the brave.

Thou strik'st the dull peasant—he sinks in the dark,
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name;
Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark!
He falls in the blaze of his fame!

In the field of proud honour—our swords in our
Our King and our country to save— [hands,
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
O! who would not rest with the brave!

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN,

*An Occasional Address spoken by Miss Fontenelle on
her Benefit-Night.*

WHILE Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things,
The fate of empires and the fall of kings;
While quacks of state must each produce his plan,
And even children lisp the *Rights of Man*;
Amid this mighty fuss, just let me mention,
The *Rights of Woman* merit some attention.

First, in the sexes' intermix'd connection,
One sacred Right of Woman is protection—
The tender flower that lifts its head, elate,
Helpless, must fall before the blasts of fate,

Sunk on the earth, defac'd its lovely form,
Unless your shelter ward th' impending storm.—

Our second Right—but needless here is caution,
To keep that right inviolate's the fashion,
Each man of sense has it so full before him,
He'd die before he'd wrong it—'tis decorum.—
There was, indeed, in far less polish'd days,
A time, when rough rude man had naughtly ways;
Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot;
Nae, even thus invade a lady's quiet—
Now, thank our stars! these Gothic times are fled;
Now, well-bred men—and you are all well-bred—
Most justly think (and we are much the gainers)
Such conduct neither spirit, wit, nor manners.

For Right the third, our last, our best, our dearest,
That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest,
Which even the Rights of Kings in low prostration
Must humbly own—'tis dear, dear admiration!
In that blest sphere alone we live and move;
There taste that life of life—immortal love—
Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs,
'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares—
When awful Beauty joins with all her charms,
Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms?

But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions,
With bloody armaments and revolutions;
Let Majesty your first attention summon,
Ah! ca ira! the Majesty of Woman!

ADDRESS,

*Spoken by Miss Fontenelle, on her Benefit-Night,
Dec. 4, 1795, at the Theatre, Dumfries.*

STILL anxious to secure your partial favour,
And not less anxious, sure, this night, than ever,
A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such matter,
'Twould vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better;
So, sought a Poet, roosted near the skies;
Told him I came to feast my curious eyes;
Said, nothing like his works was ever printed;
And last, my Prologue-business slyly hinted.
"Ma'am, let me tell you," quoth my man of rhymes,
"I know your bent—these are no laughing times:
Can you—but Miss, I own I have my fears,
Dissolve in pause—and sentimental tears—
With laden sighs, and solemn-rounded sentence,
Rouse from his sluggish slumbers, fell Repentance;
Paint Vengeance as he takes his horrid stand,
Waving on high the desolating brand,
Calling the storms to bear him o'er a guilty land?"

I could no more—askance the creature eyeing,
D've think, said I, this face was made for crying?
I'll laugh, that's poe—nay more, the world shall
know it;
And so, your servant! gloomy Master Poet!

Firm as my creed, Sirs, 'tis my fix'd belief,
That Misery's another word for Grief;
I also think—so may I be a bride!
That so much laughter, so much life enjoy'd.

Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh,
Still under bleak Misfortune's blasting eye;
Doom'd to that sorest task of man alive—
To make three guineas do the work of five:
Laugh in Misfortune's face—the beldam witch!
Say, you'll be merry, though you can't be rich.

Thou other man of care, the wretch in love,
Who long with jiltish arts and airs hast strove;
Who, as the boughs all temptingly project,
Measur'st in desperate thought—a rope—thy
neck—
Or, where the beetling cliff o'erhangs the deep,
Peerest to meditate the healing leap:
Wouldst thou be cur'd, thou silly, moping elf?
Laugh at her follies—laugh e'en at thyself:
Learn to despise those frowns now so terrific,
And love a kinder—that's your grand specific.

To sum up all, be merry, I advise;
And as we're merry, may we still be wise.

SONGS.

THE LEA RIG.

WHEN o'er the hill the eastern star,
Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo;
And owsen frae the furrow'd field,
Return sae dowf and weary, O;
Down by the burn, where scented birks
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie, O,
If through that glen, I gaed to thee,
My ain kind dearie, O.
Although the night were ne'er sae wild,
And I were ne'er sae weary, O,
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo,
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
Along the burn to steer, my jo;
Gie me the hour o' gloamin gray,
It makes my heart sae cheery, O,
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

TO MARY.

Tune—"Eve-bughts, Marion."

WILL ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave auld Scotia's shore?
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
Across th' Atlantic's roar?

O sweet grow the lime and the orange,
And the apple on the pine;
But a' the charms o' the Indies
Can never equal thine.

I hae sworn by the Heavens to my Mary,
I hae sworn by the Heavens to be true;
And sae may the Heavens forget me,
When I forget my vow!

O plight me your faith, my Mary,
And plight me your lily-white hand;
O plight me your faith, my Mary,
Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We hae plighted our troth, my Mary,
In mutual affection to join,
And curst be the cause that shall part us!
The hour, and the moment o' time!"

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

SHE is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,
I never lo'd a dearer,
And nest my heart I'll wear her.
For fear my jewel time.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

* This Song Mr. Thomson has not adopted in his collection. It deserves, however, to be preserved. E.

The world's wrack we share o't
The warble and the care o't;
Wi' her I'll blithely bear it,
And think my lot divine.

BONNIE LESLEY.

O SAW ye bonnie Lesley
As she gaed o'er the border?
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever;
For Nature made her what she is,
And ne'er made sic anither!

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy subjects we, before thee;
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The Diel he could na scath thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee;
He'd look into thy bonnie face,
And say, "I canna wrang thee."

The Powers aboon will tent thee;
Misfortune she'll na steer thee;
Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely,
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie!
That we may brag, we hae a lass
There's nane again sae bonnie.

HIGHLAND MARY.

Tune—"Catharine Ogil."

YE banks, and braes, and streams around,
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfold her robes,
And there the longest tarry!
For there I took the last farewell
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom;
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging afit to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder;
But Oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the soil, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd so fondly!
And clos'd for aye, the sparkling glance,
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'd me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core,
Shall live my Highland Mary

AULD ROB MORRIS.

THERE'S auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
He's the king o' guld fellows and wale o' auld men;
He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen and kine,
And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;
She's sweet as the evening among the new luy;
As blithe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.

But Oh! she's an heilress, auld Robin's a laird,
And my daddie has nought but a cot house and yard;
A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed,
The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane;
I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghaist,
And I sigh as my heart it would burst in my breast.

O, had she been but o' lower degree,
I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me!
O, how past describing had then been my bliss,
As now my distraction no words can express!

DUNCAN GRAY.

DUNCAN GRAY came here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
On blythe yule night when we were fou,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Maggie coast her head fu' high,
Look'd askint and unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh:
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Meg was deaf as Alisa Craig,
Ha, ha, &c.
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',
Spak o' lowpin' owre a linn;
Ha, ha, &c.

Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, &c.
Blighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, &c.
Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie die?
She may gae to—France for me!
Ha, ha, &c.

How it comes let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, &c.
Meg grew sick—as he grew heal,
Ha, ha, &c.
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings;
And O, her een, they spak sic things!
Ha, ha, &c.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, &c.
Maggie's was a pitcous case,
Ha, ha, &c.
Duncan could na be her death,
Swelling pit's smoor'd his wrath,
Now they re crouse and carty baith.
Ha, ha, &c.

SONG.

Tune—"I had a horse."

O POORTITH cauld, and restless love,
Ye wreck my peace between ye;
Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
An' 'twere na for my Jeanie.
O why should fate sic pleasure have
Life's dearest bands untwining?
Or why sae sweet a flower as love,
Depend on Fortune's shining?

This world's wealth when I think on,
Its pride, and a' the lave o't;
Fie, fie on silly coward nan,
That he should be the slave o't.
O why, &c.

Her een, sic bonnie blue, betray
How she repays my passion :
But prudence is her o'erward aye,
She talks of rank and fashion.
O why, &c.

O wha can prudence think upon,
And sic a lassie by him ?
O wha can prudence think upon,
And sae in love as I am ?
O why, &c.

How blest the humble cotter's fate !
He woos his simple dearie ;
The sillie boggles, wealth and state,
Can never make them eerie.

O why should fate sic pleasure have,
Life's dearest bands untwining ?
Or why sae sweet a flower as love,
Depend on Fortune's shining ?

GALLA WATER.

THERE'S braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
That wander through the blooming heather ;
But Yarrow braes, nor Etric shaws,
Can match the lads o' Galla water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I lo'e him better ;
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
The bonnie lad o' Galla water.

Although his daddie was nae laird,
And though I hae nae meikle tocher ;
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Galla water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure ;
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
O that's the chiefest world's treasure !

LORD GREGORY.

O MIRK, mirk is this midnight hour,
And loud the tempest's roar ;
A waeft wanderer seeks thy tow'r,
Lord Gregory, ope thy door.

An exile frae her father's ha',
And a' for loving thee ;
At least some pity on me shaw,
If love it may na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove,
By bonnie Irwine side,
Where first I own'd that virgin-love
I lang, lang had denied.

How often didst thou pledge and vow,
Thou wad for aye be mine !
And my fond heart, itself sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast :
Thou dart of heaven, that flashest by,
O wilt thou give me rest !

Ye mustering thunders from above,
Your willing victim see !
But spare, and pardon my fause love,
His wrangs to heaven and me !

MARY MORISON.

Tune—"Bide ye yet."

O MARY, at thy window be,
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour !
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure poor,

How blithely wad I hide the stour,
A weary slave frae sun to sun ;
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen when to the trembling string,
The dance gaed through the lighted ha'
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard or saw :
Though this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd, and said awang them a',
"Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die ?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only fault is loving thee ?
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown !
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

WANDERING WILLIE.

HERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
Now tired with wandering, haud awa hame ;
Come to my bosom my ain only dearie,
And tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Loud blew the cauld winter winds at our parting ;
It was na the blast brought the tear to my e'e,
Now welcome the simmer, and welcome my Willie,
The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Ye hurricanes, rest in the cave o' your slumbers,
O how your wild horrors a lover alarms !
Awaken ye breezes, row gently ye billows,
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But if he's forgotten his faithfulest Nannie,
O still flow between us, thou wide roaring main ;
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But dying believe that my Willie's my ain !

THE SAME,

As altered by Mr. Erskine and Mr. Thomson.

HERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame,
Come to my bosom my ain only dearie,
Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Winter-minds blew loud and cauld at our parting,
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e,
Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie,
As simmer to nature, so Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave o' your slumbers,
How your dread howling a lover alarms !
Blow soft ye breezes ! roll gently ye billows !
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
Flow still between us thou dark heaving main !
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
While dying I think that my Willie's my ain.

Our Poet, with his usual judgment, adopted some of these alterations, and rejected others. The last edition is as follows :—

HERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame ;
Come to my bosom my ain only dearie,
Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting,
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e,
Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie,
The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers,
How your dread howling a lover alarms !
Waken ye breezes, row gently ye billows,
And waft my dear lassie ance mair to my arms.

But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
Flow still between us thou wide-roaring main ;
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.

OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, OH !

With Alterations.

OH, open the door, some pity to show,
Oh, open the door to me, Oh !
Though thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,
Oh, open the door to me, Oh !

Could'st the blast upon my pale cheek,
But cauld'th thy love for me, Oh !
The frost that freezes the life at my heart,
Is nought to my pains frae thee, Oh !

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
And time is setting with me, Oh !
False friends, false love, farewell ! for mair
I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, Oh !

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide ;
She sees his pale corse on the plain, Oh !
My true love, she cried, and sank down by his side
Never to rise again, Oh !—

JESSIE.

Tune—"Donny Dundee."

TRUE hearted was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow
And fair are the maidens on the banks o' the Ayr,
But by the sweet side o' the Nith's winding river,
Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair :
To equal young Jessie seek Scotland all over ;
To equal young Jessie you seek it in vain ;
Grace, beauty, and elegance fetter her lover,
And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

O, fresh is the rose in the gay, dewy morning,
And sweet is the lily at evening close ;
But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie,
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring ;
Enthron'd in her ean he delivers his law,
And still to her charms she alone is a stranger !
Her modest demeanour's the jewel o' a'.

WHEN WILD WAR'S DEADLY BLAST WAS BLAWN.

Air—"The Mill Mill O."

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle peace returning,
W' monie a sweet babe fatherless,
And monie a widow mourning,
I left the limes and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor and honest sodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder ;
And for fair Scotia hame again,
I cheery on did wander.
I thought upon the banks o' Coll,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonnie glen,
Where early life I sported ;
I pass'd the mill, and trysting thence,
Where Nancy aft I courted :

Wha splid I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling,
And cur'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, Sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
O! happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom !
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fain wad be thy lodger ;
I've serv'd my king and country lang,
Take pity on a sodger.

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
And lovelier was than ever ;
Quo' she, A sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him shall I never :
Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake it,
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

She gaz'd—she reddent'd like a rose—
Synce pale like onie lily ;
She sank within my arms, and cried,
Art thou my ain dear Willie ?
By Him who made yon sun and sky—
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man ; and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded !

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And find thee still true-hearted ;
Though poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And mair we're ne'er be parted.
Quo' she, My grandsire left me gowd,
A maulen plenish'd fairly ;
And come, my faithfu' sodger lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly !

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor ;
But glory is the sodger's prize ;
The sodger's wealth is honour ;
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger,
Remember he's his country's stay
In day and hour of danger.

MEG O' THE MILL.

Air—"O bonnie lass, will you lie in a Barrack !"

O KEN ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten,
An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten ?
She has gotten a coof wi' a claut o' siller,
And broken the heart o' the barley Miller.

The Miller was strappin', the Miller was ruddy ;
A heart like a lord, and a hue like a lady ;
The Laird was a widdieffu', bleent knuri ;
She's left the guld fellow and ta'en the churl.

The Miller he hecht her a heart leal and loving ;
The Laird did address her wi' matter mair moving,
A fine pacing horse wi' a clear chained bridle,
A whip by her side, and a bonnie side-saddle.

O wae on the siller, it is sae prevailing ;
And wae on the love that is fix'd on a mallen :
A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parle,
But, gie me my love, and a fig for the war !

SONG.

Tune—"Liggeram Gosh."

BLITHE hae I been on von hill,
As the lambs bjo're me ;
Careless ilka thought and free,
As the breeze flew o'er me :
Now nae longer sport and play,
Mirth or sang can please me ;
Lesley is sae fair and coy,
Care and anguish seize me.

Heav', heavy, is the task,
 Hopeless love declaring:
 Trembling, I drow nocht but glow'r
 Sighing, dumb, despairing!
 If she winna ease the thrave,
 In my bosom swelling;
 Underneath the grass-green sod,
 Soon maun be my dwelling.

SONG.

Tune—"Logan Water."

O LOGAN, sweetly didst thou glide,
 That day I was my Willie's bride;
 And years sinesyne has o'er us run,
 Like Logan to the summer sun.
 But now thy flow'ry banks appear
 Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,
 Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month o' May,
 Has made our hills and valleys gay;
 The birds rejoice in leafy bow'rs,
 The bees hum round the breathing flow'rs:
 Blithe morning lifts his rosy eye,
 And ev'ning's tears are tears of joy:
 My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
 While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
 Among her nestlings sits the thrush;
 Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
 Or wi' his song her cares beguile,
 But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,
 Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
 Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,
 While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O wae upon you, men o' state,
 That brethern rouse to deadly hate!
 As ye make inonie a fond heart mourn,
 Sae may it on your heads return!
 How can your flinty hearts enjoy,
 The widow's tears, the orphan's cry?
 But soon may peace bring happy days,
 And Willie, hame to Logan braes!

FRAGMENT,

IN

WITHERSPOON'S COLLECTION

OF

SCOTS SONGS.

Air—"Hughie Graham."

"O GIN my love were yon red rose,
 That grows upon the castle wa',
 And I mysel' a drap o' dew,
 Into her bonnie breast to fa'!

"Oh, there beyond expression blest,
 I'd feast on beauty a' the night;
 Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
 Till sleid awa by Phœbus' light."

* O were my love yon lilac fair,
 Wi' purple blossoms to the spring;
 And I, a bird to shelter there,
 When wearied on my little wing:

How I wad mourn, when it was torn
 By autumn wild, and winter rude!
 But I wad sing on wanton wing,
 When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.*

* These stanzas were added by Burns.

BONNIE JEAN.

THERE was a lass, and she was fair,
 At kirk and market to be seen,
 When a' the fairest maids were met,
 The fairest maid was bonnie Jean.

And aye she wrought her mammie's wark,
 And aye she sang sae merrilie:
 The blithest bird upon the bush
 Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
 That bless the little lintwhite's nest;
 And frost will blight the fairest flow'rs,
 And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the bravest lad,
 The flower and pride o' a' the glen;
 And he had owsen, sheep and kye,
 And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
 He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down;
 And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
 Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.

As in the bosom o' the stream,
 The moon beam dwells at dewy e'en;
 So trembling, pure, was tender love,
 Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

And now she works her mammie's wark,
 And aye she sighs wi' care and pain;
 Yet wist na what her ail might be,
 Or what wad mak her weel again.

But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,
 And did na joy blink in her e'e,
 As Robie tauld a tale o' love,
 Ae e'enin' on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,
 The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;
 His cheek to hers he fondly prest,
 And whisper'd thus his tale o' love:

O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;
 O canst thou think to fancy me!
 Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
 And learn to tent the farms wi' me?

At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
 Or naething else to trouble thee;
 But stray among the heather-bells,
 And tent the waving corn wi' me.

Now what could artless Jeanie do?
 She had nae will to say him na:
 At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
 And love was aye between them twa.

PHILLIS THE FAIR.

Tune—"Robin Adair."

WHILE larks with little wing,
 Fann'd the pure air,
 Tasting the breathing spring,
 Forth I did fare:
 Gay the sun's golden eye,
 Peep'd o'er the mountains high;
 Such thy morn I did I cry,
 Phillis the fair.

In each bird's careless song,
 Glad did I share;
 While yon wild flow'rs among,
 Chance led me there:
 Sweet to the opening day,
 Rosebuds bent the dewy spray;
 Such thy bloom I did I say,
 Phillis the fair.

Down in a shady walk,
 Doves cooing were,
 I mark'd the cruel hawk
 Caught in a snare:

So kind may Fortune be,
Such make his destiny,
He who would injure thee,
Phillis the fair.

SONG.

Tune—"Robin Adair."

HAD I a cave on some wild, distant shore,
Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar
There would I weep my woes,
There seek my lost repose,
Till grief my eyes should close,
Ne'er to wake more,

Falsest of womankind, canst thou declare,
All thy fond plighted vows—fleeing as air!
To thy new lover hie,
Laugh o'er thy perjury,
Then in thy bosom try
What peace is there!

SONG.

Tune—"Allan Water."

By Allan stream I chanced to rove,
While Phœbus sank beyond Benledi;*
The winds were whispering through the grove,
The yellow corn was waving ready:
I listen'd to a lover's sang,
And thought on youthfu' pleasures mony;
And aye the wild-wood echoes rang—
O, dearly do I love thee, Annie!

J happy be the woodbine bower,
Nae nightly bogle make it eerie;
Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
The place and time I met my dearie!
Her head upon my throbbing breast,
She, sinking, said, "I'm thine for ever!"
While mony a kiss the seal imprest
The sacred vow, we ne'er should sever.

The haunt o' spring's the primrose brae,
The simmer joys the flocks to follow;
How cheery through her shortening day,
Is autumn in her weeds o' yellow!
But can they melt the glowing heart,
Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure,
Or through each nerve the rapture dart,
Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure?

WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY
LAD.

O WHISTLE, and I'll come to you, my lad:
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad:
Though father and mither and a' should gae mad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent, when ye come to court me,
And come na unless the back-yett be a-gee;
Syne up the back-stile, and let nae body see,
And come as ye were na comin' to me,
And come, &c.
O whistle, &c.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me.
Gang by me as though that ye car'd na a file:
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
Yet look as ye were na looking at me.
Yet look, &c.
O whistle, &c.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,
And whiles ye may lightly my beauty n' wee;
But court na anither, though Jokln' ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me,
For fear, &c.
O whistle, &c.

* A mountain west of Strath Allan, 3,000 feet high.

SONG.

Tune—"The muckin' o' Geordie's byre."

ADOWN winding Nith I did wander,
To mark the sweet flowers as they spring;
Adown winding Nith I did wander,
Of Phillis to muse and to sing.

CHORUS.

Awa wi' your belles and your beauties,
They never wi' her can compare;
Whoever has met wi' my Phillis,
Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

The daisy amus'd my fond fancy,
So artless, so simple, so wild;
Thou emblem, said I, o' my Phillis,
For she is simplicity's child.
Awa, &c.

The rose-bud's the blush o' my charmer,
Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest:
How fair and how pure is the lily,
But fairer and purer her breast.
Awa, &c.

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,
They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie;
Her breath is the breath o' the woodbine,
Its dew-arop o' diamond her eye.
Awa, &c.

Her voice is the song of the morning
That wakes thro' the green-spreading grove,
When Phœbus peeps over the mountains,
On music, and pleasure, and love.
Awa, &c.

But beauty how frail and how fleeting,
The bloom of a fine summer's day!
While worth in the mind o' my Phillis
Will flourish without a decay.
Awa, &c.

SONG.

Air—"Cauld Kail."

COME, let me take thee to my breast,
And pledge we ne'er shall sunder;
And I shall spurn as vilest dust
The world's wealth and grandeur:
And do I hear my Jeanie own,
That equal transports move her?
I ask for dearest life alone
That I may live to love her.

Thus in my arms, wi' all thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure;
I'll seek nae mair o' heaven to share,
Than sic a moment's pleasure:
And by thy een, sae bonnie blue,
I swear I'm thine for ever!
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never.

DAINTY DAVIE.

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay, green spreading bowers,
And now comes in my happy hours,
To wander wi' my Davie.

CHORUS.

Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie,
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.

The crystal waters round us fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round us blaw,
A wandering wi' my Davie.
Meet me, &c.

When purple morning starts the hare,
To steal upon her early fare,
Then through the dew I will repair,
To meet my faithful Davie.
Meet me, &c.

When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws o' nature's rest,
I due to his arms I lo'e best,
And that's my ain dear Davie.

CHORUS.

Meet me on the narlock knave,
Bonnie Davie, dainty Davie,
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.

SONG.

Tune—"Oran Gaoil."

BEHOLD the hour, the boat arrive;
Thou goes, thou darling of my heart!
Swerd from thee can I survive?
But fate has will'd, and we must part.
I'll often greet this surging swell,
Yon distant isle will often hail:
"E'en here I took the last farewell;
There latest mark'd her vanish'd sail."

Along the solitary shore,
While flitting sea-fowl round me cry,
Across the rolling, dashing foam
I'll westward turn my wishful eye:
Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say,
Where now my Nancy's path may be!
While through the sweets she loves to stray,
O tell me, does she muse on me!

SONG.

Tune—"For him Father."

Thou hast left me ever, Jamie, Thou hast left me
[ever,] [ever].
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie, Thou hast left me
[Aren hast thou wou'd that death, Only should us
[ever].
Now thou'st left thy lass for aye—I maun see thee
[never,] [Jamie],
I'll see thee never.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie, Thou hast me for-
[saken,] [saken].
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie, Thou hast me for-
[Thou canst love anither, jo, While my heart is
[breaking].
Soon my weary een I'll close—Never mair to waken,
[Jamie],
Ne'er mair to waken.

AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae ran about the braes,
And pu't the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot,
Sin auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

We twa hae paidl'd i' the burn,
Frae morn'g o' sun till dune,
But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
In' auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

And here's a hand, my trusty freen',
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught,
For auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

BANNOCK-BURN.

Robert Bruce's Address to his Army.

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has often led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lower;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Edward! chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor! coward! turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Free-man stand, or free-man fa',
Caledonian! on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be—shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyranus fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward! let us do, or die!

FAIR JENNY.

Tune—"Saw ye my Father."

WHERE are the joys I have met in the morning
That danc'd to the lark's early song?
Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,
At evening the wild woods among?

No more a-winding the course of yon river,
And marking sweet flow'rets to fair;
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
But sorrow and sad sighing care.

Is it that summer's forsaken our valleys,
And grim, surly winter is near?
No, no, the bees humming round the gay roses,
Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Pain would I hide what I fear to discover,
Yet long, long too well have I known:
All that has caused this wreck in my bosom,
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
Nor hope dare a comfort bestow:
Come then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,
Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.

SONG.

Tune—"The Collier's Daughter."

DELUDED swain, the pleasure
The nickle Fair can give thee,
Is but a fairy treasure,
Thy hopes will soon deceive thee.

The billows on the ocean,
The breezes idly roaming,
The clouds' uncertain motion,
They are but types of woman.

O! art thou not ashamed,
To dote upon a feature?
If man thou wouldst be named,
Despise the silly creature.

Go, find an honest fellow;
Good claret set before thee:
Hold on till thou art mellow,
And then to bed in glory.

SONG.

Tune—"The Quaker's wife."

'THINE am I, my faithful fair,
Thine, my lovely Nancy;
Ev'ry pulse along my veins,
Ev'ry roving fancy.

To thy bosom lay my heart,
There to throb and languish:
Though despair had wrung its core,
That would heal its anguish.

Take away these rosy lips,
Rich with balmy treasure:
Turn away thine eyes of love,
Lest I die with pleasure.

What is life when wanting love?
Night without a morning:
Love's the cloudless summer sun,
Nature gay adorning.

SONG.

Tune—"Jo Janet."

HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife,
Nor longer idly rave, Sir;
Though I am your wedded wife,
Yet I am not your slave, Sir.

"One of two must still obey,
Nancy, Nancy;
Is it man or woman, say,
My spouse, Nancy?"

If 'tis still the lordly word,
Service and obedience;
I'll desert my sov'reign lord,
And so, good b'ye allegiance!

"Sad will I be, so bereft,
Nancy, Nancy;
Yet I'll try to make a shift,
My spouse, Nancy."

My poor heart then break it must,
My last hour I'm near it
When you lay me in the dust,
Think, think how you will bear it.

"I will hope and trust in Heaven,
Nancy, Nancy;
Strength to bear it will be given,
My spouse, Nancy."

Well, Sir, from the silent dead,
Still I'll try to daunt you;
Ever round your midnight bed
Horrid sprites shall haunt you.

"I'll wed another, like my dear
Nancy, Nancy;
Then all hell will fly for fear,
My spouse, Nancy."

SONG.

Air—"The Sutor's Daughter."

WILT thou be my dearie?
When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
Wilt thou let me cheer thee?
By the treasure of my soul,
That's the love I bear thee!
I swear and vow that only thou
Shall ever be my dearie.
Only thou, I swear and vow,
Shall ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me;
Or if thou wilt na be my ain,
Say na thou'lt refuse me:
If it winna, canna be,
Thou, for thine may choose me,
Let me, lassie, quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me.
Lassie, let me quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me.

BANKS OF CREE.

HERE is the glen, and here the bower,
All underneath a birchen shade;
The village-bell has told the hour,
O what can stay my lovely maid?

'Tis not Maria's whispering call;
'Tis but the balmy-breathing gale:
Mixt with some warbler's dying fall
The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear!
So calls the woodlark in the grove,
His little faithful mate to cheer,
At once 'tis music—and 'tis love.

And art thou come! and art thou true:
O welcome dear to love and me!
And let us all our vows renew
Along the flowery banks of Cree.

VERSES TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH

A PRESENT OF SONGS.

HERE, where the Scottish muse immortal lives,
In sacred strains and tuneful numbers join'd,
Accept the gift, though humble he who gives,
Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind.

So may no ruffian-feeling in thy breast,
Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among;
But peace attune thy gentle soul to rest,
Or love ecstatic wake his seraph song.

Or pity's notes, in luxury of tears,
As modest want the tale of woe reveals;
While conscious virtue all the strain endears,
And heaven-born piety her sanction seals,

ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

Tune—"O'er the Hills," &c.

How can my poor heart be glad,
When absent from my sailor lad?
How can I the thought forego,
He's on the seas to meet the foe?
Let me wander, let me rove,
Still my heart is with my love;
Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
Are with him that's far away.

CHORUS.

*On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away:
Nightly dreamy and thoughts by day
Are aye nith him that's far away.*

When in summer's noon I faint,
A weary flock around me pant,
Haply in this scorching sun
My sailor's thund'ring at his gun:
Bullets, spare my only joy!
Bullets, spare my darling boy!
Fate do with me what you may,
Spare but him that's far away!
On the seas, &c.

At the starless midnight hour,
When winter rules with boundless power;
As the storms the forest tear,
And thunders rend the howling air,
Listening to the doubling roar,
Surging on the rocky shore,
All I can—I weep and pray,
For his weal that's far away.
On the seas, &c.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
And bid wild war his ravage end,
Man with brother man to meet,
And as a brother kindly greet;
Then may heaven with prosperous gales,
Fill my sailor's welcome sails,
To my arms their charge convey,
My dear lad that's far away.
On the seas, &c.

SONG.

Tune—"Ca' the Yones to the Knowes."

CHORUS.

*Ca' the yones to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie runs,
My bonnie dearie.*

HARK, the maris' evening sang
Sounding Clouden's woods amang;
Then a-faulding let us gang,
My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the, &c.

We'll gae down by Clouden side,
Through the hazels spreading wide,
O'er the waves, that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly.
Ca' the, &c.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers,
Where at moonshine midnight hours,
J'er the dewy bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheery.
Ca' the, &c.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;
Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the, &c.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart;
I can die—but canna part,
My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the, &c.

—HE SAYS SHE LO'ES ME BEST OF A'.

Tune—"Onagh's Water-fall."

SAE flaxen were her ringlets,
Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
Bewitchingly o'er-arching
Twa laughing een o' bonnie blue.

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Her smiling sae wyling,
Wad make a wretch forget his wo;
What pleasure, what treasure,
Unto these tosy lips to grow!
Such was my Chloris' bonnie face,
When first her bonnie face I saw;
And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion
Her pretty ancle is a spy
Betraying fair proportion,
Wad mak a saint forget the sky.
Sae warming, sae charming,
Her faultless form, and gracefu' air;
Ilk feature—auld nature
Declar'd that she could do nae mair:
Hers are the willing chains o' love,
By conquering beauty's sovereign law;
And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,
And gaudy show at sunny noon;
Gie me the lonely valley,
The dewy eve, and rising moon;
Fair beaming, and streaming,
Her silver light the boughs amang;
While falling, recalling,
The amorous thrush concludes her sang:
There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
And hear my vows o' truth and love,
And say thou lo'es me best of a'!

SAW YE MY PHELY.

(Quasi dicat Phillis.)

Tune—"When she cam ben she bobbit."

O SAW ye my dear, my Phely?
O saw ye my dear, my Phely?
She's down i' the grove, she's wi' a new love,
She winna come hame to her Willy.

What says she, my dearest, my Phely?
What says she, my dearest, my Phely?
She lets thee to wit that she has thee forgot,
And for ever disowns thee her Willy.

O had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!
As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair,
Thou's broken the heart o' thy Willy.

SONG.

Tune—"Cauld Rail in Aberdeen."

HOW long and dreary is the night,
When I am frae my dearie;
I restless lie frae e'en to morn,
Tho' I were ne'er sae weary.

CHORUS.

*For oh, her lanely nights are lang;
And oh, her dreams are eerie;
And oh, her widow'd heart is sair,
That's absent frae her dearie.*

When I think on the lightsome days
I spent wi' thee my dearie;
And now what saes between us roar,
How can I be but eerie?
For oh, &c.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours;
The joyless day how dreary!
It was na sae ye glinted by,
When I was wi' my dearie.
For oh, &c.

SONG.

Tune—"Duncan Gray."

LET not woman e'er complain,
Of inconstancy in love;
Let not woman e'er complain,
Fickle man is apt to rove:

Look abroad through Nature's range,
Nature's mighty law is change;
Ladies, would it not be strange,
Man should then a monster prove?

Mark the winds, and mark the skies;
Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow:
Sun and moon but set to rise,
Round and round the seasons go.

Why then ask of silly man,
To oppose great Nature's plan?
We'll be constant while we can—
You can be no more, you know.

THE LOVER'S MORNING SALUTE
TO HIS MISTRESS.

Tune—"Deil tak the Wars."

SLEEP'ST thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature;
Rosy morn now lifts his eye,
Numbering lika bud which Nature
Waters wi' the tears o' joy:
Now through the leafy woods,
And by the reeking floods;
Wild Nature's tenants, freely, gladly stray;
The lintwhite in his bower
Chants o'er the breathing flower;
The lav'rock to the sky
Ascends wi' sangs o' joy,
While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.

Phœbus gilding the brow o' morning,
Banishes ilk darksome shade,
Nature gladdening and adorning;
Such to me my lovely maid.
When absent frae my fair,
The murky shades o' care
With starless gloom o'ercast my sullen sky,
But when, in beauty's light,
She meets my ravish'd sight
When through my very heart
Her beaming glories dart;
Tis then I wake to life, to light, and joy.

THE AULD MAN.

But lately seen in gladsome green
The woods rejoice the day,
Through gentle showers the laughing flowers
In double pride were gay:
But now our joys are fled,
On winter blasts awa'
Yet maiden May, in rich array,
Again shall bring them a'.

But my white pow, nae kindly thow
Shall melt the snaws of age;
My trunk of eild, but buss or bield,
Sinks in time's wintry rage.
Oh, age has weary days,
And nights o' sleepless pain!
Thou golden time o' 'youthfu' prime,
Why com'st thou not again!

SONG.

Tune—"My Lodging is on the cold ground."

MY Chloris, mark how green the groves,
The primrose banks how fair:
The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flaxen hair.

The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings:
For nature smiles as sweet I ween,
To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string,
In lordly lighted ha':
The shepherd stops his simple reed,
Blithe, in the birken shaw.

The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn;
But are their hearts as light as ours
Beneath the milk-white thorn?

The shepherd, in the flowery glen,
In shepherd's phrase will woo:
The courtier tells a finer tale,
But is his heart as true?

These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd, to deck
That spotless breast o' thine:
The courtiers' gems may witness love—
But 'tis na love like mine.

SONG,

Altered from an old English one.

IT was the charming month of May,
When all the flow'rs were fresh and gay,
One morning, by the break of day,
The youthful, charming Chloe;

From peaceful slumbers she arose,
Girt on her mantle and her hose,
And o'er the flow'ry mead she goes,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

CHORUS.

*Lovely was she by the dann,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful, charming Chloe.*

The feather'd people, you might see
Perch'd all around on every tree,
In notes of sweetest melody,
They hail the charming Chloe;

Till, painting gay the eastern skies,
The glorious sun began to rise,
Out-rivall'd by the radiant eyes,
Of youthful, charming Chloe.
Lovely was she, &c.

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

Tune—"Rothemurchie's Rant."

CHORUS.

*Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flock's,
Wilt thou be my dearie, O?*

Now nature cleeds the flowery lea,
And a' is young and sweet like thee;
O wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
And say thou'lt be my dearie, O?
Lassie wi', &c.

And when the welcome simmer-shower
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower
We'll to the breathing woadbine bower
At sultry noon, my dearie, O.
Lassie wi', &c.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
The weary shearer's hameward way;
Through yellow waving fields we'll stray,
And talk o' love, my dearie, O.
Lassie wi', &c.

And when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest;
Enclasped to my faithfu' breast
I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.

*Leslie wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
O naught thou, wi' me tent the flocks,
Will thou be my dearie, O!*

SONG.

Tune—"Nancy's to the Greenwood," &c.

FAREWELL thou stream that winding flows
Around Eliza's dwelling!
O mem'ry! spare the cruel throes
Within my bosom swelling:
Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,
And yet in secret languish,
To feel a fire in ev'ry vein,
Nor dare disclose my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
I fain my griefs would cover:
The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
Betray the helpless lover.
I know thou doom'st me to despair,
Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me;
But oh, Eliza, hear one prayer,
For pity's sake forgive me.

The music of thy voice I heard,
Nor wist while it enslav'd me;
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
Till fears no more had sav'd me
Th' unwary sailor thus aghast,
The wheeling torrent viewing;
Mid circling horrors sunk at last
In overwhelming ruin.

DUET.

Tune—"The Son's Tail."

He—O PHILLY, happy be that day
When roving through the gather'd hay
My youthfu' heart was stown away,
And by thy charms, my Philly.

She—O Willy, aye I bless the grove
Where first I own'd my maiden love,
While thou didst pledge the Powers above,
To be my ain dear Willy.

He—As songsters of the early year
Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,
So ilka day to me mair dear
And charming is my Philly.

She—As on the brier the budding rose
Still richer breathes, and fairer blows,
So in my tender bosom grows
The love I bear my Willy.

He—The milder sun and bluer sky,
That crown my harvest cares wi' joy,
Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye
As is a sight o' Philly.

She—The little swallow's wanton wing,
Though vafing o'er the flowery spring,
Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring,
As meeting o' my Willy.

He—The bee that through the sunny hour
Sips nectar in the opening flower,
Compar'd wi' my delight is poor,
Upon the lips o' Philly.

She—The woodbine in the dewy weat,
When evening shades in silence meet,
Is not sae fragrant or sae sweet
As is a kiss o' Willy.

He—Let fortune's wheel at random rin,
And fools may time, and knaves may win;
My thoughts are a' bound up in aye,
And that's my ain dear Philly.

She—What's a' the joys that gowd can gie!
I care nae wealth a single flie;
The lad I love's the lad for me,
And that's my ain dear Willy.

SONG.

Tune—"Lumps o' Pudding."

CONTENTED wi' little, and candle wi' mair,
Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
I gie them a skelp, as they're creepin' along,
Wi' a cog o' guid swats, and an auld Scottish sang.

I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome Thought;
But man is a soger, and life is a faught:
My mirth and guid humour are coin in my pouch,
And my Freedom's my lardship nae monarch dare touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
A night o' guid fellowship southers it a':
When at the blithe end o' our journey at last,
Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past?

Blind Chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way,
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae:
Come ease, or come travail; come pleasure, or pain,
My warst word is—"Welcome, and welcome again!"

CANST THOU LEAVE ME THUS,
MY KATY?

Tune—"Roy's Wife."

CHORUS.

*Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Well thou know'st my aching heart,
And canst thou leave me thus for pity!*

IS this thy plighted, fond regard,
Thus cruelly to part, my Katy?
Is this thy faithful swain's reward—
An aching, broken heart, my Katy?
Canst thou, &c.

Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear
That fickle heart of thine, my Katy!
Thou may'st find those will love thee dear—
But not a love like mine, my Katy.
Canst thou, &c.

MY NANNIE'S AWA.

Tune—"There'll never be peace," &c.

NOW in her green mantle blithe nature arr-ys,
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw;
But to me it's delightless—my Nannie's awa.

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weat o' the morn;
They pain my sad bosom sae sweetly they blaw,
They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa.

Thou lav'rock that springs frae the dew's of the lawn,
The shepherd to warn o' the gray-breaking dawn,
And thou mellow naivie that hails the night-fa',
Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa.

Come autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and gray,
And soothe me wi' tidings o' nature's decay:
The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw
Alane can delight me—now Nannie's awa.

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

IS there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that;
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toil's obscure, and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin' gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Gude faith he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the waird o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

SONG.

Tune—"Craigie-burn-wood."

SWEET fa's the eve on Craigie-burn,
And blithe awakes the morrow,
But a' the pride o' spring's return
Can yield me naught but sorrow.

I see the flowers and spreading trees,
I hear the wild birds singing
But what a weary wight can please,
And care his bosom wringing!

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
Yet dare na for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.

If thou refuse to pity me,
If thou shalt love another,
When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
Around my grave they'll wither.

SONG.

Tune—"Let me in this ae night."

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet?
Or art thou wakin', I would wit?
For love has bound me, hand and fit,
And I would fain be in, jo.

CHORUS.

*O let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
For pity's sake this ae night,
O rise and let me in, jo.*

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
Nae star blinks through the driving sleet;
Tak pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.
O let me in, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blows
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;
The cauldness o' the heart's the cause
O' a' my grief and pain, jo.
O let me in, &c.

HER ANSWER.

O TELL na me o' wind and rain,
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain!
Gae back the gate ye cam again,
I winna let you in, jo.

CHORUS.

*I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
And ance for a' this ae night,
I winna let you in, jo.*

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
That round the pathless wand'rer pours,
Is nocht to what poor she endures,
That's trusted faithless man, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed;
Let simple maid the lesson read,
The weird may be her ain, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The bird that charm'd his summer-day,
Is now the cruel fowler's prey;
Let witless, trusting woman say
How aft her fate's the same, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

ADDRESS TO THE WOODLARK.

Tune—"Where'll bonnie Ann lie?" or, "Loch-
Eroch-Side."

O STAY, sweet warbling woodlark, stay,
Nor quit for me the trembling spray,
A hapless lover courts thy lay,
Thy soothing, fond complaining.

Again, again that tender part,
That I may catch thy melting art:
For surely that wad touch her heart
Wha kills me wi' disdainin'.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind?
Och, nocht! but love and sorrow join'd,
Sic notes o' woe could wauken.

Thou tells o' never-ending care;
O' speechless grief, and dark despair;
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair,
Or my poor heart is broken!

ON CHLORIS BEING ILL.

Tune—"Aye wakin', O."

CHORUS.

*Long, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow.*

CAN I cease to care?
Can I cease to languish,
While my darling fir
Is on the couch of anguish?
Long, &c.

Every hope is fled,
Every fear is terror;
Slumber even I dread,
Every dream is horror.
Long, &c.

Hear me, Pow'r's divine!
Oh, in pity hear me!
Take aught else of mine,
But my Chloris spare me?
Long, &c.

SONG.

Tune—"Hummings o' Glen."

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands
reckon, ^{(fume,}
Where bright beaming summers exalt the per-
far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow
broom.

Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly un-
seen;

For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
A-listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Though rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys
And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave;
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the
proud palace, ^{(slave!}
What are they? The haunt of the tyrant and

The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling foun-
tains,
The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain;
He wanders as free as the winds o' his mountains,
Save love's willing fetters, the chains o' his Jean.

SONG.

Tune—"Laddie, lie near me."

'Twas na her bonnie blue e'e was my ruin;
Fair though she be, that was ne'er my undoing;
'Twas the dear smile when naeboddy did mind us,
'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kind-
ness.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,
Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me;
But though fell fortune should fate us to sever,
Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever.

Mary, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,
And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest!
And thou'rt the angel that never can alter,
Sooner the sun in his motion would falter.

ALTERED FROM AN OLD ENGLISH
SONG.

Tune—"John Anderson my jo."

HOW cruel are the parents
Who riches only prize,
And to the wealthy booby,
Poor woman sacrifice.
Meanwhile the hapless daughter
Has but a choice of strife;
To shun a tyrant father's hate,
Become a wretched wife.

The ravening hawk pursuing,
The trembling dove thus flies,
To shun impelling ruin
A while her pinions tries;
Till of escape despairing,
No shelter or retreat,
She trusts the ruthless falconer,
And drops beneath his feet.

SONG.

Tune—"Deil tak the wars."

MARK yonder pomp of costly fashion,
Round the wealthy, titled bride:
Put when compar'd with real passion,
Poor is all that princely pride.
What are the showy treasures?
What are the noisy pleasures?
The gay, gaudy glare of vanity and art:

The polish'd jewel's blaze
May draw the wond'ring gaze,
And courtly grandeur bright
The fancy may delight,
But never, never can come near the heart.

But did you see my dearest Chloris,
In simplicity's array;
Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,
Shrinking from the gaze of day.
O then, the heart alarming,
And all resistless charming,
In Love's delightful fetters she chains the wil-
ling soul!
Ambition would disown
The world's imperial crown,
Even Avarice would deny
His worshipp'd deity,
And feel through every vein Love's raptures roll.

SONG.

Tune—"This is no my ain House."

CHORUS.

*O this is no my ain lassie,
Fair though the lassie be;
O weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her e'e*

I SEE a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place:
It wants, to me, the witching grace,
The kind love that's in her e'e.
O this is no, &c.

She's bonnie, blooming, straught, and tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall;
And aye it charms my very saul,
The kind love that's in her e'e.
O this is no, &c.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
To steal a blink, by a' unseen;
But gleg as light are lovers' e'en,
When kind love is in the e'e.
O this is no, &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learned clerks;
But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in the e'e.
O this is no, &c.

TO MR. CUNNINGHAM.

SCOTISH SONG.

NOW spring has clad the groves in green,
And strew'd the lea wi' flowers;
The furrow'd, waving corn is seen
Rejoice in fostering showers;
While ilka thing in nature join
Their sorrows to forego,
O wha thus all alone are rune
The weary steps of woe!

The trout within yon wimpling burn
Glides swift, a silver dart,
And safe beneath the shady thorn
Defies the angler's art:
My life was ance that careless stream,
That wanton trout was I;
But love, wi' unrelenting beam,
Has scorcht my fountains dry.

The little slow'ret's peaceful lot,
In yonder cliff that grows,
Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
Nae ruder visit knows,
Was mine; till love has o'er me past,
And blighted a' my bloom,
And now beneath the withering blast
My youth and joy consume.

The waken'd lay-rock warbling springs,
And climbs the early sky,
Winnowing blithe her dewy wings
In morning's rosy eye;
As little reckt I sorrow's power,
Until the flowery snare
O' witching love, in luckless hour,
Made me the thrall o' care.

O had my fate been Greenland snows,
Or Afric's burning zone,
Wi' man and nature leag'd my foes,
So Peggy ne'er I'd known,
The wretch whose doom is, "hope nae mair,
What tongue his woes can tell!
Within whose bosom, save despair,
Nae kinder spirits dwell.

SCOTISH SONG.

O BONNIE was yon rosy brier,
That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man;
And bonnie she, and ah, how dear!
It shaded frae the e'enin' sun.

Yon rosebuds in the morning dew,
How pure amang the leaves sae green;
But purer was the lover's row
They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,
That crimson rose, how sweet and fair!
But love is far a sweeter flower
Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,
Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine;
And I, the world, nor wish, nor scorn,
Its joys and griefs alike resign.

*WRITTEN on a blank leaf of a copy of his Poems
presented to a Lady, whom he had often celebrated
under the name of Chloris.*

'TIS Friendship's pledge, my young, fair
Nor thou the gift refuse, [Friend,
Nor with unwilling ear attend
The moralizing muse.

Since thou, in all thy youth and charms,
Must bid the world adieu,
(A world 'gainst peace in constant arms)
To join the friendly few.

Since, thy gay morn of life o'ercast,
Chill came the tempest's lower:
And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast
Did nip a fairer flower.

Since life's gay scenes must charm no more,
Still much is left behind;
Still nobler wealth hast thou in store,
The comforts of the mind!

Thine is the self-approving glow,
On conscious honour's part;
And, dearest gift of heaven below,
Thine friendship's truest heart.

The joys refin'd of sense and taste,
With every muse to rove
And doubly were the poet blest
These joys could he improve.

ENGLISH SONG.

Tune—"Let me in this ac night."

FORLORN, my love, no comfort near,
Far, far from thee, I wander here;
Far, far from thee, the fate severe
At which I most repine love.

CHORUS.

O wert thou, love, but near me,
But near, near, near me;
How kindly thou wouldst cheer me,
And mingle sighs with mine, love.

Around me scowls a wintry sky,
That blasts each bud of hope and joy,
And shelter, shade, nor home have I,
Save in those arms of thine, love.
O wert, &c.

Cold, alter'd friendship's cruel part,
To poison fortune's ruthless dart—
Let me not break thy faithful heart,
And say that fate is mine, love.
O wert, &c.

But dreary though the moments fleet,
O let me think we yet shall meet!
That only ray of solace sweet
Can on thy Chloris shine, love.
O wert, &c.

SCOTISH BALLAD.

Tune—"The Lothian Lassie."

LAST May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,
And sair wi' his love he did deave me;
I said there was naething I hated like men,
The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me, believe me,
The deuce gae wi'm to believe me.

He spak o' the darts in my bonnie black e'en,
And vow'd for my love he was dying;
I said he might die when he liked, for Jean,
The lord forgie me for lying, for lying,
The lord forgie me for lying!

A weel-stocked mailen, himsel' for the laird,
And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers;
I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or car'd,
But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers,
But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad ye think? in a fortnight or less,
The deil tak his taste to gae near her!
He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her, could
bear her,
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her.

Bur a' the niest week as I fretted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarroch,
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there,
I glow'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
I glow'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shoulder I gae him a blink,
Lest neebors might say I was saucy;
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
Gin she had recover'd her heerin',
And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl't foe
But, heavens! how he fell a swearin', a swearin',
But heavens! how he fell a swearin'.

He begged, for Gudesake! I wad be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow:
So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

FRAGMENT.

Tune—"The Caledonian Hunt" Delight.

WHY, why tell thy lover,
Bliss he never must enjoy!
Why, why deceive him,
And gae all his hopes the lie?

O why, while fancy raptur'd, slumbers,
Chloris, Chloris all the theme;
Why, why wouldst thou cruel,
Wake thy lover from his dream?

HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER.

Tune—"Ealinamona ora."

AWA wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,
The slend'r but beauty you grasp in your arms:
O, gie me the lass that has acres o' charms,
O, gie me the lass wi' the weel stockit farms.

CHORUS.

Then hey, for a lass wi' a tocher, then hey for a
lass wi' a tocher.
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher; the nice yellow
guineas for me.

Your beauty's a flower in the morning that blows,
And withers the faster, the faster it grows;
But the rapturous charm o' the bonnie green
knowes, [Flowers.]
Iik spring they're new deckit wi' bonny white
Then hey, &c.

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,
The brightest o' beauty may cloy when possest;
But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest,
The langer ye hae them—the mair they're carest.
Then hey, &c.

SONG.

Tune—"Here's a health to them that's ama, hincey."

CHORUS.

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lover's meet,
And soft as the parting tear—*Jessy!*

ALTHOUGH thou maun never be mine,
Although even hope is denied;
Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
Than aught in the world beside—*Jessy!*
Here's a health, &c.

I mourn through the gay gaudy day,
As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms;
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am lockt in thy arms—*Jessy!*
Here's a health, &c.

I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love-rolling e'e;
But why urge the tender confession
'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree—*Jessy!*
Here's a health, &c.

SONG.

Tune—"Rothermurchie's Rant."

CHORUS.

Fairest maid on Devon banks,
Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
Will thou lay that frown aside,
And smile as thou wert wont to do?

FULL well thou know'st I love thee dear,
Couldst thou to malice lend an ear!
O, did not love exclaim, "Forbear,
Nor use a faithful lover so?"
Fairest maid, &c.

Then come, thou fairest of the fair,
Those wonted smiles, O, let me share;
And by thy beauteous self I swear,
No love but thine my heart shall know
Fairest maid, &c.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

CHORUS.

Donnie lassie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,
Bonnie lassie, will ye go to the Birks of Aberfeldy!

NOW simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays,
Come let us spend the lightsome days
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.
Donnie lassie, &c.

While e'er their heads the hazels hing,
The little birdies blythely sing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.
Donnie lassie, &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep-roaring fa's,
O'er-hung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The Birks of Aberfeldy.
Donnie lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linn's the burnie pours,
And rising weets wi' misty showers
The Birks of Aberfeldy.
Donnie lassie, &c.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.
Donnie lassie, &c.

STAY, MY CHARMER, CAN YOU
LEAVE ME?

Tune—"An Gillie dubh ciar-dhubh."

STAY, my charmer, can you leave me?
Cruel, cruel to deceive me!
Well you know how much you grieve me;
Cruel charmer, can you go?
Cruel charmer, can you go?

By my love so ill requited;
By the faith you fondly plighted;
By the pangs of lovers slighted;
Do not, do not leave me so!
Do not, do not leave me so!

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT

THICKEST night o'erhang my dwelling!
Howling tempests o'er me rave!
Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
Still surround my lonely cave!

Crystal streamlets, gently flowing,
Busy haunts of base mankind,
Western breezes, softly blowing,
Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engaged,
Wrongs injurious to redress,
Honour's war we strongly waged,
But the heavens denied success.

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
Not a hope that dare attend,
The wide world is all before us—
But a world without a friend!

THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.

Tune—"Morag."

LOUD blaw the frosty breezes,
The snaws the mountains cover;
Like winter on me seizes,
Since my young Highland Rover
Far wanders nations o'er.

Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
May Heaven be his warden;
Return him safe to fair Strathspey,
And bonnie Castle-Gordon!

The trees now naked groaning,
Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,
The birdies dowie mourning,
Shall a' be blithly singing,
And every flower be springing.
Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,
When by his mighty warden
My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,
And bonnie Castle-Gordon.

RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING.

Tune—"M'Grigor of Ruaro's Lament."

RAVING winds around her blowing,
Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing,
By a river hoarsely roaring,
Isabella stray'd deploring,
"Farewell, hours that late did measure
Sunshine days of joy and pleasure;
Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow,
Cheerless night that knows no morrow.

"O'er the past too fondly wandering,
On the hopeless future pondering;
Chilly grief my life-blood freezes,
Fell despair my fancy seizes,
Life, thou soul of every blessing,
Lead to misery most distressing,
O how gladly I'd resign thee,
And to dark oblivion join thee!"

MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

Tune—"Druimion dubh."

MUSING on the roaring ocean,
Which divides my love and me;
Wearying Heaven in warm devotion,
For his weal where'er he be.

Hope and fear's alternate billow
Yielding late to nature's law;
Whispering spirits round my pillow
Talk of him that's far awa.

Ye whom sorrow never wounde I,
Ye who never shed a tear,
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me;
Downy sleep the curtain draw;
Spirits kind, again attend me,
Talk of him that's far awa!

BLITHE WAS SHE.

HORUS.

*Blithe, blithe and merry was she,
Blithe was she but and ben;
Blithe by the banks of Ern,
And blithe in Glentworth Glen.*

By Oughtertyre grows the aik,
On Yarrow banks, the birken shaw;
But Phemie was a bonnier lass
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.
Blithe, &c.

Her looks were like a flower in May,
Her smile was like a simmer morn;
She tripped by the banks of Ern,
As light's a bird upon a thorn.
Blithe, &c.

Her bonnie face it was as rosel,
As ony lamb upon a lee,
The evening sun was never so sweet
As was the blink o' Phemie's ee.
Blithe, &c.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
And o'er the Lowlands I have been;
But Phemie was the blithest lass
That ever trod the dewy green.
Blithe, &c.

A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk,
Adown a corn-envelop'd bank,
She gently bent its thorny stalk,
All on a dewy morning.

Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
In a' its crimson glory spread,
And drooping rich the dewy head,
It scents the early morning.

Within the hush, her covert nest
A little linnet fondly prest,
The dew sat chill on her breast
Sae early in the morning.

She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
Among the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair,
On trembling string or vocal air,
Shall sweetly pay the tender care
That tents thy early morning.

So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,
Shalt beautiful blaze upon the day,
And bless the parent's evening ray
That watch'd thy early morning.

WHERE BRAVING ANGRY WINTER'S STORMS.

Tune—"Neil Gon's Lamentation for Abercainry."

WHERE braving angry winter's storms,
The lofty Ochils rise,
Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
First blest my wondering eyes.
As one who by some savage stream,
A lonely gem surveys,
Astonish'd, doubly marks its beam,
With art's most polish'd blaze.

Blest be the wild, sequester'd shade,
And blest the day and hour,
Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,
Where first I felt their pow'r
The tyrant death with grim control
May seize my fleeting breath;
But tearing Peggy from my soul
Must be a stronger death.

TIBBIE, I HAE SEEN THE DAY.

Tune—"Invercald's Reel."

CHORUS.

*O Tibbie, I hae seen the day,
Ye would nae been sae shy
For laik o' gear ye tightly me
But, trowth, I care na by.*

YESTREEN I met you on the moor,
Ye spak na, but gae'd by like stour;
Ye gerk at me because I'm poor,
But fient a hair care I.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
Because ye hae the name o' clunk,
That ye can please me at a wink,
Whene'er ye like to try.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But sorrow tak him that's sae mean,
Although his pouch o' coin were clean,
Wha follows onie saucy queen
That looks ye proud and high.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

Although a lad were e'er sae smart,
If that he want the yellow dirt,
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
And answer him fu' dry.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But if he hae the name o' gear,
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
Though hardly he for sense or lear,
Be better than the lye.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But, Tibbie, lass, tak my advice,
Your daddie's gear mak' you sae nice;
The dail a ane wad spae your price,
Were ye as poor as I.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

There lives a lass in yonder park,
I wou'd na gie her in her sarv,
For thee wi' a' thy thousand mark;
Ye need na look sae high.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

CLARINDA.

CLARINDA, mistress of my soul,
'The measur'd time is run!
The wretch beneath the dreary pole,
So marks his latest sun.

To what dark cave of frozen night
Shall poor Sylvander lie;
Depriv'd of thee, his life and light,
The sun of all his joy.

We part—but by these precious drops
That fill thy lovely eyes!
No other light shall guide my steps
Till thy bright beams arise.

She, the fair sun of all her sex,
Has blest my glorious day;
And shall a glimmering planet fix
My worship to its ray!

THE DAY RETURNS, MY BOSOM BURNS.

Tune—"Seventh of November."

THE day returns, my bosom burns,
The blissful day we twa did meet,
Though winter wild in tempest toil'd,
Ne'er summer-sun was half sae sweet.
Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
And crosses o'er the sultry line;
Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
Heaven gave me more,—it made thee mine.

While day and night can bring delight,
Or nature aught of pleasure give;
While joys above, my mind can more,
For thee, and thee alone, I live!
When that grim foe of life below
Comes in between to make us part;
The iron hand that breaks our band,
It breaks my bliss,—it breaks my heart.

THE LAZY MIST.

THE lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,
Concealing the course of the dark winding rill;
How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear,
As autumn to winter resigns the pale year!

The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
And all the gay foppery of summer is flown—
Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,
How quick time is flying, how keen fate pursues;
How long I have liv'd—but how much liv'd in vain!
How little of life's scanty span may remain!
What aspects, old Time, in his progress, has worn;
What ties, cruel fate in my bosom has torn.
How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gain'd!
And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how
pain'd!
This life's not worth having with all it can give,
For something beyond it poor man sure must live.

O, WERE I ON PARNASSUS' HILL!

Tune—"My love is lost to me."

O, WERE I on Parnassus' hill!
Or had of Helicon my fill,
That I might catch poetic skill,
To sing how dear I love thee
But Nith maun be my muse's well,
My muse maun be thy bonnie sel';
On Corsineon I'll glowr and spell,
And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet muse, inspire my lay!
For a' the lee-lang summer's day,
I coudna sing, I coudna say,
How much, how dear I love thee.
I see thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een—
By heaven and earth I love thee!

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame;
And aye I muse and sing thy name,
I only live to love thee.
Though I were doom'd to wander on,
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
Till my last weary sand was run;
Till then—and then I love thee.

OF A' THE AIRTS.

Tune—"Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey."

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best:
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
And monie a hill between;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair;
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air:
There's not a bonnie flower that springs,
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,
The flowers decay'd on Catrine lee,
Nae lav'lock sang on hillock green,
But nature sicken'd on the e'e.
Through faded groves Maria sang,
Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while,
And aye the wild-wood echoes rang,
Fareweel the braes o' Ballochmyle.

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
Again, ye'll flourish fresh and fair;
Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,
Again ye'll charm the vocal air.
But here alas! for me nae mair
Shall birdie charm, or floweret smile;
Fareweel the bonnie banks of Ayr,
Fareweel, fareweel! sweet Ballochmyle!

WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

O WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan cam to see;
Three blither hearts, that lee-lang night,
Ye wad na find in Christendie.

CHORUS.

*We are na fou, we're na that fou,
But just a drappie in our e'e;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
And aye we'll taste the barley bree.*

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys I trow are we;
And monie a night we're merry been,
And monie mae we hope to be!
We are na fou, &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin' in the lift see hie;
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!
We are na fou, &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
A cuckold, coward loon is he!
Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three!
We are na fou, &c.

THE BLUE-EYED LASSIE.

I GAED a wae'ful gate, yestreen,
A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;
I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.
'Twas not her golden ringlets bright;
Her lips, like roses wat wi' dew,
Her heaving bosom, lily-white,—
It was her een sae bonnie blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd,
She charm'd my soul I wist na how;
And aye the stound, the deadly wound,
Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue.
But spare to speak, and spare to speed;
She'll aibins listen to my vow;
Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

THE BANKS OF NITH

Tune—"Robie Dona Gorach."

THE Thames flows proudly to the sea,
Where royal cities stately stand;
But sweeter flows the Nith to me,
Where Cummins ance had high command
When shall I see that honour'd land,
That winding stream I love so dear!
Must wayward fortune's adverse hand
For ever, ever keep me here?

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
Where spreading hawthorns gayly bloom;
How sweetly wind thy sloping dales,
Where lambskins wanton through the broom!
Though wandering, now, must be my doom,
Far from thy bonnie banks and braes,
May there my latest hours consume,
Amang the friends of early days!

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

JOHN Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquaint;
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was bent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snow;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And monie a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo.

TAM GLEN.

MY heart is a-breaking, dear Tittie,
Some counsel unto me come len,
To anger them a' is a pity;
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinkin', wi' sic a braw fellow,
In poorth I might mak a fen;
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I maunna marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie, the laird o' Drummeller,
"Guid day to you," brute, he comes ben;
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me;
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gie me guid hunder marks ten;
But, if it's ordain'd I maun tak him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the Valentine's dealing,
My heart to my mou gied a sten;
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written, Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I was wauken
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;
His likeness cam up the house stauken,
And the very gray breaks o' Tam Glen!

Come counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry;
I'll gie you my bonnie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

MY TOCHERS THE JEWEL.

O MEIKLE thinks my luvie o' my beauty,
And meikle thinks my luvie o' my kin;
But little thinks my luvie I ken brawlie,
My Tocher's the jewel has charms for him.
It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree;
It's a' for the hinee he'll cherish the bee;
My laddie's sae meikle in luvie wi' the siller,
He canna hae luvie to spare for me.

Your proffer o' luvie's an air-penny,
My Tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;
But an ye be crafty, I am cunning,
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try
Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,
Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.

THEN GUIDWIFE COUNT THE
LAWIN.

GANE is the day, and mirk's the night,
But we'll ne'er stray for faute o' light,
For ale and brandy's stars and moon,
And bluid-red wine's the rysin sun.

CHORUS.

*Then guidwife count the lawin, the lawin, the lawin
Then guidwife count the lawin, and bring a coggie
mair.*

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
And simple-folk maun ficht and fen;
But here we're a' in ae accord,
For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.
Then guidwife count, &c.

My eggie is a haly pool,
That heils the wounds o' care and dool;
And pleasure is a wanton trout,
An ye drink it a' ye'll find him out.
Then guidwife count, &c.

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO WI AN AULD MAN.

WHAT can a young lassie, what shall a young
lassie,

What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
Bad luck on the pownie that tempted my minnie
To sell her poor Jenny for siller an' lan'!

He's always compleen' frae mornin' to e'enin',
He hoists and he hurples the weary day lang;
He's doyt and he's dozen, his bluid it is frozen,
O, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
I never can please him, do a' that I can;
He's peevish and jealous o' a' the young fellows;
O, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!

My auld auntie Katie upon me taks pity,
I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;—
I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart-break
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.

THE BONNIE WEE THING.

BONNIE wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wast thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should fine.

Wishfully I look and languish
In that bonnie face o' thine;
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,
In ae constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this gaul o' mine!
Bonnie wee, &c.

O, FOR ANE AND TWENTY, TAM!

Tune—"The Moudiewort."

CHORUS.

An' O, for aye and twenty, Tam!
An' hey, an' aye and twenty, Tam!
I'll learn my kin a rattlin' air,
An' I saw aye and twenty, Tam.

THEY snool me sair, and haud me down,
And gar me look like blunty Tam!
But three short years will soon wheel roun',
And then come, aye and twenty, Tam!
An' O, for aye, &c.

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,
Was left me by my auntie, Tam;
At kith or kin I needna spler,
An' I saw aye and twenty, Tam.
An' O, for aye, &c.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
Though I mysell hae plenty, Tam;
But hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loof,
I'm thine at aye and twenty, Tam!
An' O, for aye, &c.

BESS AND HER SPINNING WHEEL.

O LEEZE me on my spinning wheel,
O leeze me on my rock and reel;

Frae tap to tae that cleeds me blen,
And haps me tiel and warm at e'en!
I'll set me down and sing and spin,
While laigh descends the simmer sun,
Blest wi' content, and milk and meal—
O leeze me on my spinning wheel.

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
And meet below my theekit cot;
The scented birk and hawthorn white
Across the pool their arms unite,
Allike to screen the birdie's nest,
And little fishes' caller rest:
The sun blinks kindly in the biel,
Where blithe I turn my spinning wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wall,
And echo cons the doofu' tale;
The lintrivies in the hazel braes,
Delighted, rival Ither's lays:
The craik, among the clover hay,
The paltrick whurrin' o'er the ley,
The swallow jinking round my shiel,
Amuse me at my spinning wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell and less to buy,
Aboon distress, below envy,
O wha wad leave this humble state,
For a' the pride o' a' the great?
Amid their flaring, idle toys,
Amid their cumbersome, dilsome joys,
Can they the peace and pleasure feel
Of Bessy at her spinning wheel?

COUNTRY LASSIE.

IN simmer when the hay was mawn,
And corn wad green in ilka field,
While clover blooms white o'er the lea,
And roses blaw in ilka field;
Blithe Bessie in the milking shiel,
Says, I'll be wed, come o' what will;
Out spak a dame in wrinkled eld,
"O' guid advancement comes aye ill.

"It's ye hae woovers mony aye,
And lassie, ye're but young ye ken;
Then wait a wee, and cannie wale,
A routhie but, a routhie ben:
There's Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre;
Tak this frae me my bonnie hen,
It's plenty beets the luvver's fire."

For Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
I dinna care a single fle;
He lo'es aye well his craps and kye,
He has nae lave to spare for me;
But blithe's the blink o' Robie's e'e,
And weel I wad he lo'es me dear:
Ae blink o' him I wad na gie
For Buskie-glen and a' his gear.

"O thoughtless lassie, life's a faught;
The canniest gate, the strife is sair;
But aye fu' han't is fechtin' best,
A hungry care's an unco care;
But some will spend, and some will spare,
An' wiffu' folk maun hae their will;
Syn'e as ye brew, my maiden fair,
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill.

O, gear will buy me riggs o' land,
And gear will buy me sheep and kye;
But the tender heart o' leesome luv'e,
The gawd and siller canna buy:
We may be poor—Robie and I,
Light is the burden luv'e lays on;
Content and luv'e brings peace and joy,
What mair hae queens upon a throne?

FAIR ELIZA.

A Garlic Air.

TURN again, thou fair Eliza,
Ae kind blink before we part,

Rew on thy despairing lover!
Canst thou break his faithfu' heart?
Turn again, thou fair Eliza;
If to love thy heart denies,
For pity hide the cruel sentence
Under friendship's kind disguise?

Thee, dear maid, has I offended?
The offence of loving thee;
Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,
Wha for thine wad gladly die?
While the life beats in my bosom,
Thou shalt mix in ilka throe:
Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,
In the pride o' sinny noon;
Not the little sporting fairy,
All beneath the summer moon;
Not the poet in the moment
Fancy lightens on his e'e,
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
That thy presence gies to me.

THE POSIE.

O LUVE will venture in, where it daur na weel be seen.

O luve will venture in, where wisdom ance has been;
But I will down yon river rove, among the wood
sae green,

And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms with-
out a peer;

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phoebus peeps in
view,

For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou;
The hyacinth 's for constancy wi' its unchanging
blue,

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hly it is pure, and the hly it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the hly there;
The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller
gray,
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day,
But the song-ter's nest within the bush I wina tak
away;

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu' when the e'enin' star is
near,
And the diamond-drops o' dew shall be her een
sae clear: (wear,
The violet 's for modesty which weel she fa's to
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' luve,
And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a'
above,

That to my latest draught o' life the band shall
ne'er remove,

And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care!
Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons through the flowering thorn:
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

Off hae I rovd by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree:
But my fause luvier stole my rose,
And ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

SONG.

Tune—"Catharine Ogie."

YE flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye blume sae fair,
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care!

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird
That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause luve was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I rovd by bonnie Doon,
To see the woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Frae aff its thorny tree,
And my fause luvier staw the rose,
But left the thorn wi' me.

SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD.

WILLIE Wastle dwalt on Tweed,
The spot they ca'd it Linkumoddie,
Willie was a wabster guid,
Cou'd stown a clue wi' ony bodie;
He had a wife was dour and din,
O Tinkler Madgie was her mither;

CHORUS.

*Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.*

She has an e'e, she has but ane,
The cat has twa the very colour;
Five rusty teeth, forye a stump,
A clapper tongue wad deave a miller;
A whiskin beard about her mou,
Her nose and chin they threatenither;
Sic a wife, &c.

She's bow-hough'd, she's helm shinn'd,
Ae limpun' leg a hand-breed shorter;
She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
To balance fair in ilka quarter;
She has a hump upon her breast,
The twin o' that upon her shouther
Sic a wife, &c.

Auld baudrans by the ingle sits,
An' wi' her loof her face a-washin';
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
She dights her grunzie wi' a hushlon;
Her walle nieves like midden creels,
Her face wad fyle the Logan-Water;

*Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.*

GLOOMY DECEMBER.

ANCE mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December!
Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
Sad was the parting thou maks me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, Oh! ne'er to meet mair.
Fond lovers' parting is sweet painful pleasure,
Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour;
But the dire feeling, O faranell for ever,
Is anguish unmingled and agony pure.

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown,
Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
Since my last hope and last comfort is gone;
Till as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
For sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, Oh, ne'er to meet mair.

TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ.,

OF FINTRA,

On Receiving a Favour.

I CALL no goddess to inspire my strains,
A fabled Muse may suit a bard that feigns;
Friend of my life! my ardent spirit burns,
And all the tribute of my heart returns,
For boons accorded, goodness ever new,
The gift still dearer, as the giver you.

Thou orb of day! thou other paler light!
And all ye many sparkling stars of night;
If aught that giver from my mind efface;
If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace;
Then roll to me, along your wandering spheres,
Only to number out a villain's years!

HE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

SHE'S fair and fause that causes my smart,
I lo'd her meikle and lang;
She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,
And I may e'en gae hang.
A coof cam in wi' rooth o' gear,
And I hae tint my dearest dear,
But woman is but world's gear,
Sae let the bonnie lass gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
To this be never blind,
Nae ferlie 'tis though fickle she prove,
A woman has't by kind:
O woman lovely, woman fair!
An angel form's faun to thy share,
'Twa'd been o'er meikle to gien thee mair,
I mean an angel mind.

AFTON WATER.

FLOW gently, sweet Afton, among thy green
braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise,
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds through the
glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd w' the courses of clear, winding rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
There, oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birch shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear
wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by the murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

BONNIE BELL.

THE smiling spring comes in rejoicing,
And sultry winter grimly flies;
Now crystal clear are the falling waters,
And bonnie blue are the sunny skies;
Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning,
The evening gilds the ocean's swell;
All creatures joy in the sun's returning,
And I rejoice in my bonnie Bell.

The flowery spring leads sunny summer,
And yellow autumn presses near,
Then in his turn comes gloomy winter,
Till smiling spring again appear.
Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
Old Time and nature their changes tell,
But never ranging, still unchanging
I adore my bonnie Bell.

THE GALLANT WEAVER.

WHERE Cart rins rowin' to the sea,
By mony a flow'r, and spreading tree,
There lives a lad, the lad for me,
He is a gallant weaver.

Oh! I had woovers aught or nine,
They gied me rings and ribbons fine;
And I was fear'd my heart wad tane,
And I gied it to the weaver.

My daddie sign'd my tocher band,
To gie the lad that has the land;
But to my heart I'll add my hand,
And gie it to the weaver.

While birds rejoice in leafy bowers;
While bees rejoice in opening flowers;
While corn grows green in summer showers,
I'll love my gallant weaver.

LOUIS, WHAT RECK I BY THEE?

LOUIS, what reck I by thee,
Or Geordie on his ocean?
Dyvor, beggar louns to me,
I reign in Jeanie's bosom.

Let her crown my love her law,
And in her breast enthrone me;
Kings and nations, swath awa!
Reif randies, I disown ye!

FOR THE SAKE OF SOMEBODY.

MY heart is sair, I dare na tell,
My heart is sair for somebody:
I could wake a winter night
For the sake o' somebody.
Oh-hon! for somebody!
Oh-heh! for somebody!
I could range the world around,
For the sake o' somebody.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
O, sweetly smile on somebody!
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my somebody.
Oh-hon! for somebody!
Oh-heh! for somebody!
I wad do—what wad I not!
For the sake of somebody!

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

THE lovely lass o' Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
For e'en and morn she cries, alas,
And aye the saut tear blins her e's.

Drumossie moor, Drumossie day,
A waefu' day it was to me;
For there I lost my fither dear,
My father dear, and brethren three.

Their winding sheet the bluidy clay,
Their graves are growing green to see;
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's e'e!
Now wae to thee thou cruel lord,
A bluidy man I trow thou be;
For mony a heart thou hast made sair,
That ne'er did wrong to thine or thee.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF HER SON.

Tune—"Finlayston House."

FATE gave the word, the arrow sped,
And pierc'd my darling's heart:
And with him all the joys are fled
Life can to me impart.
By cruel hands the sapping drops,
In dust dishonour'd laid:
So fell the pride of all my hopes,
My age's future shade.

The mother-linnet in the brake
Bewails her ravish'd young;
So I, for my lost darling's sake,
Lament the live-day long.
Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow,
Now, fond I bare my breast,
O, do thou kindly lay me low
With him I love, at rest!

O MAY, THY MORN.

O MAY, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet,
As the mirk night o' December;
For sparkling was the rosy wine,
And private was the chamber.
And dear was she I dare na name,
But I will aye remember.
And dear, &c.

And here's to them, that, like oursel,
Can push about the jorum:
And here's to them that wish us weel,
May a' that's guid watch o'er them
And here's to them we dare na tell
The dearest o' the quorum.
And here's to, &c.

O, WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN?

O, WAT ye wha's in yon town,
Ye see the e'enin' sun upon?
The fairest dame's in yon town,
That e'enin' sun is shining on.

Now haply down yon gay green shaw,
She wanders by yon spreading tree:
How blest ye flow'rs that round her blaw,
Ye catch the glances o' her e'e!

How blest ye birds that round her sing,
And welcome in the blooming year!
And doubly welcome be the spring,
The season to my Lucy dear.

The sun blinks blithe on yon town,
And on yon bonnie braes of Ayr;
But my delight in yon town,
And dearest bliss, is Lucy fair,

Without my love, not a' the charms
O' Paradise could yield me joy;
But gie me Lucy in my arms,
And welcome Lapidar's dreary sky.

My cave wad be a lover's bower,
Though raging winter rent the air;
And she a lovely little flower,
That I wad tent and shelter there.

O, sweet is she in yon town,
Yon sinkin' sun's gone down upon!
A fairer than's in yon town,
His setting beam ne'er shone upon.

If angry fate is sworn my foe,
And suffering I am doom'd to bear;
I careless quit aught else below,
But spare me, spare me Lucy dear.

For while life's dearest blood is warm,
Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart,
And she—as fairest is her form!
She has the truest, kindest heart.

A RED, RED ROSE.

O, MY luv'e's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June:
O, my luv'e's like the melody
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luv'e am I:
And I will luv'e thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
I will luv'e thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luv'e!
And fare thee weel a while!
And I will come again, my luv'e,
Though it were ten thousand mile.

A VISION.

AS I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air,
Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care.

The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot along the sky
The fox was howling on the hill,
And the distant-echoing glens reply.

The stream, adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's,
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
Whase distant roaring swells and fa's.

The cauld blue north was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissing, eerie din:
Athort the lift they start and shift,
Like fortune's favours, tint as win.

By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes,
And by the moon-beam, shook, to see
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
Attir'd as minstrels wont to be.

Had I a statue been o' stane,
His darin' look had daunted me:
And on his bonnet grav'd was plain,
The sacred posy—Libertie!

And frae his harp sic strains did flow
Might rous'd the slumbering dead to hear;
But oh, it was a tale of woe,
As erer met a Briton's ear!

He sang wi' joy his former dar,
He weeping wail'd his latter times;
But what he said it was nae play,
I winna ventur't in my rhymes.

COPY OF A POETICAL ADDRESS

TO MR. WILLIAM TYTLER.

With the present of the Bard's Picture.

REVERED defender of beauteous Stuart,
Of Stuart, a name once respected,
A name, which to love was the mark of a true
heart,
But now 'tis despised and neglected.

Tho something like moisture conglobes in my eye,
Let no one misdeem me disloyal;
A poor friendless wand'rer may well claim a sigh,
Still more, if that wand'rer were royal.

My fathers that name have rever'd on a throne;
My fathers have fallen to right it;
Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,
That name should he scoffingly slight it.

Still in prayers for K— G— I most heartily join,
The Q—, and the rest of the gentry,
Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine;
Their title's avow'd by my country.

But why of this epocha make such a fuss,



But loyalty true! we're on dangerous ground,
Who knows how the fashious may alter?
The doctrine, to-day, that is loyalty sound,
To-morrow may bring us a halter.

I send you a trifle, a head of a bard,
A trifle scarce worthy your care;
But accept it, good Sir, as a mark of regard,
Sincere as a saint's dying prayer.

Now life's chilly evening dim shades on your eye,
And usher the long dreary night;
But you, like the star that athwart gilds the sky,
Your course to the latest is bright.

CALEDONIA.

Tune—"Caledonian Hunt's Delight."

THERE was once a day, but old Time then was
young,
That brave Caledonia, the chief of her line,
From some of your northern deities sprung,
(Who knows not that brave Caledonia's divine?)
From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain,
To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she would:
Her heavenly relations there fixed her reign,
And pledg'd her their godheads to warrant it
good.

A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war,
The pride of her kindred the herome grew:
Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly swore,
"Who'er shall provoke thee, th' encounter shall
rue!"

With tillage or pasture at times she would sport,
To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn;
But chiefly the woods were her fav'rite resort,
Her darling amusement, the hounds and the
horn.

Long quiet she reign'd; till thitherward steers
A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand:
Repeated, successive, for many long years,
They darken'd the air, and they plunder'd the
land:
Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry,
They'd conquer'd and ruin'd a world beside;
She took to her hills, and her arrows let fly,
The daring invaders they fled or they died

The fell Harpy-raven took wing from the north,
The scourge of the seas, and the dread of the
shore;

The wild Scandinavian boar issu'd forth
To wanton in carnage and mallow in gore:

O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevail'd,
No arts could appease them, no arms could repel
But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd,
As Largs well can witness, and Lancartie tell.

The Chameleon-savage disturb'd her repose,
With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife;
Provok'd beyond bearing, at last she arose,
And robb'd him at once of his hopes and his life
The Anglian lion, the terror of France,
Oft prowling, ensanguin'd the Tweed's silver
flood;

But, taught by the bright Caledonian lance,
He learned to fear in his own native wood.

Thus bold, independent, unconquer'd, and free,
Her bright course of glory for ever shall run:
For brave Caledonia immortal must be;
I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun:
Rectangle-triangle, the figure we'll choose,
The upright is Chance, and old Time is the
base:

But brave Caledonia's the hypothenuse;
Then ergo, she'll match them, and match them
always.

*The following Poem was written to a Gentleman,
who had sent him a Newspaper, and offered to con-
tinue it free of Expense.*

KIND Sir, I've read your paper through,
And faith, to me, 'twas really new!
How guess'd ye, Sir, what maist I wanted?
This monie a day I've grain'd and wanted,
To ken what French mischief was brewin';
Or what the drumie Dutch were doin';
That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph,
If Venus yet had got his nose off;
Or how the colleshangle works
Atween the Russians and the Turks;
Or if the Swede, before he halt,
Would play anither Charles the twalt.
If Denmark, any body spak o't;
Or Poland, wha had now the tack o't,
How cut-throat P'russian blades were hingin',
How libbet Italy was singin';
If Spaniard, Portuguest, or Swiss,
Were sayin' or takin' aught amiss;
Or how our merry lads at hame,
In Britain's court kept up the game.
How royal George, the Lord leuk o'er him!
Was managing St. Stephen's quorum;
If sleekit Chatham Will was livin',
Or glaikit Charlie got his nieve in;
How daddie Burke the plea was cookin',
If Warren Hastings' neck was yeukin';
How cesses, stents, and fees were rax'd,
Or if bare a—s yet were tax'd;
The news o' princes, dukes, and earls,
Pimps, sharpers, bawds, and opera-girls;
If that daft buckie, Georgie W***,
Was threshin' still at hizzies' tails,
Or if he was grown oughtilns douser,
And no a perfect kintra coosier,
A' this and mair I never heard of;
And but for you I might despair'd of.
So gratefu', back your news I send you,
And pray, a' guid things may attend u

Ellisland, Monday Morning, 1790.

POEM ON PASTORAL POETRY.

HAIL, Poesie! thou Nymph reserv'd!
In chase o' thee, what crowds hae swerv'd
Frae common sense, or sunk enerv'd
'Mang heaps o' clavers
And och! o'er aft thy joes hae starv'd,
Mid a' thy favours!

Say, Lassie, why thy train amang,
While loud the trump's heroic clang,
And sock or buskin skelp along
To death or marriage;
Scarce ane has tried the shepherd sang
But wi' miscarriage?

In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives;
 Eschylus' pen Will Shakespeare drives;
 Wee Pope, the knurlin', till him rives
 Horatian fame;
 In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives
 Even Sappho's flame.

But thee, Theocritus, wha matches?
 They're no herd's ballads, Maro's catches:
 Squire Pope but busks his skinklin' patches
 O' heathen tatters:
 I pass by hunders, nameless wretches,
 That ape their betters.

In this braw age o' wit and lear,
 Will nane the Shepherd's whistle mair
 Blaw sweetly, in its native air
 And rural grace;
 And wi' the far-fam'd Grecian, share
 A rival place?

Yes! there is ane—a Scotch callan!
 There's ane; come forrit, honest Allan!
 Thou needna jouk behind the hallan,
 A chiel sae clever,
 The teeth o' Time may gnaw Tamallan,
 But thou 's for ever.

Thou paints auld nature to the nines,
 In thy sweet Caledonian lines;
 Nae gowden stream through myrtles twines,
 Where Philomel,
 While nightly breezes sweep the vines,
 Her griefs will tell!

In gowany glens thy burnie strays,
 Where bonnie lassies bleach their claes;
 Or trots by hazelly shaws and braes,
 Wi' hawthorns gray,
 Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays
 At close o' day.

Thy rural loves are nature's sel';
 Nae bombast spates o' nonsense swell;
 Nae snap conceits, but that sweet spell
 O' witchin' love,
 That charm that can the strongest quell;
 The sternest move.

ON THE

BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR,

Between the Duke of Argyle and the Earl of Mar.

"O CAM ye here the fight to shun,
 Or herd the sheep wi' me, man?
 Or were ye at the Sheriff-muir,
 And did the battle see, man?"
 'Saw the battle, sair and tough,
 And rockin'-red ran monie a shuegh
 My heart, for fear, gae sough for sough,
 'To hear the thruds, and see the cluds,
 O' clans frae woods in tartan duds,
 Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.

The red coat lads wi' black cockades
 To meet them were na slaw, man;
 They rush'd and push'd, and blude outgush'd,
 And monie a bouk did fa', man:
 The great Argyle led on his files,
 I wat they clum'd twente miles
 They hack'd and hash'd, while broad sword's
 clash'd
 And thro' they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,
 Till fey-men died awa, man

But had you seen the philibegs,
 And skyrin' tartan tress, man,
 When in the teeth they dar'd our whigs,
 And covenant true blues, man;
 In lines extended long and large,
 When bayonet oppos'd the targe,
 And thousands hasten'd to the charge,
 Wi' Highland wrath, they frae the sheath
 Drew blades o' death, till, out o' breath,
 They fled like frightened doos, man.

"O how deil, Tam, can that be true?
 The chase gae'd frae the north, man.
 I saw myself, they did pursue
 The horsemen back to Forth, man;
 And at Dumblane, in my ain sight,
 They took the brig wi' a' their might,
 And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight;
 But, cursed lot! the gates were shut,
 And monie a huntit, poor red coat,
 For fear amais't did swarf, man."

My sister Kate cam up the gate
 Wi' crowdie unto me, man;
 She swore she saw some rebels run
 Frae Perth unto Dundee, man:
 Their left-hand general had nae skill,
 The Angus lads had nae good will,
 That day their neebors' blood to spill;
 For fear, by foes, that they should lose
 Their cogs o' brose; all crying woes,
 And so it goes you see, man.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen,
 Among the Highland clans, man
 I fear my lord Panmure is slain,
 Or fallen in whiggish hands, man:
 Now wad ye sing this double fight,
 Some fell for wrang, and some for right,
 But monie hae'd the world guid night;
 Then ye may tell, how pell and mell,
 By red claymores, and muskets' knell,
 Wi' dying yell, the torres fell,
 And whigs to hell did flee, man.

SKETCH—NEW-YEAR'S-DAY.

TO MRS. DUNLOP.

THIS day, Time winds th' exhausted chain,
 To run the twelvemonth's length again:
 I see the old, bald-pated fellow,
 With ardent eyes, complexion fallow,
 Adjust the unimpair'd machine,
 To wheel the equal, dull routine.

The absent lover, minor heir,
 In vain assail him with their prayer,
 Deaf as my friend, he sees them press,
 Nor makes the hour one moment less.
 Will you (the Major's with the hounds,
 The happy tenant's share his rounds;
 Coals's fair Rachel's care to-day,
 And blooming Keith's engag'd with Gray)
 From housewife cares a minute borrow—
 —That grandchild's cap will do to-morrow—
 And join with me a-moralizing,
 This day's propitious to be wise in.
 First, what did yesternight deliver?
 "Another year is gone for ever."
 And what is this day's strong suggestion
 "The passing moment's all we rest on!"
 Rest on—for what? what do we here?
 Or why regard the passing year?
 Will Time, amus'd with proverb'd lore,
 Add to our late one minute more?
 A few days' maw—a few years' must—
 Repose us in the silent dust.
 Then is it wise to damp our bliss?
 Yes—all such reasonings are amiss!
 The voice of nature loudly cries,
 And many a message from the skies,
 That something in us neer dies:
 That on this frail, uncertain state,
 Hang matters of eternal weight;
 That future life in worlds unknown
 Must take its hue from this alone;
 Whether as heavenly glory bright,
 Or dark as misery's woful night—
 Since then, my honour'd, first of friends,
 On this poor being all depends;
 Let us th' important *now* employ,
 And live as those that never die.
 Though you, with days and honours crown'd,
 Witness that filial circle round,
 (A sight life's sorrows to repulse,
 A sight pale envy to convulse.)
 Others now claim your chief regard:
 Yourself, you wait your bright reward.

EXTEMPORI, on the late Mr. William Smellie, Author of the Philosophy of Natural History, and Member of the Antiquarian and Royal Societies of Edinburgh.

To Crochallan came
-The old cock'd hat, the gray sartout, the same;
His bristling beard just rising in its might,
'Twas four long nights and days to shaving-night,
His uncomb'd grizzly locks wild staring, thatch'd,
A head for thought profound and clear, un-
match'd;
Yet though his caustic wit was biting, rude,
His heart was warm, benevolent, and good.

POETICAL INSCRIPTION for an Altar to Independence, at Kerrourghtry, the Seat of Mr. Heron: written in Summer, 1795.

THOU of an independent mind,
With soul resolv'd with soul resign'd;
Prepar'd Pow'r's proudest frown to brave,
Who wilt not be, nor have a slave;
Virtue alone who dost revere,
Thy own approach alone dost fear,
Approach this shrine, and worship here.

SONNET,

ON THE

DEATH OF ROBERT RIDDEL, ESQ.

Of Glen Riddel, April, 1794.

NO more, ye warblers of the wood, no more,
Nor pour your decant, grating, on my soul:
Thou young-eyed Spring, gay in thy verdant stole,
More welcome were to me grim Winter's wildest
roar.

How can ye charm, ye flow'rs with all your dyes?
Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend:
How can I to the tuneless strain attend?
That strain flows round th' untimely tomb where
Riddel lies.

Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of wo,
And soothe the Virtue weeping on this bier;
The Man of *World*, and has not left his peer,
Is in his "narrow house" for ever darkly low.

There, Spring, again with joy shall others greet;
Me, men'try of my loss will only meet.

MONODY

ON A

LADY FAMED FOR HER CAPRICE.

HOW cold is that bosom which folly once fir'd,
How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately
glisten'd!
How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tir'd,
How dull is that ear which to flattery so listen'd!

If sorrow and anguish their exit await,
From friendship and dearest affection remov'd;
How doubly severer, Eliza, thy fate,
Thou diedst unwept as thou livedst unlov'd.

Love, Graces, and Virtues, I call not on you;
So shy, grave, and distant, ye shed not a tear:
But come, all ye offspring of folly so true,
And flowers let us cull for Eliza's cold bier.

We'll search thro' the garden for each silly flower,
We'll roam thro' the forest for each idle weed;
But chiefly the nettle, so typical, shewer,
For none e'er approach'd her but ru'd the rash
deed.

VOL. II.

We'll sculpture the marble, we'll measure the lay
Here Vanity strums on her idiot lyre:
There keen Indignation shall dart on her prey,
Which spurning Contempt shall redeem from
his ire.

THE EPITAPH.

HERE lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,
What once was a butterfly, gay in life's beam:
Want only of wisdom denied her respect,
Want only of goodness denied her esteem.

ANSWER to a Mandate sent by the Surveyor of the Windows, Carriages, &c. to each Farmer, ordering him to send a signed List of his Horses, Servants, Wheel-Carriages, &c., and whether he was a married Man or a Bachelor, and what Children they had.

SIR, as your mandate did request,
I send you here a faithful list
My horses, servants, carts, and graith,
To which I'm free to tak my aith.

Imprimis, then, for carriage cattle,
I hae four brutes o' gallant mettle,
As ever drew before a pettle.
My hand a fore, a guid auld has-been,
And wight and willu' a' his days seen;
My hand a hin, a guid brown filly,
Wha aft has borne me sae frae Killie,
And your auld thorough monie a time,
In days when riding was nae crime:
My fur a hin, a guid gray beast,
As e'er in tug or tow was trac'd.
The fourth, a Highland Donald hasty,
A d-mn'd red-wud, Kilburne blastie.
For-by a cowt, of cowts the wale,
As ever ran before a tail;
An' he be spard to be a beast,
He'll draw me fifteen pund at least.

Wheel-carriages I hae but few,
Three carts, and twa are feckly new;
An auld wheel-barrow, mair for token,
Ae leg and baith the trams are broken,
I made a poker o' the spindle,
And my auld mither brunt the trundle.
For men, I've three mischievous boys,
Run-dells for rantin and for noise;
A gadsman aye, a thresher t'other,
Wee Davoe hauds the nowte in fother.
I rule them, as I ought, discreetly,
And often labor them completely;
And aye on Sundays duly nightly,
I on the questions lairge them tightly;
Till faith wee Davoe's grown sae gleg,
(Though scarcely langer than my leg,
He'll screed you off effectual calling,
As fast as onie in the dwelling,
I've nae in female servant station,
Lord keep me aye frae a' temptation!
I hae nae wife, and that my bliss is,
And ye hae laird nae tax on misses;
For weans I'm mair than weel contented
Heaven sent me aye mair than I wanted;
My sonsie, smirking, dear-bought Bess,
She stares the daddie in her face,
Enough of ought ye like but grace.
But her, my bonnie, sweet, wee lady,
I've said enough for her already,
And if ye tax her or her mither,
By the L—d ye'll get them a' thegither!

And now, remember, Mr. Aiken,
Nae kind of license aul I'm taking,
Through dirt and dub for life I'll paille,
Ere I sae dear pay for a saddle,
I've sturdy stumps, the Lord be thanked!
And a' my gates on foot I'll shank it.

This list wi' my ain hand I've wrote it,
The day and date as under noted;
Then know all ye whom it concerns,
Subscripsit huic

ROBERT BURNS

Mossiel, 22d Feb. 1786.

SONG.

NAE gentle dames, t'cough e'er sae fair,
Shall ever be my muse's care;
Their titles a' are empty show;
Gie me my highland lassie, O.

*Within the glen sae bushy, O,
About the plain sae rushy, O,
I set me down wi' right good will,
To sing my highland lassie, O.*

Oh, were yon hills and valleys mine,
Yon palace and yon gardens fine!
The world then the love should know
A bear my highland lassie, O
Within the glen, &c.

But fickle fortune frowns on me,
And I maun cross the raging sea;
But while my crimson currents flow
I love my highland lassie, O.
Within the glen, &c.

Although through foreign climes I range,
I know her heart will never change,
For her bosom burns with honour's glow,
My faithful highland lassie, O.
Within the glen, &c.

For her I'll dare the billow's roar,
For her I'll trace a distant shore,
That Indian wealth may lustre throw
Around my highland lassie, O.
Within the glen, &c.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
By sacred truth and honour's band!
Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
I'm thine, my highland lassie, O.

*Farewell the glen sae bushy, O!
Farewell the plain sae rushy, O!
To other lands I now must go,
To sing my highland lassie, O!*

IMPROMPTU.

ON MRS. —'S BIRTH-DAY.

November 4, 1793.

OLD Winter with his frosty beard,
Thus once to Jove his prayer preferr'd;
What have I done of all the year;
To bear this hated doom severe?
My cheerless suns no pleasure know;
Night's horrid car drags, dreary, slow;
My dismal months no joys are crowning,
But spleeny English, hanging, drowning.

Now, Jove, for once be mighty civil,
To counterbalance all this evil:
Give me, and I've no more to say,
Give me Maria's natal day!
That brilliant gift will so enrich me,
Spring, summer, autumn, cannot match me;
'Tis done! says Jove! so ends my story,
And Winter once rejoic'd in glory.

ADDRESS TO A LADY.

OH, wert thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea;
My plaidie to the angry air,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee:
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blow, around thee blow,
Thy shield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there.
Or were I monarch of the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign;
The brightest jewel in my crown,
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

MISS JESSY——, DUMFRIES;

With Books which the Bard presented her.

THINE be the volumes, Jessy fair,
And with them take the poet's prayer:
That fate may in her fairest page,
With every kindest, best presage
Of future bliss, enroll thy name:
With native worth, and spotless fame,
And wakeful caution still aware
Of ill—but chief, man's felon snare;
All blameless joys on earth we find,
And all the treasures of the mind—
These be thy guardian and reward:
So prays thy faithful friend, the Bard.

SONNET, written on the 29th of January, 1793, the
Birth-day of the Author, on hearing a Thrush sing
in a morning Walk.

SING on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain:
See ager! Winter, 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blithe carol clears his furrow'd brow.

So in lone Poverty's dominion drear,
Sits meek Content with light unanxious heart,
Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
Nor asks if they bring aught to hope or fear.

I thank thee, Author of this opening day!
Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon orient
skies!
Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,
What wealth could never give nor take away!

Yet come thou child of poverty and care;
The mite high Heaven bestowed, that mite with
thee I'll share.

EXTEMPORE, to Mr. S**E, on refusing to dine
with him, after having been promised the first of
Company, and the first of Cookery; 17th Decem-
ber, 1795.

NO more of your guests, be they titled or not,
And cook'ty the first in the nation;
Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit,
Is proof to all other temptation.

To Mr. S**E, with a Present of a Dozen of Porter

O, HAD the malt thy strength of mind,
Or hops the flavour of thy wit,
'Twere drink for first of human kind,
A gift that e'en for S**E were fit.

Jerusalem Tavern, Dumfries.

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS.

Tune—"Push about the Jorum."

April, 1795

DOES haughty Gaul invasion threat?
Then let the loons beware, Sir,
There's wooden walls upon our seas,
And volunteers on shore, Sir.
The Nith shall run to Corsincoon,
And Criffel sink in Solway,
Ere we permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally!
Fall de rall, &c.

O let us not like snarling tykes
In wrangling be divided;
'Till slap come in an unco loon
And wi' a rung decide it.

Re Britain still to Britain true,
Amang oursel united;
For never but by British hands
Maun Britain wrangs be righted.
Fall de rall, &c.

The kettle o' the Kirk and state,
Perhaps a clout may fall in't,
But dell a foreign tinkler loun
Shall ever ca' a nail in't.
Our fathers' bluid the kettle bought,
And wha wad dare to spoil it;
By heaven the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it.
all de rall, &c.

The wretch that wad a tyrant own,
And the wretch his true-born brother,
Who would set the mob aboon the throne,
May they be damn'd together!
Who will not sing, "God save the King,
Shall hang as high's the steeple;
But while we sing "God save the King,"
We'll ne'er forget the People.
Fall de rall, &c.

POEM,

Addressed to Mr. Mitchell, Collector of Excise, Dumfries, 1796.

FRIEND of the Poet, tried and leal,
Wha wanting thee, might beg or steal;
Alake, alake, the muckle deil
Wi' a' his witches
Are at it, skelpin'! jig and reel,
In my poor pouches

I modestly fu' fain wad hint it,
That *one pound on's*, I sairly want it:
If wi' the hizzie down ye sent it,
It would be kind;
And while my heart wi' life-blood dunted,
I'd bear 't in mind.

So may the auld year gang out mourning
To see the new come laden, groaning,
Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin'
To thee and thine;
Domestic peace and comforts crowning
The hale design.

POSTSCRIPT.

Ye've heard this while how I've been licket,
And by fell death was nerly nicket:
Grim loun! he gat me by the fecket;
And sair me sheuk;
But by guid luck I lap a wicket,
And turn'd a neuk.

But by that health, I've got a share o't,
And by that life, I'm promis'd mair o't,
My hale and weel I'll take a care o't
A tentier way;
Then farewell folly, hide and hair o't,
For ance and aye.

Sent to a Gentleman whom he had offended.

THE friend whom wild from wisdom's way,
The fumes of wine infuriate send;
(Nae moony madness more astray)
Who but deplores that hapless friend?

Mine was th' insensate frenzied part.
Ah why should I such scenes outlive!
Scenes so abhorrent to my heart!
Tis thine to pity and forgive.

POEM ON LIFE

Addressed to Colonel de Peyster, Dumfries, 1796.

MY honour'd colonel, deep I feel
Your interest in the Poet's weel;
Ah! now sma' heart hae I to speel
The steep Parnassus,

Surrounded thus by bolus pill,
And potion glasses.

O what a canty world were it,
Would pain and care, and sickness spare it,
And fortune favour worth and merit
As they deserve:
(And aye a rowth, roast beef and claret;
Syne wha wad starve?)

Dame Life, though flet'on out may trick her,
And in paste gems and frippery deck her;
Oh! flickering, feeble, and unsicker
I've found her still,
Aye wavering like the willow wicker,
'Tween good and ill.

Then that curst carmagnole, auld Satan,
Watches, like baudrans by a rattan,
Our sinfu' saul to get a claut on
Wi' felon ire;
Syne, whip! his tail ye'll ne'er cast sat on,
He's off like fire.

Ah Nick! ah Nick! it is na fair,
First showing us the tempting ware,
Bright wines and bonnie lasses rare,
To put us daft;
Syne weave unseen, thy spider snare
O' hell's damn'd waft.

Poor man, the flie, aft bizzes by,
And aft as chance he comes thee nigh,
Thy auld damn'd elbow yeuks wi' joy,
And hellish pleasure;
Already in thy fancy's eve,
Thy sicker treasure.

Soon, heels o'er gowdie! in he gangs,
And like a sheep-head on a tangs,
Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs
And murdering wrestle,
As dangling in the wind, he hangs
A gibbet's tassel.

But lest you think I am uncivil,
To plague you with this draunting drivel,
Abjuring a' intentions evil,
I quat my pen:
The Lord preserve us frae the devil!
Amen! amen!

ADDRESS TO THE TOOTH ACH.

MY curse upon thy venom'd stang,
That shoots my tortur'd gums along;
And through my lugs gies mony a twang,
Wi' gnawing vengeance;
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like racking engines

When fevers burn, or aque freezes,
Rheumatics gnaw, or colic squeezes;
Our neighbour's sympathy may ease us,
Wi' pitying moan;
But thee—thou hell o' a' diseases,
Aye mocks our groan!

A down my beard the slavers trickle
I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle,
As round the fire the gidgets keckle,
To see me loup;
While raving mad, I wish a heckle
Were in their doup.

O' a' the num'rous human dools,
Ill har'sts, daft bargains, *cutty-stools*,
Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools,
Sad sight to see
The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools,
Thou bear'st the groo.

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,
Whence a' the tones o' mis'ry yell,
And ranked plagues thir numbers tell,
In dreadful raw,
Thou, Tooth-ach, surely bear'st the bell
Amang them a'!

O thou grim, mischief-making chiel,
That gars the notes of discord squeel,
Till daft mankind a't dance a reel
In gore a shoe-thick;—
Gie a the faces o' Scotland's weal
A towmend's Tooth-ach!

SONG

Tune—"Morag."

O WHA is she that lo'es me,
And has my heart a-keeping?
O sweet is she that lo'es me,
As dew's o' simmer weeping.
In tears the rose-buds steeping.

CHORUS.

O that's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie e'er deurer;
O that's the queen o' rumankind,
And ne'er a one to peer her.

If thou shalt meet a lassie,
In grace and beauty charming,
That e'en thy chosen lassie,
Ere while thy breast sae warming,
Had ne'er sic powers alarming.
O that's, &c.

If thou hadst heard her talking,
And thy attentions plighted,
That ilka body talking,
But her by thee is lighted;
And thou art all delighted.
O that's, &c.

If thou hast met this fair one;
When frae her thou hast parted,
If every other fair one,
But her thou hast deserted,
And thou art broken hearted.—
O that's, &c.

SONG.

JOCKEY'S ta'en the parting kiss,
O'er the mountains he is gane;
And with him is a' my bliss,
Nought but griefs with me remain.

Spare my love, ye winds that blaw,
Plashy sleets and beating rain!
Spare my love, thou feathery snaw,
Drifting o'er the frozen plain!

When the shades of evening creep
O'er the day's fair gladsome e'e,
Sound and safely may he sleep,
Sweetly blithe his waukening be!

He will think on her he loves,
Fondly he'll repeat her name;
For where'er he distant roves,
Jockey's heart is still at hame.

SONG.

MY Peggy's face, my Peggy's form,
The trost of hermit age might warm;
My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind,
Might charm the first of human kind.
I love my Peggy's angel air,
Her face so truly, heavenly fair,
Her native grace so void of art,—
But I adore my Peggy's heart.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
The kindling lustre of an eye;
Who but owns their magic sway,
Who but knows they all decay!
The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
The generous purpose, nobly dear,
The gentle look, that rage disarms,
These are all immortal charms.

WRITTEN in a Wrapper enclosing a Letter to
Grose, to be left with Mr. Cardonnel, Anth.

Tune—"Sir John Malcolm."

KEN ye ought o' Captain Grose?
Igo, & ago,
If he's among his friends or foes?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he South, or is he North?
Igo, & ago,
Or drowned in the river Forth?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he slain by Highland bodies?
Igo, & ago,
And eaten like a weather-haggis?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he to Abram's bosom gane?
Igo, & ago,
Or haudin Sarah by the wame?
Iram, coram, dago.

Where'er he be, the Lord be near him?
Igo, & ago,
As for the deil, he daur nae steer him.
Iram, coram, dago.

But please transmit th' enclosed letter,
Igo, & ago,
Which will oblige your humble debtor.
Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye hae auid stanes in store,
Igo, & ago,
The very stanes that Adam bore.
Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye get in glad possession,
Igo, & ago,
The coins o' Satan's coronation!
Iram, coram, dago.

EPITAPH ON A FRIEND.

AN honest man here lies at rest
As e'er God with his image blest;
The friend of man, the friend of truth;
The friend of age, and guide of youth;
Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd,
Few heads with knowledge so inform'd;
If there's another world, he lives in bliss;
If there is none, he made the best of this.

A GRACE BEFORE DINNER.

O THOU, who kindly dost provide
For every creature's want!
We bless thee, God of Nature wide,
For all thy goodness lent;
And, if it please thee, Heavenly Guide,
May never worse be sent;
But whether granted or denied,
Lord, bless us with content!
Amen!

To my dear and much honoured Friend,
Mrs Dunlop, of Dunlop

ON SENSIBILITY.

SENSIBILITY, how charming,
Thou, my friend, canst truly tell;
But distress with horrors arming,
Thou hast also known too well!

Fairest flower, behold the lily,
Blooming in the sunny ray;
Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
See it prostrate on the clay.

Hear the wood-lark charm the forest,
Telling o'er his little joys;
Hapless bird! a prey the surest,
To each pirate of the skies.

Dearly bought the hidden treasure,
Finer feelings can bestow;
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
Thrill the deepest notes of wo.

*A VERSE composed and repeated by Burns to The
Master of the House, on taking leave at a Place in
the Highlands, where he had been hospitably enter-
tained.*

WHEN death's dark stream I ferry o'er,
A time that surely shall come;
In Heaven itself, I'll ask no more,
Than just a Highland welcome.

FAREWELL TO AYRSHIRE.

SCENES of wo and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew,

Scenes of wo and scenes of pleasure,
Now a sad and last adieu!

Bonny Doon, sae sweet at gloamin',
Fare thee weel before I gang!
Bonny Doon, whare early roaming,
First I weav'd the rustic sang!

Bowers, adieu, whare Love, decoying,
First inthrall'd this heart o' mine,
There the safest sweets enjoying,—
Sweets that Menn'ry ne'er shall tyne

Friends, so near my bosom ever,
Ye hae render'd moments dear;
But, alas! when forc'd to sever,
Then the stroke, O, how severe!

Friends! that parting tear reserve it,
Though 'tis doubly dear to me!
Could I think I did deserve it,
How much happier would I be!

Scenes of wo and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew
Scenes of wo and scenes of pleasure,
Now a sad and last adieu!

MISCELLANEOUS POETRY,

SELECTED FROM

THE RELIQUES

OF

ROBERT BURNS;

FIRST PUBLISHED BY R. H. CROMER.

VERSES WRITTEN AT SELKIRK.

I.

AULD chuckie Reekie's* sair distrest,
Down droops her ance weel burnisht crest,
Nae joy her bonnie buskit nest
Can yield ava,
Her darling bird that she lo'es best,
Willie's awa!

II.

O Willie was a witty wight,
And had o' things an unco slight;
Auld Reekie aye he keepit tight,
And tng and brow:
But now they'll busk her like a fright,
Willie's awa!

III.

The stiffest o' them a' he bow'd,
The bauldest o' them a' he cow'd;
They durst nae mair than he allow'd,
That was a law:
We've lost a birkie weel worth gowd,
Willie's awa!

IV.

Now gawkies, tawpies, gowks and fools,
From colleges and boarding schools,
May sprout like simmer puddock-stools,
In glen or shaw;
He wha could brush them down to mools,
Willie's awa!

V.

The brethren o' the Commerce-Chaumert†
May mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clamour;
He was a dictionar and grammar
Amang them a';
I fear they'll now mak monie a stammer,
Willie's awa!

VI.

Nae mair we see his levee door
Philosophers and Poets pour,‡
And toothy critics by the score,
In bloody raw!
The adjutant o' a' the core,
Willie's awa!

VII.

Now worthy G*****'s I rin face,
T*****'s and G*****'s modest grace;
M'K*****e, S*****t, such a brace
As Rome ne'er saw;

* Edinburgh.

† The Chamber of Commerce of Edinburgh, of which Mr C. was Secretary.

‡ Many literary gentlemen were accustomed to meet at Mr. C.—'s house at breakfast.

They a' maun meet someither place,
Willie's awa!

VIII.

Poor Burns—e'en Scotch drink canna quicken,
He cheep like some bewilder'd chicken,
Scar'd frae its minnie and the cleekin
By hoodle-craw;
Grief's gien his heart an unco kickin,
Willie's awa!

IX.

Now every sour-mou'd girmen' Mellum,
And Calvin's fock are fit to fell him;
And self-conceited critic skellum
His quill may draw;
He wha could brawlie ward their bellum,
Willie's awa!

X.

Up wimpling stately Tweed I've sped,
And Eden scenes on crystal Jed,
And Ettrick banks now roaring red,
While tempests blaw;
But every joy and pleasure's fled,
Willie's awa!

XI.

May I be slander's common speech;
A text for infamy to preach;
And lastly, streekit out to bleach
In winter snaw;
When I forget thee; Willie Creech,
Though far awa!

XII.

May never wicked fortune touzle him!
May never wicked men bamboozle him!
Until a pow as auld's Methusalem!
He canty claw!
Then to the blessed, New Jeru-salem,
Fleet wing awa!

LIBERTY.

A FRAGMENT.

THEE, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among,
Thee, famed for martial deed and sacred song,
To thee I turn with swimming eyes;
Where is that soul of freedom fled?
Immingled with the mighty dead!
Beneath that hallowed turf where Wallace lies!
Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death!
Ye babbling winds in silence sweep;
Disturb not ye the hero's sleep,
Nor give the coward secret breath.—

Is this the power in freedom's war
That wou'd to bid the battle rare?
Who hold that ye which shot immortal hate,
Crushing the despotic's proudest bearing,
That arm which, never d with thundering fate,
Braved usurpation's boldest daring!
One quench'd in darkness like the sinking star,
And one the puls'd arm of tottering, powerless age.

ELEGY

ON THE

DEATH OF ROBERT RUISSEAU.*

Now Robin lies in his last lair,
He'll gabble rhyme, nor sing nae mair,
Bauld poverty, wi' hungry stare,
Nae mair shall fear him;
Nor anxious fear, nor cankert care
E'er mair come near him

To tell the truth, they seldom fash him;
Except the moment that they crush him;
For sure as chance or fate had hush't em
Though e'er sae short,
Then wi' a rhyme or sang he lash't 'em,
And thought it sport.—

Though he was bred to kintra wark,
And counted was baith wight and stark,
Yet that was never Robin's mark
To mak a man;
But tell him, he was learn'd and clark,
Ye roos'd him then!

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

COMIN' through the rye, poor body,
Comin' through the rye,
She draigl't a' her petticoatie
Comin' through the rye,
Oh Jenny's a' weet poor body,
Jenny's seldom dry;
She draigl't a' her petticoatie
Comin' through the rye.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' through the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry,
Oh Jenny's a' weet, &c.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' through the glen;
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need the world ken,
Oh Jenny's a' weet, &c.

THE LOYAL NATIVES' VERSES.*

YE sons of sedition, give ear to my song,
Let Syme, Burns, and Maxwell, pervade every
throng,
With Craken, the attorney, and Mundell the quack,
Send Willie the monger to hell with a smack.

* *Ruisseau*—a play on his own name.

† At this period of our Poet's life, when political animosity was made the ground of private quarrel, the above foolish verses were sent as an attack on Burns and his friends for their political opinions. They were written by some member of a club styling themselves the *Loyal Natives* of Dumfries, or rather by the united genius of that club, which was more distinguished for drunken loyalty, than either for respectability or poetical talent. The verses were handed over the table to Burns at a convivial meeting, and he instantly endorsed the subjoined reply.

Reliques, p. 168.

BURNS—*Extempore*.

YE true "Loyal Natives," attend to my song,
In uproar and riot rejoice the night long;
From *envy* and hatred your corps is exempt;
But where is your shield from the darts of *contempt*?

TO J. LAPRAIK.

Sept. 15th, 1788.

GUID speed an' furdur to you, Johnie,
Guid health, hale han's, an' weather bonnie;
Now when ye're nicksan' down fu' cannie
The staff o' bread.
May ye ne'er want a stoup o' brany
To clear your head.

May Boreas never thresh your rigs,
Nor kick your rickles aff their legs,
Sendin' the stuff o'er mairs an' hags
Like drivin' wrack;
But may the tapmast grain that wags
Come to the sack.

I'm busy too, an' skelpin' at it,
But bitter, daudin' showers hae wat it,
Sae my auld stumpe pen I gat it
Wi' muckle wark,
An' took my joctele g an' wha it,
Like ony clerk.

It's now twa month that I'm your debtor,
For your braw, nameless, dateless letter,
Abusin' me for harsh ill nature
On holy men,
While diel a hair yoursel' ye're better,
But mair profane.

But let the kirk-folk ring their bells,
Let's sing about our noble sels;
We'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills
To help, or roose us,
But browster wives and whisky stulls,
They are the muses.

Your friendship, Sir, I winna quat it,
An' if ye mak objections at it,
Then han' in nieve some day we'll knot it,
An' witness take,
An' when wi' usquabae we've wat it
It winna break.

But if the beast and branks be spar'd
Till kye be gaun without the herd,
An' a' the vittell in the yard,
An' theekit right,
I mean your ingle-side to guard
Ae winter night.

Then muse inspirin' aqua-vitæ
Shall make us baith sae blithe an' witty,
Till ye forget ye're auld an' gatty,
An' be as canty
As ye were nine years less than thretty,
Sweet ane an' twenty!

But stooks are cowpat wi' the blast,
And now the sun keeks in the west,
Then I maun rin anang the rest
An' quat my chanter
Sae I subscribe mysel' in haste,
Yours, Rab the Rant-er

TO THE REV JOHN M'MATH,

Enclosing a Copy of Holy Willie's *Prayers*,
which he had requested.

Sept. 17th, 1

WHILE at the stook the shearers caw'd
To shun the bitter blaudin shov'r,

O' in gulravage rinnin' scow'r
To pass the time,
To you I dedicate the hour
In idle rhyme.

My music, tir'd wi' mony a sonnet
On gown, an' ban', and douse black bonnet,
Is grown right cerie now she's done it,
Lest they should blame her,
An' rouse their holy thunder on it
And anathem her.

I own 'twas rash, an' rather hardy,
That I, a simple, kintra bardie,
Should meddle wi' a pack sae sturdy,
Wha, if they ken me,
Can easy, wi' a single wordie,
Lowse h-l upon me.

But I gae mad at their grimaces,
Their sighan, cantan, grace-prood faces,
Their three-mile prayers, an' hauf-mile graces,
Their raxan conscience,
Whase greed, revenge, an' pride disgraces
Waur nor their nonsense.

There's *Gaun*,* miska't waur than a beast,
Wha has mair honour in his breast
Than mony scores as guid's the priest
Wha sae abus'd him,
An' may a bard no crack his jest
What way they've use't him?

See him † the poor man's friend in need,
The gentleman in word an' deed,
An' shall his fame an' honour bleed
By worthless skellums,
An' not a muse erect her head
To cove the blellums?

O Pope, had I thy satire's darts,
To gie the rascals their deserts,
I'd rip their rotten, hollow hearts,
An' tell aloud
Their jugelin' hocus-pocus arts
To cheat the crowd.

God knows, I'm no the thing I should be,
Nor am I even the thing I could be,
But twenty times, I rather would be,
An' atheist clean,
Than under gospel colours hid be,
Just for a screen.

An honest man may like a glass,
An honest man may like a lass,
But mean revenge, an' malice fause,
He'll still disdain,
An' then cry zeal for gospel laws,
Like some we ken.

They take religion in their mouth;
They talk o' mercy, grace an' truth,
For what? to gie their malice skouth
On some puir wight,
An' hunt him down, o'er right an' ruth,
To ruin streight.

All hail, Religion! maid divine!
Pardon a muse sae mean as mine,
Who in her rough imperfect line
Thus daurs to name thee;
To stigmatize false friends of thine
Can ne'er defame thee.

Though blotcht an' foul wi' mony a stain,
An' far unworthy of thy train,
With trembling voice I tune my strain
To join with those,
Who boldly dare thy cause maintain
In spite of foes:

In spite o' crowds, in spite o' mobs,
In spite o' undermining jobs,
In spite o' dark banditti stabs
At worth an' merit,

* Gavin Hamilton, Esq.

† The poet has introduced the two first lines of this stanza into the dedication of his works to Mr. Hamilton.

By scoundrels, even wi' holy robes
But hellish spirit.

O Avr, my dear, my native ground,
Within thy presbyteral bound
A candid lib'ral band is found
Of public teachers,
As men, as christians too, renew'd,
An' manly preachers.

Sir, in that circle you are nam'd;
Sir, in that circle you are fam'd;
An' some, by whom your doctrine's blam'd
(Which gies you honour)
Even, Sir, by them your heart's esteem'd,
An' winning manner.

Pardon this freedom I have ta'en,
An' if impertinent I've been,
Impute it not, good Sir, in ane
Whase heart ne'er wrang'd ye,
But to his utmost would befriend
Ought that belang'd ye.

TO GAVIN HAMILTON, Esq.

MAUCHLINE.

(RECOMMENDING A BOY.)

Mosgaville, May 3, 1786.

I HOLD it, Sir, my bounden duty
To warn you how that Master Tootie,
Alias, Laird M'Gaun,*
Was here to hire you lad away
Bout whom ye spak the tither day,
An' wad hae don't aff han':
But lest he learn the callan tricks,
As faith I muckle doubt him,
Like scrapin' out auld crummie's nicks,
An' tellin' lies about them;
As lieve then I'd have then,
Your clerkship he should sair,
If sae be, ye may be
Not fitted elsewhere.

Although I say't, he's gleg enough,
An' bout a house that's rude an' rough,
The boy might learn to *sneer*:
But then wi' you, he'll be sae taught,
An' get sic fair *exampl*e straught,
I hae nae ivery fear.
Ye'll catechize him every quirk,
An' shore him weel wi' *hell*:
An' gar him follow to the *kirk*:—
—Aye when ye gang *yoursel*.
If ye then, maun be then
Frae hame this comin' Friday,
Then please, Sir, to lea'e, Sir,
The orders wi' your lady.

My word of honour I hae gien,
In Paisley John's, that night at e'en,
To meet the *World's worm*;
To try to get the twa to gree,
An' name the aeries an' the fee,
In legal mode an' form:
I ken he weel a *Snick* can draw,
When simple bodies let him;
An' if a *Devil* be at a',
In faith he's sure to get him.
To phrase you an' praise you,
Ye ken your Laureat scorns;
The prayer still, you share still,
Of grateful Minstrel Burns.

* Master Tootie then lived in Mauchline; a dealer in Cows. It was his common practice to cut the nicks or markings from the horns of cattle, to disguise their age.—He was an artful trick-coniving character; hence he is called a *Snick-drawer*. In the Poet's "*Address to the Deil*," he styles that august personage an *auld, snickdraw* ing dog!

Reliques, p. 397.

TO MR. MADAM

OF CRAIGEN-GILLAN,

*In Answer to an e'pigram Letter he sent in the com-
mencement of my Poetic Career.*

SIR, e'er a gill I put your eard,
I trow it ma' be me proud;
Se' wha takes notice o' the bard!
I lap and cry'd fu' loud.

Now diel-ma-care about their jaw,
The senseless, gawty million;
I'll rock my nose aboon them a',
I'm roos'd by Craigen-Gillan!

'Twas noble, Sir; 'twas like yoursel,
To grant your high protection;
A great man's smile ye ken fu' well,
Is nye a blest infection.

Tho', by his banes wha in a tub
Match'd Macedonian Sandy!
On my ain legs thro' dirt and dub,
I independent stand aye.—

And when those legs to guid, warm kail,
Wi' welcome canna bear me;
A lee dyke-side, a sybow-tail,
And barley scone shall cheer me.

Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath
O' mony slow'ry sinners!
And bless your bonnie lasses baith,
I'm tald they're loosome kimmers!

And God bless young Dunaskin's laird,
The blossom o' our gentry!
And may he wear an auld man's beard,
A credit to his country.

TO CAPTAIN RIDDEL,

GLENRIDDEL.

(Extempore Lines on returning a Newspaper.)

Ellisland, Monday Evening.

YOUR news and review, Sir, I've read through
and through, Sir,
With little admiring or blaming;
The papers are barren of home-news or foreign,
No murders or rapes worth the naming.

Our friends the reviewers, those chippers and
hevers,
Are judges of mostar and stone, Sir;
But of meet or unmeet, in a fabric complete,
I'll boldly pronounce they are none, Sir.

My goose-quill too rude is to tell all your goodness
Bestow'd on y' ur servant, the Poet;
Would to God I had one like a beam of the sun,
And then all the world, Sir, should know it!

TO

TERRAUGHTY,*

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

HEALTH to the Maxwell's vet'ran Chief!
Health, aye unsour'd by care or grief:
Inspir'd I turn'd Fate's sibyl leaf,

I see thy life is stuff o' prief,
This natal morn,
Scarce quite half worn.—

* Mr. Maxwell, of Terraughty, near Dumfries.

This day thou metes threescore eleven,
And I can tell that bounteous Heaven
(I ne second sight, ye ken, is giv'n
To ilka Poet)
On thee a tack o' seven times seven
Will yet bestow it.

If envious buckies view wi' sorrow,
Thy lengthen'd days on this blest morrow,
May desolation's lang-teeth'd harrow,
Nine miles an hour,
Rake them, like Sodom and Gomorrah,
In brunstane stoure—

But for thy friends, and they are mony,
Bath honest men and lasses bonnie,
May counthie fortune, kind and cannie,
In social glee,
Wi' mornings blithe and e'enings funny
Bless them and thee!

Farewell, auld birkie! Lord be near ye,
And then the Diel he daur na steer ye.
Your friends aye love, your faes aye fear ye,
For me, shame fa' ine,
If neist my heart I dinna wear ye,
While Burns they ca' me.

TO A LADY,

With a Present of a Pair of Drinking Glasses.

FAIR Empress of the Poet's soul,
And Queen of Poetesses;
Charmd, take this little boon,
This humble pair of glasses—

And fill them high with generous juice,
As generous as your mind;
And pledge me in the generous toast—
“The whole of human kind!”

“To those who love us!”—second fill;
But not to those whom we love;
Lest we love those who love not us!
A third—“to thee and me, love!”

THE VOWELS.

A TALE.

'Twas where the birch and sounding thong are
pled,
The noisy domicile of pedant pride;
Where ignorance her darkening vapour throws,
And cruelty directs the thickening blows;
Upon a time, Sir Abece the great,
In all his pedagogic powers elate,
His awful chair of state resolves to mount,
And call the trembling vowels to account.

First enter'd A, a grave, broad, solemn wight,
But, ah! deform'd, dishonest to the sight!
His twisted head look'd backward on his way,
And flagrant from the scourge, he grunted, ai

Reluctant, E stalk'd in; with piteous grace
The justling tears ran down his honest face!
That name, that well worn name, and all his own
Pafe he surrenders at the tyrant's throne!
The pedant stifles keen the Roman sound,
Not all his mongrel diphthongs, can compound;
And next the title following cede behind,
He to the nameless, ghastly wretch assign'd.

The cobweb'd gothic dome resounded, Y!
In sullen vengeance, I, disdain'd reply:
The pedant swung his felon cudgel round,
And knuck'd the groaning vowel to the ground!

In rueful apprehension enter'd O,
The wailing minstrel of despairing wo.
Th' Inquisitor of Spain the most expert,
Might there have learnt new mysteries of his art:
So grim, deform'd, with horrors entering U,
His dearest friend and brother scarcely knew!

As trembling U stood staring all aghast,
The pedant in his left hand clutch'd him fast,
In helpless infant's tears he dip'd his right,
Baptiz'd him *eu*, and kick'd him from his sight.

SKETCH.

A LITTLE, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight,
And still his precious self his dear delight;
Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets,
Better than e'er the fairest she he meets,
A man of fashion too, he made his tour,
Learn'd *vive la bagatelle*, *et vive l'amour*;
So travell'd monkeys their grimace improve,
Polish their grin, nay, sigh for ladies' love.
Much specious lore, but little understood;
Veneering off outshines the solid wood:
His solid sense—by inches you must tell,
But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell;
His meddling vanity, a lousy fensie,
Still making work his selfish craft must mend.

SCOTS PROLOGUE,

For Mr. Sutherland's *Benefit Night*, Dumfries.

WHAT needs this din about the town o' Lon'on,
How this new play and that new sang is comin' ?
Why is outlandish stuff sar meikle courted ?
Does nonsense mend like whisky, when imported ?
Is there nae poet, burning keen for fame,
Will try to gie us songs and plais at hame ?
For comely abroad he need na toil,
A fool and knave are plants of every soil;
Nor need he hunt as far as Rome and Greece
To gather matter for a serious piece;
There's themes enough in Caledonian story,
Would show the tragic muse in a' her glory.—

Is there no daring bard will rise, and tell
How glorious Wallace stood, how, hapless, fell ?
Where are the muses fled that could produce
A drama worthy o' the name o' Bruce ?
How here, even here, he first unsheath'd the sword
'Gains't mighty England and her guilty lord;
And after many a bloody, deathless doing,
Wrench'd his dear country from the jaws of ruin ?
O for a Shakspeare or an Otway scene,
To draw the lovely, hapless Scotch Queen !
Vain all the omnipotence of female charms
'Gains't headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms.
She fell, but fell with spirit truly Roman,
To glut the vengeance of a rival woman:
A woman, though the phrase may seem uncivil,
As able and as cruel as the Devil !
One Douglas lives in Home's immortal page,
But Douglases were heroes every age;
And though your fathers, prodigal of life,
A Douglas followed to the martial strife,
Perhaps if bows row right, and Right succeeds,
Ye yet may follow where a Douglas leads !

As ye hae generous done, if a' the land
Would take the muses' servants by the hand;
Not only hear, but patronise, befriend them,
And where ye justly can commend, commend them;
And aiblins when they winna stand the test,
Wink hard and say, the folks hae done their best !
Would a' the land do this, then I'll be caution
Ye'll soon hae poets o' the Scottish nation,
Will gar fame blow until her trumpet crack,
And warse time an' lay him on his back !

For us and for our stage should'ny spier,
" Whose aught thae chiefs maks a' this bustle here ? "

* This sketch seems to be one of a Series, intended for a projected work, under the title of " *The Poet's Progress*." This character was sent as a specimen, accompanied by a letter to Professor Dugald Stewart in which it is thus noticed. " The fragment beginning *A little, upright, pert, tart*, &c. I have not shown to any man living, till I now send it to you. It forms the postulate, the axioms, the definition of a character, which, if it appear at all, shall be placed in a variety of lights. This particular part I send you merely as a sample of my hand at portrait sketching."

My best leg foremost, I'll set up my brow,
We have the honour to belong to you:
We're your ain bairns, e'en guide us as ye like,
But like good mithers, shore before ye strike,—
And gratefu' still I hope ye'll ever find us,
For a' the patronage and meikle kindness
We've gat frae a' professions, sets and ranks:
God help us! we're but poor—ye se get but thanks!

EXTEMPORANEOUS EFFUSION

ON BEING

APPOINTED TO THE EXCISE.

SEARCHING auld wives' barrels
Och, ho! the day!
That clarty barn should stain my laurels
But—what'll ye say!
These moving things ca'd wives and weans
Wad mure the very hearts o' stanes!

On seeing the beautiful Seat of Lord G.

WHAT dost thou in that mansion fair:
Flit, G—, and find
Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave,
The picture of thy mind!

On the Same.

NO Stewart art thou G—,
The Stewarts all were brave:
Besides, the Stewarts were but fools,
Not one of them a knave.

On the Same.

BRIGHT ran thy line O G—,
Through many a far-fam'd sire!
So ran the far-fam'd Roman way,
So ended in a mire.

To the Same, on the Author being threatened
with his Resentment.

SPARE me thy vengeance, G—,
In quiet let me live:
I ask no kindness at thy hand,
For thou hast none to give.

THE DEAN OF FACULTY.

A NEW BALLAD.

Tune—" *The Dragon of Wantley*."

DIRE was the hate at old Harlaw,
That Scot to Scot did carry;
And dire the discord Langside saw,
For beauteous, hapless Mary:
But Scot with Scot ne'er met so hot,
Or were more in fury seen, Sir,
Than 'twixt Hal and Bob for the famous job—
Who should be Faculty's Dean, Sir.—

This Hal for genius, wit, and lore,
Among the first was number'd;
But pious Bob, m'd learning's store,
Commandment tenth remember'd—
Yet simple Bob the victory got,
And wan his heart's desire,
Which shows that heaven can boil the pot,
Though the devil p—s in the fire.—

Squire Hal, besides, had, in this case,
Pretensions rather brassy,
For talents to deserve a place
Are qualifications saucy;
So their worship of the Faculty,
Quite sick of merit's rudeness,
Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye see,
To their gratis grace and goodness.—

As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight
Of a son o' Circumcision,
So may be, on this Pisgah height,
Bob's purblind, mental vision;
Nay, Bob's mouth may be open'd yet,
'Till for eloquence you hail him,
And swear he hux the Angel met
That met the ass of Balaam.—
• • • • •

EXTEMPORE IN THE COURT OF
SESSION.

Tune—"Gilliecrankie"

LORD A—T.E.

HE clench'd his pamphlets in his fist,
He quoted and he hinted,
Till in a declamation-mist,
His argument he tint it.
He gaped for 't, he gaped for 't,
He fand it was awa, man;
But what his common sense came short,
He eked out wi' law, man.

MR. ER—N.E.

Collected Harry stood awee,
Then open'd out his arm, man;
His lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e,
And ey'd the gathering storm, man;
Like wind-driv'n hail it did assail,
Or torrents owre a lin, man,
The Bench sae wise lift up their eyer,
Half-wauken'd wi' the din, man.

VERSES TO J. RANKEN.

[The Person to whom his Poem on shooting the Partridge is addressed, while Ranken occupied the Farm of Adamhill, in Ayrshire.]

AE day, as Death, that gruesome carl,
Was driving to the tither warl
A mixtie-mixtie motley squad,
And monie a guilt-bespotted lad;
Black gowns of each denomination,
And thieves of every rank and station,
From him that wears the star and garter,
To him that wrinkles* in a halter.
Asham'd himself to see the wretches,
He mutters, glow'rin' at the bitches,
"By G-d, I'll not be seen behind them,
Nor 'mang the spiritual core present them,
Without, at least, ae honest man,
To grace this d—d infernal clan."
By Adamhill a glance he threw,
"L—d G-d!" quoth he, "I have it now,
There's just the man I want, in faith,"
And quickly stoppit Ranken's breath.

On hearing that there was Falsehood in the
Rev. Dr. B—'s very Looks.

THAT there is falsehood in his looks
I must and will deny:
They say their master is a knave—
And sure they do not lie.

On a Schoolmaster in Cleish Parish, Fife'shire.

HERE lie Willie M—hie's bones,
O Satan, when ye tak him,
Gie him the schulin of your weans;
For clever Deils he'll mak 'em!

* The word *Winkle*, denotes sudden and involuntary motion. In the ludicrous sense in which it is here applied, it may be admirably translated by the vulgar London expression of *Dancing upon no-thing*.

ADDRESS TO GENERAL DUMOURIER.

(A PARODY ON ROBIN ADAIR.)

YOU'RE welcome to Despots, Dumourier;
You're welcome to Despots, Dumourier—
How does Dampiere do?
Ay, and Bournonville too?
Why did they not come along with you, Dumourier?

I will fight France with you, Dumourier—
I will fight France with you, Dumourier—
I will fight France with you,
I will take my chance with you;
By my soul I'll dance a dance with you, Dumourier!

Then let us fight about, Dumourier;
Then let us fight about, Dumourier;
Then let us fight about,
Till freedom's spark is out,
Then we'll be d-mn'd no doubt—Dumourier.

ELEGY ON THE YEAR 1788.

A Sketch.

FOR Lords or Kings I dinna mourn,
E'en let them die—for that they're born:
But oh! prodigious to reflect!
A Tommont, Sirs, is gane to wreck!
O Eighty-eight, in thy sma' space
What dire events hae taken place!
Of what enjoyments thou hast reft us!
In what a pickle thou hast left us!

The Spanish empire's tint a head,
An' my auld toothless Bawtie's dead;
The tulzie's tough 'tween Pitt and Fox,
And 'tween our Maggie's twa wee cocks;
The tane is game, a bluidie devil,
But to the hen-birds unco civil;
The tither's something dooure o' treadin',
But better stuff ne'er claw'd a mudden—

Ye ministers, come mount the poupit,
An' cry till ye be hearse an' roupit,
For Eighty-eight he wish'd you weel,
An' gied you a' baith gear an' meal;
E'en monie a plack, and monie a peck,
Ye ken yoursels, for little feck!

Ye bonnie lasses, dight your een,
For some o' you hae tint a frien',
In Eighty-eight, ye ken, was ta'en
What ye'll ne'er hae to gie again.

Observe the very nowt an' sheep,
How dowf and dowie now they creep;
Nay, even the yirth itsel' does cry,
For E'nbrugh wells are gruten dry.

O Eighty-nine, thou's but a bairn,
An' no o'er auld, I hope, to learn!
Thou beardless boy, I pray tak care,
Thou now has got thy Daddy's chair,
Nae hand-cuff'd, mizzl'd, hap-shackl'd *Regent*,
But, like humsel, a full free agent.
Be sure ye follow out the plan
Nae waur than he did, honest man;
As muckle better as you can.

January 1st, 1789.

VERSES

Written under the Portrait of Fergusson, the Poet, in
a copy of that author's works presented to a young
Lady in Edinburgh, March 19th, 1787.

CURSE on ungrateful man, that can be pleas'd,
And yet can starve the author of the pleasure
O thou my elder brother in misfortune,
By far my elder brother in the muses,
With tears I pity thy unhappy fate!
Why is the bard unpitied by the world,
Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasures?

SONG.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.*

*Up in the morning's no far me,
Up in the morning early;
When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.*

COLD blows the wind frae east to west,
The drift is driving sairly;
Sae loud and shrill's I hear the blast,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

The birds sit chattering in the thorn,
A' day they fare but sperrily;
And lang's the night frae e'en to morn,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.
Up in the morning, &c.

SONG.

I DREAM'D I LAY WHERE FLOWERS
WERE SPRINGING.†

I DREAM'D I lay where flowers were springing,
Gaily in the sunny beam;
List'n'ing to the wild birds singing,
By a falling, crystal stream:
Straight the sky grew black and daring;
Through the woods the whirlwinds rave;
Trees with aged arms were warring
O'er the swelling, drumlike wave.

Such was my life's deceitful morning,
Such the pleasures I enjoy'd;
But lang o' noon, loud tempests storming
A' my flow'ry bliss destroy'd.
Though fickle fortune has deceived me,
She promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill;
Of monie a joy and hope bereav'd me,
I bear a heart shall support me still.

SONG.‡

BEWARE O' BONNIE ANN.

YE gallants bright I red ye right,
Beware o' Bonnie Ann;
Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,
Your heart she will trepan.
Her een sae bright, like stars by night,
Her skin is like the swan;
Sae jimpily lac'd her genty waist,
That sweetly ye might span.

Youth, grace, and love, attendant move,
And pleasure leads the van:
In a' their charms, and conquering arms,
They wait on Bonnie Ann.
The captive hands may chain the hands,
But love enslaves the man;
Ye gallants braw, I red ye a',
Beware o' Bonnie Ann.

SONG.

MY BONNIE MARY.§

GO fetch to me a pint o' wine,
An' fill it in a silver tassie;
That I may drink before I go,
A service to my bonnie lassie;

The Chorus is old.

† These two stanzas I composed when I was seventeen, and are among the oldest of my printed pieces. *Burns' Reliques*, p. 242.

‡ I composed this song out of compliment to Miss Ann Masterton, the daughter of my friend Allan Masterton, the author of the air of Strathallan's Lament, and two or three others in this work. *Burns' Reliques*, p. 266.

§ This air is Oswald's; the first half-stanza of the song is old.

The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith;
Fu' loud the wind blaw frae the ferry;
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
And I maun lee'e my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are ranked ready;
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes thick and bloody;
But it's not the roar o' sea or shore
Wad mak me langer wish to tarry
Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar,
It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

SONG.

THERE'S A YOUTH IN THIS CITY.*

THERE'S a youth in this city, it were a great pity
That he from our lasses should wander awa;
For he's bonnie and braw, weel-favour'd with a',
And his hair has a natural buckle and a'.
His coat is the hue of his bonnet sae blue;
His focket is white as the new-driven snaw;
His hose they are blue, and his shoon like the slae,
And his clear siller buckles, they dazzle us a'.
His coat is the hue, &c.

For beauty and fortune the laddie's been courtin';
Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel-mounted and braw;
But chiefly the siller, that gars him gang till he;
The pennie, the jewel that beautifies a'.—
There's Meg wi' the maulen, that fain wad a haen him,
And Susy whose daddy was Laird o' the ha';
There's lang-tocher'd Nancy maist fitters his fancy
—But the laddie's dear sel he lo'es dearest o' a'.

SONG.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.‡

MY heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

SONG.‡

'THE RANTIN' DOG THE DADDIE O'T.

O WHA my bable-clouts will buy?
Wha will tent me when I cry?
Wha will kiss me whare I lie?
The rantin' dog the daddie o't.—

Wha will own he did the fault?
Wha will buy my groanin' maut?
Wha will tell me how to ca't?
The rantin' dog the daddie o't.—

When I mount the creepie-chair,
Wha will sit beside me there?
Gie me Rob, I seek nae mair,
The rantin' dog the daddie o't.—

* This air is claimed by Niel Gow, who calls it his lament for his brother. The first half-stanza of the song is old.

† The first half-stanza is old.

‡ I composed this song pretty early in life, and sent it to a young girl, a very particular acquaintance of mine, who was at that time under a cloud. *Burns' Reliques*, p. 278.

Wha will crack to me my lane?
Wha will mak me fidgin' fain?
Wha will kiss me o'er again?
The rantin' dog the daddie o't—

SONG.

I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR.*

I DO confess thou art sae fair,
I wad been o'er the lugs in luve;
Had I na found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak, thy heart could muve.

I do confess thee sweet, but find
Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets,
Thy favours are the silly wind
That kisses lika thing it meets.

See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew,
Amang its native briars sae coy,
How sune it tines its scent and hue
When pu'd and worn a common toy!

Sie fate ere lang shall thee betide,
Though thou may gaily bloom a while;
Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside,
Like ony common weed and vile.

SONG.†

Tune—"Cragie-burn Wood."

*Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee dearie,
And O to be lying beyond thee,
O sweetly, soundly, neel may he sleep,
That's laid in the bed beyond thee.*

SWEET closes the evening on Cragie-burn wood,
And blithely awakens the morrow;
But the pride of the spring in the Cragie burn
wood

Can yield to me nothing but sorrow.
Beyond thee, &c.

I see the spreading leaves and flowers,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But pleasure they hae nae for me
While care my heart is wringing.
Beyond thee, &c.

I canna tell, I maunna tell,
I dare na for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.
Beyond thee, &c.

I see thee gracefu', straight and tall,
I see thee sweet and bonnie,
But oh, what will my torments be,
If thou refuse thy Johnnie!
Beyond thee, &c.

To see thee in anither's arms,
In love to lie and languish,

* This song is altered from a poem by Sir Robert Ayton, private secretary to Mary and Anne, queens of Scotland.—The poem is to be found in James Watson's Collection of Scots Poems, the earliest collection printed in Scotland.—I think that I have improved the simplicity of the sentiments, by giving them a Scots dress.

Burns' Reliques, p. 202.

† It is remarkable of this place that it is the confine of that country where the greatest part of our Lowland music (so far as from the title, words, &c. we can localize it) has been composed. From Cragie burn, near Moffat, until one reaches the West Highlands, we have scarcely one slow air of any antiquity.

The song was composed on a passion which a Mr. Gillespie, a particular friend of mine, had for a Miss Lorimer, afterwards a Mrs. Whelpdale. The young lady was born at Cragie-burn wood.—The chorus is part of an old foolish ballad.

Burns' Reliques, p. 284.

'Twad be my dead, that will be seen,
My heart wad burst wi' anguish.
Beyond thee, &c.

But, Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,
'Say, thou lo'e's nane before me;
And a' my days o' life to come
I'll gratefully adore thee.
Beyond thee, &c.

SONG

YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS.

YON wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,
That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde,
Where the grouse lead their coveys through the
heather to feed,
And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on
his reed.
Where the grouse, &c.

Not Gowrie's rich valley, nor Forth's sunny shores,
To me hae the charms o' yon wild, mossy moors;
For there, by a lanely, and sequester'd stream,
Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.

Amang the wild mountains shall still be my path,
Ilk stream forming down its ain green, narrow
strath;

For there, wi' my lassie, the day lang I rove,
While o'er us unheeded fly the swift hours o' love.

She is not the fairest, although she is fair;
O' nice education but sma' is her share;
Her parentage humble as humble can be;
But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me.

To beauty what man but maun yield him a priz',
In her armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs;
And when wit and refinement hae polished her
darts,
They dazzle our e'en, as they flie to our hearts.

But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond sparklin'
e'e,
Has lustre outshining the diamond to me;
And the heart-beating love, as I'm clasp'd in her
arms,
O, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms!

SONG.

WHA IS THAT AT MY BOWER DOOR.

WHA is that at my bower door?
O wha is it but Findlay;
Then gae your gate, ye'se nae be here!
Indeed maun I, quo' Findlay.
What mak ye sae like a thief?
O come and see, quo' Findlay,
Before the morn ye'll work mischief;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Gif I rise and let you in?
Let me in, quo' Findlay;
Ye'll keep me waukin' wi' your din;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
In my bower if ye should stay?
Let me stay, quo' Findlay;
I fear ye'll bide till break o' day;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Here this night if ye remain,
I'll remain, quo' Findlay;
I dread ye'll learn the gate again;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay;
What may pass within this bower,
Let it pass, quo' Findlay;
Ye maun conceal till your last hour
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay!

SONG.

Tune—"The Weaver and his Shuttle,"

MY Father was a Farmer upon the Carrick border,
And carefully he bred me in decency and order.

He bade me act a manly part, though I had ne'er a
farthing;
For without an honest manly heart, no man was
worth regarding.

Then out into the world, my course I did deter-
mine,
Though to be rich was not my wish, yet to be great
was charming, [education;
My talents they were not the worst; nor yet my
Resolv'd was I, at least to try, to mend my situa-
tion.

In many a way, and vain essay, I courted fortune's
favour,
Some cause unseen still stept between, to frustrate
each endeavour;
Sometimes by foes I was o'erpower'd; sometimes
by friends forsaken;
And when my hope was at the top, I still was
worst mistaken.

Then sore harass'd, and tir'd at last, with fortune's
vain delusion;
I dropt my schemes like idle dreams, and came to
this conclusion;
The past was bad, and the future hid; its good or
ill untried;
But the present hour was in my pow'r, and so I
would enjoy it.

No help, nor hope, nor view had I; nor person to
befriend me;
So I must toil, and sweat and broil, and labour to
sustain me,
To plough and sow, to reap and mow, my father
bred me early;
For one, he said, to labour bred, was a match for
fortune fairly.

Thus all obscure, unknown, and poor, through life
I'm doom'd to wander,
Till down my weary bones I lay in everlasting
slumber;
No view nor care, but shun whate'er might breed
me pain or sorrow; [row.
I live to-day, as well's I may, regardless of to-mor-
row.
But cheerful still, I am as well, as a monarch in a
palace,
Though fortune's frown still hunts me down, with
all her wonted malice;
I make indeed, my daily bread, but ne'er can make
it farther;
But as daily bread is all I need, I do not much re-
gard her.

When sometimes by my labour I earn a little
money, [me;
Some unforeseen misfortune comes generally upon
Mischance, mistake, or by neglect, or my good-na-
tur'd folly;
But come what will, I've sworn it still, I'll ne'er
be melancholy.

All you who follow wealth and power with unre-
mitting ardour,
The more in this you look for bliss, you leave your
view the farther.
Had you the wealth Potosi boasts, or nations to
adore you,
A cheerful honest-hearted clown I will prefer be-
fore you.*

SONG.

THOUGH cruel fate should bid us part,
As far's the pole and line;
Her dear idea round my heart
Should tenderly entwine.

Though mountains frown and deserts howl,
And oceans roar between;
Yet, dearer than my deathless soul,
I still would love my Jean.

* This song is a wild rhapsody, miserably defi-
cient in versification, but as the sentiments are the
genuine feelings of my heart, for that reason I have
a particular pleasure in conning it over.

SONG.

Æ fond kiss and then we sever;
Æ farewell, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that fortune grieves him?
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Mæ nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy:
But to see her, was to love her;
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love and pleasure!
Æ fond kiss and then we sever;
Æ farewell, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

SONG.

NOW bank an' brae are clait'h'd in green,
An' scatter'd cowslips sweetly spring,
By Gurvan's fairy haunted stream
The birdies sit on wanton wing,
To Cassilis' banks when e'en'ing fa's,
There wi' my Mary let me lie,
There catch her ilka glance o' love,
The bonnie blink o' Mary's e'e!

The child wha boasts o' world's walth,
Is aften laird o' meikle care;
But Mary she is a' my ain,
Ah, fortune canna gie me mair!
Then let me range by Cassilis' banks,
Wi' her the lassie dear to me,
And catch her ilka glance o' love,
The bonnie blink o' Mary's e'e!

SONG.

THE BONNIE LAD THAT'S FAR AWAY.

O HOW can I be blithe and glad,
Or how can I gang brisk and braw,
When the bonnie lad that I lo'e best
Is o'er the hills and far awa'?

It's no the frosty winter wind,
It's no the driving drift and snaw;
But aye the tear comes in my e'e,
To think on him that's far awa'

My father pat me frae his door,
My friends they hae disown'd me a',
But I hae aye will tak my part,
The bonnie lad that's far awa'

A pair o' gloves he gave to me,
And silken snoods he gave me twa
And I will wear them for his sake,
The bonnie lad that's far awa'.

The weary winter soon will pass,
And spring will clead the burken-shaw;
And my sweet babe will be born,
And he'll come hame that's far awa'.

SONG.

OUT over the Forth I look to the north,
But what is the north and its Highlands to me?
The south nor the east gie ease to my breast,
The far foreign land, or the wild rolling sea.

But I look to the west, when I gae to rest,
That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be,
For far in the west lives he I lo'e best,
The lad that is dear to my babie and me.

SONG.

ALL AYE CA' IN BY YON TOWN.

I'LL aye ca' in by yon town,
And by yon garden green, again;
I'll aye ca' in by yon town,
And see my bonnie Jean again.

There's nae sall ken, there's nae sall guess,
What brings me back the gate again.
But she my fairest faithfu' lass,
And stowlins we sall meet again.

She'll wander by the aiken tree,
When trystin'-time^o draws near again,
And when her lovely form I see,
O halth, she's doubly dear again!

SONG.

WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.

FIRST when Maggy was my care,
Heav'n, I thought, was in her air;
Now we're married—spier nae mair—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.—
Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
Bonnie Meg was nature's child—
Wiser men than me's beguill'd:
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,
How we love and how we gree,
I care na by how few may see;
Whistle o'er the lave o't.—
Wha I wish were maggot's meat,
Dish'd up in her winding sheet,
I could write—But Meg maun see't—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.—

SONG.

YOUNG JOCKEY.

YOUNG Jockey was the blithest lad
In a' our town or here awa;
Fu' blithe he whistled at the gaul,
Fu' lightly danc'd he in the ha'
He roos'd my e'en sae bonnie blue,
He roos'd my waist sae genty sina;
An' aye my heart came to my mou,
When ne'er a body heard or saw.

My Jockey toils upon the plain,
Through wind and weat, through frost and snaw;
and o'er the lee I leuk fu' fain
When Jockey's owsen hameward ca',
An' aye the night comes round again,
When in his arms he takes me a':
And aye he vows he'll be my ain
As lang's he has a breath to draw.

SONG.

M'PHERSON'S FAREWELL.

Tune—"M'Pherson's Lament."

FAREWELL ye dungeons dark and strong,
The wretch's destinie!
M'Pherson's time will not be long,
On yonder gallows' tree.

*Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gae'd he:
He play'd a spring and danc'd it round,
Below the gallows' tree.*

Trystin'-time—The time of appointment.

Oh, what is death but parting breath—
On mony a bloody plain
I've dar'd his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again!
Sae rantingly, &c.

Untie these hands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword;
And there's no a man in all Scotland,
But I'll brave him at a word.
Sae rantingly, &c.

I've liv'd a life of strut and strife;
I die by treacherie;
It burns my heart I must depart
And not avenged be.
Sae rantingly, &c.

Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky!
May coward shame disdain his name,
The wretch that dares not die!
Sae rantingly, &c.

SONG.

HERE'S a bottle and an honest friend!
What wad ye wish for mair, man?
Wha kens, before his life may end,
What his share may be of care, man?
Then catch the moments as they fly,
And use them as ye ought, man—
Believe me, happiness is shy,
And comes not aye when sought, man.

SONG.

Tune—"Brace o' Balquhider."

*I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
An' I'll kiss thee o'er again,
An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
My bonnie Peggy Alison!*

ILK care and fear, when thou art near,
I ever mair defy them, O;
Young kings upon their hancl throne
Are no sae biest as I am, O!
I'll kiss thee, &c.

When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
I clasp my count'ess treasure, O;
I seek nae mair o' Heaven to share,
Than sic a moment's pleasure, O!
I'll kiss thee, &c.

And by thy een, sae bonnie blue,
I swear I'm thine for ever, O;—
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shalt I never, O.
I'll kiss thee, &c.

SONG.

Tune—"If he be a Butcher neat and trim."

ON Cessnock banks there lyes a lass,
Could I describe her shape and mien;
The graces of her weelfaur'd face,
And the glancin' of her sparkl. a' een.

She's fresher than the morning dawn
When rising Phoebus first is seen,
When dew-drops twinkle o'er the lawn;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

She's stately like yon youthful ash,
That grows the cowslip braes between,
And shoots its head above each bush;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

She's spotless as the flow'ring thorn
With flow'rs so white and leaves so green,
When purest in the dewy morn;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her looks are like the sportive lamb,
When flow'ry May adorns the scene,
That wantons round its bleating dam;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her hair is like the curling mist
That shades the mountain-side at e'en,
When flow'r-reviving rains are past;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her forehead 's like the show'ry bow,
When shining sunbeams intervene
And gild the distant mountain's brow;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush
That sings in Cessnock banks unseen,
While his mate sits nestling in the bush;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her lips are like the cherries ripe,
That sunny walls from Boreas screen,
They tempt the taste and charm the sight;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her teeth are like a flock of sheep,
With fleeces newly washen clean,
That slowly mount the rising steep;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean,
When Phœbus sinks behind the seas;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

But it's not her air, her form, her face,
Though matching beauty's fabled queen,
But the mind that shines in ev'ry grace,
An' chiefly in her sparklin' een.

WAE IS MY HEART.

WAE is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e;
Lang, lang joy's been a stranger to me:
Forsaken and friendless my burden I bear,
And the sweet voice o' pity ne'er sounds in my ear.

Love, thou hast pleasure; and deep hae I loved;
Love, thou hast sorrows; and sair hae I proved;
But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,
I can feel by its throbbings will soon be at rest.

O if I were, where happy I hae been;
Down by yon stream and yon bonnie castle green:
For there he is wand'ring and musing on me,
Wha wad soon dry the tear frae Phillis's e'e.

SONG.

Tune—"Banks o' Danna."

VESTREEN I had a pint o' wine,
A place where body saw na,
Vestreen lay on this breast o' mine
The gowden locks of Anna.
The hungry Jew in wilderness,
Rejoicing o'er his manna,
Was naething to my honey bliss
Upon the lips of Anna.

Ye monarchs, tak the east and west,
Frae Indus to Savanna!
Gie me within my straining grasp
The melting form of Anna.
There I'll despise imperial charms,
An Empress or Sultana,
While dying raptures in her arms
I give and take with Anna!

Awa thou flaunting god o' day!
Awa thou pale Diana!
Uk star gae hide thy twinkling ray
Wher I'm to meet my Anna.
Come, in thy raven plumage, night,
Sun, moon, and stars withdrawn!
And bring an angel pen to write
My transports wi' my Anna!

SONG.

THE Deil cam fiddling through the town,
And danc'd awa wi' the exciseman;
And illa wife cried, "Auld Mahoun,
We wish you luck o' the prize, man.

"We'll mak our maut, and brew our drink,
We'll dance and sing and rejoice man;
And monie thanks to the snuckle black Deil
That danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman.

"There's threesome reels, and foursome reels,
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man:
But the ae best dance e'er cam to our lon',
Was—the Deil's awa wi' the Exciseman.
We'll mak our maut," &c.

SONG.

POWERS celestial, whose protection
Ever guards the virtuous fair,
While in distant climes I wander,
Let my Mary be your care:
Let her form sue fair and faultless,
Fair and faultless as your own;
Let my Mary's kindred spirit,
Draw your choicest influence down.

Make the gales you waft around her,
Soft and peaceful as her breast;
Breathing in the breeze that fans her,
Soothe her bosom into rest:
Guardian angels, O protect her,
When in distant lanus I roam;
To realms unknown while fate exiles me,
Make her bosom still my home.

HUNTING SONG.

I RED YOU BEWARE AT THE HUNTING.

THE heather was blooming, the meadows were
mawn,
Our lads gaed a-hunting, ae day at the dawn,
O'er moors and o'er mosses and monie a glen,
At length they discover'd a bonnie moor-hen.

*I red you beware at the hunting, young men;
I red you beware at the hunting, young men:
Tak some on the wing, and some as they spring,
But cannily steal on the bonnie moor-hen.*

Sweet brushing the dew from the brown heather
bells,
Her colours betray'd her on yon mossy fells;
Her plumage outlusted the pride o' the spring,
And O! as she wanted gay on the wing,
I red, &c.

Auld Phœbus himsel', as ... peep'd o'er the hill;
In spite at her plumage he tried his skill;
He levell'd his rays where she bask'd on the brae—
His rays were outshone, and but mark'd where she
lay.

I red, &c.

They hunted the valley, they hunted the hill;
The best of our lads wi' the best o' their skill;
But still as the fairest she sat in their sight,
Then, whurr! she was over a mile at a flight—
I red, &c.

* At a meeting of his brother Excisemen in
Dumfries, Burns, being called upon for a Song,
handed these verses extempore to the President,
written on the back of a letter.

† Probably written on Highland Mary, on the
eve of the Poet's departure to the West Indies.

YOUNG PEGGY.

YOUNG Peggy blooms our bonniest lass,
Her blush is like the morning,
The rosy dawn, the springing grass,
With early gems adorning;
Her eyes outshine the radiant beams
That gild the passing shower,
And glitter o'er the crystal stream,
And cheer each fresh'ning flower.

Her lips more than the cherries bright,
A richer die has grac'd them;
They charm th' admiring gazer's sight,
And sweetly tempt to taste them;
Her smile is as the evening mild,
When feather'd pairs are courting,
And little lambskins wanton wild,
In playful bands disporting.

Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
Such sweetness would relent her,
As blooming Rhyne unbends the brow
Of sunny, savage Winter.
Detraction's eye no aim can gain
Her winning powers to lessen;
And fretful envy grins in vain,
The poison'd tooth to fasten.

Ye pow'rs of Honour, Love, and Truth,
From every ill defend her;
Inspire the highly favour'd youth
The destinies intend her;
Still fan the sweet connubial flame
Responsive in each bosom;
And bless the dear parental name
With many a filial blossom.

SONG.

Tune—"The King of France, he rode a race."

AMONG the trees where humming bees
At buds and flowers were hanging, O,
Auld Caledon drew out her drone,
And to her pipe was singing, O;
'Twas pibroch, sang, strathspey, or reels,
She dir'd them all, fu' clearly, O,
When there cam a yell o' foreign squeels,
That dang her tapsalteerie, O—

Their capon craws and queer ha ha's,
They made our lugs grow eerie, O,
The hungry bike did scrape and pike
Till we were wae and weary, O—
But a royal ghast who ance was cas'd
A prisoner aughteen year awa,
He stir'd a fiddler in the North,
That dang them tapsalteerie, O.

SONG.

Tune—"John Anderson my jo."

ON! night as I did wander,
When corn begins to shoot,
I sat me down to ponder,
Upon an auld tree root;
Auld Ailie ran by before me,
And bicker'd to the seas;
A cushat crowded o'er me
That ech'd through the braes.

SONG.

Tune—"Daisie Davie."

THERE was a lad was born at Kyle,
But what na day o' what na style
I doubt it's hardly worth the while
To be as nice wi' Robin.

* This was one of the Poet's earliest compositions. It is copied from a MS. book, which he had before his first publication.
† Kyle—a district of Ayrshire.

*Robin was a rovin' Boy,
Ranlin' rovin', ranlin' rovin',
Robin was a rovin' Boy,
Ranlin' rovin' Robin.*

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five and twenty days begun,
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar win'
Blaw haeel in on Robin.

The gowp kekkit in his loof,
Quo' aho, wha lives will see the proof,
This waly boy will be nae coof,
I think we'll ca' him Robin.

He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
But aye a heart aboon them a';
He'll be a credit till us a',
We'll a' be proud o' Robin.

But sure as three tim's three mak nine,
I see by ilka score and line,
This chap will dearly like our kin',
So letze me on thee, Robin.

Gild faith, quo' aho, I doubt you, Sir,
Ye gar the laze;
But twenty fauts ye may hae waur
So bleas'n's on thee, Robin!

*Robin was a rovin' Boy,
Ranlin' rovin', ranlin' rovin',
Robin was a rovin' Boy,
Ranlin' rovin' Robin.*

SONG.

Tune—"I had a Horse and I had nae mair."

WHEN first I came to Stewart Kyle,
My mind it was nae steady,
Where'er I ga'd, where'er I rade
A mistress still I had aye;
But when I came roun' by Mauchline town,
Not dreading any body,
My heart was caught before I thought,
And by a Mauchline lady.

SONG.

Tune—"Galla Water."

ALTHOUGH my bed were in yon muir,
Among the heather, in my plaidie,
Yet happy, happy would I be
Had I my dear Montgomerie's Peggy—

When o'er the hill beat surly storms,
And winter nights were dark and rainy;
I'd seek some dell, and in my arms
I'd shelter dear Montgomerie's Peggy—

Were I a Baron proud and high,
And horse and servants waiting ready,
Then a' 'twad gie o' joy to me,
Tbe sharin' with Montgomerie's Peggy—

SONG.

O RAGING fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low! O,
O raging fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low! O.

My stem was fair, my bud was green,
My blossom sweet did blow, O;
The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild,
And made my branches grow; O.

But luckless fortune's northern storms
Laid a' my blossoms low, O,
But luckless fortune's northern storms
Laid a' my blossoms low, O.

• • • • •

SONG.

PATRIOTIC—Unfinished.

HERE'S a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa;
And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,
May never guid luck be their fa'!
It's guid to be merry and wise,
It's guid to be honest and true,
It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the buff and the blue.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to Charlie,* the chief o' the clan,
Altho' that his band be sma'.
May liberty meet wi' success!
May prudence protect her frae evil!
May tyrants and tyranny time in the mist,
And wander their way to the devil!

Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to Tammy,† the Norland laddie,
That lives at the lug o' the l w!
Here's freedom to him that wad read,
Here's freedom to him that wad write!
There's nae name ever fear'd that the truth should be
heard,
But they wham the truth wad indict.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's Chieftain M'Leod, a Chieftain worth gowd,
Tho' bred amang mountains o' snaw!

SONG.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

AS I was a-wand'ring ae mornin in spring,
I heard a young Ploughman sae sweetly to sing.
And as he was singin' thir words he did say,
There's nae life like the Ploughman, in the month
o' sweet May—

The la'rock in the morning she'll rise frae her
nest
And mount to the air wi' the dew on her breast,
And wi' the merry Ploughman she'll whistle and
sing,
And at night she'll return to her nest back again.

SONG.

HER flowing locks, the raven's wing,
Adown her neck and bosom hing;
How sweet unto that breast to cling,
And round that neck entwine her!

Her lips are roses wat wi' dew,
O' what a feast, her bonnie mou!
Her cheeks a mair celestial hue,
A crimson still diviner.

BALLAD.

TO thee, lov'd Nith, thy gladsome plains,
Where late wi' careless thought I rang'd,
Though prest wi' care and sunk in wo,
To thee I bring a heart unchang'd—

I love thee, Nith, thy banks and braes,
Tho' mem'ry there my bosom tear;
For there he rov'd that brake my heart,
Yet to that heart, ah, still how dear!

SONG.

THE winter it is past, and the simmer comes at
last,
And the small birds sing on every tree;

C. J. Fox. † Lord Erskine.

Now every thing is glad, while I am very sad,
Since my true love is parted from me.

The rose upon the brier by the waters running
clear,
May have charms for the linnet or the bee;
Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts
at rest,
But my true love is parted from me.

THE GUIDWIFE OF WAUCHOPE-HOUSH

TO ROBERT BURNS.

February, 1787.

MY canty, wilty, rhyming ploughman,
I haillins doubt, it is na true man,
That ye between the stiles were bred,
Wi' ploughmen school'd, wi' ploughmen fed.
I doubt it sair, ye've drawn your knowledge
Either frae grammar-school, or college.
Guid troth, your saul and body baith
War better fed, I'd gie my aith,
Than theirs, who sup sour-milk and parritch,
An' bummil through the single caritch.
Wha ever heard the ploughman speak,
Gould tell gif Homer was a Greek?
He'd flee as soon upon a cudgel,
As get a single line of Virgil.
An' then sae sleek ye crack your jokes
O' Willie P—t and Charlie F—;
Our great men a' sae weel describe,
An' how to gar the nation thrive,
Ane maist wad swear, ye dwalt amang them,
An' as ye saw them, sae ye sang them.
But be ye ploughman, be ye peer,
Ye are a funny blade, I swear;
An' though the could I ill can bide,
Yet twenty miles, an' mair, I'd ride,
O'er moss, an' muir, an' never grumble,
Though my auld yad should gie a stumble,
To crack a winter night wi' thee,
And hear thy sangs and sonnets slee.
A guid sant herring, an' a eel,
Wi' sic a chiel, a feast wad make,
I'd rather scour your reaming yill,
Or eat o' cheese and bread my fill,
Than wi' dull lairds on turtle dine,
An' fairly at their wit and wine.
O, gif I kenn'd bat whare ye baid,
I'd send to you a marled plaid;
'Twad haud your shoulders warm and braw,
An' douse at kirk, or market shaw.
For south as weel as north, my lad,
A' honest Scotchmen lo'e the maud,
Right wae that we're sae far frae ither:
Yet proud I am to en' ye brother.
Your most obedt.

E. S.

THE ANSWER.

GUIDWIFE,

I MIND it weel, in early date,
When I was heedless, young, and blate,
An' first could thresh the barn;
Or haud a yoking at the plough,
An' though forfoughten sair enough,
Yet unco proud to learn;
When first amang the yellow corn
A man I reckon'd was,
And wi' the lave ilk merry morn
Could rank my rig and lass,
Still shearing, and clearing
The uther stooked raw,
Wi' clavers, an' haivers,
Wearing the day awa—

E'en then a wish, (I mind its power)
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast;
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake,
Some usefu' plan, or book could make,
Or sing a sang at least.
The rough bur-thistle, spreading wide
Amang the bearded bear,
I turn'd my weeding-heuk aside.
An' spar'd the symbol dear;

No nation, no station,
My envy e'er cou'd rouse,
A Scot still, but blot still,
I knew nae higher praise.

But still the elements o' sang
In formless jumble, right an' wrang,
Wild floated in my brain;
Till on that hairst I said before,
My partner in the merry core,
She rous'd the forming strain;
I saw her yet, the some quean,
That lighted up my jingle,
Her witching smile, her pauky e'en
That gart my heart-strings tingle;
I find, inspired,
At e'ry kindling look,
But bashing, and dashing,
I feared aye to speak.

Hale to the ret, ilk guld chief says,
Wi' merry dance in winter-days,
An' we to share in common:
The gust o' joy, the balm o' wo,
The sul o' life, the heav'n below,
Is rapture-giving woman.
Ye scurly sumphs, wha hate the name,
Be mindfu' o' your mither:
She, honest woman, may think shame
That ye're connected with her.
Ye're wae men, ye're nae men,
That slight the lovely dears;
To shame ye, disclaim ye,
Ilk honest birkie swears.

For you na bred to barn and byre,
Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre,
Thanks to you for your line.
The marled plaid ye kindly spare,
By me should gratefully be ware;
'Twa'd please me to the Nine.
I'd be mair wantie o' my hap,
Douse hingin' o'er my purple,
Than ony ermine ever lap.
Or proud imperial purple,
Fareweel then, lang hale then,
An' plenty be your fa':
May losses and crosses
Ne'er at your hallan ca'!

ROBERT BURNS.

March, 1787.

SONG.

Tune—"The tilther morn, as I forlorn."

YON wand'ring rill, that marks the hill,
And glances o'er the brae, Sir:
Slides by a bower where mony a flower,
Sheds fragrance on the day, Sir.

There Damon lay, with Sylvia gay,
To love they thought nae crime, Sir,
The wild-birds sang, the echoes rang,
While Damon's heart beat time, Sir.

SONG.

AS I cam in by our gate-end,
As day was waxen weary;
O wha cam tripping down the street,
But bonnie Peg my dearie.

Her air sae sweet, and shape complete,
Wi' nae proportion wanting;
The queen of love did never move
Wi' motion mair enchanting.

Wi' linked hands, we took the sands,
A down you winding river,
And, Oh! that hour, an' broomy bower
Can I forget it ever?

POLLY STEWART.

Tune—"Ye're welcome Charlie Stewart."

O LOVELY Polly Stewart,
O charming Polly Stewart,
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May,
That's half so fair as thou art.

The flower it blaws, it fades, it fa's,
And art can ne'er renew it;
But worth and truth eternal youth
Will gie to Polly Stewart.

May he, whose arms shall fuid thy charms,
Possess a leal and true heart;
To him be given to ken the heaven
He grasps in Polly Stewart?
O lovely, &c.

THERE WAS A BONNIE LASS.

THERE was a bonnie lass, and a bonnie bonnie
And she lo'd her bonnie laddie dear; [Tune,
Till war's loud alarms tore her laddie frae her
Wi' mony a sigh and a tear. [Tune
O'er sea, over shore, where the cannons loudly roar,
He stull was a stranger to fear;
And nocht could him quell, or his bosom assail,
But the bonnie lass he lo'd so dear.

TIBBIE DUNBAR.

Tune—"Johnny M'Gill."

O WILT thou go wi' me, Sweet Tibbie Dunbar;
O wilt thou go wi' me sweet Tibbie Dunbar;
Wilt thou ride on a horse, or be drawn in a car,
Or walk by my side, O sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
I carena thy daddie, his lands and his money,
I carena thy kin sae high and sae lordly;
But say thou wilt hae me for better for waur,
And come in thy coatie, sweet Tibbie Dunbar.

ROBIN SHURE IN HAIRST.

ROBIN shure in hairst,
I shure wi' him,
Fient a heuk had I,
Yet I stack by him.

I gaed up to Dunse,
To warp a wab o' plaiden,
At his daddie's yett,
Wha met me but Robin.

Was na Robin bauld,
Though I was a cotter,
Play'd me sic a trick
And me the ells'r's dochter
Robin shure, &c.

Robin promis'd me
A' my winter vittie;
Fient haet he had but three
Goose feathers and a whittle.
Robin shure, &c.

MY LADY'S GOWN THERE'S GAIRS UPON'T.

MY lady's gown there's gairs upon't,
And gowden flowers sae rare upon't;
But Jenny's jumps and jirkinet,
My lord thinks nuckle mair upon't.

My lord a-hunting he is gane,
But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane,
By Colin's cottage lies his game,
If Colin's Jenny be at hame.
My lady's gown, &c.

My lady's white, my lady's red,
And kith and kin o' Cassillis' blude,
But her ten-pund lands o' tocher guid
Were a' the charms his lordship lo'd.
My lady's gown, &c.

Out o'er yon moor, out o'er yon moss,
Where gor-cocks through the heather pass,
There wons auld Colin's bonnie lass,
A lily in a wilderness.
My lady's gown, &c.

Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,
Like music notes o' lover's hymns:
The diamond dew in her een sae blue,
Where laughing love sae wanton swims.
My lady's gown, &c.

My lady's dink, my lady's drest,
The flower and fancy o' the west;
But the lassie that a man lo'es best,
O that's the lass to make him blest.
My lady's gown, &c.

WEE WILLIE GRAY.

WEE Willie Gray, and his leather wallet:
Peel a willow-wand to be him boots and jacket:
The rose upon the brier will be him trowse and
doublet, doublet.
The rose upon the brier will be him trowse and

Wee Willie Gray and his leather wallet;
Twice a lily flower will be him sark and cravat:
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet,
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet.

EXTEMPORE.

April, 1782.

O WHY the deuce should I repine,
And be an ill forboder?
I'm twenty three, and five feet nine—
I'll go and be a sodger.

I gat some gear wi' melkie care,
I held it weel thegither;
But now it's gane and something mair,
I'll go and be a sodger.

COULD AUGHT OF SONG.

COULD aught of song declare my pains,
Could artful numbers move thee,
The muse should tell, in labour'd strains,
O Mary, how I love thee.
They who but feign a wounded heart,
May teach the lyre to languish;
But what avails the pride of art,
When wastes the soul with anguish?

Then let the sudden bursting sigh
The heart-felt pang discover;
And in the keen, yet tender eye,
O read th' imploring lover.
For well I know thy gentle mind
Disdains art's gay disguising;
Beyond what fancy e'er refin'd
The voice of nature prizing.

O GUID ALE COMES.

O GUID ale comes, and guid ale goes,
Guid ale gars me sell my hose,
Sell my hose and pawn my shoon,
Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.
I had sax owsen in a pleugh,
They drew a' weel enough,
I sell'd them a' just ane by ane;
Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

Guid ale hauds me bare and busy,
Gars me moop wi' the servant hizzle,
Stand i' the stool when I hae done,
Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.
O guid ale comes, and guid ale goes,
Guid ale gars me sell my hose,
Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon;
Guid ale keeps my heart aboon;

O LEAVE NOVELS.

O LEAVE novels, ye Mauchline belles,
Ye're safer at your spinning-wheel;
Such witching books, are baited hooks
For rakish rooks, like Rob Mossiel.
Your fine Tom Jones and Grandisons,
They make your youthful fancies reel,
They heat your brains, and fire your veins,
And then you're prey for Rob Mossiel.

Beware a tongue that's smoothly hung,
A heart that warmly seems to feel;
That feeling heart but acts a part,
'Tis rakish art in Rob Mossiel.
The frank address, the soft caress,
Are worse than poison'd darts of steel,
The frank address, and politesse,
Are all finesse in Rob Mossiel.

O AYE MY WIFE SHE DANG ME.

*O aye my wife she dang me,
An' aft my wife she bang'd me;
If ye gie a woman a' her will,
Guid faith she'll soon o'ergang ye.*

On peace and rest my mind was bent,
And fool I was I married;
But never honest man's intent
As cursedly miscarried.
O aye my wife, &c.

Some salrie comfort still at last,
When a' thir days are done, man,
My pains o' hell on earth is past,
I'm sure o' bliss aboon, man.
O aye my wife, &c.

THE DEUKS DANG O'ER MY DADDIE.

THE bairns gat out wi' an unco shout,
The deuks dang o'er my daddie, O!
The fiest ma care, quo' the feirle auld wife,
He was but a paidin body, O!
He paidies out, and he paidies in,
An' he paidies late and early, O;
This seven lang years I hae lien by his side,
An' he is but a fusionless carlie, O.

O haud your tongue, my feirle auld wife,
O haud your tongue now, Nansie, O;
I've seen the day, and sae hae ye,
Ye wadna been sae donsie, O;
I've seen the day ye butter'd my brose,
And cuddl'd me late and early, O;
But downa do's come o'er me now,
And, Oh, I find it sairly, O!

DELIA.

AN ODE.

FAIR the face of orient day,
Fair the tints of op'ning rose;
But fairer still my Delia dawns,
More lovely far her beauty blows.

Sweet the lark's wild-warbled lay,
Sweet the tinkling rill to hear;
But, Delia, more delightful still,
Steal thine accents on mine ear.

The flower-enamour'd busy bee
The rosy banquet loves to sip;
Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse
To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip;

But, Delia, on thy balmy lips
Let me, no vagrant insect, rove!
O let me steal one liquid kiss,
For Oh! my soul is parch'd with love!

ON A BANK OF FLOWERS.

ON a bank of flowers one summer's day,
For summer lightly dress'd,
The youthful, blooming Nelly lay,
With love and sleep oppress'd;
When Willy, wand'ring through the wood,
Who for her favour oft had su'd,
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
And trembled where he stood.

Her closed eyes, like weapons sheath'd,
Were seal'd in soft repose,
Her lips still as they fragrant breath'd,
It richer died the rose.
The springing lilies sweetly press'd,
Wild wanton kiss'd her rival breast;
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
His bosom ill at rest.

Her robes, light waving in the breeze,
Her tender limbs embrace,
Her lovely form, her native ease,
All harmony and grace.
Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,
A flattering ardent kiss he stole:
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
And sigh'd his very soul.

As flies the partridge from the brake,
On fear inspired wings;
So Nelly starting, half awake,
Away affrighted springs.
But Willy follow'd as he should,
He overtook her in the wood,
He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid
Forgiving all and good.

EVAN BANKS.

SLOW spreads the gloom my soul desires,
The sun from India's shore retires,
To Evan banks with temperate ray
Home of my youth, it leads the day.
Oh! hanks to me for ever dear!
Oh! stream whose murmurs still I hear!
All, all my hopes of bliss reside,
Where Evan mingles with the Clyde.

And she, in simple beauty drest,
Whose image lives within my breast;
Who trembling heard my parting sigh,
And long pursued me with her eye!
Does she, with heart unchang'd as mine,
Oft in thy vocal bowers recline?
Or where yon grot o'erhangs the tide,
Muse while the Evan seeks the Clyde.

Ye lofty banks that Evan bound!
Ye lavish woods that wave around,
And o'er the stream your shadows throw,
Which sweetly winds so far below;
What secret charm to mem'ry brings,
All that on Evan's border springs?
Sweet banks! ye bloom by Mary's side:
Blest stream! she views thee haste to Clyde.

Can all the wealth of India's coast
Atone for years in absence lost;
Return, ye moments of delight,
With richer treasure bless my sight!
Swift from this desert let me part,
And fly to meet a kindred heart!
Nor more may aught my steps divide
From that dear stream which flows to Clyde.

THE FIVE CARLINS.

AN ELECTION BALLAD.

Tune—"Chevy Chase."

THERE were five Carlins in the south
They fell upon a scheme,
To send a lad to Lon'on town,
To bring us tidings hame.

Not only bring us tidings hame,
But do our errands there,
And aiblins gowd and honour haith
Might be that laddie's share.

There was Maggie by the banks o' Nith,*
A dame wi' pride enough;
And Marjorie o' the monie Loch,†
A Carlin auld an' tough.

And blinkin' Bess o' Annandale,‡
That dwells near Solway side,
And whisky Jean that took her gill§
In Galloway so wide.

And auld black Joan frae Creighton peel,||
O' gipsy kith an' kin,
Five weightier Carlins were na found
The south kintira within.

To send a lad to Lon'on town,
They met upon a day,
And monie a Knight and monie a Laird,
That errand fain would gae.

O! monie a Knight and monie a Laird,
This errand fain would gae;
But nae ane could their fancy please,
O! ne'er a ane but twae.

The first ane was a belted Knight,
Bred o' a border band,
An' he wad gae to Lon'on town,
Might nae man him withstand.

And he wad do their errands weel
And meikle he wad say,
And ilka ane at Lon'on court
Wad bid to him guid day.

Then next came in a sodger youth,
And spak wi' modest grace,
An' he wad gae to Lon'on town,
If sae their pleasure was.

He wad na hecht them courtly gift,
Nor meikle speech pretend;
But he wad hecht an honest heart
Wad ne'er desert his friend.

Now whom to choose and whom refuse,
To strife thae Carlins fell;
For some had gentle folk to please,
And some wad please themsel.

Then out spak mim-mou'd Meg o' Nith,
An' she spak out wi' pride,
An' she wad send the sodger youth,
Whatever might betide.

For the auld guidman o' Lon'on court
She did not care a pin,
But she wad send the sodger youth
To greet his eldest son.

Then up sprang Bess o' Annandale:
A deadly aith she's ta'en,
That she wad vote the border Knight,
Though she should vote her lane.

For far off fowls hae feathers fair,
An' fools o' change are fain;
But I hae tried the border Knight,
I'll try him yet again.

Says auld black Joan frae Creighton peel,
A Carlin stout and grim,
The auld guidman or young guidman,
For me may sink or swim!

For fools may prate o' right and wrang,
While knaves laugh them to scorn:
But the Sodger's friends hae blawn the best,
Sae he shall bear the horn.

Then whisky Jean spak o'er her drink,
Ye weel ken kimmers a',
The auld guidman o' Lon'on court,
His back's been at the wa'.

* Dumfries.

† Lochmaben.

‡ Annan. § Kirkcudbright. || Sanguhar.

And monie a friend that kiss'd his caup,
Is now a frammit wight;
But it's ne'er sae wi' whisky Jean,
We'll send the border Knight.

Then slow raise Marjorie o' the Lochs,
And wrinkled was her brow;
Her ancient weed was russet gray,
Her auld Scots heart was true.

There's some great folks set light by me,
I set as light by them;
But I will send to Lon'on town
Wha I loe best at hame.

So how this weighty plea will end,
Nae mortal wight can tell;
God grant the King and lika man
May look weel to himself.

THE LASS THAT MADE THE BED TO ME.

WHEN January winds were blawing cauld,
As to the north I bent my way,
The mirksome night did me enfauld,
I kenn'd na where to lodge till day;
By my guid luck a lass I met,
Just in the middle of my care,
And kindly she did me invite,
To walk into a chamber fair.

I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
And thank'd her for her courtesie,
I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
And bade her make a bed for me:
She made the bed both large and wide,
Wi' twa white hands she spread it down;
She put the cup to her rosy lips,
And drank, "Young man, now sleep ye sound."

She snatch'd the candle in her hand,
And frae my chamber went wi' speed:
But I call'd her quickly back again,
To lay some mair below my head;
A cot she laid below my head,
And served me with due respect;
And to salute her with a kiss,
I put my arms about her neck.

"Hand aff your hands, young man," she says,
"And dinna sae uncivil be;
Gif ye hae ony love for me,
O wrang na my virginity!"
Her hair was like the links o' gowd,
Her teeth were like the ivory,
Her cheeks like lilies dipp'd in wine,
The lass that made the bed for me.

Her bosom was the driven snaw,
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see;
Her limbs the polish'd marble stane,
The lass that made the bed to me.
I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
And aye she wistna what to say;
I laid her 'tween me and the wa':
The lassie thought na lang till day.

Upon the morrow, when we raise,
I thank'd her for her courtesie;
But aye she blush'd and aye she sigh'd,
And said, "Alas! ye've ruin'd me."
I clasp'd her waist, and kiss'd her syne,
While the tear stood twinkling in her e'e:
I said, "my lassie, dinna cry,
For ye aye shall mak the bed to me."

She took her mither's Holland sheets,
And made them a' in sarks to me;
Blythe and merry may she be,
The lass that made the bed to me.
The bonnie lass made the bed to me,
The braw lass made the bed to me;
I'll ne'er forget, till the day that I die,
The lass that made the bed to me.

THE KIRK'S ALARM.*

A SATIRE.

ORTHODOX. Orthodox, wha believe in John Knox,
Let me sound an alarm to your conscience:
There's a heretic blast, has been blawn in the wast,
That what is no sense must be nonsense.

Dr. Mac,† Dr. Mac, you should stretch on a rack,
To strike evil doers wi' terror;
To join faith and sense upon ony pretence,
Is heretic, damnable error.

Town of Ayr, town of Ayr, it was mad I declare,
To meddle wi' mischief a-brewing;
Provost John is still deaf to the church's relief,
And orator Bob ‡ is its ruin.

D'rymple mild,§ D'rymple mild, though your heart's
like a child,
And your life like the new driven snaw,
Yet that winna save ye, auld Satan must have ye,
For preaching that three's ane and twa.

Rumble John,¶ Rumble John, mount the steps wi'
a groan,
Cry the hook is wi' heresy cramm'd;
Then lug out your ladle, deal brimstone like addle,
And roar every note of the damn'd.

Simper James,‡ Simper James, leave the fair Killie
dames,
There's a hollier chase in your view;
I'll lay on your head, that the pack ye'll soon lead,
For puppies like you there's but few.

Singet Sawney,** Singet Sawney, are ye herding
the penny,
Unconscious what evils await?
Wi' a jump, yell, and howl, alarm every soul,
For the foul thief is just at your gate.

Daddy Auld,†† Daddy Auld, there's a tod in the
[fauld,
A tod meikle waur than the Clerk;
Tho' ye can do little skaith, ye'll be in at the death,
And gif ye canna bite, ye may bark.

Davie Bluster,‡‡ Davie Bluster, if for a saint ye do
muster,
The corps is no nice of recruits:
Yet to worth let's be just, royal blood ye might
boast,
If the ass was the king of the brutes.

Jamie Goose,§§ Jamie Goose, ye hae made but toom
roose,
In hunting the wicked Lieutenant: [ark,
But the Doctor's your mark, for the L—d's haly
He has cooper'd and caw'd a wrang pin int'.

Poet Willie,||| Poet Willie, gie the Doctor a volley,
Wi' your liberty's chain and your wit;
O'er Pegasus's side ye ne'er laid a stride,
Ye but smelt, man, the place where he s—t.

Andro Gouk,¶¶ Andro Gouk, ye may slander the
book,
And the book name the waur let me tell ye!
Ye are rich, and look big, but lay by hat and wig,
And ye'll hae a calf's head o' sma' value.

Barr Steenie,• Barr Steenie, what mean ye? what
mean ye?
If ye'll meddle nae mair wi' the matter,
Ye may hae some pretence to havins and sense,
Wi' people wha ken ye nae better.

Irvine Side,‡ Irvine Side, wi' your turkey-cock
pride,
Of manhood but sma' is your share;
Ye've the figure, 'tis true, even your faes will allow,
And your friends they dare grant you nae mair.

* This Poem was written a short time after the publication of Dr. M'Gill's Essay.

† Dr. M'Gill. ‡ R—t A—k—n. § Mr. D—m—le.
¶ Mr. R—ss—ll. ¶¶ Mr. M'K—y. ** Mr. M—y.
†† Mr. A—d. ‡‡ Mr. G—t of O—l—e. §§ Mr. Y—g
of C—n—k. ||| Mr. P—b—s of Ayr. ¶¶ Dr. A. M—ll.
• Mr. S—n Y—g of B—x. ‡ Mr. S—h of G—n.

Muirland Jock,* Muirland Jock, when the L—d
makes a rock
To crush common sense for her sins,
If ill manners were wit, there's no mortal so fit
To confound the poor Doctor at ance.

Holy Will,† Holy Will, there was wit i' your skull
When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor;
The timmer is scant, when ye're ta'en for a sant,
Wha should swing in a rape for an hour.

Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons, seize your spiritual
guns,
Ammunition you never can need;
Your hearts are the stuff, will be powther enough,
And your skulls are storehouses o' lead.

Poet Burns, Poet Burns, wi' your priest-skelping
turns,
Why desert ye your auld native shire?
Your muse is a gipsie, e'en tho' she were tipsie,
She could ca' us nae waur than we are.

THE TWA HERDS.

O A' ye pious godly flocks,
Well fed on pastures orthodox,
Wha now will keep you frae the fox
Or worrying tykes,
Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks,
About the dykes?

The twa best herds in a' the wast,
That e'er gae gospel horn a blast,
These five and twenty summers past,
O I dool to tell,
Hae had a bitter black out-cast,
A tween themsel.

O, M—y, man, and wordy R—ll,
How could you raise so vile a bustle,
Ye'll see how new-light herds will whistle,
And think it fine
The Lord's cause ne'er gat sic a twistle,
Sin' I hae min'.

O sirs! whae'er wad hae expectit,
Your duty ye wad see neglectit,
Ye wha were ne'er by lairds respectit,
To wear the plaid,
But by the brutes themselves electit,
To be their guide.

What flock wi' M—y's flock could rank,
Sae hale an hearty every shank,
Nae poison'd soor Arminian stank,
He let them taste,
Frae Calvin's well, aye clear they drank,
O sic a feast!

The thummart, wi' cat, brock and tod,
Weel kenn'd his voice through a' the wood,
He smell'd their ilka hole and road,
Baith out and in,
And weel he lik'd to shed their bluid,
And sell their skin.

What herd like R—ll tell'd his tale?
His voice was heard through muir and dale,
He kenn'd the Lord's sheep ilka tail,
O'er a' the height,
And saw gin they were sick or hale,
At the first sight.

He fine a mangy sheep could scrub,
Or nobly fling the gospel club,
And new-light herds could nicely drub,
Or pay their skin;
Could shake them o'er the burning dub,
Or heave them in.

Sic twa—O! do I live to see?
Sic famous twa should disagree,
An' names, like villain, hypocrite,
Lik ither gien,
While new-light herds, wi' laughin' spite,
Say neither's lien.

A' ye wha tent the gospel fauld,
There's D—n, deep, and P—s, shaul,
But chiefly thou, apostle A—d,
We trust in thee,
That thou wilt work them, hot and cauld,
Till they agree.

Consider, Sirs, how we're beset,
There's scarce a new herd that we get,
But comes frae 'mang that cursed set,
I winna name,
I hope frae heav'n to see them yet
In fiery flame.

D—e has been lang our fae,
M—ll has wrought us meikle wae,
And that cursed rascal ca'd M—e,
And bath the S—s,
That aft hae made us black and blae,
Wi' vengefu' paws.

Auld W—w lang has hatch'd mischief,
We thought aye death wad bring relief,
But he has gottin, to our grief,
Ane to succeed him,
A chiel, wha'll soundly buff our beef;
I meikle dread him.

And mony a ane that I could tell,
Wha fan wad openly rebel,
Forby turncoats amang counsel,
There S—h for ane,
I doubt he's but a gray nick quill,
And that ye'll fin'.

O! a' ye flocks, o'er a' the hills,
By mosses, meadows, moors and fells,
Come join your counsel and your skills,
To cove the lairds,
And get the brutes the power themselves,
To choose their herds.

Then Orthodoxy yet may prance,
And learning in a woody dance,
And that fell cur ca'd Common Sense,
That bites sae sair,
Be banish'd o'er the sea to France:
Let him bark there.

Then Shaw's and D'rymple's eloquence,
M—ll's close nervous excellence,
M'Q—'s pathetic manly sense,
And guid M—h
Wi' S—th, wha through the heart can glance,
May a' pack aff!

EPISTLE FROM A TAYLOR

73

ROBERT BURNS.

WHAT wae fu' news is this I hear,
Frae greeting I can scarce forbear,
Folks tell me, ye're gawn aff this year,
Out o'er the sea,
And lasses wham ye loe sae dear
Will greet for thee.

Weel wad I like war ye to stay,
But, Robin, since ye will away,
I hae a word yet mair to say,
And maybe twa.
May he protect us right an' day,
That made us a'.

Whaur thou art gawn, keep mind frae me.
Seek him to hear thee company,
And, Robin, whan ye come to die,
Ye'll won aboon.
An' live at peace an' unity
Ajoont the moon.

Some tell me, Rab, ye dinna fear
To get a wean, an' curse an' swear,
I'm unco wae, my lad, to hear
O' sic a trade,
Could I persuade ye to forbear,
wad be glad.

* Mr. S—d. † An Elder in M—e

Fu' weel ye ken ye'll gang to hell,
Gin ye persist in doing ill—
Waes me! ye're hurlin' down the hill
Withouten dread,
An' ye'll get leave to swear your fill
After ye're dead.

There walth o' women ye'll get near,
But gettin' weans ye will forbear,
Ye'll never say, my bonnie dear
Come gie's a kiss—
Nae kissing there—ye'll gim an' sneer,
An' ither bliss.

O Rab! lay by thy foolish tricks,
An' steer nae mair the female sex,
Or some day ye'll come through the pricks,
An' that ye'll see;
Ye'll find hard living wi' Auld Nicks;
I'm wae for thee.

But what's this comes wi' sic a knell,
Amist as loud as ony bell?
While it does mak my conscience tell
Me what is true,
I'm but a ragget cowt mysel,
Owre sib to you!

We're owre like those wha think it fit,
To stuff their noddles fu' o' wit,
An' yet content in darkness sit,
Wha shun the light,
To let them see down to the pit,
That lang dark night.

But farewell, Rab, I maun awa',
May he that made us keep us a',
For that wad be a dreadfu' fa'
And hurt us sair,
Lad, ye wad never mend awa',
Sae, Rab, tak care.

THE ANSWER.

WHAT ails ye now, ye lousie l—h,
To thresh my back at sic a pitch?
Losh man! I hae mercy wi' your natch,
Your bodkin's bauld,
I didna suffer ha'f sae much
Frae Daddie Auld.

What though at times when I grow crouse,
I gie their wames a random pouse,
Is that enough for you to souse
Your servant sae?
Gae mind your seam, ye prick the louse,
An' jag the flae.

King David o' poetic brief,
Wrought 'mang the lasses sic mischief
As fill'd his after life wi' grief
An' bloody rants,
An' yet he's rank'd amang the chief
O' lang syne saunts.

And maybe, Tam, for a' my cants,
My wicked rhymes, an' drucken rants,
I'll gie auld cloven Clouty's haunts
An' unco slip yet,
An' snugly sit amang the saunts
At Davie's hip yet.

But fegs, the session says I maun
Gae fa' upo' anither plan,
Than garra lasses cowp the cran
Clean heels owre bodr,
And sairly thole their mither's ban,
Afore the howdy.

This leads me on, to tell for sport,
How I did with the Session sort—
Auld Clinkum at the Inner port
Cry'd three times, "Robin,
Come hither lad, an' answer for't,
Ye're blam'd for jobbin."

Wi' pinch I put a Sunday's face on,
And snoor'd awa before the Session—
I made an open, fair confession,
I scorn'd to lie;
An' syne Mess John, beyond expression,
Fell foul o' me.

A fornicator lown he call'd me,
An' said my fault frae bliss expell'd me;
I own'd the tale was true he tell'd me,
"But what the matter?"
Quo' I, "I fear unless ye geld me,
I'll ne'er be better."

"Geld you!" quo' he, "and what for no!
If that your right hand, leg or toe,
Should ever prove your spiritual foe,
You should remember
To cut it aff, an' what for no,
Your dearest member?"

"Na, na," quo' I, "I'm no for that,
Gelding's nae better than 'us ca't,
I'd rather suffer for my fault,
A hearty flewit,
As sair owre hip as ye can draw't!
Though I should rue it

"Or gin ye like to end the bother,
To please us a', I've just as ither,
When next wi' yon lass I forgoather
Whate'er betide it,
I'll frankly gie her't a' thegither,
An' let her guide it."

But, Sir, this pleas'd them warst awa,
An' therefore, Tam, when that I saw,
I said, "Guid night," and cam awa,
And left the Session.
I saw they were resolved a'
On my oppression.

LETTER TO JOHN GOUDIE,

KILMARNOCK,

On the Publication of his Essays.

O GOUDIE! terror o' the Whigs,
Dread o' black coats and rev'rend wigs,
Soor Rigotry, on her last legs,
Gurnin' looks back,
Wishin' the ten Egyptian plagues
Wad seize you quick.

Poor gapin', glowrin' Superstition,
Waes me! she's in a sad condition;
Fy, bring Black Jock, her state physician,
To see her better;
Alas! there's ground o' great suspicion
She'll ne'er get better.

Auld Orthodoxy lang did grapple,
But now she's got an unco ripple,
Haste, gie her name up! the chapel,
Nigh unto death;
See how she fetches at the thrapple,
An' gasps for breath.

Enthusiasm's past redemption,
Gaen in a galloping consumption,
Not a' the quacks, wi' a' their gumption,
Will ever mend her
Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption
Death soon will end her

'Tis you and Taylor* are the chief,
Wha are to blame for this mischief;
But gin the L—d's ain folks gat leave,
A toom tar warrel
And twa red peats wad send relief,
An' end the quarrel.

LETTER TO J—S T—T GL—NC—R.

AULD comrade dear and brother sinner,
How 's a' the folk about GL—nc—r;
How do you this blae castlin' wind,
That's like to blaw a body blind:
For me my faculties are frozen,
My dearest member nearly dozen'd:
I've sent you here by Johnie Simson,
Twa sage philosophers to glimpse on;

* Dr. Taylor of Norwich.

Smith, wi' his sympathetic feeling,
An' Reid, to common sense appealing,
Philosophers have fought an' wrangled,
An' meikle Greek an' Latin mangled,
Till wi' their logic jargon thr'd,
An' in the depth of science mir'd,
To common sense they now appeal,
What wives an' wabsters see an' feel;
But hark ye, friend, I charge you strictly,
Peruse them an' return them quickly;
For now I'm grown sae cursed douse,
I pray an' ponder *but* the house,
My shins, my lane, I there sit roastin',
Perusing Bunyan, Brown, and Boston;
Till by an' by, if I haud on,
I'll grunt a real Gospel groan;
Already I begin to try it,
To cast my een up like a pyet,
When by the gun she tunbles o'er,
Flutt'ring an' gasping in her gore:
Sae shortly you shall see me bright,
A burning and a shining light.

My heart-warm love to guid auld Glen,
The ace an' wale of honest men;
When bending down with auld gray hairs,
Beneath the load of years and cares,
May he who made him still support him,
An' views beyond the grave comfort him.
His worthy fam'ly far and near,
God bless them a' wi' grace and gear.

ON THE DEATH

OF

SIR JAMES HUNTER BLAIR.

THE lamp of day, with ill-presaging glare,
Dim, cloudy, sunk beneath the western wave;
Th' inconstant blast howl'd through the darkening
air,
And hollow whistled in the rocky cave.

Lone as I wander'd by each cliff and dell,
Once the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train;
Or mus'd where limpid streams, once hallow'd,
well,t
Or mould'ring ruins mark the sacred fane.†

Th' increasing blast roar'd round the beetling rocks,
The clouds swift-wing'd flew o'er the starry sky,
The groaning trees untimely shed their locks,
And shooting meteors caught the startling eye.

The paly moon rose in the livid east,
And 'mong the cliffs disclos'd a stately form,
In weeds of woe that frantic beat her breast,
And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm.

Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow,
'Twas Caledonia's trophied shield I view'd;
Her form majestic droop'd in pensive woe,
The lightning of her eye in tears imbued.

Revers'd that spear, redoubtable in war;
Reclin'd that banner, erst in fields unfurl'd,
That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar,
And brav'd the mighty monarchs of the world.—

"My patriot son fills an untimely grave!"
With accents wild and lifted arms she cried;
"Low lies the hand that oft was stretch'd to save,
Low lies the heart that swell'd with honest
pride!

"A weeping country joins a widow's tear,
The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry;
The drooping arts surround their patron's bier,
And grateful science heaves the heartfelt sigh.—

"I saw my sons resume their ancient fire;
I saw fair Freedom's blossoms richly blow;
But ah! how hope is born but to expire!
Relentless fate has laid this guardian low.—

* The King's Park, at Holyrood-house.

† St. Anthony's Well ‡ St. Anthony's Chapel.

"My patriot falls, but shall he lie unsung,
While empty greatness caves a worthless name!
No; every muse shall join her tuneful tongue,
And future ages hear his growing fame.

"And I will join a mother's tender cares,
Through future times to make his virtues last,
That distant years may boast of other Blairs."
She said, and vanish'd with the sweeping blast.

THE JOLLY BEGGARS.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVO.

WHEN lyart leaves bestrew the yird,
Or, wavering like the bauckie bird,
Bedim could Boreas' blast:
When hailstones drive wi' bitter skyte,
And infant frosts begin to bite,
In hoary cranreugh drest;
Ae night at e'en, a merry core
O' randie gangrel bodies,
In Poosie-Nansie's held the splore,
To drink their ora duddies:
Wi' quaffing and laughing,
They ranted and they sang;
Wi' jumping and thumping
The vera girdle rang.

First, nelst the fire, in auld red rags,
Ane sat, weel brac'd wi' mealy bags,
And knapsack a' in order;
His doxy lay within his arm,
Wi' usquebae and blankets warm,
She blinket on her sodger;
And aye he gies the tousie drab
The tither skelpin' kiss,
Whil'st she held up her greedy gab,
Jus: like an a'mous dish;
Ilk smack still, did crack still,
Just like a cadger's whup,
Then staggering, and swaggering,
He roar'd this ditty up—

AIR.

Tune—"Soldier's Joy."

I AM a son of Mars, who have been in many wars
And show my cuts and scars wherever I come,
This here was for a wench, and that other in a
trench,
When welcoming the French at the sound of the
Lal de daudle, &c.

My 'prenticeship I past where my leader breath'd
his last,
When the bloody die was cast on the heights of
Abram; [play'd,
I served out my trade when the gallant game was
And the Moro low was laid at the sound of the
drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

I lastly was with Curtis, among the floating bat-
tries,
And there I left for witnesses an arm and a limb:
Yet let my country need me, with Elliot to head me,
I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of the drum.
Lal de daudle, &c.

And now, though I must beg, with a wooden arm
and leg,
And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum,
I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle, and my
callet,
As when I us'd in scarlet to follow the drum.
Lal de daudle, &c.

What though with hoary locks, I must stand the
windy shocks,
Beneath the woods and rocks, oftentimes for a
home;

* The old Scotch name for the Bat.

When the tother bag I sell, and the tother bottle
tell,
I could meet a troop of hell at the sound of the
drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

RECITATIVO.

He ended; and the kebars sheuk
Aboon the chorus roar;
While frighted rattans backward leuk,
And seek the benmost bore:

A fairy fiddler frae the neuk,
He skirl'd out encore!
But up arose the martial's chuck,
And laid the loud uproar.

AIR.

Tune—"Soldier Laddie."

I ONCE was a maid, though I cannot tell when,
And still my delight is in proper young men;
Some one of a troop of dragoons was my daddie,
No wonder I'm fond of a sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de la, &c.

The first of my loves was a swaggering blade,
To rattle the thundering drum was his trade;
His leg was so tight and his cheek was so ruddy,
Transported I was with my sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de la, &c.

But the goodly old chaplain left him in the lurch,
So the sword I forsook for the sake of the church,
He ventur'd the soul. I risked the body,
'Twas then I prov'd false to my sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de la, &c.

Full soon I grew sick of the sanctified sot,
The regiment at large for a husband I got;
From the gilded spontoon to the fife I was ready,
I asked no more but a sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de la, &c.

But the peace it reduc'd me to beg in despair,
Till I met my old boy at a Cunningham fair,
His rags regimental they flutter'd sae gaudy,
My heart it rejoic'd at my sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de la, &c.

And now I have liv'd—I know not how long,
And still I can join in a cup or a song;
But whilst with both hands I can hold the glass
steady,

Here's to thee, my hero, my sodger laddie!
Sing, Lal de la, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Poor Merry Andrew, in the neuk,
Sat guzzling wi' a tinkler hizzie;
They mind't na what the chorus took,
Between themselves they were sae bizzzy;
At length, wi' drink and courting dizzy,
He stoiter'd up and made a face;
Then turn'd and laid a smack on Grizzy,
Syne tun'd his pipes wi' grave grimace.

AIR.

Tune—"Auld Sir Symon."

SIR Wisdom's a fool when he's fou,
Sir Knave is a fool in a session;
He's there but a 'prentice, I trow,
But I am a fool by profession

My grannie she bought me a beuk,
And I held awa to the school;
I fear I my talent misteuk;
But what will ye hae of a fool

For drink I would venture my neck,
A hizzie's the half o' my craft;
But what could ye other expect
Of a ne that's avowedly daft.

I ance was ty'd up like a stirk,
For civilly swearing and quaffing
I ance was abus'd i' the kirk,
For towzling a lass i' my daffin.

Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport,
Let naeboddy name wi' a jeer;
There's ev'n I'm tauld i' the court,
A tumbler ca'd the Premier.

Obserr'd ye, yon reverend lad
Makes faces to tickle the mob;
He rails at our mountebank squad,
It's rivalryship just i' the job.

And now my conclusion I'll tell,
For faith I'm confoundedly dry,
The chiel that's a fool for himsel',
Gude L—d, is far dafter than I.

RECITATIVO.

Then niest outspak a raucle carlin',
Wha kent fu' weel to cleeck the sterlin',
For monie a purse she had hooked,
And had in monie a well been ducket;
Her dove had been a Highland laddie,
But weary fa' the waefu' woodie!
Wi' sighs and sabs, she thus hegan
To wait her braw John Highlandman:

AIR.

Tune—"O an' ye were dead, guidman."

A HIGHLAND lad my love was born,
The Lallan' laws he held in scorn;
But he still was faithfu' to his clan,
My gallant, braw John Highlandman.

CHORUS.

*Sing, hey, my braw John Highlandman,
Sing, ho, my braw John Highlandman;
There's no a lad in all the land
Was match for my John Highlandman.*

With his philibeg and tartan plaid,
And guid claymore down by his side,
The ladies' hearts he did trepan,
My gallant, braw John Highlandman.

Sing, hey, &c.

We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,
And liv'd like lords and ladies gay;
For a Lallan face he feared nae,
My gallant, braw John Highlandman.

Sing, hey, &c.

They banish'd him beyond the sea,
But ere the bud was on the tree,
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,
Embracing my John Highlandman.

Sing, hey, &c.

But oh! they catch'd him at the last,
And bound him in a dungeon fast,
My curse upon them every one,
They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman.

Sing, hey, &c.

And now a widow, I must mourn
The pleasures that will ne'er return;
No comfort but a hearty can,
When I think on John Highlandman.

Sing, hey, &c.

RECITATIVO.

A pigmy Scraiper wi' his fiddle,
Wha us'd at trysts and fairs to driddle,
Her strappin' linb and gaucy middle
(He reach'd nae higher),
Had hol't his heartie like a riddle,
And blawn't on fire.

Wi' hand on haunch, and upward e'e,
He croon'd his gamut aye, twa, three,
Then, in an *Arioso* key,
The wee Apollo
Set off, wi' *Allegretto* glee,
His *Giga solo*.

AIR.

Tune—"Whistle o'er the lave o't."

Let me ryke up to dight that tear
And go wi' me and be my dear,

And then your every care and fear
May whistle o'er the lave o't.

CHORUS.

*I am a fiddler to my trade,
And a' the tunes that e'er I play'd,
The sweetest still to wife or maid,
Was whistle o'er the lave o't.*

At kirms and weddings we'll be there,
And Oh! sae nicely's we will fare;
We'll bouse about, till Daddie Care
Sings whistle o'er the lave o't.

I am, &c.

Sae merrily's the banes we'll pyke,
And sun oursel's about the dyke,
And at our leisure when we like,
We'll whistle o'er the lave o't.

I am, &c.

But bless me wi' your heav'n o' charms,
And while I kittle hair on thairms,
Hunger, cauld, and a' sic harms,
May whistle o'er the lave o't.

I am, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird,
As weel as poor Gut-scraper;
He tak's the fiddler by the beard,
And draws a roosty rapier—
He swoor, by a' was swearing worth,
To spit him like a pliver,
Unless he wad from that time forth
Relinquish her for ever.

Wi' ghastly e'e, poor tweedle-dee
Upon his hunkers bended,
And pray'd for grace, wi' ruefu' face,
And sae the quarrel ended.
But though his little heart did grieve
When round the tinkler press'd her,
He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve,
When thus the Caird address'd her:

AIR.

Tune—"Clout the Cauldron."

MY bonnie lass, I work in brass,
A tinkler is my station;
I've travell'd round all Christian ground
In this my occupation;
I've taen the gold, I've been enrold'd
In many a noble squadron;
But vain they search'd, when off I march'd
To go and clout the cauldron.

I've taen the gold, &c.

Despise that shrimp, that wither'd imp,
Wi' a' his noise and caprin',
And tak a share wi' those that bear
The budget and the apron;
And by that stowp, my faith and houp,
And by that dear Kilbagie,*
If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant,
May I ne'er wat my craigle.

And by that stowp, &c.

RECITATIVO.

The Caird prevail'd—th' unblushing fair
In his embraces sunk,
Partly wi' love o'ercome sae sair,
And partly she was drunk.
Sir Violino, with an air
That show'd a man o' spunk,
Wish'd unison between the pair,
And made the bottle clunk
To their health that night.

But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft,
That play'd a dame a shavie,
The fiddler rak'd her fore and aft,
Behint the chicken cavie.

* A peculiar sort of whisky, so called; a great favourite with Poesie Nansie's clubs.

Her lord, a wight o' Homer's craft,
Though limping wi' the spavie,
He hirpl'd up, and lap like daft,
And shor'd them Dainty Davie
O boot that night.

He was a care-defying blade
As ever Bacchus listed,
Though Fortune sair upon him laid,
His heart the ever miss'd it.
He had nae wish, but—to be glad,
Nor want—but when he thirsted
He hated nought but—to be sad,
And thus the Muse suggested
His sang that night.

AIR.

Tune—"For a' that, and a' that."

I AM a bard of no regard,
Wi' gentlefolks and a' that;
But Homer-like, the glowran byke,
Frae town to town I draw that.

CHORUS.

*For a' that, and a' that,
And twice as meikle's a' that;
I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',
I've wife enough, for a' that.*

I never drank the Muses' stank,
Castalia's burn, and a' that;
But there it streams, and richly reams,
My Helicon I ca' that.

For a' that, &c.

Great love I bear to a' the fair,
Their humble slave, and a' that;
But lordly will, I hold it still
A mortal sin to thaw that.

For a' that, &c.

In raptures sweet, this hour we meet,
Wi' mutual love, and a' that;
But for how lang the fie may stang,
Let inclination law that.

For a' that, &c.

Their tricks and craft hae put me daft,
They've taen me in, and a' that;
But clear your decks, and "Here's the sex!"
I like the jads for a' that.

*For a' that, and a' that,
And twice as meikle's a' that,
My dearest bluid, to do them guid,
They're welcome till't, for a' that.*

RECITATIVO.

So sung the bard—and Nansie's wa's
Shook with a thunder of applause,
Re-echo'd from each mouth;
They toom'd their pucks, and pawn'd their duds,
They scarcely left to co'er their fuds,
To quench their lowan drouth.

Then owre again, the jovial thrang,
The poet did request,
To lowe his pack, and wale a sang,
A ballad o' the best;
He, rising, rejoicing
Between his twa Deborahs,
Looks round him, and found them
Impatient for the chorus,

AIR.

Tune—"Jolly Mortals, fill your Glasses."

SEE the smoking bowl before us,
Mark our jowl ragged ring;
Round and round take up the chorus,
And in raptures let us sing:

CHORUS.

*A fig for those by law protected !
 Liberty's a glorious feast !
 Courts for cowards were erected,
 Churches built to please the priest.*

What is title ? What is treasure
 What is reputation's care ?
 If we lead a life of pleasure,
 Tis no matter, how or where !
A fig, &c.

With the ready trick and fable,
 Round we wander all the day ;
 And at night, in barn or stable,
 Hug our doxies on the hay.
A fig, &c.

Does the train-attended carriage
 Through the country lighter rove ?
 Does the sober bed of marriage
 Witness brighter scenes of love ?
A fig, &c.

Life is all a variorum,
 We regard not how it goes ;
 Let them cant about decorum
 Who have characters to lose.
A fig, &c.

Here's to budgets, bags, and wallets !
 Here's to all the wandering train !
 Here's our ragged brats and callets !
 One and all cry out, Amen !
A fig, &c.

GLOSSARY.

THE *ch* generally and *gh* always have the guttural sound. The sound of the English diphthong *oo*, is commonly spelled *ou*. The French *u*, a sound which often occurs in the Scottish language, is marked *oo*, or *ui*. The *a* in genuine Scottish words, except when forming a diphthong, or followed by an *e* mute after a single consonant sounds generally like the broad English *a* in *wall*. The Scottish diphthong *æ*, always, and *ea*, very often, sound like the French *e* masculine. The Scottish diphthong *eu*, sounds like the Latin *ei*.

A.

A', All.
Aback, away, aloof.
Abraigh, at a shy distance.
Aboon, above, up.
Abread, abroad, in sight.
Abreed, in breadth.
Addle, putrid water, &c.
Æ, one.
Aff, off; *Affloaf*, unpremeditated.
Afore, before.
Aft, oft.
Aften, often.
Afley, off the right line; wrong.
Ablins, perhaps.
Ain, own.
Airle-penny, *Airls*, earnest-money.
Airn, iron.
Aith, an oath.
Aits, oats.
Aiver, an old horse.
Aizle, a hot cinder.
Alake, alas.
Alane, alone.
Akwairt, awkward.
Amait, almost.
Amang, among.
in', and; if.
Ance, once.
Ane, one; and.
Anent, over against; concerning.
Anither, another.
Ase, ashes.
Askient, askint; aslant.
Askeer, abroad; stirring.
Athart, athwart.
Aught, possession; as, *in a' my aught*, in all my possession.
Auld lang syne, olden time, days of other years.
Auld, old.
Auldfarran, or *auld farrant*, sagacious, cunning, prudent.
Ava, at all.
Ana', away.
Anfu', awful.
Anna, the beard of barley, oats, &c.
Annie, bearded.
Ayond, beyond.

B.

BA', Ball.
Backels, ash boards.
Backlins, coming; coming back, returning.
Back, returning.
Bac', did bid.
Baide, endured, did stay.
Baggie, the belly.
Bainte, having large bones, stout.
Bairn, a child.
Bairntime, a family of children, a brood.
Baith, both.
Ban, to swear.
Bane, bone.
Bang, to beat; to strike.

Bardie, diminutive of bard.
Barefil, barefooted.
Barmie, of, or like harm.
Batch, a crew, a gang.
Batts, lots.
Baudrons, a cat.
Bauld, bold.
Bawlk, bank.
Barva'nt, having a white stripe down the face.
Be, to let be; to give over; to cease.
Bea, barley.
Beastie, diminutive of beast.
Beet, to add fuel to fire.
Beld, bald.
Belyte, by and by.
Ben, into the spence or parlour; a spence.
Benlomond, a noted mountain in Dumbartonshire.
Bethankit, grace after meat.
Beuk, a book.
Bicker, a kind of wooden dish: a short race.
Bie, or *Bield*, shelter.
Bien, wealthy, plentiful.
Dig, to build.
Diggin, building; a house.
Biggit, built.
Bili, a bull.
Bille, a brother; a young fellow.
Bing, a heap of grain, potatoes, &c.
Birk, birch.
Birken-shaw, *Birchen-wood-shaw*, a small wood.
Birkie, a clever fellow.
Birring, a noise of partridges, &c. when they spring.
Bit, crisis, nick of time.
Bizz, a bustle, to buzz.
Blastie, a shrivelled dwarf; a term of contempt.
Blastit, blasted.
Blate, bashful, sheepish.
Blather, bladder.
Blaud, a flat piece of any thing; to slap.
Blaw, to blow, to boast.
Bleert, bleared, sore with rheum.
Bleert and blin', bleared and blind.
Bleezing, blazing.
Blellum, an idle talking fellow.
Blether, to talk idly; nonsense.
Bleth'rin, talking idly.
Blink, a little while; a smiling look; to look kindly; to shine by fits.
Blinker, a term of contempt.
Blinkin, smirking.
Blue-gown, one of those beggars who get annually, on the king's birth-day, a blue cloak or gown with a badge.
Bluid, blood.
Bluntie, a sniveller, a stupid person.
Blyte, a shred, a large piece.
Bock, to vomit, to gush intermittently.
Bocked, gushed, vomited.
Bodle, a small gold coin.
Bogles, spirits, hobgoblins.
Bonnie, or *Bonny*, handsome, beautiful.
Bunnoch, a kind of thick cake of bread, a small jan-nock, or loaf made of oatmeal.
Boord, a board.
Boortree, the shrub elder; planted much of old in hedges of barn-yards, &c.

Boort, behaved, must needs.
Bore, a hole in the wall.
Botch, an angry tumour.
Bousing, drinking.
Bow-kail, cabbage.
Bort, bended, crooked.
Brackens, fern.
Brace, a declivity; a precipice; the slope of a hill.
Braid, broad.
Braindg^{ts}, reeled forward.
Brak, a kind of harrow.
Braindge, to run rashly forward.
Brak, broke, made insolvent.
Branks, a kind of wooden curb for horses.
Brash, a sudden illness.
Brats, coarse clothes; rags; &c.
Bratle, a short race; hurry; fury.
Brav, fine, handsome.
Bravly, or *Bravific*, very well; finely; heartily.
Brazie, a morbid sheep.
Breastie, diminutive of breast.
Breastit, did spring up or forward.
Breckan, fern.
Brecf, to ease; an invulnerable or irresistible spell.
Brecks, breeches.
Brent, smooth.
Brevin, brewing.
Brie, juice, liquid.
Brig, a bridge.
Brunstane, brimstone.
Brisket, the breast, the bosom.
Brither, a brother.
Brock, a badger.
Brogue, a hum; a trick.
Broo, broth; liquid; water.
Brose, broth; a race at country weddings, who shall first reach the bridegroom's house on returning from church.
Browster-wives, ale-house wives.
Brough, a burgh.
Bruilzie, a broil, a combustion.
Brunt, did burn, burnt.
Burst, to burst; burst.
Buchan-bullers, the boiling of the sea among the rocks on the coast of Buchan.
Bucksin, an inhabitant of Virginia.
Bught, a pen.
Bughtin-time, the time of collecting the sheep in the pens to be milked.
Buirdly, stout-made; broad-made.
Bum-cloak, a humming beetle that flies in the summer evenings.
Bumming, humming as bees.
Bummle, to blunder.
Bummier, a blunderer.
Bunker, a window-seat.
Burdies, diminutive of birds.
Bure, did bear.
Burn, water; a rivulet.
Burnevin, i. e. burn the wind, a blacksmith.
Burnie, diminutive of burn.
Buskie, bushy.
Buskit, dressed.
Busks, dresses.
Bussle, a bustle, to bustle.
Buss, shelter.
But, bot, with; without.
But an' ben, the country kitchen and parlour.
By himself, lunatic, distracted.
Byke, bee-hive.
Byre, a cow-stable, a sheep-pen.

C.

CA', To call, to name; to drive.
Ca't, or *ca'd*, called, driven; calved.
Cadger, a carrier.
Cadie, or *Caddie*, a person; a young fellow.
Caff, chaff.
Caird, a tinker.
Cairn, a loose heap of stones.
Calf-ward, a small enclosure for calves.
Callan, a boy.
Caller, fresh; sound; refreshing.
Cannie, or *cannie*, gentle, mild; dexterous.
Cannlie, dexterously; gently.
Cantie, or *canty*, cheerful, merry.
Cantraip, a charm, a spell.
Cap-stane, cope-stone; key-stone.
Carterin, cheerfully.
Carl, an old man.
Carlín, a stout old woman.

Cartes, cards.
Caudron, a caldron.
Cauk and keel, chalk and red clay.
Cauld, cold.
Caup, a wooden drinking-vessel.
Cesses, taxes.
Chanter, a part of a bagpipe.
Chap, a person, a fellow; a blow.
Chaup, a stroke, a blow.
Cheekit, cheeked.
Cheep, a chirp; to chirp.
Chiel, or *cheel*, a young fellow.
Chimla, or *chimlie*, a fire-grate, a fire-place.
Chimla-lug, the fireside.
Chittering, shivering, trembling.
Chockin, chocking.
Chow, to chew; *cheek for chow*, side by side.
Chuffie, fat-faced.
Clachan, a small village about a church; a hamlet.
Claise, or *claes*, clothes.
Claih, cloth.
Claihing, clothing.
Clavies, nonsense; not speaking sense.
Clap, a clapper of a mill.
Clarkit, wrote.
Clash, an idle tale, the story of the day.
Clatter, to tell idle stories; an idle story.
Claut, snatch'd at, laid hold of.
Claut, to clean; to scrape.
Clauted, scraped.
Clavers, idle stories.
Claw, to scratch.
Clead, to clothe.
Cleeds, clothes.
Cleekit, having aught.
Clinkin, jerking; cinkling.
Clinkumell, he who rings the church-bell.
Clip, shears.
Clishmaclaver, idle conversation.
Clock, to hatch; a beetle.
Clockin, hatching.
Cloot, the hoof of a cow, sheep, &c.
Cloutie, an old name for the Devil.
Clour, a hump or swelling after a blow.
Cluds, clouds.
Coarín, wheedling.
Coble, a fishing boat.
Cockernony, a lock of hair tied upon a girl's head, a cap.
Coff, bought.
Cog, a wooden dish.
Coggie, diminutive of cog.
Coila, from *Kyle*, a district of Ayrshire; so called, saith tradition, from *Coil*, or *Coilus*, a Pictish monarch.
Collie, a general, and sometimes a particular name for country curs.
Collieshangie, quarrelling, an uproar.
Commaun, command.
Cood, the cud.
Covf, a blockhead; a ninny.
Cookit, appeared and disappeared by fits.
Coot, did cast.
Coot, the ankle or foot.
Cootie, a wooden kitchen dish:—also, those fowls whose legs are clad with feathers are said to be cootie.
Corbies, a species of the crow.
Core, corps; party; clan.
Corn't, fed with oats.
Cotter, the inhabitant of a *cot-house*, or cottage.
Couthie, kind, loving.
Cove, a cave.
Cove, to terrify; to keep under, to lop; a fright; a branch of furze, broom, &c.
Comp, to barter; to tumble over; a gang.
Compit, tumbled.
Conrin, cowering.
Cont, a colt.
Cozie, snug.
Cozily, snugly.
Crabbit, crabbed, fretful.
Crack, conversation; to converse.
Crackin, conversing.
Craft, or *craft*, a field near a house (*in old husbandry*).
Craiks, cries or calls incessantly; a bird.
Crambo-clink, or *crambo-jingle*, rhymes, doggrel verses.
Crank, the noise of an ungreased wheel.
Crankous, fretful, capitious.
Cranreuch, the hoar frost.

Crop, a crop; to crop.
Crow, a crow of a cock; a took.
Cree, a basket; to have one's nits in a cree, to be crazed; to be fascinated.
Creept stool, the same as cutty-stool.
Creechit, grazy.
Croo, or *cruil*, to coo as a dove.
Croon, a hollow and continued moan; to make a noise like the continued roar of a bull; to hum a tune.
Crooning, humming.
Crouchie, crook-backed.
Crouse, cheerful, courageous.
Crouselly, cheerfully; courageously.
Crowdie, a composition of oat-meal and boiled water, sometimes from the broth of beef, mutton, &c.
Crowdie-time, breakfast time.
Crowlin, crawling.
Crummy, a cow with crooked horns.
Crump, hard and brittle; *spoken of bread*.
Crunt, a blow on the head with a cudgel.
Cuif, a blockhead, a ninny.
Cummock, a short staff with a crooked head.
Curchie, a courtesy.
Curler, a player at a game on the ice, practised in Scotland, called *curling*.
Curlie, curled, whose hair falls naturally in ringlets.
Curling, a well known game on the ice.
Curmurring, murmuring; a slight rumbling noise.
Curpin, the crupper.
Cushat, the dove, or wood-pigeon.
Cutty, short; a spoon broken in the middle.
Cutty-stool, the stool of repentance.

D.

DADDIE, a father.
Daffin, merriment; foolishness.
Daff, merry, giddy, foolish; mad.
Daimen, rare, now and then; *daimen-icker*, an ear of corn now and then.
Dainly, pleasant, good humoured, agreeable.
Daise, *daze*, to stupefy.
Dales, plains, valleys.
Darklins, darkling.
Daud, to thrash, to abuse.
Daur, to dare.
Dauri, dared.
Daurg, or *daurk*, a day's labour.
Davoc, David.
Davd, a large piece.
Dawtil, or *dawlet*, fundled, caressed.
Dearies, diminutive of dears.
Dearthfu, dear.
Deave, to deafen.
Deil-na-care! no matter! for all that!
Delcerit, delirious.
Describe, to describe.
Dight, to wipe; to clean corn from chaff.
Dight, cleaned from chaff.
Ding, to worst, to push.
Dink, neat, tidy, trim.
Dinna, do not.
Dirl, a slight tremulous stroke or pain.
Dizen, or *dizz'n*, a dozen.
Doited, stupefied, hebetated.
Dolt, stupefied, crazed.
Donate, unlucky.
Dool, sorrow; to sing *dool*, to lament, to mourn.
Doos, doves.
Dorty, saucy, nice.
Douce, or *douse*, sober, wise, prudent.
Doucely, soberly, prudently.
Dought, was or were able.
Doup, backside.
Doup-skelper, one that strikes the tail.
Dour and *din*, sullen and sallow.
Doure, stout, durable; sullen, stubborn.
Dow, am or are able, can.
Dowff, pitiless, wanting force.
Dowie, worn with grief, fatigue, &c. half asleep.
Downda, am or are not able, cannot.
Doyle, stupid.
Dozen't, stupefied, impotent.
Dray, a drop; to drop.
Draigle, to soil by trailing, to draggle among wet, &c.
Drappin, dropping.
Draunting, drawing; of a slow enunciation.
Drerp, to ooze, to drop.
Dreigh, tedious, long about it.

Dribble, drizzling; siavet.
Drift, a drove.
Droddum, the breech.
Drone, part of a bagpipe.
Droop-rumpli, that droops at the crupper.
Droukilt, wet.
Draunting, drawing.
Drowth, thirst, drought.
Drucken, drunken.
Drumly, muddy.
Drummock, meat and water mixed in a raw state.
Drunt, pet, sour humour.
Dub, a small pond.
Duds, rags, clothes.
Duddie, ragged.
Dung, worsted; pushed, driven.
Dunted, beaten, boxed.
Dush, to push as a ram, &c.
Dushit, pushed by a ram, ox, &c.

E.

E'E, the eye.
Een, the eyes.
E'enin, evening.
Eerie, frightened, dreading spirits.
Eild, old age.
Elbuck, the elbow.
Eldritch, ghastly, frightful.
Eller, an elder, or church officer.
En, end.
Enbrugh, Edinburgh.
Enough, enough.
Especially, especially.
Etile, to try, to intend.
Eydent, diligent.

F.

Fa, fall; lot; to fall.
Fa's, does fall; water-falls.
Faddom't, fathomed.
Fae, a foe.
Faem, foam.
Faiket, unknown.
Fairin, a fairing; a present.
Fallow, fellow.
Fand, did and.
Farl, a cake of eaten bread, &c.
Fash, trouble, care, to trouble, to care fu
Fasht, troubled.
Fasteren-den, Fasten's Even.
Fauld, a fold; to fold.
Faulding, folding.
Faut, fault.
Faute, want, lack.
Fawsont, decent, seemly.
Fenl, a field; smooth.
Fearfu, frightful.
Fearly, lighted.
Feat, neat, spruce.
Fecht, to fight.
Fechtin, fighting.
Feck, many, plenty.
Fekket, an under waistcoat with sleeves.
Feksfu, large, brawny, stout.
Fekless, puny, weak, silly.
Fekcky, weakly.
Feg, a fig.
Felde, feud, enmity.
Ferrie, stout, vigorous, healthy.
Felt, keen, biting; the flesh immediately under the skin; a field pretty level, on the side or top of a hill.
Fen, successful struggle; fight.
Fend, to live comfortably.
Ferlie, or *ferley*, to wonder; a wonder; a term of contempt.
Feteh, to pull by fits.
Feteh't, pulled intermittently.
Fidge, to fidget.
Fiel, soft, smooth.
Fient, fiend, a petty oath.
Fier, sound, healthy; a brother; a friend.
Fisels, to make a rustling noise; to fidget; a hustle.
Fil, a foot.
Fillie-lan', the nearer horse of the hindmost pair in the plough.
Fizz, to make a hissing noise, like fermentation.
Flainen, flannel.
Fleech, to supplicate in a flattering manner.
Fleech'd, supplicated.

Fleechin, supplicating.
Fleesh, a fleece.
Fleg, a kick, a random blow.
Flether, to decoy by fair words.
Fletherin, flattering.
Fley, to scare, to frighten.
Flickter, to flutter, as young nestlings when their dam approaches.
Flinders, shreds, broken pieces, splinters.
Flinging-tree, a piece of timber hung by way of partition between two horses in a stable; a dail.
Flisk, to fret at the yoke.
Fliskit, fretted.
Flitter, to vibrate like the wings of small birds.
Flittering, fluttering, vibrating.
Flunkie, a servant in livery.
Fodgel, squat and plump.
Foord, a ford.
Forebears, forefathers.
Forby, besides.
Forfairn, distressed; worn out, jaded.
Forfaughten, fatigued.
Forgather, to meet, to encounter with.
Forgie, to forgive.
Forjesket, jaded with fatigue.
Fother, fodder.
Fou, full; drunk.
Foughten, troubled, harassed.
Foulh, plenty, enough, or more than enough.
Fow, a bushel, &c.; also a pitch-fork.
Frae, from; off.
Frammit, strange, estranged from, at enmity with.
Freath, froth.
Frien, friend.
Fu, full.
Fud, the scut, or tail of the hare, coney, &c.
Fuff, to blow intermittently.
Fuff't, did blow.
Funnie, full of merriment.
Fur, a furrow.
Furm, a form, bench.
Fyke, trifling cares; to piddle, to be in a fuss about trifles.
Fyle, to soil, to dirty.
Fyl't, soiled, dirtied.

G.

G 4B, the month; to speak boldly, or pertly.
Gaderlunzie, an old man.
Gadman, a ploughboy, the boy that drives the horses in the plough.
Gae, to go; *gaed*, went; *gaen*, or *gane*, gone; *gaun*, going.
Gael, or *gate*, way, manner; road.
Gairs, triangular pieces of cloth sewed on the bottom of a gown, &c.
Gang, to go, to walk.
Gar, to make, to force to.
Gar't, forced to.
Garten, a garter.
Gash, wise, sagacious; talkative; to converse.
Gashin, conversing.
Gaucy, jolly, large.
Gaud, a plough.
Gear, riches; goods of any kind.
Geck, to toss the head in wantonness or scorn.
Ged, a pike.
Gentles, great folks, gentry.
Genty, elegantly formed, neat.
Geordie, a guinea.
Get, a child, a young one.
Ghaist, a ghost.
Gie, to give; *gied*, gave; *gien*, given.
Gifthe, diminutive of gift.
Gielets, playful girls.
Gillie, diminutive of gill.
Gilpey, a half grown, half informed boy or girl, romping lad, a hoiden.
Gimmer, a ewe from one to two years old.
Gin, if; against.
Gipsey, a young girl.
Girn, to grin, to twist the features in rage, agony, &c.
Girning, grinning.
Gizz, a periwig.
Glaikit, inattentive, foolish.
Glaive, a sword.
Ganky, half-witted, foolish, romping.
Glaizie, glittering; smooth like glass.
Glaum, to snatch greedily.
Glaum'd, aimed, snatched.
Gleck, sharp, ready.

Gleg, sharp, ready.
Gleib, glebe.
Glen, a dale, a deep valley.
Gley, a squirt; to squirt; *a-grey*, off at a side, wrong.
Glib-gabbet, smooth and ready in speech.
Glint, to peep.
Glinted, peeped.
Glintin, peeping.
Gloamin, the twilight.
Glowr, to stare, to look; a stare, a look.
Glowrd, looked, stared.
Glunsh, a frown, a sour look.
Goavan, looking round with a strange, inquiring gaze; staring stupidly.
Gowan, the flower of the wild daisy, hawk-weed, &c.
Gowany, daisied, abounding with daisies.
Gowd, gold.
Gonff, the game of golf; to strike as the bat does the ball at golf.
Gonff'd, struck.
Gonik, a cuckoo; a term of contempt.
Gonk, to howl.
Grain, or *grain*, a groan; to groan.
Grain'd and grunted, groaned and grunted.
Graining, groaning.
Graip, a pronged instrument for cleaning stables.
Graith, accoutrements, furniture, dress, gear.
Grannie, grandmother.
Grape, to grope.
Grapi, groped.
Grat, wept, shed tears.
Great, intimate, familiar.
Gree, to agree; to bear the gree, to be decidedly victor.
Greet, agreed.
Greet, to shed tears, to weep.
Greenin, crying, weeping.
Gripped, caught, seized.
Groat, to get the whistle of one's groat, to play a losing game.
Grousome, loathsomely, grim.
Grozet, a gooseberry.
Grumph, a grunt; to grunt.
Grumphie, a sow.
Grun, ground.
Grunslane, a grindstone.
Gruntle, the phiz; a grunting noise.
Grunzie, mouth.
Gruhie, thick; of thriving growth.
Gude, the Supreme Being; good.
Guid, good.
Guid-morning, good morrow.
Guid-e'en, good evening.
Guidman and guidwife, the master and mistress of the house; young guidman, a man newly married.
Guid-millie, liberal; cordial.
Guidfather, guidmother, father-in-law, and mother-in-law.
Gully, or *gullie*, a large knife.
Gumlie, muddy.
Gusty, tasteful.

H.

HA', hall.
Ha'-Bible, the great bible that lies in the hall.
Hae, to have.
Haen, had, the participle.
Hael, *fient haet*, a petty oath of negation; nothing.
Haffet, the temple, the side of the head.
Hafflins, nearly half, partly.
Hag, a scar, or gulf, in mosses, and moors.
Haggis, a kind of pudding boiled in the stomach of a cow or sheep.
Hain, to spare, to save.
Hain'd, spared.
Hairst, harvest.
Haith, a petty oath.
Haivers, nonsense, speaking without thought.
Hal' or *hald*, an abiding place.
Hale, whole, tight, healthy.
Haly, holy.
Hame, home.
Hallan, a particular partition-wall in a cottage, or more properly a seat of turf at the outside.
Hallowmas, Hallow eve, the 31st of October.
Hamely, homely, affable.
Han' or *hann'*, hand.
Hap, an outer garment, mantle, plaid, &c. to wrap, to cover; to hop.

Happer, a hopper.
Happing, hopping.
Hay step an' loup, hop skip and leap.
Harkit, hearkened.
Harn, very coarse linen.
Hash, a fellow that neither knows how to dress nor act with propriety.
Hauld, hastened.
Hauld, to hold.
Haughs, low lying, rich lands; valleys.
Hauri, to drag; to peel.
Hawlin, peeling.
Haverel, a half witted person; half witted.
Havins, good manners, decorum, good sense.
Hankie, a cow, properly one with a white face.
Heapit, heaped.
Healsome, healthful, wholesome.
Hearse, hoarse.
Heart, hear it.
Heath, heath.
Hech! oh! strange.
Hecht, promised; to foretell something that is to be got or given; foretold; the thing foretold; offered.
Heckle, a board, in which are fixed a number of sharp pins, used in dressing hemp, flax, &c.
Heeze, to elevate, to raise.
Helm, the rudder or helm.
Herd, to tend flocks; one who tends flocks.
Herrin, a herring.
Herry, to plunder; most properly to plunder birds nests.
Herryment, plundering, devastation.
Hersel, herself; also a herd of cattle, of any sort
Het, hot.
Heugh, a crag, a coalpit.
Hilch, a hobble; to halt.
Hilchin, halting.
Himself, himself.
Hiney, honey.
Ring, to hang.
Hirple, to walk crazily, to creep.
Hissel, so many cattle as one person can attend.
Histie, dry; chapped; barren.
Hitch, a loop, a knot.
Hizzie, a hussy, a young girl.
Hoddin, the motion of a sage countryman riding on a cart-horse; humble.
Hog-score, a kind of distance line, in curling, drawn across the rink.
Hog-slaughter, a kind of horse play, by justling with the shoulder; to juggle.
Hool, outer skin or case, a nut-shell; a peas-cool.
Hoolie, slowly, leisurely.
Hoolie! take leisure, stop.
Hoord, a hoard; to hoard.
Hoordit, hoarded.
Horn, a spoon made of horn.
Hornie, one of the many names of the devil.
Host, or *hoast*, to cough; a cough.
Hostin, coughing.
Hosts, coughs.
Hotch'd, turned topsyturvy; blended, mixed.
Houghmagandie, fornication.
Houlet, an owl.
Housie, diminutive of house.
Hove, to heave, to swell.
Hov'd, heaved, swelled.
Horadie, a midwife.
Hove, hollow; a hollow or dell.
Honelackit, sunk in the back, spoken of a horse, &c.
Honff, a tipping house; a house of resort.
Hovk, to dig.
Homkit, digged.
Honkin, digging.
Horslet, an owl.
Hoy, to urge.
Hoy't, urged.
Hoyse, to pull upwards.
Hoyle, to amble crazily.
Hughor, diminutive of Hugh.
Hurcheon, a hedgehog.
Hurdies, the loins; the crupper.
Hushion, a cushion.

I.

I', in.
Icker, an ear of corn.
Ier-oe, a great-grandchild.
Ilk, or *ilka*, each, every.
Ill-millie, ill-matured, malicious, nigga'd

Ingine, genius, ingenuity.
Ingie, fire; fire-place.
Ire, I shall or will.
Ither, other; one another.

J.

JAD, Jade; also a familiar term among countr' folks for a giddy young girl.
Jauk, to dally, to trifle.
Jaukin, trifling, dallying.
Jaup, a jerk of water; to jerk as agitated water.
Jan, coarse rallery; to pour out; to shut; to as water.
Jerkinet, a jerkin, or short gown.
Jillet, a jilt, a giddy girl.
Jimp, to jump, slender in the waist; handsome.
Jimps, easy stays.
Jink, to dodge, to turn a corner; a sudden turning; a corner.
Jinker, that turns quickly; a gay sprightly girl; a wag.
Jinkin, dodging.
Jirk, a jerk.
Jockleg, a kind of knife.
Jouk, to stoop, to bow the head.
Jow, to *jow*, a verb which includes both the swinging motion and pealing sound of a large bell.
Jundie, to juggle.

K.

KAE, a daw.
Kail, colewort; a kind of broth.
Kail-runt, the stem of colewort.
Kain, fowls, &c. paid as rent by a farmer.
Kebbucle, a cheese.
Keekle, to giggle; to titter.
Keek, a peep, to peep.
Kelpier, a sort of mischievous spirits, said to haunt fords and ferries at night, especially in storms.
Ken, to know; *kend* or *kenn'd*, knew.
Kennin, a small matter.
Kenspeckle, well known, easily known.
Ket, matted, hairy; a fleece of wool.
Kilb, to truss up the clothes.
Kimmer, a young girl, a gossip.
Kin, kindred; *kin'*, kind, adj.
King's-hood, a certain part of the entrails of an ox, &c.
Kintra, country.
Kintra Cooser, country stallion.
Kirn, the harvest supper; a churn.
Kirsen, to christen, or baptize.
Kist, a chest; a shop counter.
Kitchen, any thing that eats with bread; to serve for soup, gravy, &c.
Kith, kindred.
Kittle, to tickle; ticklish; lively, apt.
Kittin, a young cat.
Kuttle, to cuddle.
Knuttlin, cuddling.
Knaggie, like *knags*, or points of rocks.
Knap, to strike smartly, a smart blow.
Knappin'-hammer, a hammer for breaking stones.
Knove, a small round hillock.
Knurl, a dwarf.
Kye, cows.
Kyle, a district in Ayrshire.
Kyle, the belly.
Kithe, to discover; to show one's self.

L.

LADDIE, diminutive of lad.
Laggen, the angle between the side and bottom of a wooden dish.
Laigh, low.
Lairing, wading, and sinking in snow, mud, &c.
Laith, loath.
Laithfu', bashful, sheepish.
Lallans, the Scottish dialect of the English language.
Lambie, diminutive of lamb.
Lampit, a kind of shell-fish, a limpit.
Lan', land; estate.
Lane, lone; *my lane*, *thy lane*, &c. myself, alone, &c.
Lanely, lonely.
Lang, long; *io think lang*, to long, to weary.
Lap, did leap.
Lave, the rest, the remainder, the others.
Laverock, the lark.

Lawin, shot, reckoning, bill.
Lawlan, lowland.
Lca'e, to leave.
Leal, loyal, true, faithful.
Lra-ry, grassy ridge.
Lear, (pronounced lare), learning.
Lre-lang, live-long.
Leesow, pleasant.
Leesow, a phrase of congratulatory endearment;
 I am happy in thee, or proud of thee.
Leister, a three-prong'd dart for striking fish.
Leugh, did laugh.
Leuk, a look; to look.
Libbet, gelded.
Lift, the sky.
Lightly, sneeringly; to sneer at.
Lilt, a ballad; a tune; to sing.
Limmer, a kept mistress, a strumpet.
Limpt, limped, hobbled.
Link, to trip along.
Linkin, tripping.
Linn, a waterfall; a precipice.
Lint, flax; *lint i' the bell*, flax in flower.
Lintwile, a linen.
Loan or *Loanin*, the place of milking.
Loof, the palm of the hand.
Loof, did let.
Looves, plural of loof.
Loun, a fellow, a ragamuffin; a woman of easy virtue.
Loup, jump, leap.
Lowe, a flame.
Lowin, flaming.
Lowrie, abbreviation of Lawrence.
Louse, to loose.
Lous'd, loosed.
Lug, the ear; a handle.
Lugget, having a handle.
Luggie, a small wooden dish with a handle.
Lum, the chimney.
Lunch, a large piece of cheese, flesh, &c.
Lunt, a column of smoke; to smoke.
Luntin, smoking.
Lyart, of a mixed colour, gray.

M.

MAE, more.
Mair, more.
Maisl, most, almost.
Mainly, mostly.
Maik, to make.
Makin', making.
Mailen, a farra.
Mallie, Molly.
Mang, among.
Manse, the parsonage house where the minister lives.
Mantele, a mantle.
Mark, marks, (*This and several other nouns which in English require an s, to form the plural, are in Scotch, like the words sheep, deer, the same in both numbers.*)
Marled, variegated; spotted.
Mar's year, the year 1715.
Maskum, *meslin*, mixed corn.
Mask, to mash, as malt, &c.
Maskin-pat, a tea-pot.
Maud, *mand*, a plaid worn by shepherds, &c.
Maukin, a hare.
Maun, must.
Mavis, the thrush.
Man, to mow.
Marvin, mowing.
Meere, a mare.
Meikle, *meickle*, much.
Melancholious, mournful.
Melder, corn, or grain of any kind, sent to the mill to be ground.
Mell, to meddle. Also a mallet for pounding barley in a stone trough.
Melvie, to soil with meal.
Men, to mend.
Mense, good manners, decorum.
Menseless, ill-bred, rude, impudent.
Messi, a small dog.
Midden, a dunghill.
Midden-hole, a gutter at the bottom of a dunghill.
Mim, *prim*, affectedly meek.
Min, mind, resemblance.
Mind't, mind it; resolved, intending.

Minnie, mother, dam.
Mirk, *mirkst*, dark, darkest.
Misca', to abuse, to call names.
Misca'd, abused.
Misclear'd, mischievous, unmannerly.
Misteuk, mistook.
Mither, a mother.
Mistle-matie, confusedly mixed.
Moistify, to moisten.
Mony or *monie*, many.
Moals, dust, earth, the earth of the grave. *To rake i' the moals*; to lay in the dust.
Moop, to nibble as a sheep.
Moortan', of or belonging to moors.
Morn, the next day, to-morrow.
Mou, the mouth.
Moudinort, a mole.
Mousie, diminutive of mouse.
Muckle, or *mickle*, great, big, much.
Muste, diminutive of muse.
Mustin-kail, broth, composed simply of water, shelter, barley, and greens.
Mutchkin, an English pint.
Myse', myself.

N.

NA, no, not, nor.
Nae, no, not, any.
Naething, or *naithing*, nothing.
Naig, a horse.
Nine, none.
Nappy, ale; to be tipsy.
Neebor, a neighbour.
Negleckit, neglected.
Neuk, a nook.
Nest, next.
Nieve, the fist.
Nievefu', handful.
Nifter, an exchange; to exchange, to barter.
Niger, a negro.
Nine-tailed-cat, a hangman's whip.
Nit, a nut.
Norland of or belonging to the north.
Notie't, noticed.
Norvie, black cattle.

O.

O', of.
Ochels, name of mountains.
O haill, O faith! an oath.
Ony, or *onie*, any.
Or, is often used for ere; before.
Ora, or *orra*, supernumerary, that can be spared.
O't, of it.
Ourie, shivering; drooping.
Oursel, or *oursels*, ourselves.
Outlers, cattle not housed.
Omre, over; too.
Omre-hip, a way of fetching a blow with the hammer over the arm.

P.

PACK, intimate, familiar: twelve stone of wool.
Painch, paunch.
Patrick, a partridge.
Pang, to cram.
Parle, speech.
Parrilch, oatmeal pudding, a well-known Scotch dish.
Pat, did put; a pot.
Pattle, or *Pettle*, a plough-staff.
Paughty, proud, haughty.
Pauky, or *paunkie*, cunning, sly.
Pay't, paid; beat.
Peck, to fetch the breath short, as in an asthma.
Peckan, the crop, the stomach.
Peelin', peeling, the rind of fruit.
Pet, a domesticated sheep, &c.
Pettle, to cherish; a plough-staff.
Phillibegs, short petticoats worn by the Highland men.
Phruise, fair speeches, flattery, to flatter.
Phraisin, flattery.
Pibroch, Highland war music adapted to the bag pipe.
Pickle, a small quantity.
Pine, pain, uneasiness.
Pit, to put.
Placae, a public proclamation.

Pinck, an old Scotch coin, the third part of a Scotch penny; twelve of which make an English penny.
Plackless, penniless, without money.
Platie, diminutive of plate.
Plow, or *plough*, a plough.
Pitsh, a trick.
Pound, to seize cattle or goods for rent, as the laws of Scotland allow.
Powrth, poverty.
Pou, to pull.
Pouls, to pluck.
Pouttie, a hare or cat.
Pout, a foul, a chick.
Pou't, did pull.
Powthery, like powder.
Pow, the head, the skull.
Pownie, a little horse.
Powther or *powther*, powder.
Preen, a pin.
Prent, to print; print.
Prie, to taste.
Prie'd, tasted.
Prief, proof.
Prig, to cheapen, to dispute.
Priggin, cheapening.
Primie, demure, precise.
Propone, to lay down, to propose.
Provost, provost.
Puddock-stool, a mushroom, fungus.
Pund, pound; pounds.
Pyle, a pyle o' caff, a single grain of chaff.

Q.

QUAT, to quilt.
Quak, to quake.
Quey, a cow from one to two years old.

R.

RAGWEED, the herb ragwort.
Raible, to rattle nonsense.
Rair, to roar.
Raise, to madden, to inflame.
Ram-fetz'd, fatigued; overspread.
Ram-stam, thoughtless, forward.
Rayloch, (properly) a coarse cloth; but used as an adnoun for coarse.
Rurely, excellently, very well.
Rash, a rush; *rash-buss*, a bush of rushes.
Ratton, a rat.
Raucle, rash; stout; fearless.
Raught, reached.
Rari, a row.
Raz, to stretch.
Ream, cream; to cream.
Reaming, brimful, frothing.
Reave, rove.
Recky, to heed.
Rele, counsel; to counsel.
Red-wat-shod, walking in blood over the shoe-tops.
Red-wud, stark mad.
Ree, half drunk, fuddled.
Reek, smoke.
Reekin, smoking.
Reekil, smoked; smoky.
Remead, remedy.
Requile, requited.
Rest, to stand restive.
Restil, stood, restive; stunted; withered.
Restricked, restricted.
Ren, to repent, to compassionate.
Rief, reef, plenty.
Rief randies, sturdy beggars.
Rig, a ridge.
Rigniddie, *rigwoodie*, the rope or chain that crosses the saddle of a horse to support the spokes of a cart; spare, withered, sapless.
Rin, to run, to melt; *rinnin*, running.
Rinky, the course of the stones; a term in curling on ice.
Rip, a handful of unthreshed corn.
Riskit, made a noise like the tearing of roots.
Rockin, spinning on the rock or distaff.
Rood, stands likewise for the plural *roods*.
Roon, a shred, a border or selvage.
Roose, to praise, to commend.
Roosly, rusty.
Roun, round, in the circle of neighbourhood.
Roupet, hoarse, as with a cold.
Roulhie, plentiful.
Row, to roll, to wrap.

Row'd, rolled, wrapped.
Rowte, to low, to bellow.
Routh, or *routh*, plenty.
Routin, lowing.
Rosci, rosin.
Rung, a cudgel.
Runkled, wrinkled.
Runt, the stem of colewort or cabbage.
Ruth, a woman's name; the book so called; sorrow.
Ryke, to reach.

SAE, so.
Saif, soft.
Sair, to serve; a sore.
Sairly, or *sairlie*, sorely.
Sair't, served.
Sark, a shirt; a shift.
Sarkit, provided in shirts.
Saugh, the will.
Saul, soul.
Saumont, salmon.
Saunt, a saint.
Saut, salt, *adj.* salt.
Saw, to sow.
Savin, sowing.
Saz, six.
Scath, to damage, to injure; injury.
Scar, a cliff.
Scad, to scald.
Scauld, to scold.
Scaur, apt to be scared.
Scawl, a scold; a termagant.
Scoun, a cake of bread.
Sconner, a loathing; to loathe.
Scratch, to scream as a hen, partridge, &c.
Screed, to tear; a rent.
Serieve, to glide swiftly along.
Serievin, gleesomely; swiftly.
Serimp, to scant.
Serimpet, did scant; scanty.
See'd, did see.
Seizin, seizing.
Sel, self; a body's self, one's self alone.
Sell't, did sell.
Sen, to send.
Sen't, I, &c. sent, or did send it; send it.
Servan, servant.
Settlin, settling; to get a settlin', to be frightened into quietness.
Sets, sets off, goes away.
Shachled, distorted; shapeless.
Shaird, a shred, a shard.
Shangan, a stick cleft at one end for putting the tail of a dog, &c. into, by way of mischief, or to frighten him away.
Shaver, a humorous wag; a barber.
Shaw, to show; a small wood in a hollow.
Shcen, bright, shining.
Sheep-shank; to think one's self nae sheep-shank, to be conceited.
Sherra-moor, sheriff-moor, the famous battle fought in the rebellion, A. D. 1715.
Sheugh, a ditch, a trench, a sluice.
Shiel, a shed.
Shill, shrill.
Shog, a shock; a push off at one side.
Shool, a shovel.
Shoon, shoes.
Shore, to offer, to threaten.
Shor'd, offered.
Shoulder, the shoulder.
Shure, did shear, shore.
Sic, such.
Sicker, sure, steady.
Sidelins, sidelong, slanting.
Siller, silver; money.
Simmer, summer.
Sin, a son.
Sin, since.
Skein, see *scath*.
Skellum, a worthless fellow.
Skelp, to strike, to slap; to walk with a smart tripping step; a smart stroke.
Skelpie-limmer, a reproachful term in female scolding.
Skelpin, stepping, walking.
Skeigh, or *skeigh*, proud, nice, high-mettled.
Skieukin, a small portion.
Skirl, to shriek, to cry shrilly.
Skirling, shrieking, crying.

- Skip't*, shrieked.
Skint, slant; to run slant, to deviate from truth.
Skinted, ran, or hit, in an oblique direction.
Skouth, freedom to converse without restraint; range, scope.
Skriech, a scream; to scream.
Skyrin', shining; making a great show.
Skyte, force, very forcible motion.
Slae, a sloe.
Slade, did slide.
Slap, a gate; a breach in a fence.
Slaver, saliva; to emit saliva.
Slaw, slow.
Slay, slay; sleest, sliest.
Slackit, sleek; sly.
Sliddery, slippery.
Slupe, to fall over, as a wet furrow from the plough.
Slyjet, fell.
Sma', small.
Smeddum, dust, powder; mettle, sense.
Smiddy, a smithy.
Smoor, to smother.
Smoor'd, smothered.
Smoutie, smutty, obscene, ugly.
Smytrie, a numerous collection of small individuals.
Snapper, to stumble, a stumble.
Snash, abuse, bilinggate.
Snaw, snow; to snow.
Snaw-broo, melted snow.
Snawie, snowy.
Snack, snick, the latch of a door.
Sned, to lop, to cut off.
Sneeshin, snuff.
Sneeshin-mill, a snuff-box.
Snell, bitter, biting.
Snick-drawing, trick-contriving, crafty.
Snirtle, to laugh restrainedly.
Snood, a ribbon for binding the hair.
Snool, one whose spirit is broken with oppressive slavery; to submit tamely, to sneak.
Snootie, to go smoothly and constantly; to sneak.
Snork, to scent or snuff, as a dog, &c.
Snorkit, scented, snuffed.
Sonsie, having sweet, engaging looks; lucky, jolly.
Soem, to swim.
Soeth, truth, a petty oath.
Sough, a heavy sigh, a sound dying on the ear.
Souple, flexible; swift.
Souiter, a shoemaker.
Sovens, a dish made of oatmeal; the seeds of oatmeal soured, &c. slummary.
Sorip, a spoonful, a small quantity of any thing liquid.
Sorith, to try over a tune with a low whistle.
Souther, soldier, to solder, to cement.
Spae, to prophesy, to divine.
Spaul, a limb.
Spairge, to dash, to soil, as with mire.
Spaviet, having the spavin.
Spean, spane, to wean.
Speat, or *spate*, a sweeping torrent, after rain or thaw.
Speel, to climb.
Spence, the country parlour.
Spier, to ask, to inquire.
Spier't, inquired.
Splatter, a splutter, to splutter.
Spleughan, a tobacco-pouch.
Splore, a frolic; a noise, riot.
Sprackie, sprackle, to clamber.
Sprattle, to scramble.
Speckled, spotted, speckled.
Spring, a quick air in music; a Scottish reel.
Spirit, a tough-rooted plant, something like rushes.
Sprittie, full of spirit.
Spunk, fire, mettle; wit.
Spunkie, mettlesome, fiery; will-o' wisp, or ignis fatuus.
Spurtle, a stick used in making oatmeal pudding or porridge.
Squad, a crew, a party.
Squatter, to flutter in water; as a wild duck, &c.
Squatlie, to sprawl.
Squeel, a scream, a screech; to scream.
Stacher, to stagger.
Stack, a rick of corn, hay, &c.
Staggie, the diminutive of stag.
Stalwart, strong, stout.
Stand, to stand; *stan'd*, did stand.
Stane, a stone.
Stang, an acute pain; a twinge; to sting.
Stank, did stink; a pool of standing water.
- Step*, stop.
Starie, stout.
Starile, to run as cattle stung by the gad fly.
Stawmel, a blockhead; half-witted.
Star, did steal; to surfeit.
Stech, to cram the belly.
Stechin, cramming.
Sleek, to shut; a stitch.
Steer, to molest; to stir.
Steeve, firm, compacted.
Stell, a still.
Sten, to rear as a horse.
Sten't, reared.
Stente, tribute; dues of any kind.
Stey, steep; *steyest*, steepest.
Stibble, stubble; *stibble-rig*, the reaper in harvest who takes the lead.
Stick an' stow, totally, altogether.
Stile, a crutch; to halt, to limp.
Stimpart, the eighth part of a Winchester bushel.
Strik, a cow or bullock a year old.
Stock, a plant or root of colewort, cabbage, &c.
Stockin', a stocking; *throwing the stockin'*, when the bride and bridegroom are put into bed, and the candle out, the former throws a stocking at random among the company, and the person whom it strikes is the next that will be married.
Stoller, to stagger, to stammer.
Stooked, made up in shocks as corn.
Stoor, sounding hollow, strong, and hoarse.
Stot, an ox.
Stoup, or *stomp*, a kind of jug or dish with a handle.
Stour, dust, more particularly dust in motion.
Storlins, by stealth.
Storn, stolen.
Stoyde, to stumble.
Strack, did strike.
Strae, straw; *to die a fair strae death*, to die in bed.
Straik, did strike.
Strouk, stroked.
Strappan, tall and handsome.
Strought, straight, to straighten.
Streek, stretched, tight, to stretch.
Striddle, to straddle.
Stroon, to spout, to piss.
Studdie, an anvil.
Stumpyie, diminutive of stump.
Strunt, spirituous liquor of any kind; to walk sturdily; huff, sullenness.
Stuff, corn or pulse of any kind.
Sturt, trouble; to molest.
Sturtin, frightened.
Sucker, sugar.
Sud, should.
Sugh, the continued rushing noise of wind or water.
Sultron, southern; an old name for the English nation.
Swaird, sword.
Swall'd, swelled.
Swank, stately, jolly.
Swankit, or *swanker*, a tight strapping young fellow or girl.
Swap, an exchange; to barter.
Swarf, to swoon; a swoon.
Swat, did sweat.
Swatch, a sample.
Swats, drink; good ale.
Swaten, sweating.
Sweeter, lazy, averse; *dead-sweeter*, extremely averse.
Swoor, swore, did swear.
Sringe, to beat; to whip.
Swirl, a curve; an eddying blast, or pool; a knot in wood.
Swirlie, knargie, full of knots.
Swith, get away.
Swither, to hesitate in choice; an irresolute wavering in choice.
Sync, since, ago; then.

T.

- TACKETS*, a kind of nails for driving into the heels of shoes.
Tae, a toe; *three-tae'd*, having three wrongs.
Targe, a target.
Tak, to take; *takin'*, taking.
Tantallan, the name of a mountain.
Tangle, a sea-weed.
Tay, the top.
Tapless, heedless, foolish.
Tarrow, to murmur at one's allowance.

Tarren't, murmured.
Tarry-brecks, a sailor.
Tauld, or *tald*, told.
Taupie, a foolish, thoughtless young person.
Tauled, or *tautie*, matted together; spoken of hair or wool.
Tawie, that allows itself peaceably to be handled; spoken of a horse, cow, &c.
Taul, a small quantity.
Treen, to provoke; provocation.
Teddine, spreading after the m.c.r.
Ten-hour's bite, a slight feed to the horses while in the yoke, in the forenoon.
Tent, a field-pulpit; heed, caution; to take heed; to tend or herd cattle.
Tentie, heedful, cautious.
Tentless, heedless.
Tough, tough.
Thack, thatch; *thack an' rape*, clothing, necessaries.
Thae, these.
Thairms, small guts; fiddle-strings.
Thankit, thanked.
Theekit, thatched.
Thegither, together.
Themsel', themselves.
Thick, intimate, familiar.
Thieveless, cold, dry, spited; spoken of a person's demeanour.
Thir, these.
Thirl, to thrill.
Thirled, thrilled, vibrated.
Thole, to suffer, to endure.
Thowe, a thaw; to thaw.
Thoveless, slack, lazy.
Thrang, throng; a crowd.
Thrapple, throat, windpipe.
Thraue, twenty-four sheaves or two shocks of corn; a considerable number.
Thran, to strain, to twist; to contradict.
Thranin', twisting, &c.
Thrann, sprained, twisted; contradicted.
Threap, to maintain by dint of assertion.
Threshin', thrashing.
Thirteen, thirteen.
Thristle, thistle.
Through, to go on with; to make out.
Throuther, pell-mell, confusedly.
Thud, to make a loud intermittent noise.
Thumpit, thumped.
Thysel', thyself.
Tiltit, to it.
Timmer, timber.
Tint, to lose; *tint*, lost.
Tinkler, a tinker.
Tint the gate, lost the way.
Tip, a ram.
Tippence, twopence.
Tirl, to make a slight noise; to uncover.
Tirlin, uncovering.
Thier, the other.
Tittle, to whisper.
Tittlin, whispering.
Tocher, marriage portion.
Tod, a fox.
Toddle, to totter, like the walk of a child.
Toddlin, tottering.
Toom, empty, to empty.
Toop, a ram.
Toun, a hamlet; a farm-house.
Tout, the blast of a horn or trumpet; to blow a horn, &c.; a slight illness.
Touy, a rope.
Tonmond, a twelvemonth.
Tonzie, rough, shaggy.
Ton, a very old fashion of female head-dress.
Teyte, to totter like old age.
Transmugrify'd, transmigrated, metamorphosed.
Trashtrie, trash.
Trews, trowsers.
Trickie, full of tricks.
Trig, spruce, neat.
Trimly, excellently.
Trom, to believe.
Trowth, truth, a petty oath.
Trytle, an appointment; a fair.
Trysted, appointed; to *tryste*, to make an appointment.
Try't, tried.
Tug, raw hide, of which in old times plough-traces were frequently made.
Tuizie, a quarrel; to quarrel, to fight.

Twa, two.
Twa-three, a few.
Twad, it would.
Twal, twelve; *'twal-pennie worth*, a small quantity, a penny-worth.
N. B. One penny English is 12d. Scotch.
Tutin, to part.
Tyke, a dog.

'7.

UNCO, strange, uncouth; very, very great, prodigious.
Uncos, news.
Unkenn'd, unknown.
Unsicker, unsure, unsteady.
Unskailh'd, undamaged, unhurt.
Unmeeting, unwittingly, unknowingly.
Upo, upon.
Urchin', a hedge-hog.

V.

VAPRIN', vapouring.
Vera, very.
Virl, a ring round a column, &c.
Vittle, corn of all kinds, food.

W.

WA', wall; *wa's*, walls.
Wabster, a weaver.
Wad, would; to bet; a pledge.
Wadna, would not.
Wae, wo; sorrowful.
Wae'fu', woful, sorrowful, wailing.
Waesucks! or *waes me!* alas! O the pity.
Wafst, the cross thread that goes from the shuttle through the web; woot.
Wair, to lay out, to expend.
Wale, choice; to choose.
Wal'd, chose, choen.
Walie, ample, large, jolly; also an interjection or distress.
Wame, the belly.
Wame'fu', a belly-full.
Wauchancie, unlucky.
Wanrest'fu', restless.
Wark, work.
Wark-lume, a tool to work with.
Wart, or *ward*, world.
Warlock, a wizard.
Warly, worldly, eager on amassing wealth.
Warran, a warrant; to warrant.
Warst, worst.
Warsl'd, or *warst'd*, wrestled.
Wastrie, prodigality.
Wat, wet; *I wat*, I wot, I know.
Water-brose, brose made of meal and water simply without the addition of milk, butter, &c.
Wattle, a twig, a wand.
Waukle, to swing, to reel.
Waught, a draught.
Waukit, thickened as fullers do cloth.
Waukrife, not apt to sleep.
Waur, worse; to worst.
Waur't, worsted.
Wean, or *weanie*, a child.
Wearie, or *weary*; many a weary body, many a different person.
Weason, weasand.
Weaving the stocking. See *Stocking*.
Wee, little; *wee things*, little ones; *wee bit*, a small matter.
Weel, well; *weelfare*, welfare.
Weel, rain, weiness.
Weird, fate.
We'se, we shall.
Wha, who.
Whaizle, to wheeze.
Whalpit, whelped.
Whang, a leathern string; a piece of cheese, bread &c. to give the strappado.
Whare, where; *Whare'er*, wherever.
Wheep, to fly nimbly, to jerk; *penny-wheep*, snaf' becc.
Whase, whose.
Whattrek, nevertheless.
Whid, the motion of a hare running but not frighed; a lie.
Whidden, running as a hare or cony.
Whigmeleerice, whums, fancies, crotchets.

Whining, crying, complaining, fretting.
Whirligig, wheel-like ornaments, trifling appendages.
Whistle, a whistle; to whistle.
Whisht, silence; to hold one's *whisht*, to be silent.
Whisk, to sweep, to lash.
Whiskit, lashed.
Whitter, a hearty draught of liquor.
Whin-stane, a whin-stone.
Whyles, whiles, sometimes.
With, with.
Wicht, *Wight*, powerful, strong; inventive; of a superior genius.
Wick, to strike a stone in an oblique direction; a term in curling.
Wicker, willow (the smaller sort.)
Wiel, a small whirlpool.
Wife, a diminutive or endearing term for wife.
Wilgart, bashful and reserved; avoiding society or appearing awkward in it; wild, strange, timid.
Wimble, to meander.
Wimply, meandered.
Wimplin', waving, meandering.
Win, to win, to winnow.
Win', winded as a bottom of yarn.
Win', winds; *win's*, winds.
Winna, will not.
Winnock, a window.
Winsome, hearty, taunted, gay.
Wittle, a staggering motion; to stagger, to reel.
Winze, an oath.
Wiss, to wish.
Withoulen, without.
Wizen'd, hide-bound, dried, shrunk.
Werner, a wonder; a contemptuous appellation.
Wens, dwells.
Woo, wool.
Woo, to court, to make love to.
Wodze, a rope, more properly one made of withes or willows.

Woeer-kel, the garter knotted below the knee with a couple of loops.
Worby, worthy.
Worst, worsted.
Wort, an exclamation of pleasure or wonder.
Wrack, to tease, to vex.
Wrath, a spirit, or ghost; an apparition exactly like a living person, whose appearance is said to forebode the person's approaching death.
Wrange, wrong; to wrong.
Wreth, a drifted heap of snow.
Wud-mad, distracted.
Wumble, a wumble.
Wyle, to beguile.
Whitecoat, a flannel vest.
Wye, blame, to blame.

Y

YAD, an old mare; a worn out horse.
Ye; *this pronoun is frequently used for thou*.
Yeans, longs much.
Yearlings, born in the same year, coevals.
Year is used both for singular and plural years.
Yearn, earn, an eagle, an osprey.
Yell, barren, that gives no milk.
Yerk, to lash, to jerk.
Yerkit, jerked, lashed.
Yestreen, yesterday.
Yett, a gate, such as is usually at the entrance into a farm-yard or field.
Yill, ale.
Yird, earth.
Yokin', yoking; a bout.
Yont, beyond.
Yoursel', yourself.
Yowe, a ewe.
Yowie, diminutive of yowe.
Yule, Christmas.

THE MINSTREL,

And other Poems.

BY JAMES BEATTIE, LL.D.

THE LIFE

OF

DR. BEATTIE.

JAMES BEATTIE, the son of a small farmer at Laurencekirk, a village in the north of Scotland, was born on the 25th of October, 1755. The rudiments of Beattie's learning were acquired at the village parish school. At fourteen years of age he became a student at Aberdeen college, where by his superior scholarship he won an appointment to a small bursary, or exhibition, which furnished the principal means of his support while attending the university; but its amount was so small that he was forced to ek out, by unremitting exertions at private teaching, during his vacant hours, and intervals of vacation. In 1753 he obtained the degree of A. M., and soon after became teacher of the parish school of Fordoun, about six miles from Laurencekirk. About 1758 he was appointed assistant in the Grammar school of Aberdeen; which led subsequently to his marrying the daughter of the senior teacher, Dr. Dun.

From his early years he had cherished a fondness for poetry, and in 1760 he came before the public with a small volume of 'Original Poems and Translations,' which were succeeded by other pieces at various intervals.

In 1760, through the friendship of the Earl of Errol, he obtained the professorship of Moral Philosophy and Logic, in Marischal college, Aberdeen, at the early age of twenty-five. The literary world was at that time agitated by the speculative doctrines of Mr. Hume; and to oppose the torrent of infidelity which threatened to devastate the land, Beattie published, in 1770, his 'Essay on the Nature and Immutability of Truth, in opposition to Sophistry and Scepticism.' His name became immediately known all over the island as the champion of sound doctrine, and his work procured him the applause not only of his countrymen in the north, but also the commendation and friendship of many Englishmen eminent in letters and in rank; among whom were Lord Mansfield, Lord Lyttleton, Bishop Porteous, Bishop Hurd, and Mr. Burke. He soon after received several offers of valuable livings in the Church of England, but to the honour of his principle and consistency, he declined them all.

In 1771 'The Minstrel' appeared; a work which

is likely to be the ultimate bulwark of his fame. The Second Part was published three years after the First, and although the poem is still incomplete, it is such a fragment as will be for ever stored up among the treasures of English poetry. It was at first published anonymously, but its language spoke to the heart and feelings of all classes; the learned descanted upon the critical merits of its structure and rhythm, the unlearned traced in it the effusions of a heart alive to the beauties of nature, and warmed with the kindly sympathies of humanity:—all read it with delight and praised it with enthusiasm.

In 1771 and 1773 Beattie visited London, where he formed an acquaintance with Dr. Johnson, and other celebrated literary characters. The King honoured him with a private interview at Kew, and bestowed on him a pension of £200. On his return to Scotland he was offered the Professorship of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh; but this he refused. This year he received also the degree of LL. D. from his own College. He afterwards published at various periods his 'Essay on Poetry and Music;' 'Dissertations Moral and Critical;' 'Evidences of the Christian Religion;' 'Elements of Moral Science;' and some other works.

The latter part of Beattie's life was embittered by severe domestic affliction. Mrs. Beattie became affected with mental derangement. His two sons, James Hay Beattie, and Montagu Beattie, the only fruits of his marriage, were cut off, the elder in his twenty-second, and the younger in his eighteenth year. They were both young men of amiable manners and high promise. On the death of James, who had been appointed his father's assistant in the Professorship, the bereaved parent sought to assuage his anguish by the publication of a Memoir of his son's 'Life and Character, with some remains of his literary compositions; and then laid aside his pen for ever.

On the death of his second son, Beattie became completely indisposed for active exertion; secluded himself almost entirely from society and correspondence, and, three years after, breathed his last on the 18th of August 1803, in the 68th year of his age.

PREFACE

THE design was, to trace the progress of a Poetical Genius, born in a rude age, from the first dawning of fancy and reason, till that period at which he may be supposed capable of appearing in the world as a *Minstrel*, that is, as an Itinerant Poet and Musician; — a character which, according to the notions of our forefathers, was not only respectable, but sacred.

I have endeavoured to imitate Spenser in the measure of his verse, and in the harmony, simplicity, and variety, of his composition. Antique expressions I have avoided; admitting, however some old words, where they seemed to suit the subject; but I hope none will be found that are now obsolete, or in any degree not intelligible to a reader of English poetry.

To those, who may be disposed to ask, what could induce me to write in such a measure, I can only answer, that it pleases my ear, and seems, from its Gothic structure and original, to bear some relation to the subject and spirit of the Poem. It admits both simplicity and magnificence of sound and of language, beyond any other stanza that I am acquainted with. It allows the sententiousness of the couplet, as well as the more complex modulation of blank verse. What some critics have remarked, of its uniformity growing at last tiresome to the ear, will be found to hold true, only when the poetry is faulty in other respects.

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XI.

There lived in Gothic days, as legends tell,
A shepherd-swain, a man of low degree;
Whose sires, perchance, in Fairyland might
dwell,
Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady;
But he, I ween, was of the north country.*
A nation famed for song, and beauty's charms;
Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;
Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms;
Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms.

XII.

The shepherd-swain of whom I mention made,
On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock;
The sickle, sithe, or plough, he never sway'd:
An honest heart was almost all his stock;
His drink the living water from the rock:
The milky dams supplied his board, and lent
Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's shock;
And he, though oft with dust and sweat besprent,
'd guide and guard their wanderings, wheresoe'er
they went.

XIII.

From labour health, from health contentment
spings,
Contentment opes the source of every joy.
He envied not, he never thought of kings,
Nor from those appetites sustain'd annoy,
That chance may frustrate, or indulgence cloy:
Nor fate his calm and humble hopes beguiled;
He mourn'd no recreant friend, nor mistress coy,
For on his vows the blameless Phoebe smiled,
And her alone he loved, and loved her from a child.

XIV.

No jealousy their dawn of love o'ercast,
Nor blasted were their wedded days with strife;
Each season look'd delightful, as it pass'd,
To the fond husband, and the faithful wife.
Beyond the lowly vale of shepherd life
They never roam'd; secure beneath the storm
Which in ambition's lofty land is rife,
Where peace and love are canker'd by the worm
Of pride, each bud of joy industrious to deform.

XV.

The wight, whose tale these artless lines unfold,
Was all the offspring of this humble pair.
His birth no oracle or seer foretold:
No prodigy appear'd in death or air,
Nor aught that might a strange event declare.
You guess each circumstance of *Edwin's* birth:
The parent's transport, and the parent's care;
The gossip's prayer for wealth, and wit, and
worth:

And one long summer-day of indolence and mirth.

XVI.

And yet poor *Edwin* was no vulgar boy;
Deep thought oft seem'd to fix his infant eye.
Dainties he heeded not, nor gaude, nor toy,
Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy.
Silent when glad; affectionate, though shy;
And now his look was most demurely sad,
And now he laugh'd aloud, yet none knew why.
The neighbours stared and sigh'd, yet bless'd the
lad;

Some deem'd him wondrous wise, and some be-
liev'd him mad.

XVII.

But why should I his childish feats display?
Concourse, and noise, and toil, he ever fled;
Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
Of squabbling imps, but to the forest sped,
Or roam'd at large the lonely mountain's head;
Or, where the maze of some bewilder'd stream
To deep untrodden groves his footsteps led,
There would he wander wild, 'till *Phœbus's* beam,
Shot from the western cliff, released the weary team.

* There is hardly an ancient Ballad, or Romance
wherein a Minstrel or Harper appears, but he is
characterised, by way of eminence, to have been
"Of the North Country." It is probable, that,
under this appellation were formerly comprehend-
ed all the provinces to the north of the Trent.

See *Percy's Essay on the English Minstrels*.

XVIII.

Th' exploit of strength, dexterity, or speed,
To him nor vanity nor joy could bring. [bleed
His heart, from cruel sport estranged, would
To work the wo of any living thing,
By trap, or net; by arrow, or by sling;
These he detested, those he scorn'd to wield:
He wish'd to be the guardian, not the king,
Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field.
And sure the sylvan reign unbloody joy might yield.

XIX.

Lo! where the stripling, wrapp'd in wonder, roves
Beneath the precipice o'erhanging with pine;
And sees, on high, amidst th' encircling groves,
From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine:
While waters, woods, and winds, in concert join,
And Echo swells the chorus to the skies.
Would Edwin this majestic scene resign
For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies?
Ah! no: he better knows great Nature's charms to
[prize.

XX.

And oft he traced the uplands, to survey,
When o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn,
The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain gray,
And lake, dim gleaming on the smoky lawn;
Far to the west the long, long vale withdrawn,
Where twilight loves to linger for a while;
And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
And villager abroad at early toil.— [smile,
But, lo! the sun appears! and heaven, earth, ocean,

XXI.

And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost.
What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,
Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast,
And view th' enormous waste of vapour, toss'd
In billows, lengthening to th' horizon round
Now scoop'd in gulphs, with mountains now em-
boss'd!

And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar pro-
found.

XXII.

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,
Fond of each gentle, and each dreadful scene.
In darkness, and in storm, he found delight:
Nor less, than when on ocean wave serene
The southern sun diffused his dazzling sheen.
Even sad vicissitude amused his soul:
And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wish'd not to control.

XXIII.

"O ye wild groves, O where is now your bloom!"
(The Muse interprets thus his tender thought.)
"Your flowers, your verdure, and your balmy
gloom,
Of late so grateful in the hour of drought!
Why do the birds, that song and rapture brought
To all your bowers, their mansions now forsake?
Ah! why has fickle chance this ruin wrought?
For now the storm howls mournful thro' the brake,
And the dead foliage flies in many a shapeless flake.

XXIV.

"Where now the rill, melodious, pure, and cool,
And meads, with Life, and mirth, and beauty
crown'd!
Ah! see, th' unsightly slime, and sluggish pool,
Have all the solitary vale imbrown'd;
Fled each fair form, and mute each melting sound,
The raven crows forlorn on naked spray:
And, hark! the river, bursting every mound,
Down the vale thunders; and, with wasteful sway,
Uproots the grove, and rolls the shatter'd rocks away.

XXV.

"Yet such the destiny of all on earth;
So flourishes and fades majestic man.
Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,
And fostering gales a while the nursing fan.
O smile, ye heavens, serene; ye mildews wane,
Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his balmy prime,
Nor lessen of his life the little span.
Borne on the swift, though silent, wings of Time,
Old age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.

XXXI.

"And be it so. Let those deplore their doom,
Whose hope still grovels in the dark sojourn.
But lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb,
Can smile at Fate, and wonder how they mourn.
Shall spring to these sad scenes no more return?
Is yonder wave the sun's eternal burn?—
Soon shall the orient with new lustre burn,
And spring shall soon her vital influence shed,
Again adorn the grove, again adorn the mead.

XXXVII.

"Shall I be left abandon'd in the dust,
When Fate, relenting, let's the flower revive?
Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doom'd to perish, hope to live?
Is it for this fair virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury, and pain?
No: Heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive;
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright through th' eternal year of Love's triumphant reign."

XXXVIII.

This truth sublime his simple sire had taught,
In sooth, 'twas almost all the shepherd knew.
No subtle nor superfluous lore he sought,
Nor ever wish'd his Edwin to pursue. [view,
"Let man's own sphere (quoth he) confine his
Be man's peculiar work his sole delight."
And much, and oft, he warn'd him to eschew
Falsehood and guile, and aye maintain the right,
By pleasure unseduced, unawed by lawless might.

XXIX.

"And, from the prayer of Want, and plaint of Wo,
O never, never turn away thine ear.
Forlorn in this bleak wilderness below,
Ah! what were man, should heaven refuse to hear!
To others do (the law is not severe)
What to thyself thou wishest to be done.
Forgive thy foes; and love thy parent's dear,
And friends, and native land; nor those alone;
All human weal and woe learn thou to make thine own."

XXX.

See in the rear of the warm sunny shower,
The visionary boy from shelter fly!
For now the storm of summer-rain is o'er,
And cool, and fresh, and fragrant, is the sky!
And, lo! in the dark east, expanded high,
The rainbow brightens to the setting sun:
Fond fool, that deem'st the streaming glory nigh,
How vain the chase thine ardour has begun!
'Tis fled afar, ere half thy purposed race be run.

XXXI.

Yet couldst thou learn, that thus it fares with age,
When pleasure, wealth, or power, the bosom
warm,
This baffled hope might tame thy manhood's
And disappointment of her sting disarm.—
But why should foresight thy fond heart alarm?
Perish the lore that deadens young desire!
Pursue, poor inn, th' imaginary charm,
Indulge gay Hope, and Fancy's pleasing fire:
Fancy and Hope too soon shall of themselves expire.

XXXII.

When the long-sounding curfew from afar
Loaded with loud lament the lonely gale,
Young Edwin, lighted by the evening star,
Lingering and listening wander'd down the vale.
There would he dream of graves, and corpses pale;
And ghosts, that to the charnel-dungeon throng,
And drag a length of clanking chain, and wail,
Till silenced by the owl's terrific song, [alone,
Or blast that shrieks by fits the shuddering aisles

XXXIII.

Or when the setting moon, in crimson died,
Hung o'er the dark and melancholy deep,
To haunted stream, remote from man he hied,
Where Fays of yore their revels wont to keep;
And there let Fancy roam at large, till sleep
A vision brought to his entranced sight.
And first, a wildly-murmuring wind 'gan creep
Shrill to his ringing ear; then tapers bright,
With instantaneous gleam, illumed the vault of
Night.

XXXIV.

Anon in view a portal's blazon'd arch
Arose; th' trumpet bids the valves unfold;
And forth a host of little warriors march,
Grasping the diamond lance, and targe of gold.
Their look was gentle, their demeanour bold,
And green their helmets, and green their silk attire,
And here and there, right venerably old,
The long-robed minstrels wake the warbling wire,
And some with mellow breath the martial pipe inspire.

XXXV.

With merriment, and song, and timbrels clear,
A troop of dames from myrtle bowers advance:
The little warriors doff the targe and spear,
And loud enlivening strains provoke the dance.
They meet, they dart away, they wheel askance
To right, to left, they trid the flying maze;
Now bound aloft with vigorous spring, then glance
Rapid along: with many-colour'd rays
Of tapers, gems, and gold, the echoing forest blaze.

XXXVI.

The dream is fled. Proud harbinger of day,
Who scar'dst the vision with thy clarion shrill,
Fell chanticler! who oft has reft away
My fancied good, and brought substantial ill!
O to thy cursed scream, discordant still,
Let Harmony aye shut her gentle ear:
Thy boastful mirth let jealous rivals spill,
Insult thy crest, and glossy pinions tear,
And ever in thy dreams the ruthless fox appear!

XXXVII.

Forbear, my Muse. Let Love attune thy line.
Revoke the spell. Thine Edwin frets not so.
For how should he at wicked chance repine,
Who feels from every change amusement flow?
Even now his eyes with smiles of rapture glow,
As on he wanders through the scenes of morn,
Where the fresh flowers in living lustre bloom,
Where thousand pearls the dewy lawns adorn,
A thousand notes of joy in every breeze are borne.

XXXVIII.

But who the melodies of morn can tell? [side;
The wild-brook babbling down the mountain
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell,
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the low valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;
The hum of bees, and linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

XXXIX.

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim bark; [sings
Crown'd with her pail the tripping milkmaid
The whistling ploughman stalks afield; and, hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon
rings;
Thro' rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs;
Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour;
The partridge bursts away on whirling wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tour.

XL.

O Nature, how in every charm supreme!
Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new!
O for the voice and fire of seraphim,
To sing thy glories with devotion due!
Bless'd be the day I 'scaped the wrangling crew,
From Pyrrho's maze, and Epicurus' sty;
And held high converse with the godlike few,
Who to th' enraptured heart, and ear, and eye,
Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melody.

XLI.

Hence! ye, who snare and stupify the mind,
Sophists, of beauty, virtue, joy, the bane!
Greedy and fell, though impotent and blind,
Who spread your filthy nets in Truth's fair fane,
And ever ply your venom'd fangs amain!
Hence to dark Error's den, whose rankling slime
First gave you form! hence! lest the Muse
should delgn [rhyme],
(Though loth on theme so mean to waste a
With vengeance to pursue your sacrilegious crime.

XLII.

But hail, ye mighty masters of the lay,
Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth !
Whose song, sublimely sweet, serenely gay,
Amused my childhood, and inform'd my youth.
O let your spirit still my bosom sooth,
Inspire my dreams, and my wild wanderings
guide !
Your voice each rugged path of life can smooth ;
For well I know, wherever ye reside,
There harmony, and peace, and innocence, abide.

XLIII.

Ah me ! abandon'd on the lonesome plain,
As yet poor Edwin never knew your lore,
Save when against the winter's drenching rain,
And driving snow, the cottage shut the door.
Then as instructed by tradition hoar,
Her legend when the Beldam 'gan impart,
Or chant the old heroic ditty o'er,
Wonder and joy ran thrilling to his heart ;
Much he the tale admired, but more the tuneful art.

XLIV.

Various and strange was the long-winded tale ;
And halls, and knights, and feats of arms, dis-
play'd ;
Or merry swains, who quaff the nut-brown ale,
And sing, enamour'd of the nut-brown maid ;
The moonlight revel of the fairy glade ;
Or hags, that suckle an infernal brood,
And ply in caves th' unutterable trade,*
'Midst fiends and spectres, quench the moon in
blood,
Yell in the midnight storm, or ride th' infuriate
flood.

XLV.

But when to horror his amazement rose,
A gentler strain the Beldam would rehearse,
A tale of rural life, a tale of woes,
The orphan-babes, and guardian uncle fierce.
O cruel ! will no pang of pity pierce
That heart by lust of lucre scar'd to stone !
For sure, if aught of virtue last, or verse,
To latest times shall tender souls bemoan
Those helpless orphan-babes by thy fell arts undone.

XLVI.

Behold, with berries smear'd, with brambles torn,†
The babes now famish'd lay them down to die,
'Midst the wild howl of darksome woods forlorn,
Folded in one another's arms they lie ;
Nor friend, nor stranger, hears their dying cry :
" For from the tomb the man returns no more."
But thou, who Heaven's just vengeance dar'st
defy,

This deed with fruitless tears shalt soon deplore,
When Death lays waste thy house, and flames con-
sume thy store.

XLVII.

A stifled smile of stern vindictive joy
Brighten'd one moment Edwin's starting tear.—
" But why should gold man's feeble mind decoy,
And innocence thus die by doom severe ?"
O Edwin ! while thy heart is yet sincere,
Th' assaults of discontent and doubt repel ;
Dark even at noontide is our mortal sphere ;
But let us hope, —to doubt, is to rebel,—
Let us exult in hope, that all shall yet be well.

XLVIII.

Nor be thy generous indignation check'd,
Nor check'd the tender tear to Misery given ;
From Guilt's contagious power shall that protect,
This soften and refine the soul for Heaven.
But dreadful is their doom, whom doubt has driven
To censure Fate, and pious Hope forego :
Like yonder blasted boughs by lightning riven,
Perfection, beauty, life, they never know,
But frown on all that pass, a monument of woe.

* Allusion to *Shakspeare*.

Macbeth. How now, ye secret, black, and midnight
Witches. A deed without a name. (hags,

Macbeth, Act IV. Scene I.
† See the fine old ballad, called *The Children in the Wood*.

XLIX.

Shall he, whose birth, maturity, and age,
Scarce fill the circle of one summer day,
Shall the poor gnat with discontent and rage
Exclaim, that Nature hastens to decay,
If but a cloud obstruct the solar ray,
If but a momentary shower descend !
Or shall frail man Heaven's dread decree gainsay
Which bade the series of events extend [and]
Wide through unnumber'd worlds, and ages without

L.

One part, one little part, we dimly scan
Thro' the dark medium of life's feverish dream ;
Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
If but that little part incongruous seem.
Nor is that little part perhaps what mortals deem ;
Of from appearance ill our blessings rise.
O then renounce that impious self-esteem,
That aims to trace the secrets of the skies ;
For thou art but of dust ; be humble, and be wise

LI.

Thus Heaven enlarged his soul in riper years
For Nature gave him strength and fire, to soar
On Fancy's wing above this vale of tears ;
Where dark, cold-hearted sceptics, creeping, pore
Through microscope of metaphysic lore ;
And much they grope for truth, but never hit.
For why ? their powers, inadequate before,
This art preposterous renders more unfit ;
Yet deem they darkness light, and their vain blun-
ders wit.

LII.

Nor was this ancient dame a foe to mirth.
Her ballad, jest, and riddle's quaint device
Of cheer'd the shepherds round their social
Whom levity or spleen could ne'er entice [hearth ;
To purchase chat or laughter, at the price
Of decency. Nor let it faith exceed,
That Nature forms a rustic taste so nice.
Ah ! had they been of court or city breed,
Such delicacy were right marvellous indeed.

LIII.

Of when the winter-storm had ceased to rave,
He roam'd the snowy waste at even, to view
The cloud stupendous, from th' Atlantic wave
High-towering, sail along th' horizon blue :
Where 'midst the changeful scenery ever new
Fancy a thousand wondrous forms describes
More wildly great than ever pencil drew,
Rocks, torrents, gulfs, and shapes of giant size,
And glittering cliffs on cliffs, and fiery ramparts rise.

LIV.

Thence musing onward to the sounding shore,
The lone enthusiast oft would take his way,
Listening with pleasing dread to the deep roar
Of the wide-weltering waves. In black array
When sulphurous clouds roll'd on the vernal day,
Even then he hasten'd from the haunt of man,
Along the trembling wilderness to stray,
What time the lightnings fierce career began,
And o'er heaven's rending arch the rattling thun-
der ran.

LV.

Responsive to the sprightly pipe when all
In sprightly dance the village-youth were join'd,
Edwin of melody aye held in thrall,
From the rude gambol far remote reclined,
Soothed with the soft notes warbling in the wind.
Ah then, all jollity seem'd noise and folly,
To the pure soul by Fancy's fire refined,
Ah, what is mirth but turbulence unholy, [choly !
When with the charm compared of heavenly melan-

LVI.

Is there a heart that music cannot melt ?
Alas ! how is that rugged heart forlorn !
Is there, who ne'er those mystic transports felt
Of solitude and melancholy born ?
He needs not woo the Muse ; he is her scorn.
The sophist's rope of cobweb he shall twine ;
Mope o'er the schoolman's peevish page ; or
inourn

And delve for life in Mammon's dirty mine ;
Sneak with the scoundrel fox, or grunt with glut-
ton swine.

LVII.

For Edwin Fate a nobler doom had plann'd;
 Song was his favourite and first pursuit.
 The wild harp rang to his adventurous hand,
 And languish'd to his breath the plaintive flute.
 His infant muse, though artless, was not mute:
 Of elegance as yet he took no care;
 For this of time and culture is the fruit;
 And Edwin gain'd at last this fru't so rare:
 As in some future verse I purpose to declare.

LVIII.

Meanwhile, whate'er of beautiful, or new,
 Sublime, or dreadful, in earth, sea, or sky,
 By chance, or search, was offer'd to his view,
 He scan'n'd with curious and romantic eye.
 Whate'er of lore tradition could supply
 From Gothic tale, or song, or fable old,
 Roused him, still keen to listen and to pry.
 At last, though long by penury controll'd,
 And solitude, his soul her graces 'gan unfold.

LIX.

Thus on the chill Lapponian's dreary land,
 For many a long month lost in snow profound,
 When Sol from Cancer sends the season bland,
 And in their northern cave the storms are bound;

From silent mountains, straight, with startling
 sound
 Torrents are hurl'd; green hills emerge; and lo
 The trees with foliage, cliffs with flowers are
 crown'd;
 Pure rills through vales of verdure warbling go;
 And wonder, love, and joy, the peasant's heart o'er-
 flow.*

LX.

Here pause, my Gothic lyre, a little while,
 The leisure hour is all that thou canst claim;
 But on this verse if *Montague* should smile,
 New strains ere long shall animate thy frame:
 And her applause to me is more than fame;
 For still with truth accords her taste refined.
 At lucre or renown let others aim,
 I only wish to please the gentle mind,
 Whom Nature's charms inspire, and love of human
 kind.

* Spring and Autumn are hardly known to the
 Laplanders. About the time the sun enters Can-
 cer, their fields, which a week before were covered
 with snow, appear on a sudden full of grass and
 flowers.—*Scheffer's History of Lapland*, p. 16.

THE MINSTREL.

BOOK II.

*Doctrina sed vim promouet insulam,
Rectique cultus pectora roborant.* Horat.

I.

OF chance or change O let not man complain,
Else shall he never never cease to wail:
For, from the imperial dome, to where the swain
Rears the lone cottage in the silent dale,
All feel the assault of fortune's fickle gale;
Art, empire, earth itself to change are doom'd;
Earthquakes have raised to heaven the humble
vale,
And gulphs the mountain's mighty mass en-
And where the Atlantic rolls wide continents have
bloom'd.*

II.

But sure to foreign climes we need not range,
Nor search the ancient records of our race,
To learn the dire effects of time and change,
Which in ourselves, alas! we daily trace.
Yet at the darken'd eye, the wither'd face,
Or hoary hair, I never will repine:
But spare, O Time, whate'er of mental grace,
Of candour, love, or sympathy divine,
Whate'er of fancy's ray, or friendship's flame is
mine.

III.

So I, obsequious to Truth's dread command,
Shall here without reluctance change my lay,
And smite the Gothic lyre with harsher hand;
Now when I leave that flowery path for aye
Of childhood, where I sported many a day,
Warbling and sauntering carelessly along;
Where every face was innocent and gay,
Each vale romantic, tuneful every tongue,
Sweet, wild, and artless all, as Edwin's infant song.

IV.

"Perish the lore that deadens young desire,"
Is the soft tenor of my song no more.
Edwin, though loved of Heaven, must not aspire
To bliss, which mortals never knew before.
On trembling wings let youthful fancy soar,
Nor always haunt the sunny realms of joy;
But now and then the shades of life explore;
Though many a sound and sight of woe annoy,
And many a qualm of care his rising hopes destroy.

V.

Vigour from toll, from trouble patience grows.
The weakly blossom, warm in summer bower,
Some tints of transient beauty may disclose;
But soon it withers in the chilling hour.
Mark yonder oak Superior to the power
Of all the warring winds of heaven they rise,
And from the stormy promontory tower,
And toss their giant arms amid the skies,
While each assailing blast increase of strength
supplies.

* *Plato's Timæus.*

VI.

And now the downy cheek and deepen'd voice
Gave dignity to Edwin's blooming prime;
And walks of wider circuit were his choice,
And vales more wild, and mountains more sub-
lime.
One evening, as he framed the careless rhyme,
It was his chance to wander far abroad,
And o'er a lonely eminence to climb,
Which heretofore his foot had never trode;
A vale appear'd below, a deep retired abode.

VII.

Thither he hied enamour'd of the scene:
For rocks on rocks piled, as by magic spell,
Here scorch'd with lightning, there with ivy
green,
Fenced from the north and east this savage dell;
Southward a mountain rose with easy swell,
Whose long long groves eternal murmur made,
And toward the western sun a streamlet fell,
Where, through the cliffs, the eye, remote, sur-
vey'd
Blue hills, and glittering waves, and skies in gold
array'd.

VIII.

Along this narrow valley you might see
The wild deer sporting on the meadow ground,
And, here and there, a solitary tree,
Or mossy stone, or rock with woodbine crown'd.
Oft did the cliffs reverberate the sound
Of parted fragments tumbling from on high;
And from the summit of that craggy mound
The perching eagle oft was heard to cry,
Or on resounding wings to shoot athwart the sky.

IX.

One cultivated spot there was, that spread
Its flowery bosom to the noonday beam,
Where many a rose-bud rears its blushing head,
And herbs for food with future plenty teem.
Sooth'd by the lulling sound of grove and stream
Romantic visions swarm on Edwin's soul:
He minded not the sun's last trembling gleam,
Nor heard from far the twilight curfew toll;
When slowly on his ear these moving accents stole.

X.

"Hail, awful scenes, that calm the troubled
breast,
And woo the weary to profound repose;
Can passion's wildest uproar lay to rest,
And whisper comfort to the man of woes!
Here Innocence may wander, safe from foes,
And Contemplation soar on seraph wings.
O Solitude, the man who thee forgets,
When lucre lures him, or ambition stings,
Shall never know the source whence real grandeur
springs.

XXVII.

"Late as I roam'd, intent on Nature's charms,
I reach'd at eve this wilderness profound;
And, leaning where yon oak expands her arms,
Heard these rude cliffs thine awful voice rebound,
(For in thy speech I recognise the sound.)
You mourn'd for ruin'd man, and virtue lost,
And seem'd to feel of keen remorse the wound,
Pondering on former days, by guilt engross'd,
Or in the giddy storm of dissipation toss'd.

XXVIII.

"But say, in courtly life can craft be learn'd,
Where knowledge opens, and exalts the soul?
Where Fortune lavishes her gifts unearn'd,
Can selfishness the liberal heart control?
Is glory there achieved by arts, as foul
As those which telons, fiends, and furies plan?
Spiders ensnare, snakes poison, tigers prowl;
Love is the godlike attribute of man.
O teach a simple youth this mystery to scan.

XXIX.

"Or else the lamentable strain disclaim,
And give me back the calm, contented mind;
Which, late exulting, view'd, in Nature's frame,
Goodness untainted, wisdom unconfined,
Grace, grandeur, and utility combined.
Restore those tranquil days, that saw me still
Well pleased with all, but most with human
kind; [will,
When Fancy roam'd through Nature's works at
Uncheck'd by cold distrust, and uninform'd of ill."

XXX.

"Wouldst thou (the sage replied) in peace return
To the gay dreamings of fond romantic youth,
Leave me to hide, in this remote sejour,
From every gentle ear the dreadful truth;
For if my desultory strain with ruth
And indignation make thine eyes o'rflood,
Alas! what comfort could thy anguish sooth,
Shouldst thou th' extent of human folly know, [wo.
Be ignorance thy choice, where knowledge leads to

XXXI.

"But let untender thoughts afar be driven;
Nor venture to arraign the dread decree;
For know, to man, as candidate for heaven,
The voice of the Eternal said, Be free;
And this divine prerogative to thee
Does virtue, happiness, and heaven convey;
For virtue is the child of liberty,
And happiness of virtue; nor can they
Be free to keep the path who are not free to stray.

XXXII.

"Yet leave me not. I would allay that grief,
Which else might thy young virtue overpower;
And in thy converse I shall find relief,
When the dark shades of melancholy lower;
For solitude has many a dreary hour,
Even when exempt from grief, remorse, and pain:
Come often then; for, haply, in my bower, [gum.
Amusement, knowledge, wisdom thou may'st
If I one soul improve, I have not lived in vain."

XXXIII.

And now, at length, to Edwin's ardent gaze
The Muse of history unrolls her page,
But few, alas! the scenes her art displays
To charn his fancy, or his heart engage,
Here Chief, their thirst of power in blood assuage,
And straight their flames with tenfold fierceness
burn

Here smiling Virtue prompts the patriot's rage,
But lo, ere long, is left alone to mourn, [urn.
And languish in the dust, and clasp th' abandon'd

XXXIV.

"Ah, what avails (he said) to trace the springs,
That whirl of empire the stupendous wheel?
Ah, what have I to do with conquering kings,
Hands drench'd in blood, and breasts begirt with
steel!
To those, whom Nature taught to think and feel,
Heroes, alas! are things of small concern.
Could History man's secret heart reveal,
And what imports a heaven-born mind to learn,
Her transcripts to explore what bosom would not
yearn!

XXXV.

"This praise, O Cheronian Sage,* is thine.
(Why should this praise to thee alone belong!)
All else from Nature's moral path decline,
Lured by the toys that captivate the throng;
To herd in cabinets, and camps, among
Spoil, carnage, and the cruel pomp of pride;
Or chaunt of heraldry the drowsy song,
How tyrant blood, o'er many a region wide,
Rolls to a thousand thrones its execrable tide.

XXXVI.

"O who of man the story will unfold,
Ere victory and empire wrought annoy,
In that elysian age (misnamed of gold)
The age of love and innocence, and joy,
When all were great and free! man's sole employ
To deck the bosom of his parent earth; [coy,
Or toward his bower the murmuring stream de-
To aid the floweret's long-expected birth,
And lull the bed of peace, and crown the board of
mirth.

XXXVII.

"Sweet were your shades, O ye primeval groves,
Whose boughs to man his food and shelter lent,
Pure in his pleasures, happy in his loves,
His eye still smiling, and his heart content.
Then, hand in hand, Health, Sport, and Labour
went.
Nature supplied the wish she taught to crave.
None prowld for prey, none watch'd to circum-
vent,
To all an equal lot Heaven's bounty gave:
No vassal fear'd his lord, no tyrant fear'd his slave.

XXXVIII.

"But ah! th' Historic Muse has never dared
To pierce those hallow'd bowers: 'tis Fancy's beam
Pour'd on the vision of th' enraptured Bard,
That paints the charms of that delicious theme.
Then hail sweet Fancy's ray! and hail the dream
That weans the weary soul from guilt and wo!
Careless what others of my choice may deem,
I long where Love and Fancy lead to go,
And meditate on heaven; enough of earth I know.

XXXIX.

"I cannot blame thy choice (the Sage replied)
For soft and smooth are Fancy's flowery ways.
And yet even there, if left without a guide,
The young adventurer unsafely plays.
Eyes dazzled long by Fiction's gaudy rays,
In modest Truth no light nor beauty find.
And who, my child, would trust the meteor-blaze,
That soon must fall, and leave the wanderer
blind, [shined!
More dark and helpless far, than if it ne'er had

XL.

"Fancy enervates, while it soothes, the heart,
And, while it dazzles, wounds the mental sight:
To joy each heightening charm it can impart,
But wraps the hour of wo in tenfold night.
And often, where no real ills afflict,
Its visionary fiends, and endless train,
Assail with equal or superior might,
And thro' the throbbing heart, and dizzy brain,
And shivering nerves, shoot stings of more than
mortal pain.

XLI.

"And yet, alas! the real ills of life
Claim the full vigour of a mind prepared,
Prepared for patient, long, laborious strife,
Its guide Experience, and Truth its guard.
We fare on earth as other men have fared:
Were they successful? Let not us despair.
Was disappointment oft their sole reward?
Yet shall their tale instruct, if it declare to bear.
How they have borne the load ourselves are doom'd

XLII.

"What charms th' Historic Muse adorn, from
spoils, [flight,
And blood, and tyrants, when she wings her
To hail the patriot Prince, whose pious toils
Sacred to science; liberty, and right,

* Plutarch.

And peace, through every age divinely bright
Shall shine the boast and wonder of mankind !
Sees yonder sun, from his meridian height,
A lovelier scene, than Virtue thus enshrined
In power, and man with man for mutual aid combin'd ?

XLIII.

" Hail sacred Polity, by Freedom rear'd !
Hail sacred Freedom, when by Law restrain'd !
With thee what were man ? A grovelling herd
In darkness, wretchedness, and want enchain'd.
Sublimed by you, the Greek and Roman reign'd
In arts unrivall'd : O, to latest days,
In Albion may your influence unprofaned
To godlike worth the generous bosom raise,
And prompt the Sage's lore, and fire the Poet's
lays !

XLIV.

" But now let other themes our care engage,
For lo, with modest, yet majestic grace,
To curb Imagination's lawless rage,
And from within the cheris'd heart to brace,
Philosophy appears. The gloomy race
By Indolence and moping Fancy bred,
Fear, Discontent, Solicitude give place,
And Hope and Courage brighten in their stead.
While on the kindling soul her vital burns are shed.

XLV.

" Then waken from long lethargy the
The seeds of happiness, and powers of thought,
Then jarring appetites forego their strife,
A strife by ignorance to madness wrought.
Pleasure by savage man is dearly bought
With fell revenge, lust that defies control,
With gluttony and death. The mind untaught
Is a dark waste, where fiends and tempests howl ;
As Phœbus to the world, is Science to the soul.

XLVI.

" And Reason now through Number, Time, and
Space,
Darts the keen lustre of her serious eye,
And learns from facts compared, the laws to trace,
Whose long progression leads to Deity.
Can mortal strength presume to soar so high !
Can mortal sight, so oft bedimm'd with tears,
Such glory bear !—for lo, the shadows fly
From Nature's face ; Confusion disappears,
And order charms the eyes, and harmony the ears.

XLVII.

" In the deep windings of the grove, no more
The hag obscene, and grisly phantom dwell ;
Nor in the fall of mountain-stream, or roar
Of winds, is heard the angry spirit's yell ;
No wizard mutters the tremendous spell ;
Nor sinks convulsive in prophetic swoon ;
Nor bids the noise of drums and trumpets swell,
To ease of fancied pangs the labouring moon,
Or chase the shade that blots the blazing orb of noon.

XLVIII.

" Many a long-lingering year, in lonely isle,
Stunn'd with th' eternal turbulence of waves,
Lo, with dim eyes, that never learn'd to smile,
And trembling hands, the fann'd native craves
Of Heaven his wretched fate shivering in caves,
Or scorcht on rocks, he pines from day to day ;
But Science gives the word ; and lo, he braves
The surge and tempest, lighted by her ray,
And to a happier land wafts merrily away.

XLIX.

" And even where Nature loads the teeming plain
With the full pomp of vegetable store,
Her beauty, unimproved, is deadly bane ;
Dark woods and rankling wilds, from shore to
shore,

* The influence of the Philosophic Spirit, in humanizing the mind, and preparing it for intellectual exertion and delicate pleasure ;—in exploring, by the help of geometry, the system of the universe ;—in banishing superstition ;—in promoting navigation, agriculture, medicine, and moral and political science :—from Stanza XLV to Stanza LV

Stretch their enormous gloom ; which to explore
Even Fancy trembles, in her sprightliest mood ;
For there each eyeball gleams with lust of gore,
Nestles each murderous and each monstrous
brood,
Plague lurks in every shade, and teams from every
flood.

L.

" 'Twas from Philosophy man learn'd to tame
The soil by plenty to intemperance fed.
Lo, from the echoing ayre, and thundering flame,
Poison and plague and yelling rage are fled.
The waters, hursting from their slumy bed,
Bring health and melody to every vale ;
And, from the breezy main, and mountain's head,
Ceres and Flora, to the sunny dale, [gale .
To fan their glowing charms, invite the fluttering
heart,

LI.

" What dire necessities on every hand
Our art, our strength, our fortitude require
Of foes intestine what a numerous band
Against this little throb of life conspire !
Yet Science can elude their fatal ire
A while, and turn aside Death's level'd dart,
Sooth the sharp pang, allay the fever's fire,
And brace the nerves once more, and cheer the
heart,
And yet a few soft nights and balmy days impart.

LII.

" Nor less to regulate man's moral frame
Science exerts her all-composing sway.
Flutters thy breast with fear, or pants for fame,
Or pinces to Indolence and Spleen a prey,
Or Avarice, a fiend more fierce than they ?
Flee to the shade of Academus' grove ;
Where cares molest not, discord melts away
In harmony, and the pure passions prove of Love
How sweet the words of truth breathed from the lips

LIII.

" What cannot Art and Industry perform,
When Science plans the progress of their toil !
They smile at penury, disease, and storm ;
And oceans from their mighty moulds recoil.
When tyrants scourge, or demagogues embroil
A land, or when the rabble's yelling rage
Order transform to anarchy and spoil,
Deep-versed in man the philosophic sage
Prepares with lenient hand their frenzy to assuage.

LIV.

" 'Tis he alone, whose comprehensive mind,
From situation, temper, soil, and climate
Explored, a nation's various powers can bind
And various orders, in one form sublime
Of polity, that, midst the wrecks of time,
Secure shall lift its head on high, nor fear
Th' assault of foreign or domestic crime,
While public faith, and public love sincere,
And Industry and Law maintain their sway severe."

LV.

Enraptured by the Hermit's strain, the Youth
Proceeds the path of Science to explore.
And now, expanding to the beams of Truth,
New energies, and charms unknown before,
His mind discloses : Fancy now no more
Wants on tickle pinion through the skies ;
But fix'd in aim, and conscious of her power,
Sublime from cause to cause exalts to rise,
Creation's blended stores arranging as she flies.

LVI.

Nor love of novelty alone inspires,
Their laws and nice dependencies to scan ;
For, mindful of the aids that life requires,
And of the services man owes to man,
He meditates new arts on Nature's plan ;
The cold desponding breast of sloth to warm,
The flame of Industry and Genius fan,
And Emulation's noble rage alarm,
And the long hours of Toil and Solitude to charm.

LVII.

But she, who set on fire his infant heart,
And all his dreams, and all his wandering
shared,
And bless'd the Muse, and her celestial art,
Still claim th' Enthusiast's fond and first regard

From Nature's beauties variously compared
And variously combined, he learns to frame
Those forms of bright perfection, which the Bard,
While boundless hopes and boundless views in-
flame,
Enamour'd consecrates to never-dying fame.

LVIII.

Of late, with cumbersome, though pompous show,
Edwin would oft his flowery rhyme deface,
Through ardour to adorn; but Nature now
To his experienced eye a modest grace
Presents, where Ornament the second place
Holds, to intrinsic worth and just design
Subservient still. Simplicity apace
Tempers his rage: he owns her charm divine,
And clear th' ambiguous phrase, and lops th' un-
wieldy line.

LIX.

Fain would I sing (much yet unsung remains)
What sweet delirium o'er his bosom stole,
When the great Shepherd of the Mantuan plains*
His deep majestic melody 'gan roll:
Fain would I sing, what transport storm'd his
How the red current throbb'd his veins along,
When, like Pelides, bold beyond control,
Gracefully terrible, sublimely strong,
Homer raised high to heaven the loud, th' impetu-
ous song.

LX.

And how his lyre, though rude her first essays,
Now skill'd to sooth, to triumph, to complain,

* Virgil.

Warbling at will through each harmonious note,
Was taught to modulate the artful strain,
I fain would sing:—but ah! I strive in vain.—
Sigh! from a breaking heart my voice confound.—
With trembling step to join yon weeping train,
I haste, where gleams funereal glare around,
And, mix'd with shrieks of wo, the knells of death
resound.

LXI.

Adieu, ye lays, that Fancy's flowers adorn,
The oft amusement of the vacant mind!
He sleeps in dust, and all the Muses mourn,
He, whom each Virtue fired! each Grace refin'd,
Friend, teacher, pattern, darling of mankind!—
He sleeps in dust,—Ah, how should I pursue
My theme!—To heart-consuming grief resign'd,
Here on his recent grave I fix my view,
And pour my bitter tears.—Ye flowery lays, adieu!

LXII.

Art thou, my Gregory, for ever fled!
And am I left to unavailing wo!
When fortune's storms assail this weary head,
Where cares long since have shed untimely snow
Ah, now for comfort whither shall I go!
No more thy soothing voice my anguish cheers
Thy placid eyes, with smiles no longer glow,
My hopes to cherish, and allay my fears.—
'Tis meet that I should mourn:—flow forth afresh
my tears.

* This excellent person died suddenly, on the 10th of February, 1773. The conclusion of the poem was written a few days after.

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

RETIREMENT.

WHEN in the crimson cloud of Even,
The lingering light decays,
And Hesper on the front of Heaven
His glittering gem displays!
Deep in the silent vale, unseen,
Beside a lulling stream,
A pensive Youth of placid mien,
Indulged this tender theme.

Ye cliffs, in hoary grandeur piled
High o'er the glimmering dale;
Ye woods, along whose windings wild
Murmur the solemn gale;
Where Melancholy strays forlorn,
And Woe retires to weep,
What time the wan moon's yellow horn
Gleams on the western deep:

To you, ye wastes, whose artless charms
Ne'er drew Ambition's eye,
'Scaped a tumultuous world's alarms,
To your retreats I fly,
Deep in your most sequester'd bower
Let me at last recline,
Where Solitude, mild, modest Power,
Leans on her ivy'd shrine.

How shall I woo thee, matchless Fair!
Thy heavenly smile how win!
Thy smile, that smoothes the brow of Care,
And stills the storm within.
O wilt thou to thy favourite grove
Thine ardent votary bring,
And bless his hours, and bid them move
Serene, on silent wing.

Oft let remembrance soothe his mind
With dreams of former days,
When in the lap of Peace reclined
He framed his infant lays;
When Fancy roved at large, nor Care
Nor cold Distrust alarm'd,
Nor Envy with malignant glare
His simple youth had harm'd.

'Twas then, O Solitude, to thee
His early vows were paid,
From heart sincere, and warm, and free,
Devoted to the shade.
Ah why did Fate his steps decoy
In stormy paths to roam,
Remote from all congenial joy!—
O take the wanderer home.

Thy shades, thy silence, now be mine,
Thy charms my only theme;
My haunt the hollow cliff, whose pine
Waves o'er the gloomy stream,
Whence the scared owl on pinions gray
Breaks from the rustling boughs,
And down the lone vale sails away
To more profound repose.

O while to thee the woodland pours
Its wildly-warbling song,
And balmy from the banks of flowers
The zephyr breathes along;
Let no rude sounds invade from far,
No vagrant foot be nigh,
No ray from Grandeur's gilded car,
Flash on the startled eye.

But if some pilgrim through the glade
Thy hallow'd bowers explore,
O guard from harm his hoary head,
And listen to his lore:
For he of joys divine shall tell
That wean from earthly woe,
And triumph o'er the mighty spell
That chains this heart below.

For me no more the path invites
Ambition loves to tread;
No more I climb those toilsome heights
By guileful Hope misled.
Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more
To mirth's enlivening strain;
For present pleasure soon is o'er,
And all the past is vain.

ELEGY.

STILL shall unthinking man substantial deem
The forms that fleet through life's deceitful dream!
On clouds, where Fancy's beam amusive plays,
Shall heedless Hope the towering fabric raise?
Till at Death's touch the fairy visions fly,
And real scenes rush dismal on the eye;
And from Elysium's balmy slumber torn
The startled soul awakes, to think and mourn.

O ye, whose hours in jocund train advance,
Whose spirits to the song of gladness dance,
Who flowery vales in endless view survey
Glittering in beams of visionary day;
O, yet while Fate delays th' impending woe,
Be roused to thought, anticipate the blow;
Lest, like the lightning's glance, the sudden ill
Flash to confound, and penetrate to kill;
Lest, thus encompass'd with funereal gloom,
Like me, ye bend o'er some untimely tomb,
Pour your wild ravings in Night's frightened ear,
And half pronounce Heavens sacred doom severe.
Wise, beauteous, good! O every grace combined,
That charms the eye, or captivates the mind!
Fair as the floweret opening on the morn,
Whose leaves bright drops of liquid pearl adorn!
Sweet, as the downy-pinion'd gale, that roves
To gather fragrance in Arabian groves!
Mild, as the strains, that, at the close of day
Warbling remote, along the vales decay
Yet, why with these compared? What tints so fine,
What sweetness, mildness, can be match'd with
thine?

Why roam abroad? Since still, to fancy's eyes,
I see, I see thy lovely form arise.
Still let me gaze, and every care beguile,
Gaze on that cheek, where all the Graces smile;
That soul-expressing eye, benignly bright,
Where meekness beams ineffable delight;
That brow, where Wisdom sits enthroned serene,
Each feature forms, and dignifies the mien:
Still let me listen, while her words impart
The sweet effusions of the blameless heart,
Till all my soul, each tumult charm'd away,
Yields, gently led, to Virtue's easy sway.

By thee inspired, O Virtue, age is young,
And music warbles from the faltering tongue:
Thy ray creative cheers the clouded brow,
And decks the faded cheek with rosy glow,
Brightens the joyless aspect, and supplies
Pure heavenly lustre to the languid eyes;
But when Youth's living bloom reflects thy beams,
Resistless on the view the glory streams,
Love, Wonder, Joy, alternately alarm,
And Beauty dazzles with angelic charm.

Ah whither fled!—ye dear illusions stay—
Lo, pale and silent lies the lovely clay.
How are the roses on that cheek decay'd,
Which late the purple light of youth display'd!
Health on her form each sprightly grace bestow'd;
With life and thought each speaking feature
glow'd.—

Fair was the flower, and soft the vernal sky;
Elate with hope, we deem'd no tempest nigh;
When lo, a whirlwind's instantaneous gust
Left all its beauties withering in the dust.

All cold the hand, that soothed Wo's weary head!
And quench'd the eye, the pitying tear that shed!
And mute the voice, whose pleasing accents stole,
Infusing balm, into the rankled soul!
O Death, why arm with cruelty thy power,
And spare the idle weed, yet lop the flower!
Why fly thy shafts in lawless error driven!
Is Virtue then no more the care of Heaven!—

But peace, bold thought! he still my bursting heart!
We, not *Eliza*, felt the fatal dart.
'Scaped the dark dungeon does the slave complain,
Nor bless the hand that broke the galling chain?
Say, pines not Virtue for the lingering morn,
On this dark wild condemn'd to roam forlorn?
Where Reason's meteor-rays, with sickly glow,
O'er the dun gloom a dreadful glimmering throw?
Disclosing dubious to th' affrighted eye
Overwhelming mountains tottering from on high,
Black billowy seas in storm perpetual toss'd,
And weary ways in wandering labyrinths lost.
O happy stroke that bursts the bonds of clay,
Darts through the rending gloom the blaze of day,
And wings the soul with boundless flight to soar,
Where dangers threat, and fears alarm no more.

Transporting thought! here let me wipe away
The tear of grief, and wake a bolder lay.
But ah! the swimming eye o'erflows anew,
Nor check the sacred drops to pity due;
Lo, where in speechless, hopeless anguish, bend
O'er her loved dust, the Parent, Brother, Friend!
How vain the hope of man!—But cease thy strain,
Nor Sorrow's dread solemnity profane;
Mix'd with yon drooping Mourners, on her bier
In silence shed the sympathetic tear.

ODE TO HOPE.

I. 1.

O THOU, who glad'st the pensive soul,
More than Aurora's smile the swain forlorn,
Left all night long to mourn
Where desolation frowns, and tempests howl;
And shrieks of woe, as intermits the storm,
Far o'er the monstrous wilderness resound,
And cross the gloom darts many a shapeless form,
And many a fire-eyed visage glares around.
O come, and be once more my guest.
Come, for thou oft thy suppliant's vow hast heard,
And oft with smiles indulgent cheer'd
And soothed him into rest.

I. 2.

Smit by thy rapture-beaming eye
Deep flashing through the midnight of their mind
The sable bands combined,
Where Fear's black banner bloats the troubled sky,
Appal'd retire. Suspicion hides her head,
Nor dares th' obliquely gleaming eyeball raise,
Despair, with gorgon-figured veil o'erspread,
Speeds to dark Phlegethon's detested maze.
Lo, startled at the heavenly ray,
With speed unwonted Indolence upsprings,
And, heaving, lifts her leaden wings,
And sullen glides away;

I. 3.

Ten thousand forms, by pining Fancy view'd,
Dissolve.—Above the sparkling flood
When Phœbus rears his awful brow,
From lengthening lawn and valley low
The troops of fen-born mists retire.
Along the plain
The joyous swain
Eyes the gay villages again,
And gold-illuminated spire
While on the billowy ether borne
Floats the loose lay's jovial measure;
And light along the fairy Pleasure,
Her green robes glittering to the morn,
Wantons on silken wing. And goblins all
To the damp dungeon shrink, or hoary hall,
Or westward, with impetuous flight,
Shoot to the desert realms of their congenial
Night.

II. 1.

When first on Childhood's eager gaze
Life's varied landscape, stretch'd immense around.
Starts out of night profound,
Thy voice incites to tempt th' untrodden maze.
Fond he surveys thy mild maternal face,
His bashful eye still kindling as he views,
And, while thy lenient arm supports his pace,
With beating heart the upland path pursues:
The path that leads, where, hung sublime,
And seen afar, youth's gallant trophies, bright
In fancy's rainbow ray, invite
His wingy nerves to climb.

II. 2.

Pursue thy pleasurable way,
Safe in the guidance of thy heavenly guard,
While melting airs are heard,
And soft-eyed cherub forms around thee play
Simplicity, in careless flows array'd,
Prattling amusive in his accent meek;
And modesty, half turning as afraid,
The smile just dimpling on his glowing cheek!
Content and Leisure, hand in hand
With Innocence and Peace, advance, and sing
And Mirth, in many a mazy ring,
Frisks o'er the flowery land.

II. 3.

Frail man, how various is thy lot below!
To-day tho' gales propitious blow,
And Peace soft gliding down the sky
Lead Love along and Harmony,
To-morrow the gay scene deforms:
Then all around

The thunder's sound
Rolls rattling on through heaven's profound,
And down rush all the storms.
Ye days, that balmy influence shed,
When sweet Childhood, ever sprightly,
In paths of pleasure sported lightly,
Whither, ah whither are ye fled!
Ye cherub train, that brought him on his way,
O leave him not midst tumult and dismay;
For now youth's eminence he gains:
But what a weary length of lingering toil re-
mains!

III. 1.

They shrink, they vanish into air,
Now slander taints with pestilence the gale;
And mangled cries assail,
The wail of Woe, and groan of grim Despair.
Lo, wizard Envy from his serpent eye
Darts quick destruction in each baleful glance;
Pride smiling stern, and yellow Jealousy,
Frowning Disdain and haggard Hate advance;

BATTLE OF THE PYGMIES AND CRANES. 201

Behold, amidst the dire array,
Pale wither'd Care his giant-stature rears,
And lo, his iron hand prepares
To grasp its feeble prey.

III. 2.

Who now will guard bewilder'd youth
Safe from the fierce assault of hostile rage !
Such war can Virtue wage,
Virtue, that bears the sacred shield of Truth ?
Alas ! full oft on Guilt's victorious car
The spoils of Virtue are in triumph borne ;
While the fair captive, mark'd with many a
scar
In lone obscurity, oppress'd, forlorn,
Resigns to tears her angel form.
Ill-fated youth, then whither wilt thou fly !
No friend, no shelter now is nigh,
And onward rolls the storm.

III. 3.

But whence the sudden beam that shoots along ?
Why shrink agast the hostile throng ?
Lo, from amidst Affliction's night,
Hope bursts all radiant on the sight ;
Her words the troubled bosom sooth.
" Why thus dismay'd ?
Though foes invade,
Hope ^{er} is wanting to their aid,
Who tread the Path of truth,
'Tis I who smooth the rugged way,
I, who close the eyes of sorrow,
And with glad visions of to-morrow
Repair the weary soul's decay.
When Death's cold touch thrills to the freezing
heart,
Dreams of heaven's opening glories I impart,
Till the freed spirit springs on high
In rapture too severe for weak mortality."

PYGMÆO-GERANO-MACHIA :

THE BATTLE OF THE PYGMIES AND CRANES.

From the Latin of Addison.

1762.

THE pygmy-people, and the feather'd train,
Mingling in mortal combat on the plain,
I sing. Ye Muses, favour my designs,
Lead on my squadrons, and arrange the lines ;
The flashing swords and fluttering wings display,
And long bills nibbling in the bloody fray ;
Cranes darting with disdain on tiny foes,
Conflicting birds and men, and war's unnumber'd
woes.

The wars and woes of heroes six feet long
Have oft resounded in Merian song.
Who has not heard of Colcho's golden fleece,
And Argo mann'd with all the flower of Greece ?
Of These's fell brethren, Theseus stern of face,
And Peleus' son unrivall'd in the race,
Æneas founder of the Roman line,
And William glorious on the banks of Boyne ?
Who has not learn'd to weep at Pompey's woes,
And over Blackmore's Epic page to doze ?
'Tis I, who dare attempt unusual strains,
Of hosts unsung, and unfrequented plains ;
The small shrill trumpet, and chiefs of little size,
And armies rushing down the darken'd skies.

Where India reddens to the early dawn,
Winds a deep vale from vulgar eye withdrawn :
Bosom'd in groves the lowly region lies,
And rocky mountains round the border rise.
Here, till the doom of Fate its fall decreed,
The empire flourish'd of the pygmy-breed ;
Here Industry perform'd, and Genius plann'd,
And busy multitudes o'erspread the land.
But now to these lone bounds if pilgrim stray,
Tempting through craggy cliffs the desperate way,

He finds the puny mansion fallen to earth,
Its godlings mouldering on th' abandon'd hearth ;
And starts, where small white bones are spread
around,

" Or little footsteps lightly print the ground ;"
While the proud crane her nest securely builds,
Chattering amid the desolated fields.

But different fates befall her hostile rage,
While reign'd, invincible through many an age,
The dreaded Pygmy ; roused by war's alarms
Forth rush'd the madd'ning Mannikin to arms.
Fierce to the field of death the hero flies ;
The faint crane fluttering flaps the ground, and
dies ;

And by the victor borne (o'erwhelming load !)
With bloody bill loose-dangling marks the road.
And oft the wily dwarf in ambush lay,
And often made the callow young his prey ;
With slaughter'd victims heap'd his board, and
smiled

T' avenge the parent's trespass on the child.
Of where his feather'd foe had rear'd her nest,
And laid her eggs and household gods to rest,
Burning for blood, in terrible array,
The eighteen-inch militia burst their way ;
All went to wreck ; the infant foeman fell,
When scarce his chirping bill had broke the shell.
Loud uproar hence, and rage of arms arose,
And the fell rancour, of encountering foes ;
Hence dwarfs and cranes one general havoc
whelm'd,

And Death's grim visage scares the pygmy-realms
Not half so furious blazed the warlike fire
Of Mice, high theme of the Meonian lyre ;
When bold to battle march'd th' accoutred frog,
And the deep tumult thunder'd through the bogs.
Pierced by the javelin burly on the shore,
Here, agonizing, roll'd the mouse in gore ;
And there the frog (a scene full sad to see !)
Shorn of one leg, slow sprawl'd along on three :
He vaults no more with vigorous hopes on high,
But mourns in hoarsest croaks his destiny.

And now the day of woe drew on apace,
A day of woe to all the pygmy race,
When dwarfs were doom'd (but penitence was vain)
To rue each furious blazed egg and chicken slain.
For roused to vengeance by repeated wrongs,
From distant climes the long-bill'd regions throng ;
From Strymon's lake, Cæster's plashy meads,
And fens of Scythia green with rustling reeds ;
From where the Danube winds through many a
land,

And Mareotis laves th' Egyptian strand,
To rendezvous they wait on eager wing,
And wait assembled the returning spring.
Meanwhile they trim their plumes for length of
flight,

Whet their keen beaks, and twisting claws, for
Each crane the pygmy power in thought o'erturns,
And every bosom for the battle burns.

When genial gales the frozen air unbend,
The screaming legions wheel, and mount the wind.
Far in the sky they form their long array,
And land and ocean stretch'd immense survey
Deep deep beneath, and, triumphing in pride,
With clouds and winds commix'd, innumerable
ride ;

'Tis wild obstreperous clangour all, and heaven
Whirls in tempestuous undulation driven.
'Nor less th' alarm that shook the world below,
Where march'd in pomp of war th' embattled foe ;
Where mannikins with haughty step advance,
And grasp the shield, and couch the quivering
lance ;

To right and left the lengthening lines they form,
And rank'd in deep array await the storm.

High in the midst the chieftain-dwarf was seen,
Of giant stature, and imperial mien.

Full twenty inches tall he strode along,
And view'd with lofty eye the wondering throng ;
And, while with many a scar his visage frown'd,
Bared his broad bosom, rough with many a wound
Of beaks, and claws, disclosing to their sight
The glorious meed of high heroic might.

For with insatiate vengeance, he pursued,
And never ending hate, the feathery brood ;
Unhappy they, confiding in the length
Of horny beak, or talon's crooked strength,
Who durst abide his rage : the blade descend'd,
And from the panting trunk the pinion rend'd.
Laid low in dust the pinion waves no more,
The trunk disfigured stiffens in its gore.

THE HARES, A FABLE.

What hosts of heroes fell beneath his force!
 What heaps of chicken carnage mark'd his course!
 How oft, O Strymon, thy lone banks along,
 Did wailing echo wait the funeral song.
 And now from far the mingling clamours rise,
 Loud and more loud rebounding through the skies.
 From skirt to skirt of heaven, with stormy sway,
 A cloud rolls on, and darkens all the day.
 Near and more near descends the dreadful shade,
 And now in battalious array display'd,
 On sounding wings, and screaming in their ire,
 The cranes rush onward, and the light require.

The pygmy warriors eye with fearless glare
 The host thick swarming o'er the burthen'd air:
 Thick swarming now, but to their native land
 Doom'd to return a scanty straggling band,—

When sudden, darting down the depth of heaven,
 Pierce on th' expecting foe the cranes are driven.
 The kindling phrenzy every bosom warms,

The region echoes to the crash of arms:

Loose feathers from the encountering armies fly,
 And in careering whirlwinds meet out the sky.
 To breathe from toil upspring the parting crane,
 Then with fresh vigour downwards darts again.
 Success in equal balance hovering hangs.

Here, on the sharp spear, mad with mortal pangs,
 The bird transfix'd in bloody vortex whirls,
 Yet fierce in death the threatening talon curls;
 There, while the life-blood bubbles from his wound,
 With little feet the pygmy beats the ground;
 Deep from his breast the short short sob he draws,
 And dying curses the keen pointed claws.

Trembles the thundering field thick cover'd o'er
 With fashions, mangled wings, and streaming
 And Pygmy arms, and beaks of ample size, [gore,
 And here a claw, and there a finger lies.

Encompass'd round with heaps of slaughter'd
 foes,

All grim in blood the pygmy champion glows,
 And on th' assailing host impetuous springs,
 Careless of nibbling bills, and flapping wings;
 And midst the tumult wheresoe'er he turns,
 The battle with redoubled fury burns;

From every side th' avenging cranes amain
 Throng, to o'erwhelm this terror of the plain.
 When suddenly (for such the will of Jove)

A low enormous, sousing from above,
 The gallant chieftain clutch'd, and, soaring high,
 (Sad chance of battle!) bore him up the sky.

The cranes pursue, and clustering in a ring,
 Chatter triumphant round the captive king.
 But ah! what pangs each pygmy bosom wrung,
 When, now to cranes a prey on talons hung,
 High in the clouds they saw their helpless lord,
 His wriggling form still lessening as he soared.

Lo yet again with unabated rage

In mortal strife the mingling hosts engage.
 The crane, with darted bill assaults the foe,
 Hovering; then wheels aloft to scape the blow;
 The dwarf in anguish aims the vengeful wound;
 But whirls in empty air the falchion round.

Such was the scene, when midst the loud alarms
 Sublime th' eternal Thunderer rose in arms.

When Briareus, by mad ambition driven,
 Heaved Pelion huge, and hurl'd it high at heaven.
 Jove roll'd redoubting thunders from on high,
 Mountains and bolts encounter'd in the sky;
 Till one stupendous ruin whelm'd the crew,
 Their vast limbs weltering wide in brimstone
 blue.

But now at length the pygmy legions yield,
 And wing'd with terror fly the fatal field.
 They raise a weak and melancholy wail,
 All in distraction scattering o'er the vale.
 Prone on their routed rear the cranes descend;
 Their bills bite furious, and their talons rend:
 With unrelenting ire they urge the chase,
 Sworn to exterminate the hated race.

'Twas thus the Pygmy Name, once great in war,
 For spoils of conquer'd cranes renown'd afar,
 Perish'd. For, by the dread decree of Heaven,
 Short is the date to earthly grandeur given,
 And vain are all attempts to roam beyond
 Where Fate has fix'd the everlasting bound.
 Fallen are the trophies of Assyrian power,
 And Persia's proud dominion is no more;
 Yea, though to both superior far in fame,
 Thine empire, Latium, is an empty name.

And now with lofty chiefs of ancient time,
 The pygmy heroes roam th' Elysian clime.
 Or, it believ'd to matron-tales be due,
 Full oft, in the belated shepherd's view,

Their frisking forms, in gentle green array'd,
 Gambol secure amid the moonlight glade.
 Secure, for no alarming cranes molest,
 And all their woes in long oblivion rest;
 Down the deep dale, and narrow winding way,
 They foot it fealty, ranged in ringlets gay:
 'Tis joy and frolic all, where'er they rove,
 And Fairy-people is the name they love.

THE HARES,

A FABLE.

YES, yes, I grant the sons of earth
 Are doom'd to trouble from their birth.
 We all of sorrow have our share;
 But say, is yours without compare?
 Look round the world; perhaps you'll find
 Each individual of our kind
 Press'd with an equal load of ill,
 Equal at least. Look further still,
 And own your lamentable case
 Is little short of happiness.
 In yonder hut that stands alone
 Attend to Famine's feeble moan;
 Or view the couch where Sickness lies,
 Mark his pale cheek, and languid eyes,
 His frame by strong convulsion torn,
 His struggling sighs, and looks forlorn.
 Or see, transfix'd with keener pangs,
 Where o'er his board the miser hangs;
 Whistles the wind; he starts, he stares,
 Nor Slumber's balmy blessing shares,
 Despair, Remorse, and Terror roll
 Their tempests on his harass'd soul.
 But here perhaps it may avail
 To enforce our reasoning with a tale.
 Mild was the morn, the sky serene,
 The jolly hunting band convene,
 The beagle's breast with ardour burns,
 The bounding steed the champaign spurns,
 And Fancy oft the game descents
 Through the hound's nose, and huntsman's eyes.
 Just then, a council of the hares
 Had met, on national affairs.
 The chiefs were set; while o'er their head
 The furze its frizzled covering spread.
 Long lists of grievances were heard,
 And general discontent appear'd.
 "Our harmless race shall every savage
 Both quadruped and biped ravage;
 Shall horses hounds and hunters still
 Unite their wits to work us ill?
 The youth, his parent's sole delight,
 Whose tooth the dewy lawns invite,
 Whose pulse in every vein beats strong,
 Whose limbs leap light the vales along,
 May yet ere noontide meet his death,
 And lie dismember'd on the heath.
 For youth, alas, nor cautious age,
 Nor strength, nor speed, eludes their rage.
 In every field we meet the foe,
 Each gale comes fraught with sounds of woe;
 The morning but awakes our fears,
 The evening sees us bathed in tears.
 But must we ever idly grieve,
 Nor strive our fortunes to relieve?
 Small is each individual's force:
 To stratagem be our recourse;
 And then, from all our tribes combined,
 The murderer to his cost may find
 No foes are weak, whom Justice arms,
 Whom Concord leads, and Hatred warms.
 Be roused; or liberty acquire,
 Or in the great attempt expire."
 He said no more, for in his breast
 Conflicting thoughts the voice suppress'd:
 The fire of vengeance seem'd to stream
 From his swollen eyeball's yellow gleam.
 And now the tumults of the war,
 Mingling confusedly from afar,
 Swell in the wind. Now louder cries
 Distinct of hounds and men arise.
 Forth from the brake, with beating heart
 Th' assembled hares tumultuous start,

And, every straining nerve on wing,
 A way precipitately spring.
 The hunting band, a signal given,
 Thick thundering o'er the plain are driven;
 O'er cliff abrupt, and shrubby mound,
 And river broad, impetuous bound;
 Now plunge amid the forest shades,
 Glance through the openings of the glades;
 Now o'er the level valley sweep,
 Now with short steps strain up the steep;
 While backward from the hunter's eyes
 The landscape like a torrent flies.
 At last an ancient wood they gain'd,
 By pruner's axe yet unprofaned,
 High o'er the rest, by Nature rear'd,
 The oak's majestic boughs appear'd;
 Beneath, a copse of various hue
 In barbarous luxuriance grew.
 No knife had curb'd the rambling sprays,
 No hand had wove th' implicit maze.
 The flowering thorn, self-taught to wind,
 The hazel's stubborn stem entwined,
 And bramble-twigs were wreathed around,
 And rough furze crept along the ground.
 Here sheltering, from the sons of murder,
 The hares drag their tired limbs no further.
 But lo, the western wind ere long
 Was loud, and roar'd the woods among;
 From rustling leaves, and crashing boughs,
 The sound of wo and war arose.
 The hares distracted scour the grove,
 As terror and amazement drove;
 But danger, whereso'er they fled,
 Still seem'd impending o'er their head.
 Now crowded in a grove's gloom,
 All hope extinct, they wait their doom.
 Dire was the silence, till, at length,
 Even from despair deriving strength,
 With bloody eye, and furious look,
 A daring youth arose, and spoke.
 "O wretched race, the scorn of Fate,
 Whom ill of every sort await!
 O, cursed with keenest sense to feel
 The sharpest sting of every ill!
 Say ye, who, fraught with mighty scheme,
 Of liberty and vengeance dream,
 What now remains? To what recess
 Shall we our weary steps address,
 Since fate is evermore pursuing
 All ways, and means to work our ruin?
 Are we alone, of all beneath,
 Condemn'd to misery worse than death!
 Must we, with fruitless labour, strive
 In misery worse than death to live!
 No. Be the smaller ill our choice:
 So dictates Nature's powerful voice.
 Death's pang will in a moment cease;
 And then, All hail, eternal peace!"
 Thus while he spoke, his words impart
 The dire resolve to every heart.
 A distant lake in prospect lay,
 That glittering in the solar ray,
 Gleam'd through the dusky trees, and shot
 A trembling light along the grove.
 Thither with one consent they bend,
 Their sorrows with their lives to end,
 While each, in thought, already hears
 The water hissing in his ears.
 Fast by the margin of the lake,
 Conceal'd within a thorny brake,
 A Linnet sat, whose careless lay
 Amused the solitary day,
 Careless he sung, for on his breast
 Sorrow no lasting trace impress'd;
 When suddenly he heard a sound
 Of swift feet traversing the ground.
 Quick to the neighbouring tree he flies,
 Thence trembling cast around his eyes;
 No foe appear'd, his fears were vain;
 Pleas'd he renews the sprightly strain.
 The hares, whose noise had caused his fright,
 Saw with surprise the linnet's flight.
 Is there on earth a wretch, they said,
 Whom our approach can strike with dread?
 An instantaneous change of thought
 To tumult every bosom wrought.
 So fares the system-building sage,
 Who, plodding on from youth to age,
 At last on some foundation-dream
 Has rear'd aloft his godly scheme,
 And prov'd his predecessors fools,
 And bound all nature by his rules;

So fares he in that dreadful hour,
 When injured Truth exerts her power
 Some new phenomenon to raise;
 Which, bursting on his frightened gaze,
 From its proud summit to the ground
 Proves the whole edifice unbound.
 "Children," thus spoke a hare sedate,
 Who oft had known th' extremes of fate,
 In slight events the docile mind
 May hints of good instruction find.
 That our condition is the worst,
 And we with such misfortunes cursed
 As all comparison defy.
 Was late the universal cry.
 When lo, an accident so slight
 As yonder little linnet's flight,
 Has made your stubborn heart confess
 (So your amazement bids me guess)
 That all our load of woes and fears
 Is but a part of what he bears.
 Where can he rest secure from harms,
 Whom even a helpless hare alarms?
 Yet he repines not at his lot,
 When pass'd the danger is forgot;
 On yonder bough he trims his wings,
 And with unusual rapture sings;
 While we, less wretched, sink beneath
 Our lighter ills, and rush to death.
 No more of this unmeaning rage,
 But hear, my friends, the words of age.
 "When by the winds of autumn driven
 The scatter'd clouds fly cross the heaven,
 Oft have we, from some mountain's head,
 Beheld th' alternate light and shade
 Sweep the long vale. Here hovering lours
 The shadowy cloud; there downward pours,
 Streaming direct, a flood of day,
 Which from the view flies swift away;
 It flies, while other shades advance,
 And other streaks of sunshine glance;
 Thus checker'd is the life below
 With gleams of joy, and clouds of wo.
 Then hope not, while we journey on,
 Still to be basking in the sun:
 Nor fear, though now in shades ye mourn,
 That sunshine will no more return.
 If, by your terrors overcome,
 Ye fly before th' approaching gloom,
 The rapid clouds your flight pursue,
 And darkness still o'ercasts your view.
 Who longs to reach the radiant plain
 Must onward urge his course amain;
 For doubly swift the shadow flies,
 When 'gainst the gale the pilgrim piles;
 At least be firm, and undismay'd
 Maintain your ground! the fleeting shade
 Ere long spontaneous glides away,
 And gives you back th' enlivening ray.
 Lo, while I speak, our danger past!
 No more the shrill horn's angry blast
 Howls in our ear; the savage roar
 Of war and murder is no more.
 Then snatch the moment fate allows,
 Nor think of past or future woes."
 He spoke; and hope revives, the lake
 That instant one and all forsake,
 In sweet amusement to employ
 The present sprightly hour of joy.
 Now from the western mountains brow
 Compass'd with clouds of various glow,
 The sun a broader orb displays,
 And shoots aslope his ruddy rays.
 The lawn assumes a fresher green,
 And dew-drops spangle all the scene,
 The balmy zephyr breathes along,
 The shepherd sings his tender song,
 With all their lays the groves resound,
 And falling waters murmur round.
 Discord and care were put to flight,
 And all was peace, and calm delight.

EPITAPH:

Being part of an Inscription for a Monument to be erected by a Gentleman to the Memory of ^{his} Lady.

FAREWELL, my best-beloved; whose heavenly mind
 Genius with virtue, strength with softness join'd

Devotion, undebaſed by pride or art,
With meek ſimplicity, and joy of heart.
Though ſprightly, gentle; though polite, ſincere;
And only of thyſelf a judge ſevere;
Unblamed, unequalled in each ſphere of life,
The tenderest Daughter, Siſter, Parent, Wife,
In thee, their Patroness, th' afflicted loſt;
Thy friends, their pattern, ornament, and boaſt;
And I—but ah, can words my loſs declare,
Or paint th' extremes of tranſport and deſpair!
O Thou, beyond what verſe or ſpeech can tell,
My guide, my friend, my beſt-beloved, farewell!

ODE

ON LORD H**S BIRTH-DAY.

A MUSE, unſkill'd in venal praiſe,
Unſtain'd with flattery's art;
Who loves ſimplicity of lays
Breathed ardent from the heart;
While gratitude and joy inſpire,
Reſumes the long-unpractiſed lyre,
To hail, O H**, thy Natal Morn—
No gaudy wreath of flow'ers ſhe weaves,
But twines with oak the laurel leaves,
Thy cradle to adorn.

For not on beds of gaudy flow'ers
Thine anceſtors reclined,
Where Sloth diſſolves, and Spleen devours
All energy of mind.
To hurl the dart, to ride the car,
To ſtem the deluges of war,
And ſnatch from fate a ſinking land:
Tremble th' Invader's lofty creſt,
And from his grasp the dagger wreſt,
And deſolating brand:

'Twas this, that raiſed th' illuſtrious Line
To match the firſt in Fame!
A thouſand years have ſeen it ſhine
With unabated flame.
Have ſeen thy mighty Sires appear
Foremoſt in Glory's high career,
The pride and pattern of the Brave.
Yet, pure from luſt of blood their ſire,
And from Ambition's wild deſire,
They triumph'd but to ſave.

The Muſe with joy attends their way,
The vale of Perce along;
There to its Lord the village gay
Renews the grateful ſong.
Yon caſtle's glittering towers contain
No put of war, nor clanking chain,
Nor to the ſuppliant's wail reſound:
The open doors the needy bleſs,
Th' unfriend'd hail their calm recess,
And gladneſs ſmiles around.

There, to the ſympathetic heart,
Life's beſt delights belong,
To mitigate the mourner's ſmart,
To guard the weak from wrong.
Ye Sons of Luxury, be wiſe—
Know, happineſs for ever flies
The cold and ſolitary breaſt;
Then let the ſocial inſtinct glow
And learn to feel another's woe,
And in his joy be bleſs'd.

O yet, ere Pleaſure plant her ſnare
For unſuſpecting youth;
Ere Flattery her ſong prepare
To check the voice of Truth;
O may his countr's guardian Power
Attend the ſlumbering Infant's bower,
And bright, inſpiring dreams impart;
To rouse th' hereditary fire,
To kindle each ſublime deſire,
Exalt, and warm the heart.

Swift to reward a Parent's fears,
A Parent's hopes to crown,
Roll on in peace, ye blooming years,
That rear him to renown;

When in his finiſh'd form and face
Admiring multitudes ſhall trace
Each patrimonial charm combined,
The courteous yet majestic mien,
The liberal ſmile, the look ſerene,
The great and gentle mind.

Yet, though thou draw a nation's eyes,
And win a nation's love,
Let not thy towering mind deſpise
The village and the grove.
No ſlander there ſhall wound thy fame,
No ruffian take his deadly aim,
No rival weave the ſecret ſnare:
For Innocence with angel ſmile
Simplicity that knows no guile,
And Love and Peace are there.

When winds the mountain oak aſſail,
And lay its glories waſte,
Content may ſlumber in the vale,
Unconſcious of the blaſt.
Through ſcenes of tumult while we roam,
The heart, alas! is ne'er at home,
It hopes in time to roam no more;
The mariner, not vainly brave,
Combats the ſtorm, and rides the wave,
To reſt at laſt on ſhore.

Ye proud, ye ſelfiſh, ye ſevere,
How vain your maſk of ſtate!
The good alone have joy ſincere,
The good alone are great:
Great, when, amid the vale of peace,
They bid the plaint of ſorrow ceaſe,
And hear the voice of artleſs praiſe;
As when along the trophied plain
Sublime they lead the victor train,
While ſhouting nations gaze.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY CHARLOTTE GORDON

*Dreſſed in a Tartan Scotch Bonnet,
with Plumet, &c*

WHY, Lady, wilt thou bind thy lovely brow
With the dread ſemblance of that warlike helm,
That nodding plume, and wreath of various glow
That graced the chiefs of Scotia's ancient realm?

Thou know'ſt that virtue is of power the ſource,
And all her magic to thy eyes is given;
We own their empire, while we feel their force,
Beaming with the benignity of heaven.

The plumed helmet, and the martial mien,
Might dignify Minerva's awful charms;
But more reſiſtleſſ far th' Italian queen—
Smiles, graces, gentleneſs, her only arms.

THE HERMIT.

AT the cloſe of the day, when the hamlet is ſtill,
And mortals the ſweets of forgetfulneſs prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's ſong in the grove
'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung ſymphonious, a Hermit began
No more with himſelf or with nature at war,
He thought as a Sage, though he felt as a Man.

" Ah why, all abandon'd to darkneſs and woe,
Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?
For Spring ſhall return, and a lover beſtow,
And ſorrow no longer thy boſom inſtrale.
But, if pity inſpire thee, renew the ſad lay,
Mourn, ſweeteſt complainer, man calls thee to
O ſoothe him, whoſe pleaſures like thine paſs away
Full quickly they paſs—but they never return."

"Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
The Moon, half-extinguish'd, her crescent dis-
plays :

But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendour again.
But Man's faded glory what change shall renew !
Ah fool ! to exult in a glory so vain !

" 'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more ;
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you ;
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with
dew.

Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn ;
Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save.
But when shall Spring visit the mouldering urn !
O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave !

' 'Twas thus, by the glare of false Science betray'd,
That leads, to bewilder ; and dazzles, to blind ;
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to
shade,

Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
' O pity, great Father of light, ' then I cried,
' Thy creature who fain would not wander from
Thee !

Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride :
From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free.

" And darkness and doubt are now flying away,
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.
So breaks on the traveller, faint, and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,
And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom !
On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are
blending,
And Beauty Immortal awakes from the tomb."

ODE TO PEACE.

Written in the year 1758.

I. 1.

PEACE, heaven-descended maid ! whose powerful
voice

From ancient darkness call'd the morn ;
And hush'd of jarring elements the noise,
When Chaos, from his old dominion torn,
With all his bellowing throng,
Far, far was hurl'd the void abyss along ;
And all the bright angelic choir,
Striking, through all their ranks, the eternal lyre,
Pour'd, in loud symphony, the impetuous strain ;
And every fiery orb and planet sung,
And wide, through Night's dark solitary reign,
Rebounding long and deep, the lays triumphant
rung !

I. 2.

Oh, whither art thou fled, Saturnian Age !
Roll round again, majestic years !
To break the sceptre of tyrannic rage ;
From Woe's wan cheek to wipe the bitter tears ;
Ye years, again roll round !
Hark ! from afar what desolating sound,
While echoes load the sighing gales,
With dire presage the throbbing heart assails !
Murder, deep-roused, with all the whirlwind's haste,
And roar of tempest, from her cavern springs,
Her tangled serpents girds around her waist,
Smiles ghastly fierce, and shakes her gore-distilling
wings.

I. 3.

The shouts, redoubling, rise
In thunder to the skies ;
The nymphs disordered, dart along,
Sweet powers of solitude and song,
Stunn'd by the horrors of discordant sound ;
And all is listening, trembling round.

Torrents, far heard amid the waste of night,
That oft have led the wanderer right,
Are silent at the noise.
The mighty Ocean's more majestic voice,
Drown'd in superior din, is heard no more ;
The surge in silence seems to sweep the foamy shore

II. 1.

The bloody banner, streaming in the air,
Seen on yon sky-mix'd mountain's brow,
The mingling multitudes, the madding car,
Driven in confusion to the plain below,
War's dreadful Lord proclaim.
Bursts out, by frequent fits, the expansive flame,
Snatch'd in tempestuous eddies, flies
The surging smoke o'er all the darken'd skies ;
The cheerful face of heaven no more is seen ;
The bloom of morning fades to deadly pale ;
The bat flies transient o'er the dusky green,
And Night's foul birds along the sullen twilight sail

II. 2.

Involved in fire-streak'd gloom, the car comes on.
The rushing steeds grim Terror guides,
His forehead writhed to a relentless frown,
Aloft the angry Power of Battles rides.
Grasped in his mighty hand
A mace tremendous desolates the land ;
The tower rolls headlong down the steep,
The mountain shrinks before its wasteful sweep,
Chill horror the dissolving limbs invades,
Smit by the blasting lightning of his eyes ;
A deeper gloom invests the howling shades ; [dies.
Stripp'd is the shatter'd grove, and every verdure

II. 3.

How startled Phrenzy stares,
Bristling her ragged hairs !
Revenge the gory fragment gnaws ;
See, with her gripping vulture claws
Imprinted deep, she rends the mangled wound !
Hate whirls her torch sulphurous round.
The shrieks of agony, and clang of arms,
Re-echo to the hoarse alarms,
Her trump terrific blows.
Disparting from behind, the clouds disclose,
Of kingly gesture, a gigantic form, [storm.
That with his scourge sublime rules the careering

III. 1.

Ambition, outside fair ! within as foul
As fiends of fiercest heart below,
Who rides the hurricanes of fire, that roll
Their thundering vortex o'er the realms of woe,
Yon naked waste survey ;
Where late was heard the flute's mellifluous lay ;
Where late the rosy-bosom'd hours,
In loose array, danced lightly o'er the flowers ;
Where late the shepherd told his tender tale ;
And, waken'd by the murmuring breeze of morn,
The voice of cheerful Labour fill'd the dale ;
And dove-eyed Plenty smiled, and waved her liberal
horn.

III. 2.

Yon ruins, sable from the wasting flame,
But mark the once resplendent dome ;
The frequent course obstructs the sullen stream
And ghosts glare horrid from the sylvan gloom.
How sadly silent all !
Save where, outstretch'd beneath an hanging wall
Pale Famine moans with feeble breath,
And Anguish yells, and grinds his bloody teeth.
Though vain the muse, and every melting lay
To touch thy heart, unconscious of remorse !
Know, monster, know, thy hour is on the way ;
I see, I see the years begin their mighty course.

III. 3.

What scenes of glory rise
Before my dazzled eyes !
Young zephyrs wave their wanton wings
And melody celestial rings.
All blooming on the lawn the nymphs advance,
And touch the lute, and range the dance ;
And the blithe shepherds, on the mountain's side,
Array'd in all their rural pride,
Exalt the festive note,
Inviting Echo from her inmost grove.
But ah ! the landscape glows with fainter light ;
It darkens, swims, and flies for ever from my sight.

ODE TO PEACE.

IV. 1.

Illusions vain. Can sacred *Peace* reside
 Where sordid gold the breast alarms,
 Where Cruelty inflames the eye of Pride,
 And Grandeur wantons in soft Pleasure's arms!
 Ambition, these are thine!
 These from the soul erase the form divine;
 And quench the animating fire,
 That warms the bosom with sublime desire.
 Thence the relentless heart forgets to feel,
 And Hatred triumphs on the overwhelming brow,
 And midnight Rancour grasps the cruel steel;
 Blaze the blue flames of death, and sound the
 shrieks of wo.

IV. 2.

From Albion fled, thy once beloved retreat,
 What regions brighten in thy smile,
 Creative *Peace*! and underneath thy feet
 See sudden flowers adorn the rugged soil?
 In bleak Siberia blows,
 Waked by thy genial breath, the balmy rose?

Waved over by thy magic wand,
 Does life inform fell Lybia's burning sand?
 Or does some isle thy parting flight detain,
 Where roves the Indian through primeval shades
 Haunts the pure pleasures of the sylvan reign,
 And, led by Reason's light, the path of Nature
 treads?

IV. 3.

On Cuba's utmost steep,
 Far leaning o'er the deep,
 The Goddess' pensive form was seen;
 Her robe, of Nature's varied green,
 Waved on the gale; grief dimm'd her radiant
 eyes;
 Her bosom heaved with boding sighs;
 She eyed the main, where, gaining on the view,
 Emerging from the ethereal blue,
 'Midst the dread pomp of war,
 Blazed the Iberian streamer from afar.
 She saw; and, on refulgent pinions borne
 Slow wing'd her way sublime, and mingled with
 the morn.

F A B L E S ,

And other Poems.

B Y J O H N G A Y .

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INTRODUCTION.

The Shepherd and the Philosopher.

REMOTE from cities liv'd a swain,
Unconscious with all the cares of gain;
His head was steer'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him sage,
In summer's heat and winter's cold,
He fed his flock and penn'd the fold;
His hours in cheerful labour flew,
Nor envy nor ambition knew
His wisdom and his honest fame
Thro' all the country rais'd his name.
A deep Philosopher (whose rules
Of moral life were drawn from schools)
The Shepherd's homely cottage sought,
And thus explor'd his realm of thought
"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?
Hast thou of Greece as I Rome survey'd,
And the vast sense of Plato weigh'd?
Hast Socrates thy soul refin'd,
And hast thou fathom'd Tully's mind?
Or, like the wise Ulysses, thrown,
His various fates on realms unknown,
Hast thou thro' many cities stry'd,
Their customs, laws and manners weigh'd?"
The Shepherd modestly repli'd,
"I ne'er the paths of learning try'd;
Nor have I roam'd by foreign parts
To read mankind, their laws and arts;
For man is practis'd in disguise,
He cheats the most discerning eyes;
Who by that search shal' wiser grow,
When we ourselves can never know?
The little knowledge I have gain'd,
Was all from simple nature drain'd;
Hence my life's maxims took their rise;
Hence grew my settled hate to vice.
"The daily labors of the bee
Awake my soul to industry;

Who can observe the careful ant,
And not provide for future want?
My dog, the trustiest of his kind,
With gratitude inflames my mind;
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my service copy Truë.
In constancy and assiduous lore,
I learn my duty from the dove.
The hen, who from the chilly air,
With plous wings protects her care;
And every fowl that flies at large,
Instructs me in a parent's charge.
"From nature, too, I take my rule,
To shun contempt and ridicule.
I never with important air
In conversation overture.
Can give and formal pass for wise,
When men the solemn owl despise?
My tongue within my lips I rein;
For who talks much, must talk in vain;
We from the windy forest fly.
Who listens to the chattering pie?
Nor would I, with felonious stealth,
By stealth invade my neighbour's right.
Rapacious animals we hate.
Kites, hawks and vultures deserve their fate.
Do not we just abhorrence find
Against the toad and serpent kind?
But envy, calumny, and spite,
Bear stronger venom in their bite.
Thus every object of creation
Can furnish hints to contemplation;
And from the most minute an I learn,
A virtuous mind can morals glean."
"The fable is just," the sage replies;
"Thy virtue proves thee truly wise.
Pride often guides the author's pen
Books as affected are as men;
But he who studies Nature's laws,
From certain truth his maxims draws;
And thence, with not our school, will strive
To make men moral, good and wise."

FABLES.

PART I.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS,

WILLIAM, DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

FABLE I.

The Lion, Tiger, and Traveller.

ACCEPT, young Prince, the moral lay,
And in these tales mankind survey;
With earl's virtue plant your breast,
The specious arts of vice detest.

Princes, like beauties, from their youth
Are strangers to the voice of truth;
Learn to condemn all praise betimes;
For flattery's the nurse of crimes:
Friendship by sweet reproof is shown,
(A virtue never near a throne);
In courts such freedom must offend,
There none presumes to be a friend.
To those of your exalted station
Each courtier is a dedication.
Must I too flatter like the rest,
And turn my morals to a jest?
The Muse disdain to steal from those
Who thrive in courts by fulsome prose.

But shall I hide your real praise,
Or tell you what a nation says?
They in your infant bosom trace
The virtues of your royal race;
In the fair dawning of your mind
Discern you gen'rous, mild, and kind;
They see you grieve to hear distress,
And pant already to redress.
Go on! the height of good attain,
Nor let a nation hope in vain.
From hence we justly may presage
The virtues of a riper age.
True courage shall your bosom fire,
And future actions own your sire.
Cowards are cruel, but the brave
Love mercy and delight to save.

A Tiger roaming for his prey,
Sprung on a Trav'ler in the way;
The prostrate game a Lion spies,
And on the greedy tyrant flies,
With mingled roar resounds the wood,
Their teeth, their claws distil with blood;
Till vanquish'd by the Lion's strength,
The spotted foe extends his length.
The Man besought the shaggy lord,
And on his knees for life implor'd.
His life the gen'rous hero gave;
Together walking to his cave,
The Lion thus bespoke his guest;

"What hardy beast shall dare contest
My matchless strength? You saw the fight,
And must attest my pow'r and right.
Forc'd to forego their native home,
My starving slaves at distance roam.
Within these woods I reign alone,
The boundless forest is my own.
Bears, wolves, and all the savage brood,
Have dy'd the regal den with blood,
These carcases on either hand,
Those bones that whiten all the land,

My former deeds and triumphs tell,
Beneath these jaws what numbers fell."

"True, (says the Man,) the strength I saw
Might well the brutal nation awe:
But shall a monarch, brave like you,
Place glory in so false a view?
Robbers invade their neighbour's right:
Be lov'd; let justice bound your might.
Mean are ambitious heroes' boasts
Of wasted lands and slaughter'd hosts.
Pirates their power by murders gain,
Wise kings by love and mercy reign.
To me your clemency hath shown
The virtue worthy of a throne,
Heav'n gives you pow'r above the rest,
Like Heav'n to succour the distress'd."
"The case is plain," the Monarch said,
"False glory hath my youth misled;
For beasts of prey, a servile train,
Have been the flatterers of my reign.
You reason well. Yet tell me, friend,
Did ever you in courts attend?
For all my fawning rogues agree
That human heroes rule like me."

FABLE II.

The Spaniel and the Chameleon.

A SPANIEL, bred with all the care
That waits upon a fav'rite heir,
Ne'er felt Correction's rigid hand
Indulg'd to disobey command,
In pamper'd ease his hours were spent;
He never knew what learning meant,
Such forward airs, so pert, so smart,
Were sure to win his lady's heart;
Each little mischief gain'd him praise:
How pretty were his fawning ways!
The wind was south, the morning fair,
He ventures forth to take the air,
He ranges all the meadow round,
And rolls upon the softest ground:
When near him a Chameleon seen,
Was scarce distinguish'd from the green:
"Dear emblem of the flatt'ring host,
What, live with clowns! a genius lost!
To cities and the court repair;
A fortune cannot fail thee there:
Preferment shall thy talents crown,
Believe me, friend, I know the town."
"Sir," says the Sycophant, "like you,
Of old, politer life I knew:
Like you, a courtier born and bred,
Kings lean'd their ear to what I said.
My whisper always met success;
The ladies prais'd me for address.
I knew to hit each courtier's passion,
And flatter'd ev'ry vice in fashion."

Just Jove, who hates the liar's ways,
At once cut short my prosperous days,
And sentenced to retain my nature,
Transf'rd me to this crawling creature.
Do you'd to a life of pleasure and mean,
I was left in the plain scene.
He, Jove, the heart alone regards;
He, Juno, shows what man rewards;
How different is thy case and mine!
With men at least you sup and dine;
While I, condemn'd to thinnest fare,
Lark's p. and I flatter'd, feed on air."

FABLE III.

The Nurse, the Fairy, and the Fairy.

"GIVE me a son!"—The blessing sent,
Were ever parents more content?
How partial are their dotting eyes!
No child is half so fair and wise.
Wald to the morning's pleasing care,
The mother rose and sought her heir.
She saw the Nurse, like one possess'd,
With wringing hands and sobbing breast.
"Sure some disaster has befall!
Speak, Nurse! I hope the boy is well?"
"Dear Madam, think not me to blame;
Invisible the Fairy came:
Your precious babe is hence convey'd,
And in the place a changeling laid.
Where are the father's mouth and nose,
The mother's eyes as black as sloes?
See here, a shaggy awkward creature,
That strols a fool in ev'ry feature!"
"The woman's blind!" the Mother cries;
"I see it sparkle in his eyes."
"Lord, Madam! what a squinting leer!
No doubt the Fairy hath been here."
Just as she spoke, a pugnacious Sprite
Pops through the key-hole swift as light;
Perch'd on the cradle's top she stands,
And thus her folly reprimands.
"Whence sprung the vain conceited lie,
That we the world with fools supply?
What! give our sprightly race away,
For the dull helpless sons of clay?
Besides, by partial fondness shown,
Like you we dote upon our own.
Where yet was ever found a mother
Who'd give her booby for another?
And should we change with human breed,
We'll might we pass for fools indeed."

FABLE IV.

The Eagle, and the Assembly of Animals.

AS Jupiter's all-seeing eye
Survey'd the worlds beneath the sky,
From this small speck of earth were sent
Murmurs and sounds of discontent;
For ev'ry thing alike complain'd
That he the hardest life sustain'd.
Jove calls his Eagle. At the word
Before him stands the royal bird.
The bird, obedient, from heav'n's height,
Downward directs his rapid flight;
Then cited ev'ry living thing,
To hear the mandates of his king.
"Ungrateful creatures! whence arise
These murmurs which offend the skies?
Why this disorder? say the cause;
For just are Jove's eternal laws.
Let each his discontent reveal
To you our Dog I first appeal."
"Hard is my lot," the Hound replies,
"On what fleet nerves the Greyhound flies!
While I, with weary step and slow,
O'er plains, and vales, and mountains, go.
The morning sees my chase begun,
Nor ends it till the setting sun."
"When, (says the Greyhound,) I pursue,
My game is lost, or caught in view;

Beyond my sight the prey's secure:
The Hound is slow, but always sure.
And had I his sagacious scent,
Jove ne'er had heard my discontent."
The Lion crav'd the Fox's art:
The Fox the Lion's force and heart.
The Cock implor'd the Pigeon's flight,
Whose wings were rapid, strong and light:
The Pigeon strength of wing despid
And the Cock's matchless valour priz'd:
The Fables wish'd to graze the plain;
The Beasts to slum beneath the main.
Thus, envious of another's state,
Each claim'd the partial hand of Fate.
The Lord of Heav'n then cried aloud,
"Jove bids disperse the murm'ring crowd;
The god rejects your idle prayers.
Would ye, rebellious mutineers,
Entirely change your name and nature,
And be the very envied creature?
What, silent all, and none consent!
Be happy then, and learn content
Nor imitate the restless mind,
And proud ambition of mankind."

FABLE V.

The Wild Boar and the Ram.

AGAINST an elm a sheep was tied,
The butcher's wife in blood was di'd.
The patient flock, in silent flight,
From far beheld the horrid sight.
A savage Boar, who near them stood,
Thus mock'd to scorn the fleecy brood
"All cowards should be serv'd like you
See, see! your murderer is in view;
With purple hands, and reeking knife,
He strips the skin yet warm with life:
Your quarter'd sires, your bleeding daurs,
The dying bleat of harmless lambs,
Call for revenge. O, stupid race!
The heart that wants revenge is base."
"I grant," an ancient Ram replies,
"We bear no terror in our eyes,
Yet think us not of soul so tame,
Which no repeated wrongs inflame;
Insensible of ev'ry ill,
Because we want thy tusks to kill.
Know, those who violence pursue
Glee to themselves the vengeance due;
For in these massacres they find
The two chief plagues that waste mankind.
Our skin supplies the wrangling bar,
It wakes their slumbering sons to war;
And well revenge may rest contented,
Since drums and parchment were invented

FABLE VI.

The Miser and Plutus.

THE wind was high, the window shakes,
With sudden start the Miser wakes;
Along the silent room he stalks;
Looks back, and trembles as he walks;
Each lock and ev'ry bolt he tries,
In ev'ry creek and corner pries.
Then opens the chest with treasure stor'd,
And stands in rapture o'er his hoard.
But now, with sudden qualms possess'd,
He wrings his hands, he beats his breast.
By conscience stung, he wildly stares;
And thus his guilty soul declares:
"Had the deep earth her stores confin'd,
This heart had known sweet peace of mind.
But virtue's sold. Good gods! what price
Can recompense the prunes of vice
O bane of good! seducing cheat!
Can man, weak man, thy power defeat?
Gold banish'd honour from the mind,
And only left the name behind;

Gold sow'd the world with ev'ry ill;
Gold taught the murderer's sword to kill:
'Twas gold instructed coward hearts
In trench'ry's more pernicious arts.
Who can recount the mischiefs o'er!
Virtue resides on earth no more!"

He spoke, and sigh'd. In angry mood,
Plutus, his god, before him stood.
The Miser, trembling, lock'd his chest:
The Vision frown'd, and thus address'd:
"Whence is this vile ungrateful rant,
Each sordid rascal's daily cant?
Did I, base wretch, corrupt mankind?
The fault's in thy rapacious mind.
Because my blessings are abus'd,
Must I be censur'd, cur'd, accus'd?
E'en virtue's self by knave's is made
A cloak to carry on the trade;
And pow'r (when lodg'd in their possession)
Grows tyranny and rank oppression.
Thus, when the villain crams his chest,
Gold is the canker of the breast;
'Tis avarice, insolence, and pride,
And ev'ry shocking vice beside,
But when to virtuous hands 'tis given,
It blesses, like the dews of heav'n;
Like heav'n, it hears the orphan's cries,
And wipes the tears from widows' eyes:
Their crimes on gold shall misers lay,
Who pawn'd their sordid souls for pay?
Let braves then, when blood is spilt,
Upbraid the passive sword with guilt."

FABLE VII.

The Lion, the Fox, and the Geese.

A LION, tr'd with state affairs,
Quite sick of pomp, and worn with cares,
Resolv'd, remote from noise and strife,
In peace to pass his latter life.
It was proclaim'd; the day was set:
Behold the gen'ral council met.
The Fox was Viceroy nam'd. The crowd
To the new regent humbly bow'd.
Wolves, bears, and mighty tigers bend,
And strive who most should condescend.
He straight assumes a solemn grace,
Collects his wisdom in his face.
The crowd admire his wit, his sense:
Each word hath weight and consequence.
The flatt'rer all his art displays:
He who hath power is sure of praise.
A Fox stept forth before the rest,
And thus the servile throng address'd:
"How vast his talents, born to rule,
And train'd in Virtue's honest school!
What clemency his temper sways!
How uncorrupt are all his ways!
Beneath his conduct and command,
Rapine shall cease to waste the land.
His brain hath stratagem and art;
Prudence and mercy rule his heart;
What blessings must attend the nation
Under this good administration!"
He said. A Goose, who distant stood,
Harangu'd apart the cackling brood:
"Whene'er I hear a knave commend,
He bids me shun his worthy friend.
What praise! what mighty commendation!
But 'twas a Fox who spoke th' oration.
Foxes this government may prize,
As gentle, plentiful, and wise.
If they enjoy the sweets, 'tis plain
We Geese must feel a tyrant reign.
What havoc now shall thin our race,
When ev'ry petty clerk in place,
To prove his taste and seem polite,
Will feed on Geese both noon and night!"

FABLE VIII.

The Lady and the Wasp.

WHAT whispers must the beauty bear!
What hourly nonsense haunts her ear!

Where'er her eyes dispense their charms,
Impertinence around her swarms.
Did not the tender nonsense strike,
Contempt and scorn might look dislike;
Forbidding airs might thin the place,
The slightest flap a fly can chase.
But who can drive the num'rous breed?
Chase one, another will succeed.
Who knows a fool, must know his brother:
One fop will recommend another:
And with this plague she's rightly cur'd,
Because she listen'd to the first.

As Doris, at her toilet's duty,
Sat meditating on her beauty,
She now was pensive, now was gay,
And lo! the sultry hours away.
As thus in indolence she lies,
A giddy Wasp around her flies;
He now advances, now retires,
Now to her neck and cheek aspires.
Her fan in vain defends her charms;
Swift he returns, again alarms;
For by repulse he bolder grew,
Perch'd on her lip, and sip'd the dew.
She frowns, she frets, "Good gods!" she cries,
"Protect me from these teasing flies:
Of all the plagues that Heaven hath sent,
A Wasp is most impertinent."

The hovering insect thus complain'd:
"Am I then slighted, scorn'd, disdain'd?
Can such offence your anger wake;
'Twas beauty caus'd the bold mistake;
Those cherry lips that breathe perfume,
That cheek so ripe with youthful bloom,
Made me with strong desire pursue
The fairest peach that ever grew."
"Strike him not, Jenny," Doris cries,
"Nor murder Wasps like vulgar flies:
For though he's free, to do him right,
The creature's civil and polite."

In ecstasies away he posts!
Where'er he came, the favour boasts;
Brags how her sweetest tea he sips,
And shows the sugar on his lips.
The hint alarm'd the forward crew:
Sure of success, away they flew.
They share the dainties of the day,
Round her with airy music play:
And now they flutter, now they rest,
Now soar again, and skim her breast.
Nor were they banish'd, till she found
That Wasps have stings, and felt the wound.

FABLE IX.

The Bull and the Mastiff.

SEEK you to train your fav'rite boy?
Each caution, ev'ry care employ;
And ere you venture to confide,
Let his preceptor's heart be tried:
Weigh well his manners, life, and scope;
On these depend thy future hope.

As on a time, in peaceful reign,
A Bull enjoy'd the flow'ry plain,
A Mastiff pass'd: inflam'd with ire,
His eye-balls shot indignant fire;
He foam'd, he rag'd with thirst of blood:
Spurning the ground the monarch stood,
And roard aloud, "Suspend the fight:
In a whole skin go sleep to-night:
Or tell me, ere the battle rage,
What wrongs provoke thee to engage?
Is it ambition fires thy breast,
Or avarice that ne'er can rest?
From these alone unjustly springs
The world-destroying wrath of kings."
The surly Mastiff thus returns:
"Within my bosom glory burns:
Like heroes of eternal name,
Whom poets sing, I fight for fame.
The butcher's spirit-stirring mind
To daily war my youth inclin'd;
He train'd me to heroic deed:
Taught me to conquer or to bleed."
"Curs'd dog!" the Bull replied, "no more
I wonder at thy thirst of gore,"

For then flourish'd a butcher train'd,
 Who e'er he is with cruelty are stain'd,
 His dexter murders in the view;
 Next, like the turkey, blood-purine,
 The vulgar of the fowl. With goryon wound
 At once he is torn from the ground;
 As he the sprawling here flies,
 Mangled he falls, he howls, and dies.

FABLE X.

The Elephant and the Bookseller.

THE man who with undaunted toils
 Seeks unknown seas to unknown soils,
 With various wonders feasts his sight:
 What stranger wonders does he write?
 We read, and, in description, view
 Creatures which Adam never knew:
 For, when we risk no contradiction,
 It prompts the tongue to deal in fiction.
 Those things that startle me or you,
 I grant are strange; yet may be true.
 Who doubts that Elephants are found
 For science and for sense renown'd?
 Horri records their strength of parts,
 Extent of thought, and skill in arts;
 How they perform the law's decrees,
 And save the state the husbandman's fees,
 And how by travel understand
 The language of another land.
 Let those, who question this report,
 To Bathy's ancient page resort.
 How learn'd was that vagabond breed!
 Who now, like him, the Greek can read?
 As one of these, in days of yore,
 Rumour'd a shop of learning o'er,
 Not, like our modern dealers, minding
 Only the merrin's breadth and binding;
 A book his curious eye detain'd,
 Where with exactest care and pains,
 Were e'er the search of man survey'd;
 That e'er the search of man survey'd;
 Their nature and their powers were writ,
 With all the pride of human wit.
 The price he with attention spread,
 And thus remark'd on what he read:
 "Man with strong reason is endow'd,
 A beast scarce instinct is allow'd:
 But let this author's worth be try'd,
 'Tis plain that neither was his guide.
 Can he discern the different natures,
 And weigh the power of other creatures,
 Who by the partial work hath shown
 He knows so little of his own?
 How falsely is the spaniel drawn?
 Did man from him first learn to fawn?
 A dog proficient in the trade!
 He the chief flatterer Nature made!
 Go, man! the ways of courts discern,
 You'll find a spaniel still might learn.
 How can the fox's theft and plunder
 Provoke his censure or his wonder
 From courtiers' tricks, and lawyers' arts,
 The fox might well improve his parts.
 The lion, wolf, and tiger's brood,
 He curses for their thirst of blood;
 But is not man to man a prey?
 Beasts kill for hunger, men for pay."
 The Bookseller who heard him speak,
 And saw him turn a page of Greek,
 Thought, "What a genius have I found!"
 Then thus address'd with bow profound:
 "Learn'd Sir, if you'd employ your pen
 Against the senseless sons of men,
 Or write the history of man,
 No man is better pay than I am:
 Or, since you're learn'd in Greek, let's see
 Something against the Trinity."
 When wrangling with a sneer his trunk,
 "Friend," quoth the Elephant, "you're drunk;
 Don't keep your money, and be wise:
 Leave man on man to criticize;
 For that you ne'er can want a pen
 Among the senseless sons of men.
 They unprovok'd will court the fray:
 Envy's a sharper spur than pay.

No author ever spar'd a brother;
 Wit's game-cocks to one another."

FABLE XL

The Peacock, Turkey, and Goose.

IN beauty faults conspicuous grow;
 The smallest speck is seen on snow.
 As near a barn by hunger led,
 A Peacock with the poultry fed,
 All view'd him with an envious eye,
 And mock'd his gaudy pageantry.
 He, conscious of superior merit,
 Contemns their base reviling spirit;
 His state and dignity assumes,
 And to the sun displays his plumes;
 Which, like the heav'n's o'er-arching skies,
 Are spangled with a thousand eyes.
 The circling rays, and varied light,
 At once confound their dazzled sight;
 On every tongue detraction burns,
 And malice prompts their spleen by turns.
 "Mark, with what insolence and pride,
 The creature takes his haughty stride."
 The Turkey cries. "Can spleen contain?
 Sure never bird was half so vain!
 But were intrinsic merit seen,
 We Turkeys have the whiter skin."
 From tongue to tongue they caught abuse;
 And next was heard the hissing Goose.
 "What hideous legs! what filthy claws!
 I scorn to censure little fowls.
 Then what a horrid squalling throat!
 Ev'n owls are frighted at the note."
 "True: those are faults," the Peacock cries
 "My scream, my thanks you may despise
 But such blind critics rail in vain:
 What, overlook my radiant train?
 Know, did my legs (your scorn and sport)
 The Turkey or the Goose support,
 And did ye scream with harsher sound,
 To all apparent leanties blind,
 Each blemish strikes an envious mind."
 Thus in assemblies have I seen
 A nymph of brightest charms and mien,
 Wake envy in each ugly face;
 And buzzing scandal fills the place.

FABLE XII.

Cupid, Hymen, and Pluto.

AS Cupid in Cythera's grove
 Employ'd the lesser powers of love;
 Some shape the bow or fit the string;
 Some give the taper shaft its wing,
 Or turn the polish'd quiver's mould,
 Or head the darts with temper'd gold.
 Amidst their toil and various care,
 Thus Hymen, with assuring air,
 Address'd the god: "Thou purblind chit,
 Of awkward and ill-judging wit,
 If matches are not better made,
 At once I must forswear my trade.
 You send me such ill-coupled folks,
 That 'tis a shame to sell them yokes.
 They squabble for a pin, a feather,
 And wonder how they came together.
 The husband sullen, dogged, shy,
 The wife grows flippant in reply:
 He loves command, and due restriction,
 And she as well likes contradiction.
 She'll have her will, or have her fits.
 He this way tugs, she t'other draws.
 The man grows jealous, and with cau-
 Nothing can save him but divorce;
 And here the wife complies of course.
 "When," says the boy, "had I to do
 With either your affairs or you?"

I never idly spend my darts;
You trade in mercenary hearts;
For settlements the lawyer's foed;
Is my hand witness to the deed?
If they like dog and cat agree,
Go rail at Plutus, not at me."

Plutus appear'd, and said, "Tis true,
In marriage Gold is all their view;
They seek not beauty, wit, or sense;
And love is seldom the pretence.
All offer incense at my shrine,
And I alone the bargain sign.
How can Belinda blame her fate
She only ask'd a great estate.
Doris was rich enough, 'tis true;
Her lord must give her title too:
And ev'ry man, or rich or poor,
A fortune asks, and asks no more."
A voice, whatever shape it bears,
Must still be coupled with its cares.

FABLE XIII.

The tame Stag.

AS a young Stag the thicket pass'd,
The branches held his antlers fast;
A clown who saw the captive hung,
Across the horns his halter flung.

Now safely hamper'd in the cord,
He bore the present to his lord.
His lord was pleas'd; as was the clown,
When he was tipp'd with half a crown.
The Stag was brought before his wife;
The tender lady begg'd his life.
"How sleek's the skin! how speck'd like crmine!
Sure never creature was so charming!"

At first within the yard confin'd,
He flies and hides from all mankind;
Now bolder grown, with fix'd amaze
And distant awe, presumes to gaze;
Munches the linen on the line,
And on a hood or apron dines,
He steals my little master's bread,
Follows the servants to be fed;
Nearer and nearer now he stands,
To feel the praise of patting hands;
Examines ev'ry fist for meat,
And though repuls'd, disdains retreat;
Attacks again with level'd horns;
And man, that was his terror, scorns.

Such is the country maiden's fright,
When first a red-coat is in sight;
Behind the door she hides her face;
Next time at distance eyes the lace.
She now can all his terrors stand,
Nor from his squeeze withdraws her hand.
She plays familiar in his arms,
And ev'ry soldier hath his charms.
From tent to tent she spreads her flame;
For custom conquers fear and shame.

FABLE XIV.

The Monkey who had seen the World.

A MONKEY, to reform the times,
Resolv'd to visit foreign climes:
For men in distant regions roam
To bring politer manners home.
So forth he fares, all toil defies:
Misfortune serves to make us wise.

At length the treach'rous snare was laid,
Poor Pug was caught, to town convey'd,
There sold. (How envy'd was his doom,
Made captive in a lady's room!)
Proud as a lover of his chains
He day by day her favour gains.
Whene'er the duty of the day
The toilet calls; with mimic play
He twists her knots, he cracks her fan,
Like any other gentleman.

In visits too his parts and wit,
When jests grew dull, were sure to hit.
Proud with applause, he thought his mind
In ev'ry courtly art refin'd:
Like Orpheus, burnt with public zeal,
To civilize the monkey zeal;

So watch'd occasion, broke his chain,
And sought his native woods again.
The hairy sylvans round him press,
Astonish'd at his strut and dress,
Some praise his sleeve; and others gloat
Upon his rich embroidered coat;
His dapper periwig commending,
With the black tail behind depending;
His powder'd back, above, below,
Like hoary frosts, or fleecy snow;

But all, with envy and desire,
His flutt'ring shoulder-knot admire.
"Hear and improve," he pertly cries;
"I come to make a nation wise.
Weigh your own worth; support your place,
The next in rank to human race.
In cities long I pass'd my days,
Convers'd with men, and learn'd their ways,
Their dress, their courtly manners see;
Reform your state and copy me.
Seek ye to thrive? in flattery deal;
Your scorn, your hate, with that conceal.

Seem only to regard your friends,
But use them for your private ends.
Stint not to truth the flow of wit;
Be prompt to lie whene'er 'tis fit.
Bend all your force to spatter merit
Scandal is conversation's spirit.
Holdly to ev'ry thing pretend,
And men your talents shall commend.
I knew the great. Observe me right;
So shall you grow like man polite."

He spoke, and bow'd. With mutt'ring jaws
The wond'ring circle grinn'd applause.
Now, warm'd with malice, envy, spite,
Their most obliging friends they bite.
And fond to copy human ways,
Practise new mischiefs all their days.

Thus the dull lad, too tall for school,
With travel finishes the fool;
Studious of ev'ry coxcomb's airs,
He drinks, games, dresses, whores, and swears
O'erlooks with scorn all virtuous arts,
For vice is fitted to his parts.

FABLE XV

The Philosopher and the Pheasant.

THE Sage, awak'd at early day,
Through the deep forest took his way.
Drawn by the music of the groves,
Along the winding gloom he roves:
From tree to tree the warbling throats
Prolong the sweet alternate notes;
But where he pass'd he terror threw,
The song broke short, the warblers flew;
The thrushes chatter'd with affright,
And nightingales abhor'd his sight;
All animals before him ran,
To shun the hateful sight of man.

"Whence is this dread of every creature?
Fly they our figure or our nature?"

As thus he walk'd in musing thought,
His ear imperfect accents caught;
With cautious step he nearer drew,
By the thick shade conceal'd from view.
High on the branch a Pheasant stood;
Around her all her list'ning brood;
Proud of the blessings of her nest,
She thus a mother's care express'd:

"No dangers here shall circumvent;
Within the woods enjoy content.
Sooner the hawk or vulture trust
Than man; of animals the worst.
In him ingratitude you find,
A vice peculiar to the kind.
The sheep, whose annual fleece is dy'd
To guard his health, and serve his pride,
Forc'd from his fold and native plain,
Is in the cruel shambles slain.

The swarms, who, with industrious skill,
His hives with wax and honey fill,
In vain whole summer-days employ'd,
Their stores are sold, their race destroy'd.
What tribute from the goose is paid?
Does not her wing all science aid?
Does it not lovers' hearts explain,
And drudge to raise the merchant's gain?
What now rewards this general use?
He takes the quills, and eats the goose.
Man then avoid, detest his ways;
So safety shall prolong your days.
When services are thus acquitted,
Be sure we Pheasants must be spitted."

FABLE XVI.

The Pin and the Needle.

A PIN, who long had serv'd a beauty,
Proficient in the toilet's duty,
Had form'd her sleeve, confin'd her hair,
Or gir'n her knot a smarter air,
Now nearest to her heart was plac'd,
Now in her mantua's tail disgrac'd;
But could she partial Fortune blame,
Who saw her lovers serv'd the same?
At length from all her honours cast,
Through various turns of life she pass'd;
Now glitter'd on a tailor's arm;
Now kept a beggar's infant warm;
Now, rang'd within a miser's coat,
Contributes to his yearly groat:
Now, rais'd again from low approach,
She visits in the doctor's coach;
Here, there, by various fortune toss'd,
At last in Gresham Hall was lost.
Charm'd with the wonders of the show,
On ev'ry side, above, below,
She now of this, or that enquires,
What least was understood admires.
'Tis plain, each thing so struck her mind,
Her head's of virtuoso kind.
"And pray what's this, and this, dear Sir?"
"A Needle," says the interpreter.
She knew the name. And thus the fool
Address'd her as a tailor's tool:
"A needle with that filthy stone,
Quite idle, all with rust o'ergrown!
You better might employ your parts,
And aid the sempstress in her arts.
But tell me how the friendship grew,
Between that paltry flint and you?"
"Friend," says the Needle, "cease to blame;
I follow real worth and fame.
Know'st thou the loadstone's pow'r and art,
That virtue virtues can impart?
Of all his talents I partake,
Who then can such a friend forsake?
'Tis I direct the pilot's hand
To shun the rocks and treach'rous sand
By me the distant world is known,
And either India is our own.
Had I with milliners been bred,
What had I been? the guide of thread
And drugg'd as vulgar Needles do,
Of no more consequence than you."

FABLE XVII.

The Shepherd's Dog and the Wolf.

A WOLF, with hunger fierce and bold,
Ravag'd the plains, and thinn'd the fold:
Deep in the wood secure he lay,
The thefts of night regal'd the day.
In vain the shepherd's wakeful care
Had spread the toils, and watch'd the snare;
In vain the dog pursu'd his pace,
The fleet robber mock'd the chase.
As Lightfoot rang'd the forest round,
By chance his foe's retreat he found.

"Let us awhile the war suspend,
And reason as from friend to friend."
"A truce," replies the Wolf. "'Tis done!"
The dog the parley thus begun.
"How can that strong intrepid mind
Attack a weak defenceless kind?
Those jaws should prey on nobler food,
And drink the boar's and lion's blood.
Great souls with generous pity melt,
Which coward tyrants never felt.
How harmless is our fleecy care!
Be brave, and let thy mercy spare."
"Friend," says the Wolf, "the matter weigh!
Nature design'd us beasts of prey;
As such, when hunger finds a treat
'Tis necessary Wolves should eat.
If rai'dful of the bleating weal,
Thy bosom burns with real zeal:
Hence, and thy tyrant lord beseech;
To him repeat the moving speech;
A wolf eats sheep but now and then,
Ten thousands are devour'd by men.
An open foe may prove a curse,
But a pretended friend is worse."

FABLE XVIII.

The Painter who pleased nobody and every body.

I.EST men suspect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view.
The traveller, leaping o'er these bounds,
The credit of his book confounds.
Who with his tongue hath armies routed,
Makes ev'n his real courage doubted:
But flattery never seems absurd;
The flatter'd always take your word:
Impossibilities seem just;
They take the strongest praise on trust.
Hyperboles, though ne'er so great,
Will still come short of self-conceit.
So very like a painter drew,
That ev'ry eye the picture knew:
He hit complexion, feature, air,
So just, the life itself was there.
No flattery, with his colours laid,
To bloom restor'd the faded maid:
He gave each muscle all its strength;
The mouth, the chin, the nose's length,
His honest pencil touch'd with truth,
And mark'd the date of age and youth.
He lost his friends, his practice fail'd;
Truth should not always be reveal'd;
In dusty piles his pictures lay,
For no one sent the second pay.
Two bustos, fraught with ev'ry grace,
A Venus and Apollo's face,
He plac'd in view: resolv'd to please,
Whoever sat, he drew from these;
From these correct'd ev'ry feature,
And spirited each awkward creature.
All things were set; the hour was come,
His pallet ready o'er his thumb;
My lord appear'd and seated right
In proper attitude and light,
The painter look'd, he sketch'd the piece,
Then dipt his pencil, talk'd of Greece,
Of Titian's tints, of Guido's air:
Those eyes my Lord, the spirit there
Might well a Raphael's hand require,
To give them all the native fire;
The features fraught with sense and wit,
You'll grant, are very hard to hit;
But yet with patience you shall view
As much as paint and art can do.
"Observe the work." My lord reply'd,
"Till now I thought my mouth was wide;
Besides, my nose is somewhat long;
Dear sir, for me, 'tis far too young."
"O! pardon me," the artist cry'd,
"In this, we painters must decide.
The piece e'en common eyes must strike,
I warrant it extremely like."
My Lord examined it anew;
No looking glass seem'd half so true.
A Lady came; with borrow'd grace
He from his Venus form'd her face.

Her lover prais'd the Painter's art;
 So like the picture in his heart!
 To ev'ry age some charm he lent;
 Ev'n beauties were almost content.
 Through all the town his art they prais'd;
 His custom grew, his price was rais'd,
 Had he the real likeness shown,
 Would any man the picture own?
 But when thus happily he wrought,
 Each found the likeness in his thought.

FABLE XIX.

The Lion and the Cub.

HOW fond are men of rule and place,
 Who court it from the mean and base!
 These cannot bear an equal nigh,
 But from superior merit fly.
 They love the cellar's vulgar joke,
 And lose their hours in ale and smoke.
 There o'er some petty club preside;
 So poor, so paltry is their pride!
 Nay, ev'n with fools whole nights will sit,
 In hopes to be supreme in wit.
 If these can read, to these I write,
 To set their worth in truest light.
 A Lion-cub, of sordid mind,
 Avoided all the lion kind;
 Fond of applause, he sought the feasts
 Of vulgar and ignoble beasts;
 With asses all his time he spent,
 Their club's perpetual president.
 He caught their manners, looks, and airs:
 An ass in every thing, but ears!
 If e'er his highness meant a joke,
 They grinn'd applause before he spoke,
 But at each word what shouts of praise!
 "Good gods! how natural he brays!"
 Elate with flatt'ry and conceit,
 He seeks his royal sire's retreat;
 Forward and fond to show his parts
 His highness brays; the Lion starts
 "Puppy, that curs'd vociferation
 Betrays thy life and conversation:
 Coxcombs, an ever noisy race,
 Are trumpets of their own disgrace."
 "Why so severe?" the Cub replies;
 "Our senate always held me wise."
 "How weak is pride!" returns the sire
 "All fools are vain when fools admire!
 But know, what stupid asses prize,
 Lions and noble beasts despise."

FABLE XX.

The Old Hen and the Cock.

RESTRAIN your child; you'll soon believe,
 The text which says, we sprung from Eve.
 As an old Hen led forth her train,
 And seem'd to peck to show the grain;
 She rak'd the chaff, she scratch'd the ground,
 And glean'd the spacious yard around.
 A giddy chick, to try her wings,
 On the well's narrow margin springs,
 And prone she drops. The mother's breast
 All day with sorrow was possess'd.
 A cock she met; her son she knew;
 And in her heart affection grew,
 "My son," says she, "I grant your years
 Have reach'd beyond a mother's cares.
 I see you vigorous, strong, and bold;
 I hear with joy your triumphs told.
 'Tis not from cocks thy fate I dread;
 But let thy ever-war'ry tread
 Avoid yon well; that fatal place
 Is sure perdition to our race.
 Print this my counsel on thy breast;
 To the just gods I leave the rest."

He thank'd her care; yet day by day
 His bosom burn'd to disobey;
 And ev'ry time the well he saw,
 Scorn'd in his heart the foolish law:
 Near and more near each day he drew,
 And long'd to try the dangerous view.
 "Why was this idle charge?" he cries
 "Let courage female fears despise.
 Or did she doubt my heart was brave,
 And therefore this injunction gave?
 Or does her harvest store the place,
 A treasure for her younger race?
 And would she thus my search prevent?
 I stand resolv'd, and dare th' event."
 Thus said. He mounts the margins round,
 And pries into the depth profound.
 He stretch'd his neck; and from below
 With stretching neck advanc'd a foe;
 With wrath his ruffled plumes he rears,
 The foe with ruffled plumes appears:
 Threat answer'd threat, his fury grew,
 Headlong to meet the war he flew.
 But when the wat'ry death he found,
 He thus lamented as he drown'd
 "I ne'er had been in this condition,
 But for my mother's prohibition."

FABLE XXI.

The Rat-catcher and Cat.

THE rats by night such mischief did,
 Betty was every morning bid.
 "They undermin'd whole sides of bacon,
 Her cheese was sapp'd, her tarts were taken;
 Her pasties, fenc'd with thickest paste,
 Were all demolish'd and laid waste:
 She curs'd the Cat for want of duty,
 Who left her foes a constant booty.
 An engineer of noted skill,
 Engag'd to stop the growing ill,
 From room to room he now surveys
 Their haunts, their works, their secret ways;
 Finds where they 'scape an ambuscade,
 And whence the nightly sally's made.
 An envious Cat from place to place,
 Unseen, attends his silent pace.
 She saw, that if his trade went on,
 The purring race must be undone;
 So, secretly removes his baits,
 And every stratagem defeats.
 Again he sets the poison'd toils,
 And Puss again the labour foils.
 "What foe (to frustrate my designs)
 My schemes thus nightly countermines?"
 Incens'd he cries: "this very hour
 The wretch shall bleed beneath my pow'r."
 So said. A ponderous trap he brought,
 And in the fact poor Puss was caught.
 "Smuggler," says he, "thou shalt be made
 A victim to our loss of trade."
 The captive Cat with piteous mews,
 For pardon, life, and freedom sues.
 A sister of the science spare;
 One int'rest is our common care."
 "What insolence!" the man reply'd;
 "Shall Cats with us the game divide?
 Were all your interloping band
 Extinguish'd, or expell'd the land,
 We Rat-catchers might raise our fees,
 Sole guardians of a nation's cheese!
 A Cat, who saw the lifted knife,
 Thus spoke and saw'd her sister's life;
 "In ev'ry age and clime we see,
 Two of a trade can ne'er agree.
 Each hates his neighbour for encroaching
 'Squire stigmatizes 'squire for poaching;
 Beauties with beauties are in arms,
 And scandal pelt each other's charms,
 Kings, too, their neighbour kings dethrone,
 In hope to make the world their own.
 But let us limit our desires;
 Nor war like beauties, kings, and 'squires;
 For tho' we both one prey pursue,
 There's game enough for us and you."

FABLE XXII.

The Goat without a Beard.

'TIS certain, that the modish passions
Descend among the crowd, like fashions.
Excuse me then, if pride, conceit,
(The manners of the fair and great)
I give to monkeys, asses, dogs,
Fleas, owls, goats, butterflies, and hogs.
I say, that these are proud. What then?
I never said they equal men.

A Goat, as vain as Goat could be,
Affected singularity:
Whene'er a thynny bank he found,
He roll'd upon the fragrant ground;
And then, with fond attention stood,
Fix'd o'er his image in the flood.
"I hate my frowzy beard," he cries;
"My youth is lost in this disguise.
Did not the females know my vigour,
Well might they loath this rev'rend figure."

Resolv'd to smooth his shaggy face,
He sought the barber of the place;
A flippant monkey, spruce and smart,
Hard by, profess'd the dapper art;
His pole with pewter basons hung,
Black rotten teeth in order strung,
Rang'd cups, that in the window stood,
Lin'd with red rag, to look like blood,
Did well his threefold trade explain,
Who shav'd, drew teeth, and breath'd a vein.
The Goat he welcomes with an air,
And seats him in his wooden chair:
Mouth, nose, and cheek, the lather hides;
Light, smooth and swift, the razor glides.

"I hope your custom, Sir," says Pug;
"Sure never face was half so smug."
The Goat, impatient for applause,
Swift to the neighbouring hill withdraws;
The shaggy people grinn'd and star'd.
"Heigliday! what's here? without a beard!
Say, brother, whence the dire disgrace?
What envious hand hath rob'd your face?"

"When thus the fop, with smiles of scorn:
"Are beards by civil nations worn?
"E'en Muscovites have mow'd their chins:
Shall we, like formal Capuchins,
Stubborn in pride, retain the mode,
And bear about the hairy load?
Whene'er we thro' the village stray,
Are we not mock'd along the way;
Insulted with loud shouts of scorn,
By boys our beards disgrac'd and torn?"

"Were you no more with goats to dwell,
Brother, I grant you reason well,"
Replies a bearded chief. "Beside,
If boys can mortify thy pride,
How wilt thou stand the ridicule
Of our whole flock? affected fool!
Coxcombs, distinguish'd from the rest,
To all but coxcombs are a jest."

FABLE XXIII.

The Old Woman and her Cats.

WHO friendship with a knave hath made
Is judg'd a partner in the trade.
The matron who conducts abroad
A willing nymph is thought a bawd;
And if a modest girl be seen
With one who cures a lover's spleen,
We guess her not extremely nice,
And only wish to know her price.
'Tis thus, that on the choice of friends,
Our good or evil name depends.

A wrinkled Hag, of wicked fame
Beside a little smoky flame
Sat hov'ring, pinch'd with age and frost;
Her shrivel'd hands, with veins emboss'd,
Upon her knees her weight sustains,
While palsy shook her crazy brains:
She mumbles forth her backward prayers,
An untam'd scold of fourscore years.
About her swarm'd a numerous brood
Of Cats, who, lank with hunger, mew'd.
Teaz'd with their cries, her choler grew,
And thus she sputter'd: "Hence, ye crew,

Fool that I was, to entertain
Such imps, such fiends, a hellish train!
Had ye been never hous'd and nurs'd,
I, for a witch had ne'er been curs'd.
To you I owe that crowds of boys
Worry me with eternal noise;
Straws laid across my pace retard,
The horse-shoe's nail'd (each threshold's guard),
The stunted broom the wench's hide,
For fear that I should up and ride;
They stick with pins my bleeding seat,
And bid me show my secret teat."
"To hear you prate would vex a saint
Who hath most reason of complaint?"
Replies a Cat. "Let's come to proof;
Had we ne'er starv'd beneath your roof,
We had, like others of our race,
In credit liv'd as heasts of chase.
'Tis infamy to serve a hag;
Cats are thought imps, her broom a nag!
And boys against our lives combine,
Because, 'tis said, your cats have nine "

FABLE XXIV.

The Butterfly and the Snail.

ALL upstarts, insolent in place,
Remind us of their vulgar race.
As in the sunshine of the morn,
A Butterfly, but newly born,
Sat proudly perking on a rose,
With pert conceit his bosom glows;
His wings (all glorious to behold),
Bedropt with azure, jet, and gold,
Wide he displays; the spangled dew
Reflects his eyes, and various hue.
His now-forgotten friend, a Snail,
Beneath his house, with slimy trail
Crawls o'er the grass; whom when he spies,
In wrath he to the gard'ner cries:
"What means von peasant's daily toil,
From choking weeds to rid the soil?
Why wake you to the morning's care?
Why with new arts correct the year?
Why grows the peach with crimson hue
And why the plum's inviting blue?
Were they to feast his taste design'd
That vermin of voracious kind?
Crush then the slow, the pill'ring race;
So purge thy garden from disgrace."
"What arrogance!" the Snail replied;
"How insolent is upstart pride!
Hadst thou not thus, with insult vain,
Provok'd my patience to complain,
I had conceal'd thy meaner birth,
Nor trac'd thee to the scum of earth.
For scarce nine suns have wak'd the hours,
To swell the fruit, and paint the flow'rs,
Since I thy humbler life survey'd,
In base and sordid guise array'd;
A hideous insect, vile, unclean,
You dragg'd a slow and noisome train;
And from your spider bowels drew
Foul filth, and spun the dirty clue.
I own my humble life, good friend;
Snail was I born, and Snail shall end.
And what's a Butterfly? At best,
He's but a caterpillar, drest;
And all thy race (a num'rous seed)
Shall prove of caterpillar breed."

FABLE XXV.

The Scold and the Parrut.

THE husband thus reprov'd his wife:
"Who deals in slander, lives in strife.
Art thou the herald of disgrace,
Denouncing war to all thy race?
Can nothing quell thy thunder's rage,
Which spares nor friend, nor sex, nor a
That vixen tongue of yours, my dear,
Alarms our neighbours far and near.

Good gods! 'tis like a rolling river,
That murm'ring flows, and flows for ever!
Ne'er tird, perpetual discord sowing!
Like fame, it gathers strength by going."
"Highbid!" the fillymt tongue replies,
"How solemn is the fool! how wise!
Is Nature's choicest gift debarr'd?
Nay, frown not; for I will be heard.
Women of late are finely ridden,
A Parrot's privilege forbidden!
You praise his talk, his squalling song;
But wives are always in the wrong."
Now reputations flew in pieces;
Of mothers, daughters, aunts, and nieces;
She ran the Parrot's language o'er,
Bawd, hussey, drunkard, slattern, where;
On all the sex she vents her fury,
Tries and condemns without a jury.
At once the torrent of her words
Alarm'd cat, monkey, dog, and bird:
All join their forces to confound her;
Puss spits, the monkey chatters round her;
The yelping cur her heels assails;
The magpie blinds out all her faults,
Poll, in the uproar, from his cage,
With this rebuke out-scream'd her rage:
"A Parrot is for talking p'r'd,
But prattling women are despis'd.
She who attacks another's honour,
Draws every living thing upon her.
Think, Madam, when you stretch your lungs,
That all your neighbours too have tongues;
One slander must ten thousand get,
The world with interest pays the debt."

FABLE XXVI.

The Cur and the Mastiff.

A SNEAKING Cur, the master's spy,
Reward'd for his dally lie,
With secret jealousies and fears
Set all together by the ears.
Poor puss to-day was in disgrace,
Another cat supplied her place;
The hound was beat, the mastiff chid,
The monkey was the room forbid;
Each to his dearest friend grew shy,
And none could tell the reason why.
A plan to rob the house was laid;
The thief with love seduc'd the maid;
Cajol'd the Cur, and strok'd his head,
And bought his secrecy with bread.
He next the Mastiff's honour tried,
Whose honest jaws the bribe defied.
He stretch'd his hand to proffer more;
The surly dog his finger tore.
Swift ran the Cur; with indignation
The master took his information.
"Hang him, the villain's cur'd!" he cries;
And round his neck the halter ties.
The dog his humble suit prefer'd,
And begg'd in justice to be heard.
The master sat. On either hand
The cited dogs confronting stand;
The Cur the bloody tale relates,
And, like a lawyer, aggravates.
"Judge not unheard," the Mastiff cried;
"But weigh the cause of either side.
Think not that treach'ry can be just,
Take not informers' words on trust.
They ope their hand to ev'ry pay,
And you and me by turns betray."
He spoke. And all the truth appear'd:
The Cur was hang'd, the Mastiff clear'd.

FABLE XXVII.

The Sick Man and the Angel.

"IS there no hope?" the sick man said
The silent doctor shook his head.

And took his leave with signs of sorrow,
Despairing of his life to-morrow.
When thus the Man with gasping breath,
"I feel the chilling wound of death:
Since I must bid the world adieu,
Let me my former life review.
I grant, my bargains well were made,
But all men over-reach in trade:
'Tis self-defence in each profession,
Sure self-defence is no transgression.
The little portion in my hands,
By good security on lands,
Is well increas'd. If unawares,
My justice to myself and heirs,
Hath let my debtor rot in jail,
For want of good sufficient bail;
If I by writ, or bond, or deed,
Reduc'd a family to need,
My will hath made the world amends;
My hope on charity depends.
When I am number'd with the dead,
And all my plous gifts are read,
By heaven and earth 'twill then be known,
My charities were amply shown."
An Angel came. "Ah, friend!" he cried
"No more in flatter'ing hope confide.
Can thy good deeds in former times
Outweigh the balance of thy crimes?
What widow or what orphan prays
To crown thy life with length of days?
A plous action's in thy pow'r,
Embrace with joy the happy hour.
Now, while you draw the vital air,
Prove your intention is sincere.
'Tis instant give a hundred pound;
Your neighbours want, and you abound."
"But why such haste?" the sick man whines
"Who knows as yet what Heaven designs?
Perhaps I may recover still:
That sum and more are in my will."
"Fool!" says the Vision, "now 'tis plain,
Your life, your soul, your heaven was gain,
From ev'ry side, with all your might,
You scrap'd, and scrap'd beyond your right;
And after death would fain atone,
By giving what is not your own."
"While there is life, there's hope," he cried;
"Then why such haste?" so groan'd and died.

FABLE XXVIII.

The Persian, the Sun, and the Cloud.

IS there a bard whom genius fires,
Whose ev'ry thought the god inspires;
When Envy reads the nervous lines,
She frets, she ralls, she raves, she pines;
Her hissing snakes with venom swell:
She calls her venal train from hell:
The servile fiends her nod obey,
And all Curl's authors are in pay.
Fame calls up Calumny and Spite
Thus Shadow owes its birth to Light.
As prostrate to the God of Day,
With heart devout, a Persian lay,
His invocation thus began:
"Parent of light! all-seeing Sun!
Prolific beam! whose rays dispense
The various gifts of Providence,
Accept our praise, our daily pray'r,
Smile on our fields, and bless the year."
A Cloud, who mock'd his grateful tongue,
The day with sudden darkness hung:
With pride and envy swell'd, aloud,
A voice thus thunder'd from the Cloud:
"Weak is this gaudy god of thine,
Whom I at will forbid to shine.
Shall I nor vows, nor incense know?
Where praise is due, the praise bestow."
With fervent zeal the Persian mov'd,
Thus the proud calumny reprovd:
"It was that god, who claims my pray'r,
Who gave thee birth, and rais'd thee there;
When o'er his beams the veil is thrown,
Thy substance is but plainer shown.
A passing gale, a puff of wind,
Dispels thy thickest troops combin'd."

The gale arose; the vapour took
The sport of wind in air was lost;
The glorious orb the day refines,
Thus envy breaks, thus merit shines.

FABLE XXIX.

The Fox at the point of Death.

A FOX, in life's extreme decay,
Weak, sick, and faint, expiring lay.
All appetite had left his maw,
And age disarm'd his mumbling jaw.
His numerous race around him stand
To learn their dying sire's command:
He rais'd his head with whining moan,
And thus was heard the feeble tone:
"Ah, sons! from evil ways depart:
My crimes lie heavy on my heart.
See! see! the murder'd geese appear!
Why are those bleeding turkeys there?
Why all around this cackling train,
Who haunt my ears for chicken slain?"
The hungry foxes round them star'd,
And for the promis'd feast prepar'd.
"Where, Sir, is all this dainty cheer?
Nor turkey, goose, nor hen is here.
These are the phantoms of your brain,
And your sons lick their lips in vain."
"O gluttons!" says the drooping sire,
"Restrain inordinate desire;
Your liqu'rish taste you shall deplore,
When peace of conscience is no more.
Does not the hound betray our pace,
And guns and guns destroy our race?
Thieves dread the searching eye of pow'r,
And never feel the quiet hour.
Old age (which few of us shall know)
Now puts a period to my woe.
Would you true happiness attain,
Let honesty your passions rein;
So live in credit and esteem,
And the good name you lost, redeem.
"The counsel's good," a Fox replies,
"Could we perform what you advise,
I think what our ancestors have done;
A line of thieves from son to son:
To us descends the long disgrace,
And infamy hath mark'd our race.
I thought we, like harmless sheep, should feed,
Honest in thought, in word, in deed;
Whatever hen-roost is decreas'd,
We shall be thought to share the feast.
The change shall never be believ'd:
A lost good name is never retriev'd."
"Nay, then," replies the feeble Fox,
"(But hark! I hear a hen that clocks)
Go, but be moderate in your food;
A chicken too might do me good."

FABLE XXX.

The Setting Dog and the Partridge.

THE ranging dog the stubble tries,
And searches ev'ry breeze that flies;
The scent grows warm; with cautious fear
He creeps, and points the covey near;
The men, in silence, far behind,
Conscious of game, the net unbind.
A Partridge, with experience wise,
The fraudulent preparation spies:
She mocks their toils, alarms her brood;
The covey springs, and seeks the wood;
But, ere her certain wing she tries,
Thus to the creeping Spaniel cries:
"Thou fawning slave to man's deceit,
Thou pimp of lux'ry, sneaking cheat,
Of thy whole species thou disgrace,
Dogs should disown thee of their race!
For if I judge their native parts,
They're born with honest open hearts;

And, ere they serv'd man's wicked ends,
Were gen'rous foes, or real friends."
When thus the Dog with scornful smile;
"Secure of wing thou dar'st revile.
Clowns are to polish'd manners blind;
How ignorant is the rustic mind!
My worth sagacious courtiers see,
And to preferment rise like me.
The thriving pimp, who beauty sets,
Hath oft enhanc'd a nation's debts:
Friend sets his friend, without regard;
And ministers his skill reward:
Thus train'd by man, I learn'd his ways,
And growing favour feasts my days."
"I might have guess'd," the Partridge said,
"The place where you were train'd and fed;
Servants are apt, and in a trice,
Ape to a hair their master's vice.
You came from court, you say. Adieu,"
She said; and to the covey flew.

FABLE XXXI.

The Universal Apparition.

A RAKE, by ev'ry passion rul'd,
With ev'ry vice his youth had cool'd
Disease his tainted blood assails;
His spirits droop, his vigour fails:
With secret ills at home he pines,
And, like infirm old age, declines.
As, twing'd with pain, he pensive sits,
And raves, and prays, and swears by fits;
A ghastly phantom, lean and wan,
Before him rose and thus began:
"My name, perhaps, hath reach'd your ear;
Attend, and be advis'd by Care.
Nor love, nor honour, wealth, nor pow'r,
Can give the heart a cheerful hour,
When health is lost. Be timely wise:
With health all taste of pleasure flies."
Thus said, the Phantom disappears:
The wary counsel wak'd his fears,
He now from all excess abstains,
With physic purifies his veins;
And, to procure a sober life,
Resolves to venture on a wife.
But now again the Sprite ascends,
Where'er he walks his ear attends;
Insinuates that beauty's frail,
That perseverance must prevail;
With jealousies his brain inflames,
And whispers all her lovers' names.
In other hours she represents
His household charge, his annual rents,
Increasing debts, perplexing duns,
And nothing for his younger sons.
Straight all his thought to gain he turns,
And with the thirst of lucre burns.
But when possess'd of Fortune's store,
The spectre haunts him more and more;
Sets Want and Misery in view,
Bold thieves, and all the murdering crew:
Alarms him with eternal frights,
Infests his dream, or wakes his nights.
How shall he chase this hideous guest?
Pow'r may, perhaps, protect his rest.
To pow'r he rose: again the Sprite
Besets him morning, noon, and night;
Talks of Ambition's tott'ring seat,
How envy persecutes the great,
Of rival hate, of treach'rous friends,
And what disgrace his fall attends.
The Court he quits, to fly from Care,
And seeks the peace of rural air:
His groves, his fields, amuse his hours,
He prun'd his trees, he rais'd his flow'rs,
But Care again his steps pursues,
Warns him of blasts, of blighting dews,
Of plund'ring insects, snails, and rams,
And droughts that starv'd the labour'd plains.
Abroad, at home, the Spectre's there:
In vain we seek to fly from Care.
At length he thus the ghost address'd:
"Since thou must be my constant guest,
Be kind, and follow me no more;
For Care, by right, should go before!"

FABLE XXXII.

The two Owls and the Sparrow.

TWO formal Owls together sat,
Conferring thus in solemn chat:

"How is the modern taste decay'd!
Where's the respect to wisdom paid?
Our worth the Grecian sages knew;
They gave our sires the honour due;
They weigh'd the dignity of fowls,
And pry'd into the depth of Owls.
Athens the seat of learned fame,
With gen'ral voice rever'd our name;
On merit title was confer'd,
And all ador'd th' Athenian bird."

"Brother, you reason well," replies
The solemn mate with half-shut eyes:
"Right: Athens was the seat of learning,
And truly wisdom is discerning.
Besides, on Pallas' helm we sit,
The type and ornament of wit:
But now, alas! we're quite neglected,
And a pert Sparrow's more respected."
A Sparrow, who was lodg'd beside,
O'erhears them soothe each other's pride,
And thus he nimbly vents his heat:

"Who meets a fool must find conceit.

I grant you were at Athens grac'd,
And on Minerva's helm were plac'd;
But ev'ry bird that wings the sky,
Except an Owl, can tell you why,
From hence they taught their schools to know
How false we judge by outward show;
That we should never look esteem,
Since fools as wise as you might seem.
Would you contempt and scorn avoid,
Let your vain glory be destroy'd:
Humble your arrogance of thought,
Pursue the ways by nature taught;
So shall you find delicious fare,
And grateful farmers praise your care;
So shall sleek mice your chase reward,
And no keen cat find more regard."

FABLE XXXIII.

The Courtier and Proteus.

WHENEVER a courtier's out of place,
The country shelters his disgrace;
Where, doom'd to exercise and health,
His house and gardens own his wealth.
He builds new schemes, in hope to gain
The plunder of another reign.
Like Philip's son, would fain be doing,
And sighs for other realms to ruin.

As one of these, without his wand,
Pensive along the winding strand
Employ'd the solitary hour,
In projects to regain his pow'r:

The waves in spreading circles ran,
Proteus arose, and thus began:

"Come you from court? for in your mien
"A self-important air is seen."

He frankly own'd his friends had trick'd him,
And how he fell his party's victim.

"Know," says the god, "by matchless skill
I change to ev'ry shape at will;

But yet, I'm told, at court you see
Those who presume to rival me."

Thus said; a snake with hideous trail,
Proteus extends his scaly mail.

"Know," says the man, "tho' proud in place
All courtiers are of reptile race.

Like you, they take that dreadful form,
Bask in the sun, and fly the storm;
With malice mix'd, with envy glott.

And, for convenience, change their coat;
With new-got lustre rear their head,
Though on a dunghill born and bred."

Sudden the god a lion stands;
He shakes his mane, he spurms the sands:
Now a fierce lynx, with fiery glare,
A wolf, an ass, a fox, a bear.

"Had I ne'er liv'd at court," he critic,
"Such transformation might surprise;
But there, in quest of dally game,
Each abler courtier acts the same.
Wolves, lions, lynxes, while in place,
Their friends and fellows are their chase.
They play the bear's and fox's part:
Now rob by force, now steal with art.
They sometimes in the senate bray;
Or, chang'd again to beasts of prey,
Down from the lion to the ape,
Practise the frauds of ev'ry shape."
So said: upon the god he flies,
In cords the struggling captive ties.
"Now, Proteus, now, to truth compell'd,
Speak, and confess thy art excell'd.
Use strength, surprise, or what you will,
The courtier finds evasions still:
Not to be bound by any ties,
And never forc'd to leave his lies."

FABLE XXXIV.

The Mastiff.

THOSE who in quarrels interpose,
Must often wipe a bloody nose.

A Mastiff of true English blood,
Lov'd fighting better than his food,
When dogs were snarling for a bone,
He long'd to make the war his own;
And often found when two contend,
To interpose obtain'd his end;
He glory'd in his limping pace;
The scars of honour seam'd his face;
In ev'ry limb a gash appears,
And frequent fights retrench'd his ears.

As, on a time, he heard from far
Two dogs engag'd in noisy war,
A way he scours and lays about him,
Resolv'd no fray should be without him.

"Forth from his yard a tanner flies,
And to the bold intruder cries:

"A cudgel shall correct your manners:
Whence sprung this cursed hate to tanners?"

While on my dog you vent your spite,
Sirrah! 'tis me you dare not bite."

To see the battle thus perplex'd,
With equal rage a butcher vex'd,
Hoarse-screaming from the circled crowd,
To the cur'd Mastiff cries aloud:

"Both Hockley-Hole and Marybone,
The combats of my dog have known.
He ne'er like bullies, coward-hearted,
Attacks in public to be parted.
Think not, rash fool, to share his fame;
Be his the honour or the shame."

Thus said, they swore, and ran'd like thunder,
Then dragg'd their fast-n'd dogs a-under;
While clubs and licks from ev'ry side
Rebounded from the Mastiff's hide.

All reeking now with sweat and blood,
A while the parted warriors stood,
Then pour'd upon the meddling foe;
Who, worried, howl'd and sprawl'd below.
He rose and limping from the fray
By both sides mangled, sneak'd away.

FABLE XXXV.

The Darley-mow and the Dunghill.

HOW many saucy airs we meet
From Temple-Bar to Aldgate-street?
Proud rogues, who shar'd the South-Sea prey,
And sprung like mushrooms in a day!
They think it mean to condescend
To know a brother or a friend;
They blush to hear their mother's name,
And by their pride expose their shame.
As cross his yard, at early day,
A careful farmer took his way,

He stopp'd, and leaning on his fork,
Observ'd the flail's incessant work.
In thought he measur'd all his store,
His geese, his hock, he number'd o'er:
In fancy weigh'd the fleeces shorn,
And multiply'd the next year's corn.
A Barley-mow which stood beside,
Thus to his musing master cry'd:
"Say, good Sir, is it fit or right,
To treat me with neglect and slight!
Me, who contribute to your cheer,
And raise your mirth with ale and beer?
Why thus insulted, thus disgrac'd,
And that vile Dunghill near me plac'd?
Are those poor sweepings of a groom,
That filthy sight, that nauseous fume,
Meet objects here? Command it hence!
A thing so mean must give offence."
The humble dunghill thus reply'd—
"Thy master hears, and marks thy pride:
Insult not thus the meek and low;
In me thy benefactor know:
My warm assistance gave thee birth,
Or thou hadst perish'd low in earth;
But upstarts, to support their station,
Cancel at once all obligation."

FABLE XXXVI.

Pythagoras and the Countryman.

PYTHAGORAS rose at early dawn,
By soaring meditation drawn;
To breathe the fragrance of the day,
Through flow'ry fields he took his way.
In musing contemplation warm,
His steps misled him to a farm,
Where on a ladder's topmost round,
A Peasant stood: the hammer's sound
Shook the weak barn. "Say, friend, what care
Calls for thy honest labour there?"
The Clown with surly voice replies,
"Vengeance aloud for justice cries.
This kite, by dilly rapine fed,
My hens annoy, my turkey's dread,
At length his forfeit life hath paid;
See on the wall his wings display'd.
Here nail'd, a terror to his kind,
My fowls shall future safety find;
My yard the thriving poultry feed,
And my barn's refuse fat the breed."
"Friend," says the sage, "the doom is wise;
For public good the murderer dies.
But if these tyrants of the air
Demand a sentence so severe,
Think how the glutton, man, devours;
What bloody feasts regale his hours!
O impudence of power and might,
Thus to condemn a hawk or kite,
When thou, perhaps, carnivorous sinner,
Hast pullets yesterday for dinner!"
"Hold!" cry'd the Clown, with passion heated,
"Shall kites and men alike be treated?
When heaven the world with creatures stor'd,
Man was ordain'd their sovereign lord."
"Thus tyrants boast," the Sage reply'd,
"Whose murders spring from power and pride.
Own then this manlike kite is slain
Thy greater luxury to sustain;
For petty rogues submit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy their state."

FABLE XXXVII.

The Farmer's Wife and the Raven.

WHY are those tears? why droops your head?
Is then your other husband dead?
Or does a worse disgrace betide:
Hath no one since his death apply'd?
Alas! you know the cause too well:
The salt is split, to me it fell.

Then to contribute to my loss,
My knife and fork were laid across;
On Friday too! the day I dread!
Would I were safe at home in bed!
Last night (I vow to heav'n 'tis true)
Bounce from the fire a coffin flew.
Next post some fatal news shall tell:
God send my Cornish friends be well!
Unhappy widow! cease thy tears,
Nor feel affliction in thy fears.
Let not thy stomach be suspended;
Eat now, and weep when dinner's ended
And when the butler clears the table,
For thy desert I'll read my fable.

Betwixt her swagging panniers' load;
A farmer's wife to market rode;
And, jogging on, with thoughtful care,
Summ'd up the profits of her ware;
When, starting from her silver dream,
Thus far and wide was heard her scream;
"That Raven on yon left-hand oak
(Curse on his ill-boding croak)
Bodes me no good." No more she said,
When poor blind Ball, with stumbling tread,
Fell prone, o'erturn'd the pannier's lay,
And her mash'd eggs bestrew'd the way.
She, sprawling in the yellow road,
Rail'd, swore, and curs'd. "Thou croaking toad,
A murrain take thy whoreson throat!
I knew misfortune in the note."
"Dame," quoth the Raven, "spare your oaths,
Unclench your fist, and wipe your clothes.
But why on me these curses thrown?
Goody, the fault was all your own;
For had you laid this brittle ware
On Dun, the old sure-footed mare,
Tho' all the Ravens of the hundred,
With croaking had your tongue out thunder'd,
Sure-footed Dun had kept her legs,
And you, good woman, sav'd your eggs."

FABLE XXXVIII.

The Turkey and the Ant.

IN other men we faults can spy,
And blame the mote that dims their eye:
Each little speck and blemish find,
To our own stronger errors blind.
A Turkey, trill'd of common food,
Forsook the barn, and sought the wood;
Behind her ran an infant train,
Collecting here and there a grain.
"Draw near, my birds," the mother cries,
"This hill delicious fare supplies;
Behold, the busy Negro race!
See, millions blacken all the place!
Fear not. Like me with freedom eat;
An Ant is most delightful meat.
How bless'd how envy'd were our life,
Could we but scape the poultryer's knife!"
But man, curs'd man, on Turkey preys
And Christmas shortens all our days:
Sometimes with oysters we combine,
Sometimes assist the sav'ry chine.
From the low peasant to the lord,
The Turkey smokes on ev'ry board.
Sure men for gluttony are curs'd,
Of the serv'n deadly sins the worst.
An Ant, who climb'd beyond her reach,
Thus answer'd from the neigh'ring beech
"Ere you remark another's sin,
Bid thy own conscience look within!
Control thy more voracious bill,
Nor for a breakfast nations kill."

FABLE XXXIX.

The Father and Jupiter.

THE Man to Jove his suit preferr'd;
He begg'd a wife: his prayer was heard.
Jove wonder'd at his bold addressing;
For how precarious is the blessing!

A wife he takes. And now for heirs
Again he worries heav'n with pray'rs.
Jove nods assent. Two hopeful boys
And a fine girl reward his joys.
Now more solicitous he grew,
And set their future lives in view;
He saw that all respect and duty
Were paid to wealth, to pow'r, and beauty.
"Once more," he cries, "accept my pray'r;
Make my lov'd progeny thy care.
Let my first hope, my fav'rite boy,
All Fortune's richest gifts enjoy.
My next with strong ambition fire:
May favour teach him to aspire,
Till he the step of pow'r ascend,
And courtiers to their idol bend.
With ev'ry grace, with ev'ry charm,
My daughter's perfect features arm:
If Heav'n approve, a Father's bless'd."
Jove smiles, and grants his full request.

The first, a miser at the heart,
Studious of ev'ry griping art,
Heaps hoards on hoards with anxious pain,
And all his life devotes to gain.
He feels no joy, his cares increase,
He neither wakes nor sleeps in peace;
In fancy'd want, a wretch complete,
He starves, and yet he dares not eat.

The next to sudden honours grew:
The thriving art of courts he knew:
He reach'd the height of pow'r and place,
Then fell, the victim of disgrace.

Beauty with early bloom supplies
His daughter's cheek, and points her eyes.
The vain coquette each suit disdains,
And glories in her lovers' pains.
With age she fades, each lover flies,
Contemn'd, forlorn, she pines and dies.

When Jove the Father's grief survey'd,
And heard him Heav'n and Fate upbraid,
Thus spoke the god: "By outward show,
Men judge of happiness and woe:
Shall ignorance of good and ill
Dare to direct th' eternal will?
Seek virtue; and of that possess'd,
To providence resign the rest."

FABLE XL.

The two Monkeys.

THE learned, full of inward pride,
The Fops of outward show deride.
The Fop, with learning at defiance,
Scoffs at the pedant and the science:
The Don, a formal, solemn strutter,
Despises Monsieur's airs and flutter;
While Monsieur mocks the formal fool,
Who looks, and speaks, and walks by rule.
Britain, a medley of the twain,
As pert as France, as grave as Spain;
In fancy wiser than the rest,
Laughs at them both, of both the jest.
Is not the poet's chiming close
Censur'd by all the sons of prose?
While bards of quick imagination
Despise the sleepy prose narration.
Men laugh at Apes, they men contemn;
For what are we, but Apes to them?

Two Monkeys went to Southwark fair,
No critics had a sower air;
They forc'd their way thro' draggled folks,
Who gap'd to catch Jack-pudding's jokes;
Then took their tickets for the show,
And got, by chance, the foremost row.
To see their grave, observing face,
Provok'd a laugh thro' all the place.

"Brother," says Pug, "and turn'd his head,"
"The rabble's monstrously ill bred!"

Now thro' the booth loud husses ran;
Nor ended till the show began.

The tumbler whirls the flip-flap round,
With somersets he shakes the ground;
The cord beneath the dancer springs;
Aloft in air the vaulter swings;
Distorted now, now prone depends,
Now thro' his twisted arms ascends:

The crowd, in wonder and delight,
With clapping hands applaud the sight.
With smiles, quoth Pug, "If pranks like these
The giant Apes of reason please,
How would they wonder at our arts,
They must adore us for our parts.
High on the twig I've seen you cling;
Play, twist, and turn, in airy ring:
How can those clumsy things, like me,
Fly with a bound from tree to tree?
But yet, by this applause, we find
These emulators of our kind
Discern our worth, our parts regard,
Who our mean mimics thus reward."
"Brother," the grinning mate replies,
"In this I grant that man is wise.
While good example they pursue,
We must allow some praise is due;
But when they strain beyond their guide,
I laugh to scorn the mimic pride.
For how fantastic is the sight.
To meet men always bolt upright,
Because we sometimes walk on two!
I hate the imitating crew."

FABLE XLI.

The Owl and the Farmer.

AN Owl of grave deport and mien,
Who (like the Turk) was seldom seen,
Within a barn had chose his station,
As fit for prey and contemplation.
Upon a beam aloft he sits,
And nods, and seems to think, by fits.
So have I seen a man of news,
Or Postboy, or Gazette peruse;
Smoke, nod, and talk with voice profound,
And fix the fate of Europe round.
Sheaves pil'd on sheaves hid all the floor.
At dawn of morn, to view his store
The Farmer came. The hooting guest
His self-importance thus express'd:

"Reason in man is mere pretence;
How weak, how shallow is his sense!
To treat with scorn the Bird of Night,
Declares his folly or his spite.
Then too, how partial is his praise!
The lark's, the linnet's chirping lays
To his ill-judging ears are fine;
And nightingales are all divine.

But the more knowing feather'd race
See wisdom stamp'd upon my face.
Whene'er to visit light I deign,
What flocks of fowls compose my train!
Like slaves, they crowd my flight behind,
And own me of superior kind."

The farmer laugh'd, and thus reply'd:
"Thou dull important lump of pride,
Dar'st thou, with that harsh grating tongue
Depreciate birds of warbling song?
Indulge thy spleen. Know, men and fowl
Regard thee, as thou art, an Owl.
Besides, proud blockhead, be not vain
Of what thou call'st thy slaves and train.
Few follow Wisdom or her rules;
Fools in derision follow fools."

FABLE XLII.

The Jugglers.

A JUGGLER long through all the town
Had rais'd his fortune and renown,
You'd think (so far his art transcends)
The Devil at his fingers' ends.

Vice heard his fame, she read his bill;
Convinc'd of his inferior skill,
She sought his booth, and from the crowd
Defied the man of art aloud:

"Is this then he so fam'd for slight?
Can this slow bungler cheat your sight?"

Dares he with me dispute the prize;
I leave it to impartial eyes."
Provok'd, the Juggler cried, "'Tis done!
In science I submit to none."
Thus said, the cups and balls he play'd;
By turns, this here, that there, convey'd.
The cards obedient to his words,
Are by a fillip turn'd to birds.
His little boxes change the grain:
Trick after trick deludes the train.
He shakes his bag, he shows all fair;
His fingers spread, and nothing there;
Then bids it rain with showers of gold,
And now his iv'ry eggs are told.
But when from thence the hen he draws,
Amaz'd spectators hum applause.
Vice now stept forth, and took the place,
With all the forms of his grimace.
"This magic looking-glass," she cries,
"(There, hand it round) will charm your eyes."
Each eager eye the sight desir'd,
And ev'ry man himself admir'd.
Next to a senator addressing;
"See this bank-note; observe the blessing.
Breathe on the bill. Heigh, pass! 'tis gone!"
Upon his lips a padlock shown.
A second puff the magic broke;
The padlock vanish'd, and he spoke.
"Twelve bottles rang'd upon the board,
All full, with heady liquor stor'd,
By clean conveyance disappear;
And now two bloody swords are there.
A purse she to a thief expos'd;
At once his ready fingers clos'd:
He opes his fist, the treasure's fled;
He sees a halter in its stead.
She bids Ambition hold a wand;
He grasps a hatchet in his hand.
A box of charity she shows.
"Blow here!" and a churchwarden blows,
'Tis vanish'd with conveyance neat,
And on the table smokes a treat.
She shakes the dice, the board she knocks,
And from all pockets fills her box.
She next a meagre rake address'd:
"This picture see; her shave, her breast!
What youth, and what inviting eyes!
Hold her, and have her." With surprise,
His hand expos'd a box of pills,
And a loud laugh proclaim'd his ills.
A counter, in a miser's hand,
Grew twenty guineas at command.
She bids his heir the sum retain,
And 'tis a counter now again.
A guinea with her touch you see
Take ev'ry shape but Charity:
And not one thing you saw, or drew,
But chang'd from what was first in view.
The juggler now in grief of heart,
With this submission own'd her art:
"Can I such matchless slight withstand?
How practice hath improv'd your hand!
But now and then I cheat the throng;
You ev'ry day, and all day long."

FABLE XLIII.

The Council of Horses.

UPON a time a neighing steed,
Who graz'd among a numerous breed,
With mutiny had fir'd the train,
And spread dissension through the plain,
On matters that concern'd the state
The council met in grand debate.
A colt, whose eye-balls flam'd with ire,
Elate with strength and youthful fire,
In haste stept forth before the rest,
And thus the list'ning throng address'd:
"Good gods! how abject is our race,
Condemn'd to slav'ry and disgrace!
Shall we our servitude retain,
Because our sires have borne the chain?
Consider, friends, your strength and might:
'Tis conquest to assert your right.
How cumbersome is the pilled coach!
The pride of man is our reproach."

Were we design'd for daily toil,
To drag the plough share through the soil;
To sweat in harness through the road,
To groan beneath the carrier's load?
How feeble are the two-legg'd kind!
What force is in our nerves combin'd!
Shall then our nobler jaws submit
To foam and champ the galling bit?
Shall haughty man my back bestride?
Shall the sharp spur provoke my side?
Forbid it, heavens! reject the rein;
Your shame, your infamy disdain.
Let him the lion first control,
And still the tiger's famish'd growl.
Let us, like them, our freedom claim,
And make him tremble at our name."
A general nod approv'd the cause,
And all the circle neigh'd applause.
When, lo! with grave and solemn pace,
A Steed advanc'd before the race,
With age and long experience wise;
Around he cast his thoughtful eyes;
And, to the murmurs of the train,
Thus spoke the Nestor of the plain:
"When I had health and strength like you,
The toils of servitude I knew.
Now grateful man rewards my pains,
And gives me all these wide domains.
At will I crop the year's increase;
My latter life is rest and peace.
I grant to man we lend our pains,
And aid him to correct the plains
But doth not he divide the care,
Through all the labours of the year?
How many thousand structures rise
To fence us from inclement skies!
For us he bears the sultry day,
And stores up all our winter's hay.
He sows, he reaps the harvest's gain,
We share the toil, and share the grain.
Since ev'ry creature was decreed
To aid each other's mutual need,
Appease your discontented mind,
And act the part by Heaven assign'd."
The tumult ceas'd. The Colt submitted;
And, like his ancestors, was bitted.

FABLE XLIV.

The Hound and the Huntsman.

IMPERTINENCE at first is borne
With heedless slight, or smiles of scorn;
Teaz'd into wrath, what patience bears
The noisy fool who perseveres?
The morning wakes, the Huntsman sounds,
At once rush forth the joyful hounds.
They seek the wood with eager pace,
Through bush, through brier, explore the chase.
Now scatter'd wide, they try the plain,
And snuff the dewy turf in vain.
What care, what industry, what pains!
What universal silence reigns!
Ringwood, a dog of little fame,
Young, pert, and ignorant of game,
At once displays his babbling throat;
The pack, regardless of the note,
Pursue the scent; with louder strain
He still persists to vex the train.
The Huntsman to the clamour flies;
The smacking lash he smartly plies.
His ribs all welk'd, with howling tone
The puppy thus express'd his moan:
"I know the music of my tongue
Long since the pack with envy stung.
What will not spite? These bitter smarta
I owe to my superior parts."
"When puppies prate," the Huntsman cried,
"They show both ignorance and pride:
Fools may our scorn, not envy, raise,
For envy is a kind of praise.
Had not thy forward noisy tongue
Proclaim'd thee always in the wrong,
Thou might'st have mingled with the rest,
And ne'er thy foolish nose confess'd.
But fools, to talking ever prone,
Are sure to make their follies known."

A wife he takes. And now for heirs
Again he worries heav'n with pray'rs.
Jove nods assent. Two hopeful boys
And a fine girl reward his joys.
Now more solicitous he grew,
And set their future lives in view;
He saw that all respect and duty
Were paid to wealth, to pow'r, and beauty.
"Once more," he cries, "accept my pray'r;
Make my lov'd progeny thy care.
Let my first hope, my fav'rite boy,
All Fortune's richest gifts enjoy.
My next with strong ambition fire:
May favour teach him to aspire,
Till he the step of pow'r ascend,
And courtiers to their idol bend.
With ev'ry grace, with ev'ry charm,
My daughter's perfect features arm:
If Heav'n approve, a Father's bless'd."
Jove smiles, and grants his full request.

The first, a miser at the heart,
Studious of ev'ry gripping art,
Heaps hoards on hoards with anxious pain,
And all his life devotes to gain.
He feels no joy, his cares increase,
He neither wakes nor sleeps in peace;
In fancy'd want, a wretch complete,
He starves, and yet he dares not eat.
The next to sudden honours grew:
The thriving art of courts he knew:
He reach'd the height of pow'r and place,
Then fell, the victim of disgrace.

Beauty with early bloom supplies
His daughter's cheek, and points her eyes.
The vain coquette each suit disdains,
And glories in her lovers' pains.
With age she fades, each lover flies,
Contemnt'd, forlorn, she pines and dies.
When Jove the Father's grief survey'd,
And heard him Heav'n and Fate upbraid,
Thus spoke the god: "By outward show,
Men judge of happiness and woe:
Shall ignorance of good and ill
Dare to direct th' eternal will?
Seek virtue; and of that possess'd,
To providence resign the rest."

FABLE XL.

The two Monkeys.

THE learned, full of inward pride,
The Fops of outward show deride:
The Fop, with learning at defiance,
Scoffs at the pedant and the science:
The Don, a formal, solemn strutter,
Despises Monsieur's airs and flutter;
While Monsieur mocks the formal fool,
Who looks, and speaks, and walks by rule.
Britain, a medley of the twain,
As pert as France, as grave as Spain;
In fancy wiser than the rest,
Laughs at them both, of both the jest.
Is not the poet's chiming clasp
Censur'd by all the sons of prose?
While bards of quick imagination
Despise the sleepy prose narration.
Men laugh at Apes, they men contemn;
For what are we, but Apes to them?

Two Monkeys went to Southwark fair,
No critics had a sorer air;
They forc'd their way thro' draggled folks,
Who gap'd to catch Jack-pudding's jokes;
Then took their tickets for the show,
And got, by chance, the foremost row.
To see their grave, observing face,
Provok'd a laugh thro' all the place.
"Brother," says Pug, "and turn'd his head,"
"The rabble's monstrously ill bred!"
Now thro' the booth loud hisses ran;
Nor ended till the show began.
The tumbler whirls the flip-flap round,
With somersets he shakes the ground;
The cord beneath the dancer springs;
Aloft in air the vaulter swings;
Distorted now, now prone depends,
Now thro' his twisted arms ascends:

The crowd, in wonder and delight,
With clapping hands applaud the sight.
With smiles, quoth Pug, "If pranks like
The giant Apes of reason please,
How would they wonder at our arts,
They must adore us for our parts.
High on the twig I've seen you cling;
Play, twist, and turn, in airy ring:
How can those clumsy things, like me,
Fly with a bound from tree to tree?
But yet, by this applause, we find
These emulators of our kind
Discern our worth, our parts regard,
Who our mean mimics thus reward."
"Brother," the grinning mate replies,
"In this I grant that man is wise.
While good example they pursue,
We must allow some praise is due;
But when they strain beyond their guide,
I laugh to scorn the mimic pride.
For how fantastic is the sight,
To meet men always bolt upright,
Because we sometimes walk on two!
I hate the imitating crew."

FABLE XLI.

The Owl and the Farmer.

AN Owl of grave deport and mien,
Who (like the Turk) was seldom seen,
Within a barn had chose his station,
As fit for prey and contemulation.
Upon a beam aloft he sits,
And nods, and seems to think, by fits.
So have I seen a man of news,
Or Postboy, or Gazette peruse;
Smoke, nod, and talk with voice profound,
And fix the fate of Europe round.
Sheaves pil'd on sheaves hid all the floor.
At dawn of morn, to view his store
The Farmer came. The hooting guest
His self-importance thus express'd:
"Reason in man is mere pretence:
How weak, how shallow is his sense!
To treat with scorn the Bird of Night,
Declares his folly or his spite.
Then too, how partial is his praise!
The lark, the linnet's chirping lays
To his ill-judging ears are fine;
And nightingales are all divine.
But the more knowing feather'd race
See wisdom stamp'd upon my face.
Whene'er to visit light I deign,
What flocks of fowls compose my train!
Like slaves, they crowd my flight behind,
And own me of superior kind."
The farmer laugh'd, and thus reply'd:
"Thou dull important lump of pride,
Durst thou, with that harsh grating tongue
Depreciate birds of warbling song?
Indulge thy spleen. Know, men and fowl
Regard thee, as thou art, an Owl.
Besides, proud blockhead, be not vain
Of what thou call'st thy slaves and train.
Few follow Wisdom or her rules;
Fools in derision follow fools."

FABLE XLII.

The Jugglers.

A JUGGLER long through all the town
Had rais'd his fortune and renown;
You'd think (so far his art transcends)
The Devil at his fingers' ends.
Vice heard his fame, she read his bill;
Convinc'd of his inferior skill,
She sought his booth, and from the crowd
Defied the man of art aloud:
"Is this then he so fam'd for slight?
Can this slow bungler cheat your sight?"

The Master thus address'd the Swine:

"My house, my garden, all is thine;
On turnips feast whene'er you please,
And riot in my beans and peas;
If the potato's taste delight,
Or the red carrot's sweet invite,
Indulge thy morn'g and ev'ning hours;
But let due care regard my flow'rs:
My tulips are my garden's pride.
What vast expense those beds supply'd!"

The Hog by chance one morning roam'd
Where with new ale the vessels foam'd.
He munches now the steaming grains,
Now with full will the liquor drains,
Intoxicating fumes arise;
He reels, he rolls his winking eyes;
Then stage'ring thro' the garden scours,
And treads down painted ranks of flow'rs.
With delving snout he turns the soil,
And cools his palate with the spoil.

The master came, the run spy'd;
"Villain, suspend thy rage!" he cry'd;
"Hast thou, thou most ungrateful sot,
My charge, my only charge forgot?
What, all my flowers?"—"No more he said,
But gaz'd, and sigh'd, and hung his head."
The Hog with stutt'ring speech returns:
"Explain, Sir, why your anger burns:
See there, untouch'd, your tulips strown,
For I devour'd the roots alone."

At this the Gard'ner's passion grows;
From oaths and threats he fell to blows.
The stubborn brute the blow sustains;
Assaults his leg, and tears the veins.
Ah foolish swain! too late you find
That sties were for such friends design'd!
Homeward he limps with painful pace,
Reflecting thus on past disgrace:
"Who cherishes a brutal mate,
Shall mourn their folly soon or late."

FABLE XLIX.

The Man and the Flea.

WHETHER on earth, in air, or main,
Sure ev'ry thing alive is vain!

Does not the hawk all fowls survey,
As destin'd only for his prey?
And do not tyrants, prouder things,
Think men were born for slaves to kings?

When the crab views the pearly strands,
Or Tagus, bright with golden sands;
Or crawls beside the coral grove,
And hears the ocean roll above;

"Nature is too profuse," says he,
"Who gave all these to pleasure me!"
When bord'ring pinks and roses bloom,
And ev'ry garden breathes perfume;

When peaches glow with sunny dyes,
Like Laura's cheek, when blushes rise:
When with huge figs the branches bend,
When clusters from the vine depend;

The snail looks round on flow'r and tree,
And cries, "All these were made for me!"

"What dignity in human nature?"
Says Man, the most conceited creature,
As from a cliff he cast his eye,
And view'd the sea and arch'd sky;

The sun was sunk beneath the main;
The moon and all the starry train,
Hung the vast vault of Heav'n. The Man
His contemplation thus began:

"When I behold this glorious show,
And the wide wat'ry world below,
The scaly people of the main,
The beasts that range the wood or plain,
The wing'd inhabitants of air,
The day, the night, the various year,

And know all these by heav'n design'd
As gifts to pleasure human kind;
I cannot raise my worth too high;
Of what vast consequence am I!"

"Not of th' importance you suppose,
Replies a Flea upon his nose.

"He humble, learn thyself to scan,
Know, pride was never made for man.
Tis vanity that swells thy mind.

What, heav'n and earth for thee design'd!
For thee made only for our need,
That more important Fleas might feed."

FABLE L.

The Hare and many Friends.

FRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stiat the flame.

The child, whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care
'Tis thus in friendships; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.

A Hare, who in a civil way,
Comply'd with ev'ry thing, like Gay,
Was known by all the bestial train
That haunt the wood or graze the plain;
Her care was, never to offend,
And ev'ry creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn,
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunters' cries,
And from the deep mouth'd thunder flies.
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles to mislead the hound,
And measures back her many round;
Till, fainting in the public way,
Half dead with fear she gasping lay.

What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the Horse appear'd in view!
"Let me," says she, "your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend."

You know my feet betray my flight;
To friendship ev'ry burden's light."
The Horse reply'd, "Poor honest Puss,
It grieves my heart to see thee thus.

Be comforted; relief is near,
For all your friends are in the rear."
She next the stately Bull address'd:
And thus reply'd the mighty lord;

"Since ev'ry beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.

Love calls me hence; a fav'rite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow;
And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place.

To leave you thus might seem unkind,
But see, the Goat is just behind."

The Goat remark'd her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye
"My back," says he, "may do you harm,
The sheep's at hand, and wool is warm."

The sheep was feeble, and complain'd
His sides a load of wool sustain'd:

Said he was slow, confess'd his fears;
For hounds eat Sheep as well as Hares.

She now the trotting calf address'd,
To save from death a friend distress'd.

"Shall I," says he, "of tender age,
In this important care engage!
Older and abler pass'd you by.

How strong are those! how weak am I!
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.

Excuse me then. You know my heart,
But dearest friends, alas! must part.

How shall we all lament! Adieu:
For see the hounds are just in view."

FABLES.

PART II.

ADVERTISEMENT.

These Fables were finished by Mr. Gay, and intended for the press, a short time before his death; when they were left, with his other papers, to the care of his noble friend and patron the Duke of Queensberry, who permitted them to be printed from the originals in the Author's own hand-writing.

FABLE I.

The Dog and the Fox.

To a Lawyer.

I KNOW you Lawyers can, with ease,
Twist words and meanings as you please;
That language, by your skill made pliant,
Will bend to favour ev'ry client;
That 'tis the fee directs the sense,
To make out either side's pretence.
When you peruse the clearest case,
You see it with a double face:
For scepticism's your profession;
You hold there's doubt in all expression.
Hence is the bar with fees supply'd,
Hence eloquence takes either side.
Your hand would have but paltry gleaming,
Could ev'ry man express his meaning.
Who dares presume to pen a deed,
Unless you previously are fee'd?
'Tis drawn; and to augment the cost,
In dull prolixity engross'd.
And now we're well secur'd by law,
Till the next brother find a flaw.
Read o'er a Will. Wast ever known
But you could make the will your own?
For when you read, 'tis with intent
To find out meanings never meant.
Since things are thus, *se defendendo*,
I bar fallacious inuendo.
Sagacious Porta's skill could trace
Some beast or bird in ev'ry face.
The head, the eye, the nose's shape,
Provd' this an owl and that an ape.
When, in the sketches thus design'd,
Resemblance brings some friend to mind,
You show the piece, and give the hint,
And find each feature in the print;
So monstrous-like the portrait's found,
All know it, and the laugh goes round.
Like him I draw from gen'ral nature;
Is't I or you then fix the satire?
So, Sir, I beg you spare your pains
In making comments on my strains.
All private slander I detest,
I judge not of my neighbour's breast;
Party and prejudice I hate,
And write no libels on the state.
Shall not my fable censure vice,
Because a knave is over-nice?
And, lest the guilty hear and dread,
Shall not the decalogue be read?
If I lash vice in gen'ral fiction,
Is't I apply, or self-conviction?
Brutes are my theme. Am I to blame,
If men in morals are the same?

I no man call an ape or ass;
'Tis his own conscience holds the glass.
Thus void of all offence I write;
Who claims the fable, knows his right.
A shepherd's Dog, unskill'd in sports,
Pick'd up acquaintance of all sorts:
Among the rest a fox he knew;
By frequent chat their friendship grew.
Says Reynard, "'Tis a cruel case,
That man should stigmatize our race.
No doubt, among us rogues you find,
As among dogs and human kind;
And yet (unknown to me and you)
There may be honest men and true.
Thus slander tries, whate'er it can,
To put us on the foot with man.
Let my own actions recommend;
No prejudice can blind a friend:
You know me free from all disguise—
My honour as my life I prize."
By talk like this, from all mistrust
The dog was cur'd, and thought him just.
As on a time the Fox held forth
On conscience, honesty, and worth,
Sudden he stopp'd; he cock'd his ear;
Low dropp'd his bushy tail with fear.
"Bless us! the hunters are abroad!
What's all that clatter on the road?"
"Hold," says the Dog, "we're safe from harm,
'Twas nothing but a false alarm;
At yonder town 'tis market-day;
Some farmer's wife is on the way;
'Tis so (I know her pyebald mare)
Dame Dobbins with her poultry-ware."
Reynard grew huff. Says he, "This news
From you I little thought to hear:
Your meaning in your looks I see;
Pray what's dame Dobbins, friend, to me?
Did I e'er make her poultry thinner?
Prove that I owe the dame a dinner!"
"Friend," quoth the Cur, "I meant no harm,
Then why so captious? why so warm?
My words, in common acceptation,
Could never give this provocation.
No lamb (for ought I ever knew)
May be more innocent than you."
At this, gall'd Reynard wine'd, and swore
Such language ne'er was giv'n before.
"What's lamb to me? This saucy hint
Shows me, base knave, which way you squint.
If tother night your master lost
Three lambs, am I to pay the cost?
Your vile reflections would imply
That I'm the thief. You Dog, you lie!"
"Thou knave, thou fool," the Dog repli'd,
"The name is just take either side;
Thy guilt these applications speak;
Sirrah, 'tis conscience makes you squeak!"
So saying, on the Fox he flies,
The self-convicted felon dies.

FABLE II.

The Vulture, Sparrow, and other Birds.

To a Friend in the Country.

ERE I begin, I must premise
 Our ministers are good and wise;
 So, though malicious tongues apply,
 Pray, what care they, or what care I?
 If I am free with courts, be 't known,
 I ne'er presume to mean our own.
 If gen'ral morals seem to joke
 On ministers, and such-like folk,
 A captious fool may take offence;
 What then? He knows his own pretence.
 I meddle with no state affairs,
 But spare my jest to save my ears.
 Our present schemes are too profound
 For Machiavel himself to sound:
 To censure 'em I've no pretension;
 I own they're past my comprehension.
 You say your brother wants a place,
 ('Tis many a younger brother's case,)
 And that he very soon intends
 To ply the court and tease his friends.
 If there his merits chance to find
 A patriot of an open mind,
 Whose constant actions prove him just
 To both a king's and people's trust;
 May he, with gratitude, attend,
 And owe his rise to such a friend.
 You praise his parts, for bus'ness fit,
 His learning, probity, and wit:
 But those alone will never do,
 Unless his patron have 'em too.
 I've heard of times (pray God defend us,
 We're not so good but he can mend us)
 When wicked ministers have trod,
 On kings and people, law and God;
 With arrogance they girt the throne,
 And knew no interest but their own.
 Then virtue, from preferment barr'd,
 Gets nothing but its own reward.
 A gang of petty knaves attend 'em,
 With proper parts to recommend 'em.
 Then if his patron burn with lust,
 The first in favour's pimp the first.
 His doors are never clos'd to spies,
 Who cheer his heart with double lies.
 They flatter him, his foes defame,
 So lull the pangs of guilt and shame.
 If schemes of lucre haunt his brain,
 Projectors swell his greedy train;
 Vile brokers ply his private ear
 With jobs of plunder for the year;
 All consciences must bend and ply;
 You must vote on, and not know why;
 Through thick and thin you must go on;
 One scruple, and your place is gone.
 Since plagues like these have curs'd a land,
 And favourites cannot always stand;
 Good courtiers should for change be ready,
 And not have principles too steady:
 For should a knave engross the pow'r,
 (God shield the realm from that sad hour,)
 He must have rogues, or slavish fools:
 For what's a knave without his tools?
 Wherever those a people drain,
 And strut with infamy and gain;
 I envy not their guilt and state,
 And scorn to share the public hate.
 Let their own servile creatures rise,
 By screening fraud, and venting lies:
 Give me, kind Heaven, a private station,
 A mind serene for contemplation:
 Title and profit I resign;
 The post of honour shall be mine
 My fable read, their merits view,
 Then herd who will with such a crew.
 In days of yore (my cautious rhymes
 Always except the present times)
 A greedy Vulture, kill'd in game,
 Inur'd to guilt, unaw'd by shame,
 Approach'd the throne in evil hour,
 And step by step intrudes to pow'r;
 When at the royal Eagle's ear,
 He longs to ease the monarch's care.
 The monarch grants. With pride elate,
 Behold him minister o' taste!

Around him throng the feather'd rout;
 Friends must be serv'd and some must out.
 Each thinks his own the best pretension;
 This asks a place, and that a pension.
 The Nightingale was set aside,
 A forward Daw his room supplied.
 "This bird," says he, "for bus'ness fit,
 Hath both sagacity and wit.
 With all his turns, and shifts, and tricks,
 He's docile, and at nothing sticks.
 Then with his neighbours one so free
 At all times will connive at me."
 The Hawk had due distinction shown,
 For parts and talents like his own.
 Thousands of hirc'ling Cocks attend him,
 As blust'ring bullies to defend him.
 At once the Ravens were discarded,
 And Magpies with their posts rewarded.
 "Those fowls of omen I detest
 That pry into another's nest,
 State lies must lose all good intent;
 For they foresee and croak 't event.
 My friends ne'er think, but talk by rote,
 Speak what they're taught, and so to vote."
 "When rogues like these," a Sparrow cries,
 "To honours and employments rise,
 I court no favour, ask no place;
 For such preferment is disgrace.
 Within my thatch'd retreat I find
 (What these ne'er feel) true peace of mind.

FABLE III.

The Baboon and the Poultry.

To a Levee-Hunter.

WE frequently misplace esteem,
 By judging men by what they seem.
 To birth, wealth, pow'r, we should allow
 Precedence, and our lowest bow.
 In that is due distinction shown.
 Esteem is Virtue's right alone.
 With partial eye we're apt to see
 The man of noble pedigree.
 We're prepossess'd my lord inherits
 In some degree his grandsire's merits,
 For those we find upon record:
 But find him nothing but my lord.
 When we, with superficial view,
 Gaze on the rich, we're dazzled too.
 We know that wealth, well understood,
 Hath frequent pow'r of doing good:
 Then fancy that the thing is done,
 As if the pow'r and will were one.
 Thus off the cheated crowd adore
 The thriving knaves that keep 'em poor.
 The cringing train of pow'r's survey;
 What creatures are so low as they!
 With what obsequiousness they bend!
 To what vile actions condescend!
 Their rise is on their meanness built,
 And flattery is their smallest guilt,
 What homage, reverence, adoration,
 In ev'ry age, in ev'ry nation,
 Have sycophants to pow'r address'd!
 No matter who the pow'r possess'd.
 Let ministers be what they will,
 You find their levees always fill.
 Ev'n those who have perplex'd a state,
 Whose actions claim contempt and hate,
 Had wretches to applaud their schemes,
 Though more absurd than madmen's dreams.
 When barba'rous Moloch was invoc'd,
 The blood of infants only smok'd!
 But here (unless all hist'ry lies)
 Whole realms have been a sacrifice!
 Look through all courts: 'tis pow'r we find
 The gen'ral idol of mankind;
 There, worshipp'd under ev'ry shape,
 Alike the lion, fox, and ape,
 Are follow'd by time-serving slaves,
 Rich prostitutes, and needy knaves.
 Who then shall glory in his post?
 How frail his pride, how vain his boast!
 The foll'wers of his prosp'rous hour
 Are as unstable as his pow'r.

Pow'r, by the breath of flattery nurs'd,
The more it swells, is nearer burst.
The bubble breaks, the gawdaw ends,
And in a dirty tear descends.

Once on a time, an ancient maid,
By wishes and by time decay'd,
To cure the pangs of restless thought,
In birds and beasts amusement sought:
Does, parrots, apes, her hours employ'd;
With the one alone she talk'd and toy'd.

A huge Baboon her fancy took,
(Almost a man in size and look)
He finger'd ev'ry thing he found,
And mimick'd all the servants round.
Then, too, his parts and ready wit
Show'd him for ev'ry business fit.
With all these talents 'twas but just
That Pug should hold a place of trust:
So to her favourite was assign'd
The charge of all her feather'd kind.

'Twas his to tend 'em eve and morn,
And portion out their daily corn.
Behold him now, with haughty stride,
Assume a ministerial pride.

The morning rose. In hope of picking
Swans, turkeys, peacocks, ducks, and chicken,
Fowls of all ranks surround his hut,
To worship his important strut.

The minister appears. The crowd,
Now here, now there, obsequious bow'd.
This prais'd his parts, and that his face,
'Th' other his dignity in place.

From bill to bill the flattery ran;
He hears and bears it like a man:
For, when we flatter self-conceit,
We but his sentiments repeat.

If we're too scrupulously just,
What profit's in a place of trust?
The common practice of the great,
Is, to secure a snug retreat.

So Pug began to turn his brain
(I like other folks in place) on gain.
An apple-woman's stall was near,
Well stock'd with fruits thr'ough all the year.

Here ev'ry day he cram'd his guts,
Hence were his boards of pears and nuts;
For 'twas agreed, in way of trade,
His payments should in corn be made.

The stock of grain was quickly spent,
And no account which way it went.
Then too the Poultry's starv'd condition
Caust' speculations of suspicion.

The facts were prov'd beyond dispute;
Pug must refund his boards of fruit
And, though then minister in chief,
Was branded as a public thief.

Disgrac'd, despoil'd, confin'd to chains,
He nothing but his pride retains.
A goose pass'd by: he knew the face,
Seen ev'ry levee while in place.

"What, no respect! no reverence shown!"
How saucy are these creatures grown!
Not two days since," says he, "you bow'd
The lowest of my fawning crowd."

"Froud fool!" replies the goose, "'tis true,
Thy corn a flutt'ring levee drew.
For that I join'd the hungry train,
And sold thee flattery for thy grain.

But then, as now, conceited ape,
We saw thee in thy proper shape."

FABLE IV.

The Ant in Office.

To a Friend.

YOU tell me, that you apprehend,
My verse may touchy folks offend.
In prudence, too, you think my rhymes
Should never squint at courtiers' crimes;
For though not this not that is meant,
Can we another's thoughts prevent?

You ask me, if I ever knew
Court-chaplains thus the lawn pursue?
I meddle not with gown or lawn;
Poets, I grant, to rise must fawn.

They know great ears are over-nice
And never shock their patron's view.
But I this backney-path despise;
'Tis my ambition not to rise.
If I must prostitute the Muse,
The base conditions I refuse.

I neither flatter nor defame,
Yet own I would bring guilt to shame.
If I Corruption's hand expose,
I make corrupted men my foes.
What then? I hate the paltry bribe,
Be virtue mine; be theirs the bribe.
I no man's property invade;
Corruption's yet no lawful trade.
Nor would it mighty ills produce,
Could I shame bribery out of use.

I know 'twould cramp most politicians.
Were they tied down to these conditions.
'Twould stint their power, their riches bound
And make their parts seem less profound.

Were they denied their proper tools,
How could they lead their knaves and fools?
Were this the case, let's take a view,
What dreadful mischiefs would ensue;
Though it might aggrandize the state,
Could private luxury dine on plate?

Kings might indeed their friends reward,
But ministers find less regard.
Informers, sycophants, and spies,
Would not augment the year's supplies.

Pethaps too, take away this prop.
An annual job or two might drop.
Besides, if pensions were denied,
Could avarice support its pride?
It might ev'n ministers confound,
And yet the state be safe and sound.

I care not though 'tis understood
I only mean my country's good:
And (let who will my freedom blame)
I wish all courtiers did the same.

Nay, though some folks the less might get,
I wish the nation out of debt.
I put no private man's ambition
With public good in competition;
Rather than have our law defac'd,
I'd vote a minister disgrac'd.

I strike at vice, be't where it will;
And what if great folks take it ill?
I hope corruption, bribery, pension,
One may with detestation mention;
Think you the law (let who will take it)
Can *scandalum magnatum* make it?

I vent no slander, owe no grudge,
Nor of another's conscience judge:
At him or him I take no aim,
Yet dare against all vice declaim.

Shall I not censure breach of trust,
Because knaves know themselves unjust?
That steward whose account is clear,
Demands his honour may appear:
His actions never shun the light,
He is, and would be prov'd, upright.

But then you think my fable bears
Allusion too to state-affairs.
I grant it does. And who's so great,
That has the privilege to cheat;
If then in any future reign
(For ministers may thirst for gain)
Corrupted hands defraud the nation;
I bar no reader's application.

An Ant there was, whose forward prate,
Controll'd all matters in debate;
Whether he knew the thing or no,
His tongue eternally would go.
For he had impudence at will,
And boasted universal skill.

Ambition was his point in view;
Thus by degrees to pow'r he grew.
Behold him now his drift attain:
He's made chief treasurer of the grain.

But as their ancient laws are just,
And punish breach of public trust,
'Tis order'd (lest wrong application
Should starve that wretched industrious nation)
That all accounts be stated clear,
Their stock, and what defray'd the year;
That auditors should these inspect,
And public rapine thus be check'd.

For this the solemn day was set,
The auditors in council met.
The granary-keeper must explain,
And balance his account of grain.

He brought, since he could not refuse 'em,
Some scraps of paper to amuse 'em.
An honest pismire, warm with zeal,
In justice to the public weal,
Thus spoke: "The nation's hoard is low;
From whence does this profusion flow?
I know our annual fund's amount;
Why such expense; and where's th' account?"
With wonted arrogance and pride,
The Ant in office thus replied
Consider, Sirs, were secrets told,
How could the best-schem'd projects hold?
Should we state-mysteries disclose,
'Twould lay us open to our foes.
My duty and my well-known zeal
Bid me our present schemes conceal:
But, on my honour, all the expense
Though vast, was for the swarm's defence."
They pass'd th' account as fair and just,
And voted him implicit trust.
Next year again the gran'ry drain'd,
He thus his innocence maintain'd:
"Think how our present matters stand;
What dangers threat from ev'ry hand,
What hosts of turkeys stroll for food,
No farmer's wife but hath her brood.
Consider, when invasion's near,
Intelligence must cost us dear;
And, in this ticklish situation,
A secret told betrays the nation.
But, on my honour, all the expense,
Though vast, was for the swarm's defence."
Again, without examination,
They thank'd his sage administration.
The year revolves. The treasure spent,
Again in secret service went.
His honour too again was pledg'd
To satisfy the charge alleg'd.
When thus with panic shame possess'd,
An auditor his friends address'd:
"What are we? ministerial tools,
We little knaves are greater fools.
At last this secret is explor'd;
'Tis our corruption thins the hoard.
For ev'ry grain we touch'd, at least
A thousand his own heaps increas'd.
Then, for his kin and fav'rite spies,
A hundred hardly could suffice.
Thus, for a paltry, sneaking bribe,
We cheat ourselves, and all the tribe;
For all the magazine contains,
Grows from our annual toil and pains."
They vote th' account shall be inspected
The cunning plund'rer is detected;
The fraud is sentenc'd; and his hoard,
As due to public use, restor'd.

FABLE V.

The Bear in a Boat.

To a Coxcomb.

THAT man must daily wiser grow,
Whose search is bent himself to know:
Impartially he weighs his scope,
And on firm reason founds his hope;
He tries his strength before the race,
And never seeks his own disgrace;
He knows the compass, sail, and oar,
Or never launches from the shore;
Before he builds, computes the cost,
And in no proud pursuit is lost:
He learns the bounds of human sense,
And safely walks within the fence.
Thus, conscious of his own defect,
Are pride and self-importance check'd.
If then, self knowledge to pursue,
Direct our life in ev'ry view,
Of all the fools that pride can boast
A coxcomb claims distinction most.
Coxcombs are of all ranks and kind;
They're not to sex or age confin'd,
Or rich or poor, or great or small,
'Tis vanity besots 'em all.
By ignorance is pride increas'd:
Those most assume who know the least;

Their own false balance gives 'em weight,
But ev'ry other finds 'em light.
Not that all coxcombs, follies strike,
And draw our ridicule alike;
To different merits each pretends.
This in love-vanity transcends;
That smitten with his face and shape,
By dress distinguishes the ape;
Th' other with learning crams his shelf,
Knows books, and all things but himself
All these are fools of low condition,
Compar'd with coxcombs of ambition.
For those, puff'd up with flatt'ry, dare
Assume a nation's various care.
They ne'er the grossest praise mistrust,
Their sycophants seem hardly just;
For these, in part alone, attest
The flatt'ry their own thoughts suggest.
In this wide sphere a coxcomb's shown
In other realms besides his own:
The self-deem'd Machiavel at large
By turns controls in ev'ry charge.
Does commerce suffer in her rights?
'Tis he directs the naval fights.
What sailor dares dispute his skill?
He'll be an admiral when he will.
Now, meddling in the soldier's trade,
Troops must be hir'd, and levies made.
He gives ambassadors their cue,
His cobbled treaties to renew;
And annual taxes must suffice
The current blunders to disguise.
When his crude schemes in air are lost,
And millions scarce defray the cost,
His arrogance, nought undismay'd,
Trusting in self-sufficient aid,
On other rocks misguides the realm,
And thinks a pilot at the helm.
He ne'er suspects his want of skill,
But blunders on from ill to ill;
And, when he fails of all intent,
Blames only unforeseen event.
Lest you mistake the application,
The fable calls me to relation.
A Bear, of shag and manners roun,
At climbing trees expert enough;
For dextrously, and safe from harm,
Year after year he robb'd the swarm.
Thus thriving on industrious toil,
He gloried in his pilfer'd spoil.
This trick so swell'd him with conceit,
He thought no enterprise too great.
Alike in sciences and arts,
He boasted universal parts;
Pragmatic, busy, bustling, bold,
His arrogance was uncontroll'd.
And thus he made his party good,
And grew dictator of the wood.
The beasts with admiration stare,
And think him a prodigious bear.
Were any common booty got,
'Twas his each portion to allot;
For why, he found there might be picking,
Ev'n in the carving of a chicken.
Intruding thus, he by degrees
Claim'd to the butcher's larger fees.
And now his over-weening pride
In ev'ry province will pre-ide.
No task too difficult was found:
His blund'ring nose misleads the hound.
In stratagem and subtle arts,
He over-ruled the fox's parts.
It chanc'd as, on a certain day,
Along the bank he took his way,
A boat, with rudder, sail, and oar,
At anchor floated near the shore.
He stopt, and turning to his train,
Thus pertly vents his vaunting strain:
"What blund'ring puppies are mankind
In ev'ry science always blind!
I mock the pedantry of schools.
What are their compasses and rules?
From me that helm shall conduct learn,
And man his ignorance discern."
So saying, with audacious pride
He gains the boat, and climbs the side.
The beasts astonish'd line the strand.
The anchor's weigh'd, he drives from land;
The slack sail shifts from side to side;
The boat untrim'd admits the tide.
Borne down, adrift, at random tost,
His oar breaks short, the rudder's lost.

The bear presuming in his still,
Is here and there officious still,
Till, striking on the dangerous sands,
Aground the shatter'd vessel stands.
To see the bungle thus distress'd,
The very fishes sneer and jest,
Ev'n gudgeons join in ridicule,
To mock the madd'ning fool.
The clam'rous watermen appear;
Threats, curses, oaths, insult his ear:
Sciz'd, thrash'd and chain'd, he's dragg'd to land,
Derision shouts along the strand.

FABLE VI.

The Squire and his Cur.

To a country Gentleman.

THE man of pure and simple heart
Thro' life disdains a double part.
He never needs the screen of lies
His inward bosom to disguise.
In vain malicious tongues assail;
Let Envy snarl, let Slander rail,
From Virtue's shield (so are from wound)
Their blunted venom'd shafts rebound.
So shines his light before mankind,
His actions prove his honest mind.
If in his country's cause he rise
Debating senates to advise,
Unbias'd, unaw'd, he dares impart
The honest dictates of his heart.
No minister frown he fears,
Lest in his virtue persevere.
But would you play the politician,
Whose heart's averse to intuition,
Your lips at all times—now, your reason
Must be controll'd by place and reason.
What statesman could his pow'r support,
Were lying tongues forlorn the court?
Did princely ears to truth attend,
What minister could run his end?
How could he raise his tools to place,
And how his honest face disgrace?
That politician tops his part,
Who readily can lie with art.
The man's proficent in his trade;
His power is strong, his fortune's made.
By that the interest of the throne
Is made subservient to his own.
By that have kings of old, deluded,
All their own friends for liars excluded.
By that, his selfish schemes pursuing,
He thrives upon the public ruin.
Antiochus, with hardy pace,
Provok'd the dangers of the chase,
And, lost from all his mental train,
Trovers'd the wood and pathless plain.
A cottage lodg'd the royal guest.
The Parthian clown I sought forth his best.
The king, unknown, his least enjoy'd,
And vari'd that the hours employ'd
From some what sudden friend hip springs!
I took to ever talk'd of courts and kings.
"We country folks," the clown replies,
"Could open our gracious monarch's eyes.
The king (as all our neighbours say)
Might he (God bless him!) have his way,
Is sound at heart, and means our good,
And he would do it if he could.
If truth in courts were not forbid,
Nor kings nor subjects would be rid.
Were he in pow'r we need not doubt him
But that transferr'd to these about him,
On them he throws the real disasters
And what mind they? Their own affairs.
If such rapacious hands be trust,
The best of men may seem unjust.
From kings to cobblers 'tis the same
Had servants wound their master's fame.
In this our neighbours all agree
Would the king, know as we know,
Here he stopp'd short. Repose they sought,
The peasant slept, the monarch thought.
The courtiers learn'd, at early dawn,
Where their lost sovereign was withdrawn.

The guards' approach our host alarms;
With gaudy coats the cottage swarms.
The crown and purple robes they bring,
And prostrate fall before the king.
The clown was call'd, the royal guest
By due reward his thanks express'd.
The king then, turning to the crowd,
Who fawningly before him bow'd,
Thus spoke: "Since bent on private gain,
Your counsels first misled my reign,
Taught and inform'd by you alone,
No truth the royal ear hath known.
Till here conversing. Hence, ye crew!
For now I know my self and you."
Whene'er the royal ear's engross'd,
State lies but little genius cost.
The fav'rite then securely robs,
And gleans a nation by his jobs.
Franker and bolder grown in ill,
He daily poisons darts of ill,
And as his present views suggest,
Inflames or soothes the royal breast.
Thus wicked ministers oppress,
When oft the monarch means redress.
Would kings their private subjects hear,
A minister must talk with fear.
If honesty oppos'd his views,
He dares not innocence accuse.
"I would keep him in such narrow bound,
He could not right and wrong confound.
Happy were kings, could they disclose
Their real friends, and real foes!
Were both themselves and subjects known,
A monarch's will might be his own.
Had he the use of ears and eyes,
Knaves would no more be counted wise.
But then a minister might lose
(Hard case!) his own ambitious views.
When such as these have vex'd a state,
Pursu'd by universal hate,
The false support at once hath fail'd,
And persevering truth prevail'd.
I spied, their train of fraud is seen;
Truth will at last remove the screen.
A country Squire, by whom directed,
The true, staunch dogs of chase neglected,
Beneath his board no hound was fed;
His hand ne'er strok'd the spaniel's head.
A snappish Cur, alone caress'd,
By lies had banish'd all the rest.
Yip had his ear; and defamation
Gave him full scope of conversation.
His sycophants must be prefer'd,
Room must be made for all his herd;
Wherefore, to bring his schemes about,
Old faithful servants all must out.
The Curon's cry creates awe,
(As other are it men's puppies do.)
Unless due court to him were shown,
And both their face and business known.
No honest tongue an audience found.
He worried all the tenants round.
For why? he liv'd in constant fear,
Lest truth, by chance, should interfere.
If any stranger dar'd intrude,
The noisy Cur his heels pursu'd.
Now fierce with rage, now struck with dread,
At once he snarled, bit and fled.
Alas he lay, with bristling hair,
And thus in secret grows his fury.
"Who knows but truth in this disguise,
May frustrate my best guarded lies?
Should she thus mask'd, admittance find,
That very hour my ruin's sign'd."
Now in his howl's continu'd sound,
Their words were lost, the voice was drown'd
I was in awe of honest tongues,
Thus every day he strain'd his lungs.
It happen'd, in ill-omen'd hour,
That Yip, unmindful of his pow'r,
Entered his post, to love inclind,
A fav'rite bitch was in the wind.
By her seduc'd, in am'rous play,
Thus frick'd the joyous hours away.
Thus, by unaim'd love pursuing,
Like Antony he sought his ruin.
For now the squire, unsex'd with noise
An honest neighbour's chat enjoys.
"Be free," says he, "your mind impart
I love a friendly open heart.
No thinks my tenants shun my gate;
Why such a stranger grown of late?

Pray tell me what offence they find :
 'Tis plain they're not so well inclin'd."
 " Turn off your Cur," the farmer cries,
 " Who feeds your ear with daily lies.
 His snarling insolence offends :
 'Tis he that keeps you from your friends.
 Were but that saucy puppy check'd,
 You'd find again the same respect.
 Hear only him, he'll swear it too,
 That all our hatred is to you :
 But learn from us your true estate ;
 'Tis that curs'd Cur alone we hate."
 The Squire heard truth. Now Yap rush'd in ;
 The wide hall echoes with his din :
 Yet truth prevail'd ; and with disgrace,
 The dog was cudgell'd out of place.

FABLE VII.

The Countryman and Jupiter.

To myself.

HAVE you a friend (look round and spy)
 So fond, so prepossess'd as I ?
 Your faults, so obvious to mankind,
 My partial eyes could never find.
 When by the breath of Fortune blown,
 Your airy castles were o'erthrown ;
 Have I been over-prone to blame,
 Or mortify'd your hours with shame ?
 Was I e'er known to damp your spirit,
 Or twit you with the want of merit ?
 'Tis not so strange, that Fortune's frown
 Still perseveres to keep you down.
 Look round, and see what others do.
 Would you be rich and honest too ?
 Have you like those she rais'd to place,
 Been opportunist mean and base ?
 Have you, as times requir'd, resign'd
 Truth, honour, virtue, peace of mind ?
 If these are scruples, give her o'er ;
 Write, practise morals, and be poor.
 The gifts of Fortune truly rate ;
 Then tell me what would mend your state.
 If happiness on wealth were built,
 Rich rogues might comfort find in guilt ;
 As grows the miser's hoarded store,
 His fears, his wants, increase the more.
 Think, Gay, (what ne'er may be the case)
 Should fortune take you into grace,
 Would that your happiness augment ?
 What can she give beyond content ?
 Suppose yourself a wealthy heir,
 With a vast annual income clear !
 In all the affluence you possess,
 You might not feel one care the less.
 Might you not then, like others, find,
 With change of fortune, change of mind ?
 Perhaps, profuse beyond all rule,
 You might start out a glaring fool ;
 Your luxury might break all bounds ;
 Plate, table, horses, stewards, hounds,
 Might swell your debts : then, lust of play
 No regal income can defray.
 Sunk is all credit, writs assail,
 And doom your future life to jail.
 Or, were you dignify'd with pow'r,
 Would that avert one pensive hour ?
 You might give Avarice its swing,
 Defraud a nation, blind a king :
 Then, from the hirelings in your cause,
 Though daily fed with false applause,
 Could it a real joy impart ?
 Great guilt knew never joy at heart.
 Is happiness your point in view ?
 (I mean th' intrinsic and the true)
 She nor in camps or courts resides,
 Nor in the humble cottage hides :
 Yet found alike in ev'ry sphere ;
 Who finds Content, will find her there.
 O'erspent with toil, beneath the shade,
 A peasant rested on his spade.
 " Good gods !" he cries, " 'tis hard to bear
 This load of life from year to year.
 Soon as the morning streaks the skies,
 Industrious Labour bids me rise ;
 With sweat I earn my homely fare,
 And ev'ry day renews my care."

Jove heard the discontented strain,
 And thus rebuk'd the murr'n'g swain :
 " Speak out your wants then, honest friend :
 Unjust complaints the gods offend.
 If you repine at partial Fate,
 Instruct me what could mend your state.
 Mankind in ev'ry station see.
 What wish you ? Tell me what you'd be."
 So said, upborne upon a cloud,
 The Clown survey'd the anxious crowd.
 " Yon face of care," says Jove, " behold,
 His bulky bags are fill'd with gold.
 See with what joy he counts it o'er
 That sum to-day hath swell'd his store.
 " Were I that man," the Peasant cry'd,
 " What blessing could I ask beside ?"
 " Hold," says the god, " first learn to know
 True happiness from outward show.
 This optic glass of intuition—
 Here, take it, view his true condition."
 He look'd, and saw the miser's breast,
 A troubled ocean, ne'er at rest ;
 Want ever stares him in the face,
 And fear anticipates disgrace.
 With conscious guilt he saw him start ;
 Extortion gnaws his throbbing heart ;
 And never, or in thought or dream,
 His breast admits one happy gleam.
 " May Jove," he cries, " reject my pray'r,
 And guard my life from guilt and care.
 My soul abhors that wretch's fate :
 O keep me in my humble state !
 But, see ! amidst a gaudy crowd,
 Yon minister, so gay and proud ;
 On him what happiness attends,
 Who thus rewards his grateful friends !"
 " First take the glass," the god replies ;
 " Man views the world with partial eyes."
 " Good gods !" exclaims the startled wight,
 " Defend me from this hideous sight !
 Corruption with corrosive smart,
 Lies cank'ring on his guilty heart ;
 I see him with polluted hand,
 Spread the contagion o'er the land.
 Now Avarice with insatiate jaws,
 Now Rapine with her harpy claws,
 His bosom tears. His conscious breast
 Groans, with a load of crimes oppress'd.
 See him, mad and drunk with pow'r,
 Stand tott'ring on Ambition's tow'r.
 Sometimes, in speeches vain and proud,
 His boasts insult the nether crowd ;
 Now, seiz'd with giddiness and fear,
 He trembles lest his fall is near.
 " Was ever wretch like this !" he cries ;
 " Such misery in such disguise !
 The change ! O Jove ! I disavow !
 Still be my lot the spade and plough."
 He next, confirm'd by speculation,
 Rejects the lawyer's occupation ;
 For he the statesman seem'd in part,
 And bore similitude of heart.
 Nor did the soldier's trade inflame
 His hopes with thirst of spoil and fame
 The miseries of war he mourn'd ;
 Whole nations into deserts turn'd.
 " By these have laws and rights been brav'd,
 By these was free-born man enslav'd :
 When battles and invasion cease,
 Why swarm they in the lands of peace ?
 Such change," says he, " may I decline,
 The scythe and civil arms be mine !"
 Thus, weighing life in each condition,
 The Clown withdrew his rash petition.
 When thus the god : " How mortals err !
 If you true happiness prefer,
 'Tis to no rank of life confin'd,
 But dwells in ev'ry honest mind.
 Be Justice then your sole pursuit :
 Plant virtue, and content's the fruit."
 So Jove, to gratify the Clown,
 Where first he found him set him down.

FABLE VIII.

The Man, the Cat, the Dog, and the Fly.

To my Native Country.

HAIL, happy land ! whose fertile grounds
 The liquid fence of Neptune bounds

By bounteous Nature set apart,
The seat of industry and art!
O Britain! chosen port of trade,
May luxury ne'er thy sons invade!
May never minister intent
His private treasures to augment
Corrupt thy state!—If jealous foes
Thy rights of commerce dare oppose,
Shall not thy fleets their rapine awe?
Who is 't prescribes the ocean law?
Whenever neighbouring states contend,
'Tis thine to be the gen'ral friend.
What is 't, who rules in other lands?
On trade alone thy glory stands.
That benefit is unconfin'd,
Diffusing good among mankind
That first gave lustre to thy reigns,
And scatter'd plenty o'er thy plains:
'Tis that alone thy wealth supplies,
And draws all Europe's envious eyes.
Be commerce then thy sole design.
Keep that, and all the world is thine.
When naval traffic plunges the main,
Who shares not in the merchant's gain?
'Tis that supports the legal state.
And makes the farmer's heart elate:
The numerous flocks that clothe the land,
Can scarce supply the loom's demand;
Prolific culture glads the fields,
And the bare heath a harvest yields.
Nature expects mankind should share
The duties of the public care.
Who's born for sloth? To some we find
The plough-share's annual toil assign'd.
Some at the sounding anvil glow;
Some the swift-sliding shuttle throw;
Some, studious of the wind and tide,
From pole to pole our commerce guide:
Some, taught by industry, impart
With hands and feet the works of art:
While some, of genius more refin'd,
With head and tongue assist mankind:
Each aiming at one common end,
Proves to the whole a useful friend.
Thou, born each other's useful aid,
By turns are obligations paid.
The monarch, when his table's spread,
Is to the clown oblig'd for bread;
And when in all his glory dress'd,
Owes to the loom his royal vest.
Do not the mason's toil and care
Protect him from th' inclement air?
Does not the cutler's art supply
The ornament that guards his thigh?
All these, in duty to the throne,
Their common obligations own.
'Tis he (his own and people's cause)
Protects their properties and laws:
Thus they their honest toil employ,
And with content their fruits enjoy.
In ev'ry rank, or great or small,
'Tis industry supports us all.
The animals, by want oppress'd,
To Man their services address'd:
While each pursu'd their selfish good,
They hunger'd for precarious food.
Their hours with anxious cares were vex'd;
One day they fed, and starv'd the next.
They saw that plenty, sure and rife,
Was found alone in social life:
That mutual industry profess'd,
The various wants of man redress'd.
The Cat, half-famish'd, lean and weak,
Demands the privilege to speak:
"Well, Puss," says Man, "and what can you
To benefit the public do?"
The Cat replies: "These teeth, these claws,
With vigilance shall serve the cause.
The mouse, destroy'd by my pursuit,
No longer shall your feasts pollute;
Nor rats, from nightly ambuscade,
With wasteful teeth your stores invade."
"I grant," says Man, "to gen'ral use
Your paws and talents may conduce,
For rats and mice purloin our grain,
And threshers whirl the flail in vain:
Thus shall the Cat, a foe to spoil,
Protect the farmer's honest toil."
Then turning to the Dog, he cry'd,
"Well, Sir, be next your merits try'd."
"Sir," says the Dog, "by self-applause
We seem to own a friendless cause.

Ask those who know me, if distrust
E'er found me treach'rous or unjust?
Did I e'er faith or friendship break?
Ask all those creatures: let them speak.
My vigilance and trusty zeal
Perhaps might serve the public weal.
Might not your flocks in safety feed,
Were I to guard the fleecy breed?
Did I the nightly watches keep,
Could thieves invade you while you sleep?"
The man replies: "'Tis just and right,
Rewards such service should requite.
So rare, in property, we find
Trusts uncorrupt among mankind,
That, taken in a public view,
The first distinction is your due.
Such merits all reward transcend:
Be then my comrade and my friend."
Addressing now the Fly: "From you
What public service can accrue?"
"From me!" the flutt'ring insect said,
"I thought you knew me better bred.
Sir, I'm a gentleman. Is't fit
That I to industry submit?
Let man mechanics, to be fed,
By business earn ignoble bread.
Lost in excess of daily joys,
No thought, no care my life annoys
At noon (the lady's matin hour)
I sip the tea's delicious flower.
On cates luxuriously I dine,
And drink the fragrance of the vine.
Studious of elegance and ease,
Myself alone I seek to please."
The Man his pert conceit derides,
And thus the useless coxcomb chides:
"Hence, from that peach, that downy seat,
No idle fool deserves to eat.
Could you have sapp'd the blushing rind,
And on that pulp ambrosial din'd,
Had not some hand, with skill and toil,
To raise the tree, prepar'd the soil?
Consider, sot, what would ensue,
Were all such worthless things as you.
You'd soon be forc'd (by hunger stung)
To make your dirty meals on dung;
On which such despicable need,
Unpitied, is reduc'd to feed.
Besides, vain selfish insect, learn,
(If you can right and wrong discern)
That he, who with industrious zeal
Contributes to the common good,
By adding to the common good,
His own hath rightly understood."
So saying, with a sudden blow,
He laid the noxious vagrant low.
Crush'd in his luxury and pride,
The spurger on the public died.

FABLE IX.

The Jackal, Leopard, and other Beasts.

To a Modern Politician.

I GRANT corruption sways mankind;
That interest too perverts the mind;
That bribes have blinded common-sense,
Foil'd reason, truth, and eloquence:
I grant you too, our present crimes
Can equal those of former times.
Against plain facts shall I engage,
To vindicate our righteous age?
I know that in a modern fist,
Bribes in full energy subsist.
Since then these arguments prevail,
And itching palms are still so frail,
Hence politicians, you suggest,
Should drive the nail that goes the best:
That it shows parts and penetration,
To ply men with the right temptation.
To this I humbly must dissent:
Premising, no reflection's meant.
Does justice, or the client's sense,
Teach lawyers either side's defence?
The fee gives eloquence its spirit;
That only is the client's merit.

Does art, wit, wisdom, or address,
Obtain the prostitute's caress?
The guinea (as in other trades)
From every hand alike persuades.
Man, Scripture says, is prone to evil,
But does that vindicate the devil?
Fleudes, the more mankind are prone,
The less the devil's parts are shown.
Corruption's not of modern date;
It hath been try'd in every state.
Great knaves of old their power have fenc'd,
By places, pensions, bribes, dispens'd;
By those they glory'd in success,
And impudently dar'd oppress;
By these despotically they sway'd,
And slaves extoll'd the hand that paid;
Ner parts nor genius were employ'd;
By those alone were realms destroy'd.

Now see these wretches in disgrace,
Strip'd of their treasures, power, and place:
View 'em abandon'd and forlorn,
Expos'd to just reproach and scorn.
What now is all your pride, your boast?
Where are your slaves, your flatter'ing host?
What tongues now feed you with applause?
Where are the champions of your cause?
Now e'en that very fawning train
Which shar'd the gleanings of your gain,
Press foremost, who shall first accuse
Your selfish jobs, your paltry views,
Your narrow schemes, your breach of trust,
And want of talents to be just.

What fools were these amidst their pow'r!
How thoughtless of their adverse hour!
What friends were made! A hissing herd,
For temporary votes prefer'd.

Was it, these sycophants to get,
Your bounty swell'd a nation's debt?
You're blest. For these, like wiser, attend;
No longer pay, no longer friend.

The lion is beyond dispute,
Allow'd the most majestic brute;
His valour and his generous mind
Prove him superior of his kind.

Yet to jacksals, at his aw'd,
Some lions have their pow'r transferr'd:
As if the parts of pimps and spies
To govern forests could suffice.

Once, studious of his private good,
A proud Jackal oppress'd the wood;
To cram his own insatiate jaws,
Invaded property and laws.

The forest groans with discontent,
Fresh wrongs the gen'ral hate foment.
The spreading murmurs reach'd his ear;
His secret hours were vex'd with fear.
Night after night he weighs the case,
And feels the terrors of disgrace.

"By friends," says he, "I'll guard my seat,
By those malicious tongues defeat:
I'll strengthen pow'r by new allies,
And all my clam'rous foes despise."

To make the gen'rous beasts his friends,
He cringes, flawns, and condescends;
But those repuls'd his abject court,
And scorn'd oppression to support.

Friends must be had. He can't subsist:
Bribes shall new proselytes enlist.
But these nought weigh'd in honest paws;
For bribes confess a wicked cause:
Yet think not every paw withstands
What hath prevail'd in human hands.

A tempting turnip's silver skin
Drew a base Hog through thick and thin;
Bought with a stag's delicious haunch,
The mercenary Wolf was staunch:

The coney Fox grew warm and hearty,
A pullet gain'd him to the party:
The golden pippin in his fist,
A chattering Monkey join'd the list.

But soon, expos'd to public hate,
The favourite's fall redress'd the state.
The Leopard, vindicating right,
Had brought his secret frauds to light.

At rats, before the mansion falls,
Desert late hospitable walls,
In shoals the servile creatures run
To bow before the rising sun.

The Hog with warmth express'd his zeal,
And was for hanging those that steal;
But hop'd, though low, the public heard
Might half a turnip still afford.

Since saving measures were protest,
A lamb's head was the Wolf's request.
The Fox submitted,—if to touch
A gosling would be deem'd too much?
The Monkey thought his glib and chatter,
Might ask a nut, or some such matter.
"Ye hirelings, hence," the Leopard cries,
"Your venal conscience I despise.
He who the public good intends,
By bribes needs never purchase friends.
Who acts this just, this open part,
Is propp'd by every honest heart.
Corruption now too late hath show'd,
That bribes are a'ways ill bestow'd.
By you your bubble's master's taught,
Time serving tools, not friends, are bought."

FABLE X.

The degenerate Dea.

To the Rev. Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's

THOUGH courts the practice disallow,
A friend at all times I'll avow.
In justice I know 'tis wrong,
And what they call the prudent part,
Is to wear interest next the heart.
At the times take a different face,
Old friendships should to new give place.

I know, too, you have many foes,
That owning you is sharing those;
That every knave in every station,
Of high and low denomination,
For what you speak, and what you write,
Dread you at once, and fear you spite.

Such freedoms in your works are shown,
They can't enjoy what's not their own.
All dunces, too, in church and state,
In frothy nonsense show their hate;

With all the petty scribbling crew,
(And those pert sots are not a few),
Against you and I hope their envy spurs:
The book-sellers alone are hurt.

Good gods! by what a powerful race
(For blockheads may have power and place
Are scandals rais'd and libels writ,
To prove your honesty and wit!

Think with yourself, those worthy men,
You know, have suffer'd by your pen.
From them you've nothing but your due,
From hence, 'tis plain, your friends are few.

Except myself, I know of none,
Besides the wise and good alone.
To set the case in fairer light,
My fable shall the rest recite,

Which (though unlike our present state)
I for the moral's sake relate.
A Bee of cunning, not of parts,
Luxurious, negligent of arts,

Rapacious, arrogant, and vain,
Greedy of power, but more of gain,
Corruption sow'd throughout the hive,
By petty regues the great ones thrive.

As pow'r and wealth his views supplied,
'Twas seen in overbearing pride.
With him loud impudence had merit;
The Bee of conscience wanted spirit;

And those who follow'd honour's rule,
Were laugh'd to scorn for squeamish fools.
Wealth claim'd distinction, favour, grace;
And poverty alone was base.

He treated industry with slight,
Unless he found his profit by't.
Rights, laws, and liberties gave way,
To bring his selfish schemes in play.

The swarm forgot the common toil,
To share the gleanings of his spoil.
"While vulgar souls, of narrow parts,
Waste life in low mechanic arts,

Let us," says he, "to genius born,
The drudgery of our fathers scorn.
The wasp and drone, you must agree,
Live with more elegance than we.

Like gentlemen they sport and play,
No business interrupts the day;

Their hours to luxury they give,
And nobly on their neighbours live.
A stubborn Bee, among the swarms,
With honest indignation warm.
Thus from his cell with zeal replied:
"I slight thy frowns, and hate thy pride.
The laws our native rights protect;
Offending thee, I those respect.
Shall luxury corrupt the hive,
And none against the torrent strive?
Exert the honour of your race:
He builds his rise on your disgrace.
"Tis industry our state maintains:
'Twas honest toils and honest gains
That rais'd our sires to pow'r and fame.
Be virtuous; save yourselves from shame.
I know, that in selfish ends pursuing,
You scramble for the public ruin."
He spoke; and, from his cell dismiss'd,
Was insolently scoff'd and hiss'd.
With him a friend or two remain'd,
Disdaining the degenerate kind.
"These drones," says he, "these insects vile,
(I treat them in their proper style)
May for a time oppress the state;
They own our virtue by their hate;
By that our merits they reveal,
And recommend our public zeal:
Disgrac'd by this corrupted crew,
We're honour'd by the virtuous few."

FABLE XI.

*The Pack Horse and the Carrier.**To a young Nobleman.*

BEGIN, my Lord, in early youth,
To suffer, nay, encourage truth:
And blame me not for disrespect,
If I the flatt'rer's style reject;
With that, by menial tongues supplied,
You're daily cocker'd up in pride.

The tree's distinguish'd by the fruit.
Be virtue then your first pursuit;
Set your great ancestors in view,
Like them deserve the title too;
Like them ignoble actions scorn:
Let virtue prove you greatly born.

Though with less plate their side-board shone,
Their conscience always was their own;
They ne'er at levees meanly fawn'd,
Nor was their honour yearly pawn'd;
Their hands by no corruption stain'd,
The ministerial bribe disdain'd;
They serv'd the crown with loyal zeal;
Yet, jealous of the public weal,
They stood the bulwark of our laws,
And wore at heart their country's cause;
By neither place nor pension bought,
They spoke and voted as they thought.
Thus did your sires adorn their seat;
And such alone are truly great.

If you the paths of learning slight,
You're but a dunce in stronger light;
In foremost rank the coward plac'd,
Is more conspicuously disgrac'd.
If you, to serve a paltry end,
To knavish jobs can condescend,
We pay you the contempt that's due;
In that you have precedence too.

Whence had you this illustrious name?
From virtue and unblemish'd fame.
By birth the name alone descends;
Your honour on yourself depends:
Think not your coronet can hide
Assuming ignorance and pride.
Learning by study must be won,
'Twas ne'er entail'd from son to son.
Superior worth your rank requires;
For that mankind reveres your sires.
If you degenerate from your race,
Their merits lighten your disgrace.

A Carrier, ev'ry night and morn,
Would see his horses eat their corn:
This sunk the hostler's vails, 'tis true;
But then his horses had their due.

Were we so cautious in all cases,
Small gain would rise from greater places.
The manger now had all its measure:
He heard the grinding teeth with pleasure:
When all at once confusion rung;
They snorted, jostled, bit, and flung.
A Packhorse turn'd his head aside,
Foaming, his eye-balls swell'd with pride.
"Good gods!" says he, "how hard's my lot!
Is then my high descent forgot?
Reduc'd to drudg'ry and disgrace,
(A life unworthy of my race)
Must I, too, bear the vile attacks
Of ragged scrubs, and vulgar hacks?
See scurvy Roan, that brute ill-bred,
Dares from the manger thrust my head!
Shall I, who boast a noble line,
On offals of these creatures dine?
Kick'd by old Ball! so mean a foe!
My honour suffers by the blow.
Newmarket speaks my grand sire's fame,
All jockeys still revere his name:
There yearly are his triumphs told,
There all his massy plates enroll'd.
Whene'er led forth upon the plain,
You saw him with a liv'ry train;
Returning too with laurels crown'd,
You heard the drums and trumpets sound.
Let it then, Sir, be understood,
Respect's my due; for I have blood."
"Vain-glorious fool!" the Carrier cried,
"Respect was never paid to pride.
I know, 'twas thy giddy wilful heart
Reduc'd thee to this slavish part.
Did not thy headstrong youth disdain
To learn the conduct of the rein?
Thus coxcombs, blind to real merit,
In vicious frolics fancy spirit.
What is't to me by whom begot?
Thou restive, pert, conceited sot.
Your sires I reverence; 'tis their due:
But, worthless fool, what's that to you?
Ask all the carriers on the road,
They'll say thy keeping's ill-bestow'd.
Then vaunt no more thy noble race,
That neither mends thy strength or pace.
What profits me thy boast of blood?
An ass hath more intrinsic good.
By outward show let's not be cheated;
An ass should like an ass be treated."

FABLE XII.

*Pan and Fortune.**To a young Heir.*

SOON as your father's death was known,
(As if th' estate had been their own)
The gamblers outwardly express'd
The decent joy within your breast.
So lavish in your praise they grew,
As spoke their certain hopes in you.

One counts your income of the year,
How much in ready money clear.

"No house," says he, "is more complete;
The garden's elegant and great:
How fine the park around it lies!
The timber's of a noble size!
Then, count his jewels and his plate!
Besides, 'tis no entail'd estate.
If cash run low, his lands in fee
Are, or for sale, or mortgage free."

Thus they, before you threw the main,
Seem to anticipate their gain.
Would you, when thieves were known abroad,
Bring forth your treasures in the road?
Would not the fool abet the stealth?
Who rashly thus expos'd his wealth?
Yet this you do, whene'er you play
Among the gentlemen of prey.

Could fools to keep their own contrive,
On what, on whom could gamblers thrive?
Is it in charity you game,
To save your worthy gang from shame?
Unless you furnish'd daily bread,
Which way could idleness be fed?

Could these professors of deceit
Within the law no longer cheat,
They must run holder risks for prey,
And strip the traveller on the way.
Thus in your annual rents they share,
And 'scape the noose from year to year.
Consider, ere you make the bet,
That sum might cross your tailor's debt.
When you the pilf'ring rattle shake,
Is not your honour too at stake?
Must you not by mean lies evade
To-morrow's duns from every trade?
By promises so often paid,
Is yet your tailor's bill defray'd?
Must you not pitifully fawn,
To have your butcher's writs withdrawn
This must be done. In debts of play
Your honour suffers no delay;
And not this year's and next year's rent
The sons of rapine can content.
Look round, the wrecks of play behold,
Estates dismember'd, mortgages sold!
Their owners, now to jails confin'd,
Show equal poverty of mind.
Some, who the spoil of knaves were made,
Too late attempt to learn their trade.
Some, for the folly of one hour,
Become the dirty tools of power,
And, with the mercenary list,
Upon court-charity subsist.
You'll find at last this maxim true,
Fools are the game which knaves pursue.
The forest (a whole century's shade)
Must be one wasteful ruin made.
No mercy's shown to age or kind;
The general massacre is sign'd.
The park too shares the carnal fate,
For duns grow louder at the gate.
Stern clowns, obedient to the 'squire,
'What will not barb'rous hands for hire?'
With brawny arms repeat the stroke;
Falls'n are the elm and the grand oak.
Through the long wood loud axes sound,
And Echo groans with every wound.
To see the desolation spread,
A man drops a tear, and hangs his head:
His bowen now with fern burns,
Beneath his hoof the dice he spurns.
Cards too, in peevish passion torn,
The sport of whirling winds are borne.
'To stalls inwreath'd hate I bear,
Who spoil the verdure of the year,
The caterpillar I detest,
The blooming spring's voracious pest;
The locust too, whose rav'nous hand
Spreads sudden famine o'er the land.
But what are these?—The dice's throw
At once hath laid a forest low.
The cards are dealt, the bet is made,
And the wide park hath lost its shade.
Thus is my kingdom's pride defac'd,
And all its ancient glories waste.
All this," he cries, "is Fortune's doing:
'Tis thus she meditates my ruin.
By Fortune, that false, fickle Jode,
More havoc in one hour is made,
Than all the hungry insect race,
Comb'd, can in an age deface."
Fortune, by chance, who near him pass'd,
Overhead the vile asperser cast.
"Why, Pan," says she, "what's all this rant?
'Tis every country-bubble's cant.
Am I the patroness of vice?
Is't I who cog on palm the dice?
Did I the shuffling art reveal,
To mark the cards, or range the deal?
In all the employments men pursue,
I mind the least what gamblers do,
There may (if computation's just)
One now and then my conduct trust:
I blame the fool, for what can I,
When ninety-nine my pow'r defy?
These trust alone their fingers' ends,
And not one stake on me depends.
Whether the gaming-board is set,
I bow classes of mankind are met:
But if we count the greedy race,
The knives fill up the greater space.
'Tis a gross error, held in schools,
That Fortune always favours fools.
In play it never bears dispute:
That doctrine these fell'd oaks confute.

Then why to me such rancour show?
'Tis Folly, I'an, that is thy foe.
By me his late estate he won,
But he by Folly was undone."

FABLE XIII.

Plutus, Cupid, and Time.

OF all the burdens man must bear,
Time seems most galling and severe;
Beneath this grievous load oppress'd,
We daily meet some friend distress'd.
'What can one do? I rose at nine.
'Tis full six hours before we dine:
Six hours! no earthly thing to do!
Would I had doz'd in bed till two."
A pamphlet is before him spread,
And almost half a page is read;
Tir'd with the study of the day,
The flutt'ring sheets are toss'd away.
He opens his snuff-box, hums an air,
Then yawns and stretches in his chair.
'Not twenty by the minute hand!
Good gods!" says he "my watch must stand
How muddling 'tis on books to pore!
I thought I'd read an hour or more.
The morning of all hours, I hate.
One can't contrive to rise too late."
To make the minutes faster run,
Then, too, his drowsy self he shun,
To the next coffee-house he speeds,
Takes up the news, some scraps he reads.
Saunt'ring, from chair to chair he trails;
Now drinks his tea, now bites his nails.
He spurs a partner of his woe,
By chair, afflictions lighter grow;
Each other's grievances they share,
And thus their dreadful hours compare.
Says Tom, "Since all men must confess,
That Time lies heavy more on us;
Why should it be so hard to get,
Till two, a party at piquet?
Play might relieve the lagging morn;
By cards long wintry nights are born.
Does not quadrille amuse the fire,
Night after night, throughout the year?
Vapours and spleen forgot, at play
They cheat uncounted hours away."
'My case," says Will, "then must be hard,
By want of skill from play debar'd.
Courtiers kill Time by various ways;
Dependence wears out half their days.
How happy these whose time ne'er stands!
Attendance takes it off their hands.
Were it not for this cursed show,
The park had whild away an hour.
At court, without or place or view,
I daily lose an hour or two.
I fully answer my design,
When I have pick'd up friends to dine.
The tavern makes our burden light;
Wine puts our time and care to flight
At six (hard case!) they call to pay.
Where can one go? I hate the play.
From six till ten! Unless in sleep,
One cannot spend the hours so cheap.
The comedy's no sooner done,
But some assembly is begun;
Leaving from room to room I stray;
Converse, but nothing hear or say;
Quite tir'd, from fair to fair I roam.
So soon! I dread the thoughts of home.
From thence, to quicken slow-paced Night,
Again my tavern-friends invite:
Here too our early mornings pass,
Till drowsy sleep retard the glass."
Thus they their wretched life bemoan,
And make each other's case their own.
Consider, friends, no hour rolls on,
But something of your grief is gone.
Were you to schemes of business bred,
Did you the paths of learning tread,
Your hours, your days, would fly too fast;
You'd then regret the minute past.
Time's fugitive and light as wind!
'Tis indolence that clogs your mind!

That load from off your spirits shake:
You'll own and grieve for your mistake.
A while your thoughtless spleen suspend,
Then read, and, if you can, attend.
As Plutus, to divert his care,
Walk'd forth one morn to take the air,
Cupid o'ertook his strutting pace,
Each star'd upon the stranger's face,
Till recollection set 'em right;
For each knew t'other but by sight.
After some complimentary talk,
Time met 'em, bow'd, and join'd their walk.
Their chat on various subjects ran,
But most, what each had done for man.
Plutus assumes a haughty air,
Just like our purse-proud fellows here.
"Let kings," says he, "let cobblers tell,
Whose gifts among mankind excel.
Consider courts, what draws their train?
Think you 'tis loyalty, or gain?
That statesman hath the strongest hold,
Whose tool of politics is gold;
By that in former reigns, 'tis said,
The knave in pow'r hath senates led.
By that alone he sway'd debates,
Enrich'd himself, and beggar'd states.
Forego your boast. You must conclude,
That's most esteem'd that's most pursu'd.
Think too, in what a woful plight
That wretch must live whose pocket's light,
Are not his hours by want depress'd?
Pecunious care corrodes his breast.
Without respect, or love, or friends,
His solitary day descend."
"You might," says Cupid, "doubt my parts,
My knowledge too in human hearts,
Should I the pow'r of gold dispute,
Which great examples might confute.
I know, when nothing else prevails,
Persuasive money seldom fails;
That beauty too like other wares
Its price, as well as conscience, bears.
Then marriage (as of late profess'd)
Is but a money job at best.
Consent, compliance may be sold
But love's beyond the price of gold.
Smugglers there are, who, by retail,
Expose what they call love, to sale;
Such bargains are an artful cheat,
You purchase flattery and deceit.
Those who true love have ever try'd,
(The common cares of life supply'd),
No wants endure, no wishes make,
But ev'ry real joy partake.
All comfort on themselves depends;
They want not pow'r, nor wealth, nor friends.
Love then hath ev'ry bliss in store
'Tis friendship, and 'tis something more.
Each other ev'ry wish they give,
Not to know love, is not to live.
"Or love, or money," Time reply'd,
"Were men the question to decide,
Would bear the prize: on both intent,
My boon's neglected or mispent.
'Tis I who measure vital space,
And deal out years to human race
Tho' little priz'd, and seldom sought,
Without me love and gold are nought.
How does the miser Time employ?
Did I e'er see him life enjoy?
By me forsook, the hoards he won,
Are scatter'd by his lavish son.
By me all useful arts are gain'd;
Wealth, learning, wisdom I attain'd.
Who then would think (since such my pow'r)
That e'er I knew an idle hour?
So subtle and so swift I fly,
Love's not more fugitive than I.
Who hath not heard coquettes complain
Of days, months, years, mispent in vain?
For Time misus'd they pine and waste,
And love's sweet pleasures never taste.
Those who direct their time aright,
If love or wealth their hopes excite,
In each pursuit fit hours employ'd,
And both by time have been enjoy'd.
How heedless then are mortals grown!
How little is their interest known!
In ev'ry view they ought to mind me.
For, when once lost, they never find me."
He spoke. The god's no more content,
And his superior gift confess'd;

That time (when truly understood)
Is the most precious earthly good.

FABLE XIV.

*The Owl, the Swan, the Cock, the Spider, the Ass,
and the Farmer.*

To a Mother.

CONVERSING with your sprightly boys,
Your eyes have spoke the mother's joys.
With what delight I've heard you quote
Their sayings in imperfect note!
I grant, in body and in mind,
Nature appears profusely kind.
Trust not to that. Act you your part;
Imprint just morals on their heart;
Impartially their talents scan;
Just education forms the man.
Perhaps (their genius yet unknown)
Each lot of life's already thrown;
That this shall plead, the next shall fight,
The last assert the church's right.
I censure not the fond intent;
But how precarious is th' event!
By talents misapply'd and cross'd,
Consider, all your sons are lost.
One day (the tale's by Martial penn'd,
A father thus address'd his friend:
"To train my boy, and call forth sense,
You know I've stuck at no expense;
I've try'd him in th' several arts,
(The lad, no doubt, hath latent parts)
Yet trying all, he nothing knows;
But, crab-like, rather backward goes.
Teach me what yet remains undone,
'Tis your advice shall fix my son." [ter;
"Sir," says the friend, "I've weigh'd the mat
Excuse me, for I scorn to flatter;
Make him (nor think his genius check'd)
A herald, or an architect."
Perhaps (as commonly 'tis known)
He heard th' advice, and took his own.
The boy wants wit; he's sent to school,
Where learning but improves the fool:
The college next must give him parts,
And cram him with the liberal arts.
Whether he blunders at the bar,
Or owes his infamy to war;
Or if by license or degree
The sexton share the doctor's fee;
Or from the pulpit by the hour
He weekly floods of nonsense pour;
We find th' intent of Nature foil'd)
A tailor or a butcher spoil'd.
Thus ministers have royal boons
Confer'd on blockheads and buffoons
In spite of nature, merit, wit,
Their friends for ev'ry post were fit.
But now let ev'ry muse confess
That merit finds its due success.
Th' examples of our days regard;
Where's virtue seen without reward?
Distinguish'd and in place you find
Desert and worth of ev'ry kind.
Survey the re'verend bench, and see
Religion, learning, piety:
The patron ere he recommends,
Sees his own image in his friend's.
Is honesty disgrac'd and poor?
What list to us what was before?
We all of times corrupt have heard,
When paltry minions were prefer'd;
When all great offices, by dozens,
Were fill'd by brothers, sons, and cousins.
What matter ignorance and pride?
The man was happily ally'd.
Provided that his clerk was good,
What tho' he nothing understood?
In church and state, the sorry race
Grew more conspicuous fools in place.
Such heads, as then a tiddy made,
Had bungled in the cobbler's trade.
Consider, patrons, that such elves
Expose your folly with themselves.
'Tis yours, as 'tis the parent's care,
To fix each genius in its sphere.

Your partial hand can wealth dispense,
But never give a blockhead sense.

An Owl of magisterial air,
Of solemn voice, of brow austere,
Assum'd the pride of human race,
And bore his wisdom in his face.
Not to deprecate learned eyes,
I've seen a pedant look as wise.

Within a barn from noise retir'd,
He scorn'd the world, himself admit'd;
And, like an ancient sage, conceal'd
The follies public life reveal'd.

Philosophers of old he read,
Their country's youth, to science bred,
Their manners form'd for every station,
And destin'd each his occupation.

When Xenophon, by numbers brav'd,
Retreated, and a people sav'd,
That laurel was not all his own;
The plant by Socrates was sown.

To Aristotle's greater name
The Macedonian ow'd his fame.

Th' Athenian bird, with pride replete,
Their talents equall'd in conceit;

And, copying the Socratic rule,
Set up for master of a school.

Dogmatic jargon, learn'd by heart,
Trite sentences, hard terms of art,
To vulgar ears seem'd so profound,
They fancy'd learning in the sound.

The school had fame: the crowded place
With pupils swarm'd of every race.

With these the Swan's maternal care
Had sent her scarce-fledg'd cygnet heir.

The Hen, tho' fond and loth to part,
Here lodg'd the darling of her heart:

The Spider, of mechanic kind,
Aspir'd to science more refin'd:

The Ass learn'd metaphors and tropes,
But most on music fix'd his hopes.

The pupils now, advanc'd in age,
Were call'd to tread the busy stage;

And to the master 'twas submitted,
That each might to his part be fitted.

"The Swan," says he, "in arms shall shine:
The soldier's glorious toil be thine."

"The Cock shall mighty wealth attain:
Go seek it on the stormy main."

"The court shall be the Spider's sphere:
Pow'r, fortune, shall reward him there."

"In music's art the Ass's fame
Shall emulate Corelli's name."

Each took the part that he advis'd,
And all were equally desisp'd.

A Farmer, at his folly mov'd,
The dull preceptor thus reprovd:

"Blockhead," says he, "by what you're done,
One would have thought 'em each your son;

For parents, to their offspring blind,
Consult nor parts, nor turn of mind,

But ev'n in infancy decree
What this, what 't'other son shall be.

Had you with judgment weigh'd the case,
Their genius thus had fix'd their place;

The Swan had learnt the sailor's art:
The Cock had play'd the soldier's part;

The spider in the weaver's trade;
With credit had a fortune made;

But for the fool, in ev'ry class
The blockhead had appear'd an Ass."

FABLE XV.

The Cookmaid, the Turnip, and the Ox.

To a Poor Man.

CONSIDER man in ev'ry sphere,
Then tell me, is your lot severe?
'Tis murmur, discontent, distrust,
That makes you wretched. God is just.

I grant that hunger must be fed,
That toil too earns thy daily bread.

What then? thy wants are seen and known;
But ev'ry mortal feels his own.

We're born a restless, needy crew:
Show me the happier man than you.

Adam, though bless'd above his kind,
For want of social woman pin'd.

Ev'e wants the subtle serpent saw,
Her fickle taste transgre'd the law:
Thus fell our sire; and their disgrace
The curse entail'd on human race.

When Philip's son, by glory led,
Had o'er the globe his empire spread;
When altars to his name were dress'd,
That he was man, his tears confest.

The hopes of avarice are check'd:
The proud man always wants respect.
What various wants on pow'r attend!
Ambition never gains its end.

Who hath not heard the rich complain
Of surfeits and corporeal pain?
He, barr'd from ev'ry use of wealth,
Envi's the ploughman's strength and health.

Another in a beautiful wife
Finds all the miseries of life:
Domestic jars and jealous fear
Embitter all his days with care.

This wants an heir; the line is lost:
Why was that vain entail engross'd?

Canst thou discern another's mind?
What is't you envy? Envy's blind.

Tell Envy, when she would annoy,
That thousands want what you enjoy.

"The dinner must be dish'd at once,
Where's this voracious Turnip gone?"

Unless the skulking cur is caught,
The sirlorn's spoil'd, and I'm in fault."

Thus said; (for sure you'll think it fit
That I the Cookmaid's oaths omit)

With all the fury of a cook,
Her cooler kitchen Nan forsook.

The broomstick o'er her head she waves;
She sweats, she stamps, she pulls, she raves.

The sneaking cur before her flies;
She whistles, calls; fair speech she tries.

These nought avail. Her choler burns,
The fist and cudgel threat by turns.

With hasty stride she presses near;
He slinks aloof, and howls with fear.

"Was ever cur so curs'd by me,
What star did at my birth preside.

Am I for life by compact bound
To tread the wheel's eternal round?

Inglorious task! Of all our race
No slave is half so mean and base.

Had fate a kinder lot assign'd,
And form'd me of the lap-dog kind,

I then in higher life employ'd,
Had indolence and ease enjoy'd;

And, like a gentleman caross'd,
Had been the lady's fav'rite guest.

Or were I sprung from spaniel line,
Was his sagacious nostril mine,

By me, their never-erring guide,
From wood and plain their feasts supply'd,

Knights, squires, attendant on my pace,
Hail shar'd the pleasures of the chase.

Endu'd with native strength and fire,
Why call'd I not the lion here?

A lion! such mean views I scorn:
Why was I not of woman born?

Who dares with reason's pow'r contend?
On man we brutal slaves depend;

To him all creatures tribute pay,
And luxury employs his day."

An Ox by chance o'erheard his moan,
And thus rebuk'd the lazy drone:

"Dare you at partial fate repine?
How kind's your lot compar'd with mine

Decreed to toil, the hap'rous knife
Hath sever'd me from social life,

Urg'd by the stimulating road,
I drag the cumbersome waggon's load:

'Tis mine to tame the stubborn plain,
Break the stiff soil, and house the grain;

Yet I, without a murmur, bear
The various labours of the year.

But then consider that one day
(Perhaps the hour's not far away)

You, by the duties of your post,
Shall turn the spit, when I'm the roast:

And for reward shall share the feast;
I mean, shall pick my bones at least."

"Till now," th' astonish'd cur replies,
"I look'd on all with envious eyes.

How false we judge by what appears!
All creatures feel their sev'ral cares.

If thus you mighty beast complain,
Perhaps man knows superior pain."

Let envy then no more torment
Think on the Ox, and learn content."
Thus said; close following at her heel,
With cheerful heart he mounts the wheel.

FABLE XVI.

The Ravens, Sexton, and Earthworm.

To Laura.

LAURA, methinks you're over nice.
True. Flattery is a shocking vice.
Yet sure, when'er the praise is just,
One may commend without disgust.
Am I a privilege deny'd,
Indulg'd by ev'ry tongue beside?
How singular are all your ways!
A woman, and averse to praise!
If 'tis offence such truths to tell,
Why do your merits thus excel?
Since then, I dare not speak my mind,
A truth conspicuous to mankind!
Though in full lustre ev'ry grace
Distinguish your celestial face;
Though beauties of inferior ray
(Like stars before the orb of day)
Turn pale and fade: I check my lays,
Admiring what I dare not praise.
If you the tribute due disdain,
The Muse's mortifying strain,
Shall, like a woman in mere spite,
Set beauty in a moral light.
Though such revenge might shock the ear
Of many a celebrated fair;
I mean that superficial race
Whose thoughts ne'er reach beyond their face,
What's that to you? I but displease
Such ever-girlish ears as these
Virtue can brook the thoughts of age,
That lasts the same through ev'ry stage.
Though you by time must suffer more
Than ever woman lost before;
To age is such indifference shown,
As if your face were not your own.
Were you by Antoninus taught,
Or is it native strength of thought
That thus, without concern or fright,
You view yourself by reason's light?
Those eyes of so divine a ray,
What are they?—Mould'ring mortal clay:
Those features, cast in heavenly mould,
Shall, like my coarser earth, grow old;
Like common grass, the fairest flow'r
Must feel the hoary season's pow'r.
How weak, how vain is human pride!
Dares man upon himself confide?
The wretch who glories in his gain
Amasses heaps on heaps in vain.
Why lose we life in anxious cares,
To lay in hoards for future years?
Can those (when tortur'd by disease)
Cheer our sick heart, or purchase ease?
Can those prolong one gasp of breath,
Or calm the troubled hour of death?
What's beauty?—Call ye that your own,
A flow'r that fades as soon as blown
What's man in all his boast of sway?
Perhaps the tyrant of a day
Alike the laws of life take place
Through ev'ry branch of human race.
The monarch of long regal line
Was rais'd from dust as frail as mine.
Can he pour health into his veins,
Or cool the fever's restless pains?
(Can he turn down in Nature's course)
New-brace his feeble nerves with force?
Can he (how vain is mortal pow'r!)
Stretch life beyond the destin'd hour?
Consider, man; weigh well thy frame.
The king, the beggar is the same.
Dust form'd us all. Each breathes his day,
Then sinks into his native clay.
Beneath a venerable yew,
That in the lonely church-yard grew,
The Ravens sat. In solemn croak
Thus one his hungry friend bespoke:

"Methinks I scent some rich repast;
The savour strengthens with the blast;
Snuff then, the promis'd feast inhale
I taste the carcass in the gale.
Near yonder trees, the farmer's steed,
From toil and every drudg'ry freed,
Hath groan'd his last. A dainty treat!
To birds of taste delicious meat."
A Sexton, busy at his trade,
To hear their chat suspends his spade:
Death struck him with no farther thought,
Than merely as the fees he brought.
"Was ever two such blund'ring fowls,
In brains and manners less than owls!
Blockheads," says he, "learn more respect,
Know ye on whom ye thus reflect?
In this same grave (who does me right,
Must own the work is strong and tight)
The squire that yon fair hall possess'd,
To-night shall lay his bones at rest.
Whence could the gross mistake proceed?
The squire was somewhat fat indeed.
What then? the meanest bird of prey
Such want of sense could ne'er betray,
For sure some difference must be found
(Suppose the smelling organ sound)
In carcasses (say what we can),
Or where's the dignity of man?"
With due respect to human race,
The Ravens undertook the case.
In such similitude of scent,
Man ne'er could think reflection meant.
As epicures extol a treat,
And seem their sav'ry words to eat,
They praise'd dead horse, luxurious food,
The ven'son of the prescient brood.
The Sexton's indignation mov'd,
The mean companion reprov'd,
Their undiscerning palate blam'd.
Which two-legg'd carrion thus defam'd.
Reproachful speech from either side
The want of argument supplied;
They rail, revile; as often ends
The contest of disputing friends.
"Hold," says the Fowl, "since human pride
With confutation ne'er compiled,
Let's state the case, and then refer
The knotty point: for taste may err."
As thus he spoke, from out the mould
An Earth-worm, huge of size, unroll'd
His monstrous length. They straight agree
To choose him as their referee.
So to th' experience of his jaws,
Each states the merits of the cause.
He paus'd, and with a solemn tone
Thus made his sage opinion known:
"On carcasses of ev'ry kind
This maw hath elegantly din'd;
Provok'd by luxury or need,
On beast, or fowl, or man, I feed
Such small distinction's in the savour,
By turns I choose the fancied flavour.
Yet I must own (that human beast)
A glutton, is the rankest feast.
Man, cease this boast; for human pride
Hath various tracks to range beside.
The prince, who kept the world in awe,
The judge, whose dictate fix'd the law,
The rich, the poor, the great, the small,
Are level'd. death confounds 'em all.
Then think not that we reptiles share
Such cates, such elegance of fare;
The only true and real good
Of man was never vermin's food:
'Tis seated in th' immortal mind,
Virtue distinguishes mankind,
And that (as yet ne'er harbour'd here)
Mounts with the soul, we know not where.
So, good man Sexton, since the case
Appears with such a dubious face,
To neither I the cause determine,
For different tastes please different vermin."

FABLE XVII.

Any and No.

IN Fable all things hold discourse;
Then Words, no doubt, must talk of course

Once on a time, near Cannon-row,
Two hostile Adverbs, Ay and No,
Were hastening to the field of fight,
And front to front stood opposite;
Before each general join'd the van,
Ay, the more courteous knight, began:

"Stop, peevish Participle! beware!
I'm told you are not such a bear,
But sometimes yield when offer'd fair.
Suffer yon folks a while to tattle;
'Tis we who must decide the battle.
Whene'er we war on yonder stage,
With various fate and equal rage,
The nation trembles at each blow
That No gives Ay, and Ay gives No;
Yet in expensive long contention,
We gain nor office, grant, or pension.
Why then should kinsfolk quarrel thus?
(For two of yov make one of us.)

To some wise statesman let us go,
Where each his proper use may know;
He may admit two such commanders,
And make those wait who serv'd in Flanders.
Let's quarter on a great man's tongue,
A treasury-lord, not Maister Y——g.
Obsequious at his high command,
Ay shall march forth to tax the land;
Impeachments No can best resist,
And Ay support the Civil List;
Ay, quick as Caesar, wins the day,
And No, like Fabius, by delay,
Sometimes in mutually disguise,
Let Ay's seem No's, and No's seem Ay's;
Ay's be in courts denials meant,
And No's in bishops give consent."
Thus Ay propos'd—and, for reply,
No, for the first time, answer'd "Ay!"
They parted with a thousand kisses,
And fight e'er since for pay, like Swisses.

POEMS

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

RURAL SPORTS.

A GEORGIC.

TO MR. POPE.

YOU, who the sweets of rural life have known,
Despise the ungrateful hurry of the town,
In Windsor groves your easy hours employ,
And, undisturb'd, yourself and muse enjoy.
Thamias, listens to thy strains, and silent flows,
And no rude winds through rustling oaks blows,
While all his wondering nymphs around thee throng,

To hear the Sirens warble in thy song.
But I, who ne'er was bless'd by fortune's hand,
Nor brighten'd plough shares in paternal land,
Long in the noisy town have been immur'd,
Repir'd its smoke, and all its cares endur'd,
Where news and politics divide mankind,
And schemes of state involve the uneasy mind;
Faction embroils the world, and every tongue
Is mov'd by flattery, or with scandal hung.
Friendship, for sylvan shades, the palace flies,
Where all must vied to interest's dearer ties,
Each rival Machiavel with envy burns,
And honesty forsakes them all by turns;
While exulting upon each party's throne,
While both promote, and both alike down.
Fatew'd at last; a calm retreat I chose,
And sooth'd my harass'd mind with sweet repose,
Where fields, and shades, and the refreshing clime,
Inspire my sylvan song, and prompt my rhyme.
My muse shall rove through flowery meads and plains,

And deck with rural sports her native strains,
And the same road ambitiously pursue,
Frequented by the Mantuan swain, and you.
'Tis not that rural sports alone invite,
But all the grateful country breathes delight;
Here blooming health exerts her gentle reign,
And strings the sinews of the industrious swain.
Soon as the morning lark salutes the day,
Through dewy fields I take my frequent way,
Where I behold the farmer's early care,
In the revolving labours of the year.

When the fresh spring in all her state is crown'd,
And high luxuriant grass o'erspreads the ground,
The labourer with the bending scythe is seen,
Shaving the surface of the waving green,
Of all her native pride disrobes the land,
While mad' his waste before his sweeping hand.
While with the mounting sun the meadow grows,
The fading herbager round her loosely throws,
But if some sign portend a fasting shower,
The experienc'd swain foresees the coming hour,
His sun burnt hands the scatt'ring fork forsake,
And ruddy damsels ply the saving rake;

In rising hills the fragrant harvest grows,
And spreads along the field in equal rows.
Now when the height of heaven bright Phoebus
guns,

And level rills cleave wide the thirsty plains,
When buffers seek the shade and cooling lake,
And in the middle path-way basks the snake.
O lead me, guard me from the sultry hours,
Hide me, ye forests, in your closest bowers
Where the tall oak his spreading arms entwines,
And with the beech a mutual shade combines;
Where flows the murmuring brook, inviting
drams,

Where bordering hazle overhangs the streams,
Whose rolling current winding round and round,
With frequent falls makes all the woods resound,
Upon the mossy couch my limbs I cast,
And even at noon the sweets of evening taste.

Here I peruse the Mantuan's Georgic strains,
And learn the labours of Italian swains;
In every page I see new landscapes rise,
And all Hesperia opens to my eyes.

I wander o'er the various rural toil,
And know the nature of each different soil:
This waving field is gild'd o'er with corn,
That spreading trees with blushing fruit adorn:
Here I survey the purple vintage grow,
Chimble round the poles, and rise in graceful row:
Now I behold the steed curvet and bound,
And paw with restless hoof the smoking ground:
The deslap'd bull now chafks along the plain,
While burning love ferments in every vein;
His well arm'd front against his rival aims,
And by the dint of war his mistress claims:
The careful insect midst his works I view,
Now from the flowers exhaust the fragrant dew;
With golden treasures load his little thighs,
And steer his distant journey through the skies;
Some against hostile drones the hive defend;
Others with sweets the waxen cells distend:
Each in the toil his destin'd office bears,
And in the little bulk a mighty soul appears.

Or when the ploughman leaves the task of day,
And trudging homeward whistles on the way;
When the big udder'd cows with patience stand,
Waiting the stroakings of the daisiel's hand;
No warbling et cetera the woods; the feather'd choir
To court kind slumbers to their sprays retire;
When no rude gale disturbs the sleeping trees,
Nor aspen leaves confess the gentlest breeze;
Engag'd in thought, to Neptune's bounds I stray,
To take my farewell of the parting day;
I sat in the deep the sun his glory hides,
A streak of gold the sea and sky divides;
The purple clouds their amber lining show,
And edg'd with flame rolls every wave below:
Here pensive I behold the fading light,
And o'er the distant billow lose my sight.

Now night in silent state begins to rise
And twinkling orbs bestow the uncloudy skies;
Her borrow'd lustre growing Cynthia lends,
And on the main a glittering path extends;
Millions of worlds hang in the spacious air,
Which round their suns their annual circles steer.

Sweet contemplation elevates my sense,
 While I survey the works of Providence,
 O! would the muse in loftier strains rehearse,
 The glorious Author of the universe,
 Who reins the winds, gives the vast ocean bounds,
 And circumscribes the floating worlds their rounds,
 My soul should overflow in songs of praise,
 And my Creator's name inspire my lays!
 As in successive course the seasons roll,
 So circling pleasures recreate the soul.
 When genial spring a living warmth bestows,
 And o'er the year her verdant mantle throws,
 No swelling inundation hides the grounds;
 But crystal currents glide within their bounds;
 The finny brood their wonted haunts forsake,
 Float in the sun, and skim along the lake,
 With frequent leap they range the shallow streams,
 Their silver coats reflect the dazzling beams.
 Now let the fisherman his toils prepare,
 And arm himself with every watery snare;
 His hooks, his lines veruse with careful eye,
 Increase his tackle, and his rod re-tie.
 When floating clouds their spongy fleeces drain,
 Troubling the streams with swift-descending rain,
 And waters, tumbling down the mountain's side,
 Bear the loose soil into the swelling tide;
 Then, soon as vernal gales begin to rise,
 And drive the liquid burthen through the skies,
 The fisher to the neighbouring current speeds,
 Whose rapid surface purls, unknown to weeds;
 Upon a rising border of the brook
 He sits him down, and ties the treacherous hook;
 Now expectation cheers his eager thought,
 His bosom glows with treasures yet uncaught,
 Before his eyes a banquet seems to stand,
 Where every guest applauds his skilful hand.
 Far up the stream the twisted hair he throws,
 Which down the murmuring current gently flows;
 Woe'er if or chance or hunger's powerful sway
 Directs the roving trout this fatal way,
 He greedily sucks in the twining bait,
 And tugs and nibbles the fallacious meat:
 Now, happy fisherman, now twitch the line!
 How thy rod bends! behold, the prize is thine!
 Cast on the bank, he dies with gasping pains,
 And trickling blood his silver mail stains.
 You must not every worm promiscuous use,
 Judgment will tell thee proper bait to choose;
 The worm that draws a long immoderate size
 The trout abhors, and the rank morsel flies;
 And if too small, the naked fraud's in sight,
 And fear forbids, while hunger does invite.
 Those baits will best reward the fisher's pains,
 Whose polk-h'd tails a shining yellow stains:
 Cleanse them from filth, to give a tempting gloss,
 Cherish the sullied reptile race with moss;
 Amid the verdant bed they twine, they toil,
 And from their bodies wipe their native soil.
 But when the sun displays his glorious beams,
 And shallow rivers flow with silver streams,
 Then the deceit the scaly breed survey,
 Bask in the sun, and look into the day.
 You now a more delusive art must try,
 And tempt their hunger with the curious fly.
 To frame the little animal, provide
 All the gay hues that wait on female pride,
 Let nature guide thee; sometimes golden wire
 The shining bellies of the fly require;
 The peacock plumes thy tackle must not fail,
 Nor the dear purchase of the sable's tail.
 Each gaudy bird some slender tribute brings,
 And lends the growing insect proper wings:
 Silks of all colours must their aid impart,
 And every fur promote the fisher's art.
 So the gay lady, with expensive care,
 Borrows the pride of land, of sea, and air;
 Furs, pearls, and plumes, the glittering thing dis-
 plays,
 Dazzles our eyes, and easy hearts betrays.
 Mark well the various seasons of the year,
 How the succeeding insect race appear;
 In this revolving moon one colour reigns,
 Which in the next the fickle trout disdains.
 Oft have I seen a skilful angler try
 The various colours of the treacherous fly;
 When he with fruitless pain hath skim'd the
 brook,
 And the coy fish rejects the skipping hooks,
 He shakes the boughs that on the margin grow,
 Which o'er the stream a waving forest throw;
 When if an insect fall, (his certain guide)
 He gently takes him from the whirling tide;

Examines well his form with curious eyes,
 His gaudy vest, his wings, his horns and size,
 Then round his hook the chosen fur he winds,
 And on the back a speckled feather binds,
 So just the colours shine through every part,
 That nature seems to live again in art.
 Let not thy wary step advance too near,
 While all thy hope hangs on a single hair;
 The new-form'd insect on the water moves,
 The speckled trout the curious snare approves
 Upon the curling surface let it glide,
 With natural motion from thy hand supplied,
 Against the stream now let it gently play,
 Now in the rapid eddy roll away
 The scaly shoals float by, and seiz'd with fear
 Behold their fellows toss'd in thinner air;
 But soon they leap, and catch the swimming bait,
 Plunge on the hook, and share an equal fate.
 When a brisk gale against the current blows,
 And all the watery plain in wrinkles flows,
 Then let the fisherman his art repeat,
 Where bubbling eddies favour the deceit.
 If an enormous salmon chance to spy
 The wanton errors of the floating fly,
 He lifts his silver gills above the flood,
 And greedily sucks in the unfaithful food;
 Then downward plunges with the fraudulent prey,
 And bears with joy the little spoil away.
 Soon, in smart pain, he feels the dire mistake,
 Lashes the wave, and beats the foamy lake,
 With sudden rage he now aloft appears,
 And in his eye convulsive anguish bears;
 And now again, impatient of the wound,
 He rolls and wreaths his shining body round;
 Then headlong shoots beneath the dashing tide,
 The trembling fins the boiling wave divide;
 Now hope exalts the fisher's beating heart,
 Now he turns pale, and fears his dubious art;
 He views the tumbling fish with longing eyes,
 While the line stretches with the unwieldy prize.
 Each motion humours with his steady hands,
 And one slight hair the mighty bulk commands;
 Till tir'd at last, despoil'd of all his strength,
 The game athwart the stream unfolds his length.
 He now with pleasure views the gasping prize
 Gnash his sharp teeth, and roll his blood-shot eyes
 Then draws him to the shore, with artful care,
 And lifts his nostrils in the sickening air.
 Upon the burthen'd stream he floating lies,
 Stretches his quivering fins, and gasping dies.
 Would you preserve a numerous finny race?
 Let your fierce dogs the ravenous otter chase;
 The amphibious monster ranges all the shores,
 Darts through the waves, and every haunt explores
 Or let the gin his roving steps betray,
 And save from hostile jaws the scaly prey.
 I never wander where the bordering reeds
 O'erlook the muddy stream, whose tangling weeds
 Perplex the fisher; I, nor choose to bear
 The thievish nightly net, nor barbed spear;
 Nor drain I ponds the golden carp to take,
 Nor troll for pikes, dispeoplers of the lake.
 Around the steel no tortur'd worm shall twine,
 No blood of living insect stain my line;
 Let me less cruel cast the feather'd hook,
 With pliant rod athwart the pebbled brook,
 Silent along the mazy margin stray,
 And with the far-wrought fly delude the prey.

CANTO II.

NOW, sporting muse, draw in the flowing reins,
 Leave the clear streams a while for sunny plains.
 Should you the various arms and toils rehearse,
 And all the fisherman adorn thy verse;
 Should you the wide-encircling net display,
 And in its spacious arch enclose the sea,
 Then haul the plunging load upon the land,
 And with the scale and turbot hide the sand;
 It would extend the growing theme too long,
 And tire the reader with the watery song.
 Let the keen hunter from the chase refrain,
 Nor render all the ploughman's labour vain,
 When Ceres pours out plenty from her horn,
 And clothes the fields with golden ears of corn.
 Now, now, ye reapers to your task repair,
 Haste, save the product of the bounteous year.

To the wide-gathering hook long furrows yield,
And rising at curves extend through all the field.
Yet if for silvan sport thy bosom glow,
Let thy fleet greyhound urge his flying foe
With what delight the rapid course I view!
How does my eye the circling race pursue!
He snaps, deceitful air with empty jaws,
The subtle hare darts swift beneath his paws;
She flies, he stretches, now with nimble bound
Eager he presses on, but overshoots his ground;
She turns, he winds, and soon begins the way,
Then tears with goaty moon the screaming prey.
What various sport does rural life afford!
What unthought dainties heap the wholesome
board!

Nor less the spinnel, skilful to betray,
Reveals the fowler with the feather'd prey.
Soon is the luring horse with swelling veins,
Hath safely hous'd the farmer's doubtful gains,
To sweet repast the unsuspicious partridge flies,
With joy and scatter'd harvest lies;
Wandering in plenty, danger he forgets,
Nor dreads the slavery of entangling nets.
The subtle field-scooper with sagacious nose
Along the field, and snuffs each breeze that
blows.

Against the wind he takes his prudent way,
While the strong gale directs him to the prey;
Now the warm sun scours the covert near,
He treads with caution, and he points with fear
Then (lest some covert fowl the fraud detect),
And bid his fellows from the danger fly)
Close to the ground in expectation lies,
Till in the snare the fluttering cover rise.

Soon as the blushing light begins to spread
And glancing Phoebus gilds the mounter's head,
His early flight the all-faithful partridge takes,
And quits the friendly shelter of the brakes:
Or when the sun casts a declining ray,
And drives his chariot down the western way,
Let your obsequious ranger search around,
Where yellow stubble withers on the ground:
Nor will the roving sparrow-tin in vain,
But numerous coveys gratify his pain.
When the mid-air in sun contracts the shade,
And frisking boaters seek the cooling glade,
Or when the country foists with sudden rains,
Or driving mists diffuse the moist ned plains;
In vain his calls the unskilful fowler tries,
While in thick woods the feeding partridge lies.

Nor must the sporting verse the gun forbear,
But what's the fowler's be the muse's care.
See how the well-taught pointer leads the way:
The scent grows warm, he stops, he springs the
The fluttering coveys from the stubble rise, spray;
And on swift wing diffuse the sounding skies;
The sexting lead pursues the certain sight,
And death in thunder overtakes their flight.
Cool breathes the morning air, and I winter's hand
Spreads wide her hoary mantle o'er the land,
Now to the copse the fever spinnel take,
Teach him to fringe the ditch and force the brake,
Not close-covers an protest the game
Hark! the dog on us, take thy certain aim,
The woodcock flutters, how he weaving flies!
The woodcock flutters, how he weaving flies!

The tower's hawk let future poets sing,
Who terror bears upon his soaring wing
Let them on high the frighted horn survey,
And lofty numbers paint their airy fray.
Nor shall the mounting hawk the muse detain,
That greets the morning with his early strain;
When, midst his song, the twinkling glass betrays,
While from each angle with the glancing rays,
And in the sun the transient colours blaze,
Bride lures the little warbler from the skies:
The light enamour'd bird deluded dies.

But still the chase, a pleasing task, remains,
The hound must open in these rural strains.
So as Aurora drives away the night,
And edges eastern clouds with rose light,
The hunt's huntman, with the cheerful horn,
Summons the dogs, and greets the apple-ripen'd morn;
The joyful thunder wakes the enliven'd founts,
They rouse from sleep, and answer sounds for
sound.

Wide through the furzy field their rout they take,
Their bleating horns force the thorny brake.
The daisy-grass their smoking nostrils trace,
No bounding hedge obstructs their eager race;
The distant in unbroken echo from afar,
And hanging woods resound the fly

The tuneful noise the sprightly courser hears,
Paws the green turf, and pricks his trembling ears.
The slacken'd rein now gives him all his speed,
Back flies, the rapid ground beneath the steed;
Hills, dales, and forests far behind remain, I train.
While the warm scent draws on the deep mouth'd
Where shall the trembling hare a shelter find?
Hark! death advances in each gust of wind!
Now stratagems and doubling wiles she tries,
No circling turns, and now at large she flies;
Till spent at last, she pants, and heaves for breath.
Then lays her down, and waits devouring death.

But stay, adventurous muse, hast thou the force
To wind the twisted horn, to guide the horse?
To keep thy seat unmor'd hast thou the skill
To steer the high gale, and down the headlong hill
Canst thou the stag's laborious chase direct,
Or the strong fox through all his arts detect,
The theme demands a more experienced lay:
Ye mighty hunters, spare this weak essay.

Oh happy plains, remote from war's alarms,
And all the ravages of hostile arms!
And happy shepherds, who, secure from fear,
On open downs preserve your fleecy care!
Whose spacious burns grow with increasing store,
And whirling flails disjoin the cracking floor:
No barbarous soldier, bent on cruel spoil,
Spreads desolation o'er your fertile soil;
No trampling steed has wast'd the ripen'd grain,
Nor crackling fires devour the promis'd gain:
No flaming beacons cast their blaze afar,
The dreadful signal of invasive war;
No trumpet's clangor wounds the mother's ear,
And calls the lover from his swooning fair.

What happiness the rural maid attends,
In cheerful labour while each day she spends!
She gratefully receives what heaven has sent,
And, rich in poverty, enjoys content:
Such happiness, and such unblemish'd fame
Ne'er glad the bosom of the courtly dame!
She never feels the spleen's invading pains,
Nor melancholy stagnates in her veins;
She never loses life in thoughtless ease,
Nor on the velvet couch invites disease;
Her home-spun dress in simple neatness lies
And for no glaring equipage she sighs:
Her reputation, which is all her boast,
In a modest visit ne'er was lost:
No midnight masquerade her beauty wears,
And health, not print, the fading bloom repairs.
If love's soft passion in her bosom reign,
An equal passion warms her happy swain;
No home-bred jays her quiet state control,
Nor watchful jealousy torments her soul;
With secret joy she sees her little race
Hanz on her breast, and her small cottage grace
The fleecy ball their little fingers cull,
Or from the spindle draw the length'ning wool:
Thus flow her hours with constant peace of mind,
Till age the latest thread of life unwind.

Ye happy fields, unknown to noise and strife,
The kind rewards of industrious life,
Ye shady woods, where once I used to rove;
Alike indulgent to the muse and love,
Ye murmuring streams that in meanders roll,
The sweet composers of the pensive soul,
Farewell!—The city calls me from your bowers
Farewell amusing thoughts and peaceful hours.

THE FAN.

A POEM.

BOOK I.

I SING that graceful toy, whose wiring play,
With gentle gales relieves the sultry day.
Not the wide fan by Persian dames display'd,
Which o'er their beauty casts a grateful shade;
Nor that long known in China's artful land,
Which, while it cools the face, fatigues the hand:
Nor shall the muse in Asian climates rove,
To seek in India some spicy grove,
Where stretch'd at ease the panting lady lies,
To shun the fervour of meridian skies,

While sweating slaves catch every breeze of air,
And with wide-spreading fans refresh the fair;
No busy gnats her pleasing dreams molest,
Inflame her cheek, or ravage o'er her breast,
But artificial zephyrs round her fly,
And mitigate the fever of the sky.

Nor shall Bermudas long the muse detain,
Whose fragrant forests bloom in Waller's strain,
Where breathing sweets from every field ascend,
And the wild woods with golden apples bend;
Yet let me in some odorous shade repose,
Whilst in my verse the fair Palmetto grows:
Like the tall pine it shoots its stately head,
From the broad top depending branches spread;
No knotty limbs the taper body bears,
Hung on each bough a single leaf appears,
Which shrivell'd in its infancy remains,
Like a clos'd fan, nor stretches wide its veins,
But as the seasons in their circle run,
Opens its ribb'd surface to the nearer sun:
Beneath this shade the weary peasant lies,
Plucks the broad leaf, and bids the breezes rise.

Stay, wandering muse, nor rove in foreign
climes,
To thy own native shore confine thy rhymes.
Assist, ye Nine, your loftiest notes employ,
Say what celestial skill contriv'd the toy;
Say how this instrument of love began,
And in immortal strains display the fan.
Strephon had long confest his amorous pain,
Which gay Corinna rally'd with disdain:
Sometimes in broken words he sigh'd his care,
Look'd pale, and trembled when he view'd the
fair;

With bolder freedoms now the youth advanc'd,
He dress'd, he laugh'd, he sung, he rhym'd, he
danc'd

Now call'd more powerful presents to his aid,
And, to seduce the mistress, brib'd the maid;
Smooth flattery in her softer hours apply'd,
The surest charm to bind the force of pride.
But still unmov'd remains the scornful dame,
Insults her captive, and derides his flame.
When Strephon saw his vows dispers'd in air,
He sought in solitude to lose his care.
Relief in solitude he sought in vain,
It serv'd, like music, but to feed his pain.
To Venus now the slighted boy complains,
And calls the goddess in these tender strains.

O potent queen, from Neptune's empire sprung,
Whose glorious birth admiring Nereids sung,
Who 'midst the fragrant plains of Cyprus rove,
Whose radiant presence gilds the Paphian grove,
Where to thy name a thousand altars rise,
And curling clouds of incense hide the skies;
O beauteous goddess, teach me how to move,
Inspire my tongue with eloquence of love.
If lost Adonis e'er thy bosom warm'd,
If e'er his eyes or godlike figure charm'd,
Think on those hours when first you felt the dart,
Think on the restless fever of thy heart;
Think how you pin'd in absence of the swain:
By those uneasy minutes know my pain.
Even while Cydippe to Diana bows,
And at her shrine renews her virgin vows,
The lover, taught by thee, her pride o'ercame;
She reads his oaths, and feels an equal flame!
Oh, may my flame, like thine, Acontius prove,
May Venus dictate, and reward my love.
When crowds of suitors Atalanta try'd,
She wealth and beauty, wit and fame defy'd;
Each daring lover with advent'rous pace
Pursu'd his wishes in the dangerous race;
Like the swift hind, the bounding damsel flies,
Strains to the goal, the distant lover dies.
Hippomenes, O Venus, was thy care,
You taught the swain to stay the flying fair,
Thy golden present caught the virgin's eyes,
She stoops; he rushes on, and gains the prize.
Say, Cyprian deity, what gift, what art,
Shall humble me to love Corinna's heart,
If only some bright toy can charm her sight,
Teach me what present may suspend her flight.

Thus the desponding youth his flame declares.
The goddess with a nod his passion hears.

Far in Cythera stands a spacious grove,
Sacred to Venus and the god of love;
Here the luxuriant myrtle rears her head,
Like the tall oak the fragrant branches spread;
He's nature all her sweets profusely pours,
And paints the enamell'd ground with various
flowers;

Deep in the gloomy glade a grotto bends,
Wide thro' the craggy rock an arch extends,
The rugged stone is cloth'd with mantling vines,
And round the cave the creeping woodbine twines

Here busy Cupids, with pernicious art,
Form the stiff bow, and forge the fatal dart;
All share the toil; while some the bellows ply,
Others with feathers teach the shafts to fly:
Some with joint force whirl round the stony wheel,
Where streams the sparkling fire from temper'd
steel;

Some point their arrows with the nicest skill,
And with the warlike store their quivers fill.

A diffident toil another forge employs;
Here the loud hammer fashions female toys.
Hence is the fair with ornament supply'd,
Hence sprung the glittering implements of pride;
Each trinket that adorns the modern dame,
First to these little artists ow'd its frame.
Here an unfinished diamond-croset lay,
To which soft lovers adoration pay;
There was the polish'd crystal bottle seen,
That with quick scents revives the modish spleen
Here the yet rude unjointed snuff-box lies,
Which serves the rally'd top for smart replies;
There piles of paper rose in gilded reams,
The future records of the lover's flames:
Here claudens canes 'midst heaps of toys are found,
And indolent tweezers-cases strow the ground.
Hence issued the toilette, nursery of charms,
Completely furnish'd with bright beauty's arms;
The patch, the powder-box, pulville, perfumes,
Pins, paint, a flattering glass, and black-lead
combs.

The toilsome hours in different labour slide,
Some work the file, and some the graver guide;
From the loud anvil the quick blow rebounds,
And their rais'd arms descend in tuneful sounds.

Thus when Semiramis, in ancient days,
Bade Babylon her mighty bulwarks raise;
A swarm of labourers different tasks attend;
Here pulleys make the ponderous oak ascend,
With echoing strokes the craggy quarry groans,
While there the chisel forms the shapeless stones;
The weighty mallet deals resounding blows,
Till the proud battlements her towers enclose.

Now Venus mounts her car, she shakes the
And steers her turtle to Cythera's plains; [reins,
Straight to the grot with graceful step she goes,
Her loose ambrosial hair behind her flows.
The swelling bellows heave for breath no more,
All drop their silent hammers on the floor;
In deep suspense the mighty labour stands,

While thus the goddess spoke her mild commands.
Industrious Loves, your present toils forbear,
A more important task demands your care.
Long has the scheme employ'd my thoughtful
mind,

By judgment ripen'd, and by time refin'd.
That glorious bird have ye not often seen
Who draws the car of the celestial queen?
Have ye not oft survey'd his varrying dyed,
His tail all gild'd o'er with Argus' eyes?
Have ye not seen him in the sunny day
Unfurl his plumes, and all his pride display,
Then suddenly contract his dazzling train,
And with long-trailing feathers sweep the plain?
Learn from this hint, let this instruct your art;
Thin taper sticks must from one centre part:

Let these into the quadrant's form divide,
The spreading ribs with snowy paper hide;
Here shall the pencil bid its colours flow,
And make a miniature creation grow.
Let the machine in equal foldings close,
And now its plumed surface wide dispose.
So shall the fair her idle hand employ,
And grace each motion with the restless toy,
With various play bid grateful zephyrs rise,
While love in every grateful zephyr flies.

The master Cupid traces out the lines,
And with judicious hand the draught designs,
The expectant Loves with joy the model view,
And the joint labour eagerly pursue.
Some slit their arrows with the nicest art,
And into sticks convert the shiver'd dart;
The breathing bellows wake the sleeping fire,
Blow off the cinders and the sparks aspire;
Their arrow's point they soften in the flame,
And sounding hammers break its barbed frame.
Of this, the little pin they neatly mold,
From whence their arms the spreading sticks un-
fold;

In equal plaits they now the paper bend,
And at just distance the wide rib extend,
Then on the frame they mount the lumber screen,
And finish instantly the new machine.

The goddess pleas'd, the curious work receives,
Remounts her chariot, and the grotto leaves;
With the light fan she moves the yielding air,
And gales, till then unknown, play round the fair.

Unhappy lovers, how will you withstand,
When these new arms shall grace your charmer's hand?

In ancient times, when maids in thought were
When eyes were artless, and the look demure,
When the wide ruff the well-turn'd neck en-
clos'd,

And hearing breasts within the staves repos'd,
When the close hood conceal'd the modest ear,
Ere black lead-combs down'd the virgin's hair;
Then in the muff unactive fingers lay,
Nor taught the fan in fickle forms to play.

How are the sex improv'd in amorous arts,
What new fond snares they bait for human hearts!

When kindling war the ravish'd globe ran o'er,
And fatten'd dusty plains with human gore,
At first, the dread'd arm the javelin threw,
Or sent wing'd arrows from the twanging yew;

In the bright air the dreadful fletcher shone,
Or whistling slings dismiss'd the uncertain stone.
Now men those less destructive arms despise,
Wide-wasted death from thundering cannon flies,

One hour with more battalions strow the plain,
Than were of yore in weekly battles slain.
So love with fatal arts the nymph supplies,
Her dress disposes, and directs her eyes.

The bosom now its panting beauty shows,
The experienced eye restless glances throws;
Now vary'd patches wander o'er the face,
And strike each gazer with a borrow'd grace;

The fickle head-dress sinks and now aspires
A tower front of lace on branching wires.
The curling hair in tortur'd ringlets flows,
Or rounding the face in labour'd order grows.

How shall I soar, and on unweary'd wing
Trace varying habits upward to their spring!
What force of thought, what numbers can ex-
press,

The inconstant equipage of female dress?
How the 'trait stay' the slender waist constrain,
How to adjust the manteau's sweeping train?

What fancy can the petticoat surround,
With the capacious hoop of whalebone bound?

But stay, presumptuous muse, nor boldly dare
The Toilette's sacred mysteries declare;
Let a just distance be to beauty paid;

None here must enter but the trusty maid.
Should you the wardrobe's magazine rehearse,
And glossy manteaus rustle in thy verse;

Should you the rich brocaded suit unfold,
Where rising flowers grow stiff with frosted gold,
The dazzled muse would from her subject stray,
And in a maze of passions lose her way.

B O O K - II.

OLYMPUS' gates unfold; in heaven's high towers
Appear in council all the immortal powers;

Great Jove above the rest exalted sate,
And in his mind revolv'd succeeding fate,
His awful eye with ray superior shone,

The thunder-grasping eagle guards his throne
On silver clouds the great assembly laid,
The whole creation at one view survey'd.

But see, far Venus comes in all her state;
The wanton Loves and Graces round her wait;
With her loose robe officious Zephyrs play,

And strow with odoriferous flowers the way,
In her right hand she waves the fluttering fan,
And thus in melting sounds her speech began.

Assembled powers, who fickle mortals guide,
Who o'er the sea, the skies and earth preside,
Ye fountains whence all human blessings flow,
Who pour your bounties on the world below;
Bacchus first rais'd and prun'd the climbing vine,
And taught the grape to stream with generous wine;

Industrious Ceres tam'd the savage ground,
And pregnant fields with golden harvest crown'd
Flora with blooming sweets enrich'd the year,
And fruitful autumn is Pomona's care.

I first taught woman to subdue mankind,
And all her native charms with dress refin'd
Celestial synod, this machine survey;

That shades the face, or bids cool zephyrs play;
If conscious blushes on her cheek arise,
With this she veils them from her lover's eyes;

No level'd glance betrays her amorous heart,
From the fan's ambush she directs the dart.
The ray I sceptre shins in Juno's hand;

And 'twisted thunder speaks great Jove's command;
On Pallas' arm the Gorgon shield appears,
And Neptune's mighty grasp the trident bears;

Ceres is with the bending sickle seen,
And the strong bow points out the Cynthian queen;
Henceforth the waving fan my hand shall grace,

The waving fan supply the sceptre's place.
Who shall, ye powers, the forming pencil hold?
What story shall the wide machine unfold?

Let Loves and Graces lead the dance around,
With myrtle wreaths and flowery chaplets crown'd;
Let Cupid's arrows strow the smiling plains

With unresisting nymphs, and amorous swains;
May glowing picture o'er the surface shine,
To melt slow virgins with the warm design.

Dianna rose: with silver crescent crown'd,
And fixt her modest eyes upon the ground;
Then with becoming mien she rais'd her head,

And thus with graceful voice the virgin said.
Has woman then forgot all former wiles,
The watchful ogle, and delusive smiles?

Does man against her charms too powerful prove,
Or are the sex grown novices in love?

Why then these arms? or why should artful eyes,
From this slight ambush, conquer by surprise?

No guilty thought the spotless virgin knows,
And o'er her cheek no conscious crimson glows;
Since blushes then from shame alone arise,

Why should we veil them from her lover's eyes?
Let Cupid rather give up his command,
And trust his arrows in a female hand.

Have not the gods already cherish'd pride,
And woman with destructive arms supply'd?
Neptune on her bestows his choicest stores,

For her the chambers of the deep explore:
The gaping shell its pearly charge resigns,
And round her neck the lucid bracelet twines;

Plutus for her bids earth its wealth unfold,
Where the warm oar is ripen'd into gold;
Or where the ruby reddens in the soil,

Where the green emerald meets the searcher's toil.
Does not the diamond sparkle in her ear,
Glow on her hand, and tremble in her hair?

From the gay nymph the glancing lustre flies,
And imitates the lightning of her eyes.
But yet if Venus' wishes must succeed,

And this fantastic engine be decreed,
May some chaste story from the pencil flow,
To speak the virgin's joy, and Hymen's wo.

Here let the wretched Ariadne stand,
Seduc'd by Theseus to some desert land,
Her locks dishevel'd waving in the wind,

The crystal tears confess her tortur'd mind;
The perjur'd youth unfurls his treacherous sails,
And their white bosoms catch the swelling gales.

Be still, ye winds, she cries, stay, Theseus, stay;
But faithless Theseus hears no more than they.
All desperate, to some craggy cliff she flies,

And spreads a well known signal in the skies;
His less'ning vessel ploughs the foamy main,
She sighs, she calls, she waves the sign in vain.

Paint Dido there amidst her last distress,
Pale cheeks and blood-shot eyes her grief express
Deep in her breast the reeking sword is drown'd,

And gushing blood streams purple from the wound;
Her sister Anna hovering o'er her stands,
Accurs'd heaven with lifted eyes and hands,

Upwards the Trojan with repeated cries,
And mixes curses with her broken sighs.
View this, ye maids; and then each swain believe,

They're Trojan all, and vow but to deceive.
Here draw Oenone in the lonely grove,
Where Paris first betray'd her into love;

Let wither'd garlands hang on every bough,
Which the false youth wove for Oenone's brow,
The garlands lose their sweets, their pride is shed

And like their odours all his vows are fled;
On her fair arm her pensive head she lays,
And Xanthus' waves with mournful look survey,

That foot which witness'd his feet'st great flame,
When Oenone, and so forth, could divine :
" Those were my old lovers, to their fountain
Thou' I forget my debt, Oenone, I have mine." (Merry,
Belluck, ye strain me, back to your fountain run,
Paris is false, Oenone is true.)
Ah wretch'd in his thought her moments flew,
Ere you the pangs of this cur'd passion knew,
When groves and pleasures, and when you lov'd the
pleasure.

Without the presence of your perjur'd swain,
Thus may the ravens, when he spreads the
In his track, and in his forest's rove, (fin,
Plead withering, in his forest's rove,
And never trust the dangerous hopes of love.

The goddess smiled. Merry Momus rose,
With smiles and grace she wags his glances throws,
Then with a mossy laugh forest fills his joke,
Mirth flashes from his eyes while thus he spoke.

Rather let his lovely deeds be painted there,
And by your own examples teach the fair,
Let chaste Diana on the piece be seen,
In the bright eyes of the Cyprian queen :

On Latmos, in those young Endymion lies,
Feign'd sleep bath'd the bloomy lover's eyes,
See, to his soft embraces how she lies,
And on his lips her warm caresses lies :

No more her hand the glittering javelin holds,
But round his neck her eager arms she folds,
Why are our secrets by our blushes shown ?
Virgins are virgins still—while 'tis unknown.
Here let her on some flowery bank be laid,
Where meeting beeches weave a grateful shade,

Her naked bosom wanton tresses grace,
And glowing expectation paints her face,
O'er her fair limbs a thin loose veil is spread,
Stand off, ye rhapsodists ; fear Actæon's head,
Let vigorous Pan the unguarded minute seize,
And in a shaggy goat the virgin please.

Why are our secrets by our blushes shown ?
Virgins are virgins still—while 'tis unknown.
There with just warmth Aurora's passion trace,
Let spreading crimson stain her virgin face :
See Cephalus her wanton airs despise,
While she provokes him with desiring eyes :

To raise his passion she displays her charms,
His modest hand upon her bosom warms. (suede,
Nor looks, nor prayers, nor force his heart per-
but with disdain he quits the rosy maid.
Here let dissolving Leda grace the toy,
Warm cheeks and heaving breasts reveal her joy ;
Beneath the pressing swan she pants for air,
While with his fluttering wings he fans the fair.
There let all-conquering gold exert its power,
And soften Danaë in a glittering shower.

Would you warn beauty not to cherish pride,
Nor vainly in the treacherous bloom confide,
On the machine the sage Minerva place,
With lineaments of wisdom mark her face ;
See, where she lies near some transparent flood,
And with her pipe cheers the resounding wood :
Her image in the floating glass she spies,
Her bloated cheeks, worn lips, and shrivell'd eyes ;
She breaks the guiltless pipe, and with disdain
Its shatter'd ruins flings upon the plain.
With the loud red no more her cheek shall swell,
What, spoil her face ! no : warbling strains, fare-
Shall arts, shall sciences employ the fair ? (well.
Those trifles are beneath Minerva's care.

From Venus let her learn the married life,
And all the virtuous duties of a wife.
Here on a couch extend the Cyprian dame,
Let her eye sparkle with the glowing flame
The god of war within her glowing arms,
Sinks on her lips, and kindles all her charms,
Paint limping Vulcan with a husband's care,
And let his brow the cuckold's honours wear,
Beneath the net the captive lovers place,
Their limbs entangled in a close embrace.
Let these amours adorn the new machine,
And female nature on the piece be seen ;
So shall the fair, as long as fans shall last,
Learn from your bright examples to be chaste.

Her skillful hand an ivory pallet graz'd,
When she her glowing arms in order plac'd.
As gods are blest with a sup'ior skill,
And, swift as mortal thought, perform their will,
Straight she properly, by her art divine,
To bid the paint express her great design.
The assembled powers essent. She now began,
And her creating pencil stain'd the fan.
O'er the fur fold, trees of gold, and rivers flow,
Towers rear their heads, and distant mountains
grow.

Life seems to move within the glowing veins,
And in each face some lively passion reigns,
Thus have I seen woods, hills, and dales appear,
Flocks graze the plains, birds wing the silent air
In dark'nd rooms, where light can only pass
Through the small circle of a convex glass ;
On the white sheet the moving figures rise,
The forest waves, clouds float along the skies.

She various fables on the piece design'd,
That spoke the follies of the female kind.
The fate of pride in Niobe she drew.
Be wise, ye nymphs, that scornful vice subdue.
In a wide plain the impetuous mother stood,
Whose distant bounds her madding rage
Upon her shoulders flows her madding hair ;
Pride marks her brow, and o'er her hair
A purple robe behind her sweeps the ground ;
Whose spacious border golden flowers surround :

She made Latona's altars cease to flame,
And of due honours robb'd her sacred name,
To her own charms she bade fresh incense rise,
And adoration own her brighter eyes.

Seven daughters from her fruitful loins were born,
Seven graceful sons her nuptial bed adorn,
Who, from a mother's arrogant disdain,
Were by Latona's double offspring stain'd.

Here Phœbus his unerring arrow drew,
And from his rising steed her first-born threw,
His opening fingers drop the slacken'd reins,
And the pale course falls headlong to the plain.
Beneath her pencil here two wrestlers bend,
See, to the grasp their swelling nerves distend,
Diana's arrow joins them face to face,
And death unites them in a strict embrace.

Another here flies trembling o'er the plain ;
When heaven pursues we shun the stroke in vain
This lifts his supplicating hands and eyes,
And midst his humble adoration dies.

As from his thigh this tears the barbed dart,
A surer weapon strikes this throbbing heart
While that to raise his wounded brother tries,
Death blasts his bloom, and locks his frozen eyes
The tender sisters bath'd in grief appear,
With sable garments and dishevell'd hair,
And o'er their gasping brothers weeping stood ;
Some with their tresses stop'd the gushing blood,

They strive to stay the fleeing life too late,
And in the pious action share their fate.
Now the proud dame o'ercome by trembling fear
With her wide robe protects her only care ;
To save her only care in vain she tries,
Close at her feet the latest victim dies.

Down her fair cheek the trickling sorrow flows,
Like dewy spangles on the blushing rose,
Fix'd in astonishment she weeping stood,
The plain all purple with her children's blood ;
She stiffens with her woes, no more her hair
In easy ringlets wantons in the air,

Motion forsakes her eyes, her veins are dried,
And beat no longer with the sanguine tide ;
All life is fled, firm marble now she grows,
Which still in tears the mother's anguish shows.
Ye haughty fair, your painted fins display,
And the just fate of lofty pride survey ;
Though lovers oft extol your beauty's power,
And in celestial similes adore,

Though from your features Cupid borrows arms,
And goddesses confess inferior charms,
Do not, vain maid, the flattering tale believe,
Alike thy lovers and thy glass deceive.

Here lively colours Procris' passion tell,
Who to her jealous fears a victim fell.
Here kneels the trembling hunter o'er his wife,
Who rolls her sick'ning eyes, and gasps for life ;
Her drooping head upon her shoulder lies,
And purple gore her snowy bosom dies.

What guilt, what horror on his face appears !
See, his red eye-lids seem to swell with tears,
With agony his wringing hands he strains,
And strong convulsions stretch his branching
veins.

BOOK III.

THUS Momus spoke. When sage Minerva rose,
From her sweet lips smooth elocution flows,

Learn hence, ye wits; bid vain suspicion cease,
Love not in sullen discontent your peace.
For when fierce love to jealousy ferments,
A thousand doubts, and fears the soul invents,
No more the days in pleasing converse flow,
And nights no more their soft endearments know.

There on the piece the Volcian Queen expir'd,
The love of spoils her female bosom fir'd;
Gay Chloereus' arms attract her longing eyes,
And for the painted plume and helm she sighs;
Fearless she follows, bent on gaudy prey,
Till an ill-fated dart obstructs her way;
Down drop the martial maid; the bloody ground,
Floats with a torrent from the purple wound.

The mournful nymphs her drooping head sustain,
And try to stop the gushing life in vain.
Thus the raw maid some tawdry coat surveys,
Where the fop's fancy in embroidery plays;
His snowy feather edg'd with crimson dies,
And his bright sword-knot lure her wandering eyes;
Finn'd gloves and gold brocade conspire to move,
Till the nymph falls a sacrifice to love.

Here young Narcissus o'er the fountain stood,
And view'd his image in the crystal flood;
The crystal flood reflects his lovely charms,
And the pleas'd image strives to meet his arms.
No nymph his unexperienc'd breast subdu'd,
Echo in vain the flying boy pursu'd,
Himself alone the foolish youth admires,
And with fond look the smiling shade desires:
O'er the smooth lake with fruitless tears he grieves,
His spreading fingers shoot in verdant leaves,
Through his pale veins green sap now gently flows,
And in a short-liv'd flower his beauty flows.

Let vain Narcissus war, each female breast,
That beauty's but a transient good at best.
Like flowers it withers with the advancing year,
And age, like winter, robs the blooming fair.
Oh Araminta, cease thy wonted pride,
Nor longer in thy faithless charms confide,
Even while the glass reflects thy sparkling eyes,
Their lustre and thy rosy colour flies.

Thus on the fan the breathing figures shine,
And all the powers applaud the wise design.

The Cyprin Queen the painted gift receives,
And with a grateful bow the synod leaves.

To the low world she bends her steepy way
Where Strephon pass'd the solitary day;
She found him in a melancholy grove,
His down-cast eyes betray'd desponding love,
The wounded hawk confess'd his slighted flame,
And every tree bore false Corinna's name;
In a cool shade he lay with folded arms,
Curse his fortune, and upbraid his charms,
When Venus to his wondering eyes appears,
And with these words relieves his amorous cares.

Rise, happy youth, this bright machine survey
Whose rattling sticks thy busy fingers sway,
This present shall thy cruel charmer move,
And in her fickle bosom kindle love.

The fan shall flutter in all female hands,
And various fashions learn from various lands.

For this, shall elephants their ivory shed,
And polish'd sticks the waving engine spread:
Its clouded mail the tortoise shall resign,
And round the river pearly circles shine.

On this shall Indians all their art employ,
And with bright colours stain the grudy toy;

Their print shall lie in wildest fancies flow,
Their dress, their customs, their religion show

So shall the British fair their minds improve,
And on the fan to distant climates rove.

Here China's ladies shall their pride display,
And silver figures gild their loose array;

This boasts her little feet and winking eyes;
That tunes the lute, or tinkling cymbal dies;

Here cross-legg'd nobles in rich state shall dine,
There in bright mail distorted heroes shine.

The peeping fin in modern times shall rise,
Through which, unseen, the female ogle flies;

This shall in temples the sly maid conceal,
And shelter love beneath devotion's veil.

Gay France shall make the fan her artists' care,
And with the costly trinket art the fair.

As learned orators raise their soothing art,
With various action raise the listening throng,
Both head and hand affect the listening throng,
And humour each expression of the tongue.

So shall each passion by the fan be seen,
From noisy anger to the sullen spleen.

While Venus spoke, Joy shone in Strephon's eyes,
Proud of the gift, he to Corinna flies.

But Cupid (who delights in amorous ill,
Wounds hearts, and leaves them to a woman's will,
With certain aim a golden arrow drew,
Which to Leander's panting bosom flew: *
Leander lov'd; and to the sprightly dame
In gentle sighs reveal'd his growing flame
Sweet smiles Corinna to his sighs returns,
And for the fop in equal passion burns.

Lo, Strephon comes: and, with a suppliant bow,
Offers the present, and renews his vow.

When she the fate of Niobe beheld,
Why has my pride against my heart rebell'd?
She sighing cried: disdain forsook her breast,
And Strephon now was thought a worthy guest.

In Procris' bosom when she saw the dart;
She justly blames her own suspicious heart,
Imputes her discontent to jealous fear,
And knows her Strephon's constancy sincere.

When on Camilla's fate her eye she turns,
No more for show and equipage she burns;
She learns Leander's passion to despise,
And looks on merit with discerning eyes.

Narcissus' change to the vain virgin shows
Who trusts to beauty, trusts the fading rose.
Youth flies apace, with youth your beauty flies,
Love then, ye virgins, e'er the blossom dies.

Thus Pallas taught her, Strephon weds the dame,
And Hymen's torch diffus'd the brightest flame.

THE

SHEPHERD'S WEEK;

IN

SIX PASTORALS.

PROEME.

GREAT marvel hath it been, (and that not unworthily to diverse worthy wits,) that in this our Island of Britain, in all rare sciences so greatly abounding, more especially in all kinds of Poesy highly flourishing, no Poet (though otherwise of notable cunning in roundelayes) hath hit on the right simple Eulogie after the true ancient guise of Theocritus, before this mine attempt.

Other Poet travelling in this plain high-way of Pastoral know I none. Yet, certes, such it behoveth a Pastoral to be, as nature in the country affordeth; and the manners also meely copied from the rustic folk therein. In this also my love to my native country Britain much prick'd me forward, to describe aright the manners of our own honest and laborious ploughmen, in no wise sure more unworthy a British Poet's imitation, than those of Sicily or Arcadie: albeit, not ignorant I am, what a rout and rabblement of critical gallimaufry hath been made of late days by certain young men of insipid delicacy, concerning, I wist not what, Golden age, and other outrageous conceits, to which they would confine Pastoral, whereof, I avow, I account nought at all, knowing no age so justly to be instilled Golden as this of our Sovereign Lady Queen ANNE.

This idle trumpery (only fit for schools and school-boys) unto that ancient Doric Shepherd Theocritus, or his mates, was never known; he lightly, throughout his fifth Idyll, maketh his louts give foul language, and behold their goats at rut in all simplicity.

Ἠτόλος δὲκ' ἰσοῖν τὰς μετὰδ' αὖ βα-
πτύτι,
Τακίται ἐξοχλῶδ' ὅτι ἡ τράγος αὐτὸς ἰγ-
νται.

THEOC.

Verily, as little pleasure receiveth a true home bred taste from all the fine finical new-fangled fooleries of this gay Gothic garniture, wherewith the

so nicely bedeck their court clowns, or clown-courtiers, (for, which to call them rightly, I wot not) as would a prudent citizen, journeying to his country farms, should be find them occupied by people of this motely make, instead of plain downright hearty cleanly folk, such as be now tenants to the burghesses of this realme.

Furthermore, it is my purpose, gentle reader, to set before thee, as it were a picture, or rather lively landskip of thy own country, just as thou mightest see it, didst thou take a walk into the fields at the proper season: even as maister Milton hath elegantly set forth the same.

As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick, and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight,
The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,
Or dairie, each rural sight, each rural sound.

Thou wilt not find my shepherdesses idly piping on oaten reeds, but milking the kine, tying up the sheaves, or if the hogs are astray driving them to their styes. My shepherd gathereth none other nosegays but what are the growth of our own fields, he sleepeth not under myrtle shades, but under a hedge, nor doth he vigilantly defend his flocks from wolves, because there are none, as maister Spencer well observeth.

Well is known that since the Saxon King
Never was wolf seen, many or some
Nor in all Kent nor in Christendom.

For as much, as I have mentioned maister Spencer, soothly I must acknowledge him a bard of sweetest memorial. Yet hath his shepherd's boy at some times raised his rustic reed to rhymes more rumbling than rural. Diverse grave points also hath he handled of churchly matter and doubts in religion daily arising, to great clerks only appertaining. What liketh me best are his names, indeed right simple and meet for the country, such as Loblin, Cuddy, Hobbino, Diggon, and others, some of which I have made bold to borrow. Moreover, as he called his Eclogues the Shepherd's Calendar, and divided the same into the twelve months, I have chosen (peradventure not over-rashly) to name mine by the days of the week, omitting Sunday or the Sabbath, ours being supposed to be Christian shepherds, and to be then at church worship. Yet further of many of maister Spencer's Eclogues it may be observed, though months they be called, of the said months therein, nothing is specified; wherein I have also esteemed him worthy mine imitation.

That principally, courteous reader, whereof I would have thee to be advertis'd, (seeing I depart from the vulgar usage) is touching the language of my shepherds; which is, soothly to say, such as is neither spoken by the country maiden, or the courtly dame; nay, not only such as in the present times is not uttered, but was never uttered in times past: and, if I judge aright, will never be uttered in times future. It having too much of the country to be fit for the court, too much of the court to be fit for the country; too much of the language of old times to be fit for the present, too much of the present to have been fit for the old, and too much of both to be fit for any time to come. Granted also it is, that in this my language, I seem unto myself, as a London mason, who calculateth his work for a term of years, when he buildeth with old materials upon a ground rent that is not his own, which soon turneth to rubbish and ruins. For this point, no reason can I allege, only deep learned ensamples having led me thereunto.

But here again, much comfort ariseth in me, from the hopes, in that I conceive, when these words in the course of transitory things shall decay, it may so hap, in meet time that some lover of simplicity shall arise, who shall have the hardness to render these mine Eclogues into such more modern dialect as shall be then understood, to which end, glosses and explications of uncouth pastoral terms are annexed.

Gentle reader, turn over the leaf, and entertain thyself with the prospect of thine own country, Unn'd by the painful hand of

thy Loving Countryman,

JOHN GAY.

PROLOGUE.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE LORD VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE

LO, I who erst beneath a tree
Sung Bumkinet and Bowzybee,
And Blouzelind and Marian bright,
In apron blue, or apron white,
Now write my sonnets in a book,
For my good Lord of Bolingbroke.
As lads and lasses stood around
To hear my boken baut-boy sound,
Our Clerk came posting o'er the green
With doleful tidings of the Queen:
That Queen, he said, to whom we owe
"Sweet peace that maketh riches flow:"
That Queen who eas'd our tax of late,
Was dead, alas!—and lay in state.

At this, in tears was Cieley seen,
Buxoma tore her pinners clean,
In doleful dumps stood every clown,
The parson rent his band and gown.
For me, when as I heard that death
Had snatch'd Queen Anne to Elizabeth,
I broke my reed, and sighing swore
I'd weep for Blouzelind no more.

While thus we stood as in a stound,
And wet with tears, like dew, the ground,
Full soon by bonfire and by bell
We learnt our hege was passing well.
A skilful leach (so God him speed)
They said had wrought this blessed deed,
This leach Arbutnot was yeapt,
Who many a night, not once had slept:
But watch'd our gracious sovereign still:
For who could rest when she was ill?
Oh, may'st thou henceforth sweetly sleep!
Sheer, swains, oh sheer your softest sheep
To swell his couch: for well I ween,
He sav'd the realm who sav'd the Queen.
Quoth I, Please God, I'll hie with glee
To court, this Arbutnot to see.
I sold my sheep and lambskins too,
For silver loops and garment blue;
My boxen baut-boy sweet of sound,
For lace that edg'd mine hat around
For Lightfoot and my scrip I got
A gorgeous sword, and eke a knot.

So forth I far'd to court with speed,
Of soldier's drum, withouten dread:
For peace allays the shepherd's fear
Of wearing cape of grenadier.

There saw I ladies all a-row
Before their Queen in seemly show.
No more I'll sing Buxoma brown,
Like Goldfinch in her Sunday gown;
Nor Clumsilis, nor Marion bright,
Nor damsel that Hobnolia hight.
But Lansdown fresh as flower of May,
And Berkley Lady blithe and gay,
And Anglesey whose speech exceeds
The voice of pipe, or oaten reeds:
And blooming Hyde, with eyes so rare,
And Montague beyond compare.
Such ladies fair would I depaint
In roundelay or sonnet quaint.

There many a worthy wight I've seen
In ribbon blue and ribbon green:
As Oxford, who a wand doth bear,
Like Moses, in our Bibles fair:
Who for our traffic forms designs,
And gives to Britain Indian mines.
Now, shepherds, clip your fleecy care,
Ye maids, your spinning wheels prepare,
Ye weavers, all your shuttles throw,
And bid broad cloths and serges grow,
For trading free shall thrive again,
Nor leasings lewd affright the swain.

There saw I St. John, sweet of mien,
Full steadfast both to church and Queen,
With whose fair name I'll deck my strain,
St. John, right courteous to the swain;
For thus he told me on a day,
Trim are thy sonnets, gentle Gay,

Oats for their feast, the Scottish shepherds grind,
Sweet turnips are the food of Blouzelind,
While the loves turnips, butter I'll de-jest,
Nor leeks, nor oat-meal, nor potato prize.

CUDDY.

In good roast-beef my landlord sticks his knife,
The cyon fit delights his dainty wife,
Pudding our prison cats, the squire loves hare,
But white-pot thick is my Buxoma's fare,
While she loves white-pot, cyon ne'er shall be,
Nor hare, nor beef, nor pudding, food for me.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

As once I play'd at Blindman's-Buff, it hapt
About my eyes the towel thick was wrapt.
I miss'd the swains, and seiz'd on Blouzelind;
'Tis true speaks that ancient proverb, Love is blind.

CUDDY.

As at Hot-Cockles once I laid me down,
And felt the weighty hand of many a clown;
Buxoma gave a gentle tap, and I
Quick rose, and read soft mischief in her eye.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

On two near elms, the slacken'd cord I hung,
Now high, now low my Blouzelinda swung.
With the rude wind her rumpled garment rose,
And show'd her taper leg, and scarlet hose.

CUDDY.

Across the fallen oak the plank I laid,
And my self pois'd against the tottering maid,
High leapt the plank; adown Buxoma fell;
I spy'd—but faithful sweethearts never tell.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

This riddle, Cuddy, if thou canst, explain,
This wily riddle puzzles every swain.
"What flower is that which bears the Virgin's
name,
The richest metal joined with the same?"†

CUDDY.

Answer, thou carle, and judge this riddle right,
I'll frankly own thee for a cunning wight.
"What flower is that which royal honour craves,
Adjoin the Virgin, and 'tis strown on graves?"‡

CLODDIPOLE.

Forbear, contending louts, give o'er your strains,
An oaken staff each merits for his pains.
But see the sun-beams bright to labour warn,
And gild the thatch of goodman Hodge's barn,
Your herds for want of water stand adry,
They're weary of your songs—and so am I.

TUESDAY;

OR,

THE DITTY.

MARIAN.

YOUNG Colin Clout, a lad of peerless meed,
Full well could dance, and deftly tune the reed;
In every wood his carols sweet were known,
At every wake his nimble feats were shown.
When in the ring the rustic routs he threw,
The damsels' pleasures with his conquests grew;
Or when aslant the cudgel threats his head,
His danger smites the breast of every maid;
But chief of Marian. Marian lov'd the swain,
The parson's maid, and neatest of the plain.
Marian that soft could stroke the udder'd cow,
Or lessen, with her sieve, the barley mow;

* Marygold.

† *Dile quibus in terris inscripti nomina regum
Nascantur flores, &c. Virg.*

‡ Rosemary.

§ *Et vitula tu dignus es hic. Virg.*

Marbled with sage the hardening cheese she
press'd,

And yellow butter Marian's skill confess'd;
But Marian now deroid of country cares,
Nor yellow butter nor sage cheese prepares.
For yearning love the witless maid employs,
And love, say swains, "all busy heed destroys."
Colin makes mock at all her piteous smart,
A lass that Cicily hight, had won his heart,
Cicily the western lass that tends the kee,*
The rival of the parson's maid was she.

In dreary shade now Marian lies along,
And mix'd with sighs thus wails in pining song.
Ah woful day! an woful noon and morn!

When first by thee my younglings white were
Then first, I ween, I cast a lover's eye, [shown,
My sheep were silly, but more silly I.
Beneath the sheers they felt no lasting smart,
They lost but fleeces while I lost a heart.

Ah Colin! canst thou leave thy sweetheart true!
What have I done for thee will Cicily do?
Will she thy linen wash or hosen darn,
And knit these gloves made of her own-spun yarn?
Will she with huswife's hand provide thy meat,
And every Sunday morn thy neckcloth plait?
Which o'er thy kersey doublet spreading wide,
In service-time drew Cicily's eyes aside.

Where'er I gad I cannot hide my care,
My new disasters in my look appear.
White as the curd my ruddy cheek has grown,
So thin my features that I'm hardly known;
Our neighbours tell me oft in joking talk,
Of ashes, leather, oatmeal, bran, and chalk;
Unwittingly of Marian they divine,
And wist not that with thoughtful love I pine.
Yet Colin Clout, untoward shepherd swain,
Walks whistling blithe, while pitiful I plain.

Whom with thee 'twas Marian's dear delight
To mow all day, and merry-make at night.
If in the soil you guide the crooked share,
Your early breakfast is my constant care.
And when with even hand you strow the grain,
I fright the thievish rooks from off the plain.
In misling days when I my thresher heard,
With nappy beer I to the barn repair'd;
Lost in the music of the whirling flail,
To gaze on thee I left the smoking pail;
In harvest when the sun was mounted high,
My leathern bottle did thy drought supply;
Where'er you mow'd I follow'd with the rake,
And bare full oft been sun-burnt for thy sake;
When in the welkin gathering-howers were seen,
I lag'd the last with Colin on the green;
And when at eve returning with thy car,
Awaiting heard the jingling bells from far;
Straight on the fire the sooty pot I plac'd,
To warm thy broth I burn'd my hands for haste.
When hungry thou stood'st staring like an Oaf,
I shied the luncheon from the barley loaf,
With crumbled bread I thicken'd well thy mess.
Ah! love me more, or love thy pottage less!

Last Friday's eve, when as the sun was set,
I near yon stile, three sallow gypsies met
Upon my hand they cast a poring look,
Bid me beware, and thrice their heads they shook.
They said that many crosses I must prove,
Some in my worldly gain, but most in love.
Next morn I miss'd three hens and our old cock,
And off the hedge two pinner and a smock.
I bore these losses with a Christian mind,
And no mishaps could feel, while thou wert kind.
But since, alas! I grew my Colin's scorn,
I've known no pleasure, night, or noon, or morn.
Help me, ye gypsies, bring him home again,
And to a constant lass give back her swain.
Have I not sat with thee full many a night,
When dicing embers were our only light,
When every creature did in slumbers lie,
Besides our cat, my Colin Clout, and I?
No troublous thoughts the cat or Colin move,
While I alone am kept awake by love.

Remember, Colin, when at last year's wake,
I bought the costly present for thy sake,
Couldst thou spell o'er the posy on thy knife,
And with another change thy state of life?
If thou forget'st, I wot, I can repeat,
My memory can tell the verse so sweet.
"As this is grav'd upon this knife of thine,
So is thy image on this heart of mine."

* *Kee*, a West-country word for *kine* or *cows*.

But wo! me! such presents luckless prove,
For knives, they tell me, always sever love.
Thus Marian wip'd, her eyes with tears brimfull,
When goodly Dolbin, brought her o'er to him.
With apron blue to dry her tears she sought,
Then saw the cow well serv'd, and took a goat.

WEDNESDAY;

or,

THE LUMPS.*

SPARABELLA.

THE wallings of a maiden I recite,
A maiden fair, that Sparabella light.
Such strains ne'er warble in the linnets' throat,
Nor the grey g. linnets' chants so sweet a note,
No magpie chatter'd, nor the painted jay,
No ox was heard to low, nor ass to bray.
No rustling breezes play'd the leaves among,
While thus her madrigal the damsel sung.
A while, O D U r k, lend an ear or twain, †
Nor, though in homely guise, my verse disdain;
Whether thou seek of new kingdoms in the sun,
Whether thy muse do ses at Newmarket run,
Or does with gos ups at a feast regale,
And beechen her comets with sick and ale,
Or else at wakes with Joan and Hodge rejoice,
Where Piffrey's lute seeds in every voice
Yet suffer me, thou bard of wondrous mood, ‡
Amid thy bays to weave this rural word §

Now the ox drive adown the western road,
And oxen laid at rest forget the goad, ‖
The clown fatigued trudg'd homeward with his
Across the meadow stretch'd the lengthen'd shade:
When Sparabella, pensive and forlorn,
Alike with yearning love and labour worn,
Leand on her rake, and straight with doleful guise**
Did this sad plaint to mournful notes devise.

Come night, as dark as pitch, surround my head,
From Sparabella's humming I fled—
The ribbon that has valorous cudgel won,
Lest Sunday happier Clumvillis put on,
Sure if he'd eyes, (but, alas, they saw, he none)
I whilom by that ribbon I had been known
Ah, well-a-day! I shen't†† with huncful smart
For with the ribbon he bestow'd his heart
"My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid."
Shall heavy Clumvillis with me compare ‡‡
View this, ye lovers, and like me despair

* *Dumps, or dums*, made use of to express a fit of the gutters. Some have pretended that it is derived from *Dum*, a king of Egypt, that built a pyramid, and died of melancholy. So *Merop*, after the same manner, is thought to have come from *Merop*, another Egyptian king that died of the same distemper: but our English antiquaries have conjectured that *Dumps*, which is a *grit* (our *heaven* out of *grit*, come from the word *Dumplin*, the heaviest kind of pudding that is eaten in this country, much used in Norfolk, and other counties of England.

† Immemor herbarum quos est mirata juvenca
Certante, qui sumo stupet et carmine lencas;
Et mutata suos requirunt flumina curus.

‡ Tu mihi seu magis superas jam saxa Tiburi,
Sive crani licti legis æquoris. Virg.

§ An opera written by this author, called *The World in the Sun, or the Kingdom of Urida*. he is also famous for his song on the Newmarket horse race, and several others that are sung by the British swains.

|| *Meed*, an old word for *time* or *renown*.

|| *Uine sine temporis curum*

Inter victis et victa in tibi serpere lauros

Incumbens vena Damon sic carpit olivæ.

¶ *Shen't*, an old word signifying *hurt* or *harm*.

|| *Mopos Nin datur, quid non speremus* Virg.

Her blubber'd lip by smutty pipes is worn,
And in her breath tobacco whiffs are born;
The cleanly cheese-press she could never turn,
Her awkward fist did ne'er employ the churn;
If e'er she brew'd, the drink would straight go sour,
Before it ever felt the thunder's power;
No hussifry the dowdy creature knew;

To turn up all, her tongue confess'd the shrew.

"My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,

'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid."

I've often seen my visage in yon lake,*

Nor are my features of the homeliest make.

Though Clumvillis may boast a whiter dye,

Yet the black sloe turns in my rolling eye;

And fairest blossoms drop with every blast,†

But the brown beauty will like holhies last.

Her wan complexion's like the wither'd leek,

While Catherine pears adorn my ruddy cheek.

Yet she, alas! the wildest lout hath won,

And by her grin poor Sparabella's undone;

Let hares and hounds in coupling straps unite,‡

The clocking hen make friendship with the kite,

Let the fox simply wear the nuptial noose,

And join in wedlock with the wadling goose;

For love hath brought a stranger thing to pass,

The fairest shepherd weds the foulest lass.

"My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,

'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid."

Sooner shall cats disport in waters clear,§

And speckled meekreds graze the meadows fair,

Sooner shall screech-owls bask in sunny day,

And the slow ass on trees, like squirrels, play,

Sooner shall snails on insect-pins repose,

Than I forget my shepherd's wanted love!

"My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,

'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid."

Ah! didst thou know what proffers I withstood,

When late I met the squire in yonder wood!

To me he sped, regardless of his game,

While all my cheek was glowing red with shame;

My lip he kiss'd, and prais'd my healthful look,

Then from his purse of silk a guinea took,

Into my hand he forc'd the tempting gold,

While I with modest struggling broke his hold.

He swore that Dick in livery steep'd with lace,

Should wed me soon, to keep me from disgrace;

But I nor footman priz'd, nor golden fee,

For what is lace or gold compar'd to thee?

"My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,

'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid."

Now plain I ken whence love his rise begun,

Sure he was born some bloody butcher's son,

Bred up in shambles where our younglings slain,

First taught him mischief and to sport with pain.

The father only slyly sheep annoys,

The son the siller shepherdless destroys.

Does son or father greater mischief do?

The sire is cruel, so the son is too.

"My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,

'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid." ¶

Farewell, ye woods, ye meads, ye streams that

A sudden death shall rid me of my woe.

This penknife keen my windpipe shall divide,

What, shall I fall as squeaking pigs have died!

No—to some tree this carcass I'll suspend,

But worrying curs find such untimely end!

¶ Nec sum adeo informis, nuper me in littore

vidi. Virg.

† Alba ligustra cadiant, varenia nigra leguntur.

Virg.

‡ Jungentur jam gryphes equis; eroque sequenti

Cum canibus umidi venient ad pocula damæ.

Virg.

§ Ante leves ergo præscentur in æthere ceræ,

Et freta destituent nulos in littore pisces—

Quam nostro illius labatur pectore vultus. Id

Virg. A. S. Kunnau Goth. Kunnau. Germanis Kunnau.

Dans Kinnau. Islandis Kanna. Helvis Kanna.

This word is of general use, but not very common,

though not unknown to the vulgar. Ken for pro-

gnoscere is well known and used to discover by the eye.

May, F. R. S.

Nunc scio quid sit amor, &c.

Crudelis miter magis an puer improbus ille?

Improbus ille puer, crudelis tu quoque miter.

Virg.

¶ ————vixit sylvæ,

Præcepit æquæ pocula de montis in undas

Deferar. Virg.

I'll speed me to the pond, where the high stool
On the long plank hangs o'er the muddy pool,
That stool, the dread of every scolding quean.
Yet, sure a lover should not die so mean!
There plac'd aloft, I'll rave and rail by fits,
Though all the parish say I've lost my wits;
And thence, if courage holds, myself I'll throw,
And quench my passion in the lake below.
"Ye ladies, cease your burthen, cease to moan,
And, by my case forewarn'd, go mind your own."
The sun was set; the night came on apace,
And falling dewa lewet around the place,
The bat takes airy rounds on leathern wings,
And the hoarse owl his woful dirges sings:
The prudent maiden deems it now too late,
And till to-morrow comes defers her fate.

THURSDAY:

OR,

THE SPELL.

HOBNELIA.

HOBNELIA, seated in a dreary vale,
In pensive mood rehear'd her piteous tale,
Her piteous tale the wind in sighs bemoan,
And pining echo answers groan for groan.

I rue the day, a rueful day I trow,
The woful day, a day indeed of woe!
When Lubberkin to town his cattle drove,
A maiden fine bedlight* he hap'd to love;
The maiden fine bedlight his love retains,
And for the village he forsakes the plains.

Return, my Lubberkin, these ditties bear:
Spells will I try, and spells shall ease my care.

"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,

And turn me thrice around, around, around."

When first the year, I heard the cuckoo sing,
And call with welcome note the budding spring,
I straightway set a running with such haste,
Deborah that won the smock scarce ran so fast.

"Till spent for lack of breath quite weary grown,
Upon a rising bank I sat adown,

Then doff'd my shoe, and by my troth I swear,
Therein I spy'd this yellow frizzled hair,
As like to Lubberkin's in curl and hue,
As if upon his comely pate it grew.

"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,

And turn me thrice around, around, around."

At eve last midsummer no sleep I sought,
But to the field a bag of hemp-seed brought,
I scatter'd round the seed on every side,
And three times in a trembling accent cried,
"This hemp-seed with my virgin hand I sow,
Who shall my true-love be, the crop shall mow."
I straight look'd back, and if my eyes speak truth,
With his keen scythe behind me came the youth.

"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,

And turn me thrice around, around, around."

Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind
Their paramours with mutual chirpings find;
I rearily rose, just at the break of day,
Before the sun had clasp'd the stars away,
A-field I went, amid the morning dew,
To milk my kine (for so should huswives do)
Three first I spy'd, and the first swain we see,
In spite of fortune shall our true-love be;
Fee, Lubberkin, each bird his partner take,
And canst thou then thy sweet-heart dear forsake?

"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,

And turn me thrice around, around, around."

* *Dight or bedight*, from the Saxon word *dighlan*, which signifies to set in order.

† *Deff and don*, contracted from the words *do off* and *do on*.

Last May-day fair I search'd to find a snail
That might my secret lover's name reveal;
Upon a gooseberry bush a snail I found,
For always snails near sweetest fruit abound.
I seiz'd the vermin, home I quickly sped,
And on the hearth the milk-white embers spread.
Slow crawl'd the snail, and if I right can spell,
In the soft ashes mark'd a curious L:
Oh, may this wondrous omen lucky prove!
For L is found in Lubberkin and Love. [ground,
"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around."
Two hazel-nuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a sweet-heart's name.
This with the loudest bounce me sore amaz'd,
That in a flame of brightest colour blaz'd.
As blaz'd the nut, so may thy passion grow,
For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow.

"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,

And turn me thrice around, around, around."

As peascods once I pluck'd, I chanc'd to see
One that was closely fill'd with three times three,
Which when I crop'd I safely home convey'd,
And o'er the door the spell in secret laid,
My wheel I turn'd, and sung a ballad new,
While from the spindle I the fleeces drew;
The latch mov'd up, when who should first come in,
But in his proper person—Lubberkin.

I broke my yarn, surpris'd the sight to see,
Sure sign that he would break his word with me.
Eftsoons I join'd it with my wonted slight,
So may again his love with mine unite! [ground,

"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around."

This lady-fly I take from off the grass,
Whose spotted back might scarlet red surpass.
"Fly, lady-bird, North, South, or East, or West,
Fly where the man is found that I love best."
He leaves my hand, see to the West he's flown,
To call my true-love from the faithless town.

"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,

And turn me thrice around, around, around."

I pare this pippin round and round again,
My shepherd's name to flourish on the plain,
I sing the unbroken paring o'er my head,
Upon the grass a perfect L is read;
Yet on my heart a falter L is seen.

"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,

And turn me thrice around, around, around."

This pippin shall another trial make,
See from the core two kernels brown I take;
This on my cheek for Lubberkin is worn,
And Boobyelod on t' other side is borne,
But Boobyelod soon drops upon the ground,
A certain token that his love's unsound,
While Lubberkin sticks firmly to the last;
Oh were his lips to mine but join'd so fast!

"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,

And turn me thrice around, around, around."

As Lubberkin once slept beneath a tree,
I twitch'd his dangling garter from his knee;
He wist not when the hempen string I drew,
Now mine I quickly doff of inkle blue;
Together fast I tie the garters twain,
And while I knit the knot repeat this strain.
"Three times a true-love's knot I tie secure,
Firm be the knot, firm may his love endure."

"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,

And turn me thrice around, around, around."

As I was wont, I trudg'd last market day
To town, with new laid eggs, preserv'd in hay.
I made my market long before 'twas night,
My purse grew heavy, and my basket light.

* — *ἰγὰ δ' ἐπὶ Διὶσιδι δάφνας*

Αἶθρα. ἥ ὡς αὐτὰ λακίμῃ μίγα καπνίσασα. Theoc.

† *Daphnis me malus urit, ego hanc in Daphnide laurum.* Virg.

‡ *Transque caput Jace; ne respexeris.* Virg.

§ *Necte tribus nodis ternos, Amarylli, coloras; Necte, Amarylli, nudo; et Veneris die vincula necto.* Virg.

THE SHEPHERD'S WEEK :

Straight to the 'pothecary's shop I went,*
And in love-powder all my money spent;
Behap what will, next Sunday after prayers,
When to the ale-house Lubberkin repairs,
These golden flies into his mug I'll throw,
And soon the swain with fervent love shall glow.
"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around."
But hold—our Lightfoot barks, and cocks his
O'er yonder stile see Lubberkin appears. [caw,
He comes, he comes, Holmelia's not bewray'd,
Nor shall she, crown'd with willow, die a maid.
He vows, he swears, he'll give me a green gown,
Oh dear! I fall adown, adown, adown!

FRIDAY;

or,

THE DIRGE.]

Dumkinet, Grubbinol.

BUMKINET.

WHY, Grubbinol, dost thou so wistful seem?
There's sorrow in thy look, it t'g't I deem.
'Tis true, you asks with yellow lips appear,
And chilly blinks begin to nip the year;
From the tall elm a shiver of leaves is borne
And their lost beams give risen beeches mourn.
Yet e'en this season pleasure blithe affords,
Now the squeezed pears abound with our apple
hords.
Come, let us hic, and quaff a cherry bowl,
Let cyder new wash sorrow from my soul.

GRUBBINOL.

Ah Bumkinet! since thou from hence wert
gone,
From these sad plains all merriment is flown;
Should I reveal my grief, 'twould spoil thy cheer,
And make thine eyes overflow with many a tear.

BUMKINET.

Hang sorrow! let's toonder but repair, I
And with trim somersets set us on our care,
Gillian of Croydon will the pipes an play,
Thou sing'st me out sweet o' th' hills and far away,
Oh Patient Grass! I'd love to sing,
And stretch quaint sheet make the red dress ring.
Come, Grubbinol, beneath this shelter come,
From hence we view our dears as we're at home.

GRUBBINOL.

Yes, blithe come! but I t'p't I mean to sing,
But with my woe shall dost out distress ring
The tale shall make our kidneys droop thy head,
For woe is me!—our Blouzelind is dead.

BUMKINET.

Is Blouzelinda dead? I t'row all my glee! ♪
No happiness is now reserved for me.

* Has herbas, atque hinc Ponto mihi lecta venena
Ipse dedit Maris Virg.

† Ποτὸν παρὰ τοῦ αἰθίου οἰσῶ Thes.

‡ Nescio quid certe est et Hylax in limine latrat. Virg.

§ *Dirge*, or *Dirge*, a mournful ditty or song; of lamentation over the dead; not a contraction of the Latin *Dirige* in the Popish hymn *Dirige* *Gens* *mea*, as some pretend, but from the *Tenour* *Dirge*, *Lauder*, to pray, and *Dirge*. When it is sung to the *Dirge*, and our *Dirge*, was a customary song to commemorate and applaud the dead.

¶ *U. cipe*, *Mappe*, prior *q* quous ut Phyllos ignes,
Au *Alcous* habes *Ind* *q* ut *Jur*, *q* *Coltri*.

§ *Glee*, *J*; from the Dutch, *Alleen*, to re-
cieve.

As the wood-pigeon cooes without his mate,
So shall my doleful dirge bewail her fate.

Of Blouzelinda fair I mean to tell,
The peerless maid that did all maids excel.
Henceforth the morn shall dewy sorrow shed,
And evening tears upon the grass be spread;
The rolling streams with watery grief shall flow,
And winds shall moan aloud—when loud they
The dropping trees, when'er it rains shall mourn;
This season quite shall strip the country's pride,
For 'twas in autumn Blouzelind died.

When'er I gad, I Blouzelind shall view,
Woods, dairy, barn and mows our passion knew.
When I direct my eyes to yonder wood,
Fresh rising sorrow curdles in my blood.
Thither I've often been the damsel's guide,
When rotten sticks our fuel have supply'd;
There I remember how her faggots large,
Were frequently these happy shoulders' charge.
Sometimes this crook drew hazel boughs adown,
And stuff'd her apron wide with nuts so brown;
Or when her fiddling hogs had mis'd their way,
Or wallowing 'mid a feast of acorns lay;
The untoward creatures to the stile I drove,
And whistled all the way—or told my love.

If by the dairy's hatch I chance to hic,
I shall her goodly countenance spy,
For the re her goodly countenance I've seen,
Set off with kerchief starch'd and pinners clean.
Sometimes, like wax, she rolls the butter round,
Or with the wooden lily prints the pound.
Whilome I've seen her skim the clouted cream,
And press from spongy curds the milky stream,
But now, alas! these arts shall hear no more
The whining swine surround the dairy door,
No more her care shall fill the hollow tray,
To fat the puzzling hogs with floods of whey.
Lament, ye swine, in grumblings spend your grief,
For you, like me, have lost your sole relief.

When in the barn the sounding flail I ply,
Where from her sieve the chaff was wont to fly,
The poultry there will seem around to stand,
Waiting upon her charitable hand.
No succour meet the poultry now can find,
For they, like me, have lost their Blouzelind.

When'er by you barley mow I pass,
Before my eyes will trip the tidy last.
I t'p'd the sheaves (oh could I do so now)
Which she in rows laid on the growing mow.
There every delicate heart by love was gain'd,
There the sweet kisses courtship has explain'd.
Ah Blouzelind! that now I ne'er shall see,
But this memorial will revive in me.
I ment, ye fields, and useful symptoms show,
Henceforth let not the smiling primrose grow; ♪
Let weeds instead of butter flowers appear,
And meads, instead of daisies, hemlock bear;
For cowslips sweet let dandelions spread,
For Blouzelinda, blithe some maid, is dead!
I ment, ye swains, and o'er her grave bemoan,
And sp'il ye right this verse upon her stone,
"Here Blouzelinda lies—Alas, dye!
Weep shepherds—and remember flesh is grass."

GRUBBINOL.

Albeit thy songs are sweeter to mine ear, ♪
Than to the thirsty cattle rivers clear;
Or winter porridge to the labouring youth,
Or honey and sugar to the dunsell's tooth;
Yet Blouzelind's name shall tune my lay,
Of her I'll sing for ever and for aye.

When Blouzelind expired, the weather's bell
Before the drooping flock told forth her knell;

¶ Pro molli viola, pro purpureo narcisso
Carduus, et spinus surgit palustris acutis. Virg.

‡ Et tumulum facite, et tumulo superaddite car-
mina. Virg.

§ Tale tuum erit men nobis, divine poeta,
Quale sopor levis in gramine; qui de per aestum
Dulcis aequo calidum situm resurgit re rivu.
Nos tamen huc, quocumque modo tibi nostris
vicissim.

Dicemus, Diphiliniq; tuum tollemus ad astra. Virg.

§ Κρίσσον μελπομένη τῷ ἀποτίειν ἕ
μυδι λίχην. Theoc.

The solemn death-watch click'd the hour she died,
And shrilling crickets in the chimney cried;
The boding raven on her cottage sate,
And with hoarse croaking warn'd us of her fate;
The lambskins, which her wonted tendance bred,
Dropp'd on the plains that fatal instant dead;
Swarm'd on a rotten stick the bees I spy'd,
Which erst I saw when goody Dobson died.

How shall I, void of tears, her death relate,
While on her dearling's bed her mother sate!
These words the dying Blouzelinda spoke,
And "of the dead let none the will revoke."

Mother, quoth she, let not the poultry need,
And give the goose wherewith to raise her breed,
Be these my sister's care—and every morn
Amid the ducklings let her scatter corn;
The sickly calf that's hous'd be sure to tend,
Feed him with milk, and from bleak colds defend.
Yet ere I die—see, mother, yonder shelf,
There secretly I've hid my worldly pelf.
Twenty good shillings in a rag I laid,
Be ten the parson's, for my sermon paid.
The rest is yours—my spinning-wheel and rake,
Let Susan keep for her dear sister's sake;
My new straw-hat that's trimly lin'd with green,
Let Peggy wear, for she's a damsel clean.
My leathern bottle, long in harvests try'd,
Be Grubbinol's—this silver ring beside;
Three silver pennies, and a niencepence bent,
A token kind, to Bumkinet is sent.

Thus spoke the maiden, while her mother cried,
And peaceful, like the harmless lamb she died.

To show their love, the neighbours far and near,
Followed with wistful look the damsel's bier.
Sprigg'd rosemary the lads and lasses bore,
While dismally the parson walk'd before.
Upon her grave the rosemary they threw,
The daisy, butter-flower, and endive blue.

After the good man warn'd us from his text,
That none could tell whose turn would be the next.

He said, that heaven would take her soul, no doubt,
And spoke the hour-glass in her praise—quite out.

To her sweet memory flowery garlands strung,
O'er her now empty seat alids were hung.
With wicker rods we fenc'd her tomb around,
To ward from man and beast the hallow'd ground,
Lest her new grave the parson's cattle raze,
For both his horse and cow the church-yard graze.

Now we trudg'd homeward to her mother's farm,

To drink new cyder mull'd, with ginger warm.
For gaffer Tread-well told us by the by,
"Excessive sorrow is exceeding dry."

While bulks bear horns upon their curled brow,*
Or lasses with soft stroakings milk the cow,
While pudding ducks the standing lake desire,
Or battenning hogs roll in the sinking mire;
While moles the crumbling earth in hillocks raise,
So long shall swains tell Blouzelinda's praise.

Thus wail'd the louts in melancholy strain,
"Till bonny Susan sped across the plain;
They seiz'd the lass in apron clean array'd,
And to the ale-house forc'd the willing maid,
In ale and kisses they forget their cares,
And Susan Blouzelinda's loss repairs.

SATURDAY;

on,

THE FLIGHTS.

BOWZYBEUS.

SUBLIMER strains, O rustic muse, prepare;
Forget awhile the barn and dairy's care;
Thy homely voice to loftier numbers raise,
The drunkard's flights require sonorous lays,

* Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabat,
Dumque thyrno pascentur apes, dum rore cecidit,
Semper honos nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.
Virg.

With Bowzybeus' songs exalt thy verse,
While rocks and woods the various notes rehearse—

'Twas in the season when the reaper's toil
Of the ripe harvest 'gan to rid the soil;
Wide through the field was seen a goodly rout,
Clean damselfs bound the gather'd sheaves about,
The lads with sharpen'd hook and sweating brow
Cut down the labours of the winter plough.
To the near hedge young Susan steps aside,
She feign'd her coat or garter was untied,
Whate'er she did, she stoop'd adown unseen,
And merry reapers, what they list, will ween.
Soon she rose up, and cried with voice so shrill
That echo answer'd from the distant hill;
The youths and damselfs ran to Susan's aid,
Who thought some adder had the lass dismay'd.

When fast asleep they Bowzybeus spy'd,
His hat and oaken staff lay close beside.
That Bowzybeus who could sweetly sing,
Or with the rozin'd bow torment the string.
That Bowzybeus who with finger's speed
Could call soft warblings from the breathing reed;
That Bowzybeus who with jocund tongue,
Ballads and roundelays, and catches sung,
They loudly laugh to see the damselfs' fright,
And in disport surround the drunken wight.
Ah Bowzybee, why didst thou stay so long?
The mugs were large, the drink was wondrous strong!

Thou shouldst have left the fair before 'twas night,
But thou sat'st toying 'till the morning light.

Cic'ly, brisk maid, steps forth before the rout,
And kiss'd, with smacking lip, the snoring lout.

For custom says, "Whoe'er this venture prove,
For such a kiss demands a pair of gloves."

By her example Dorcas bolder grows to prove,
And plays a tickling straw within his nose.†
He rubs his nostril, and in wonted joke
The sneering swains with stammering speech be spoke.

To you, my lads, I'll sing my carols o'er,‡
As for the maid,—I've something else in store.

No sooner 'gan he raise his tuneful song,
But lads and lasses round about him throng.

Not ballad-singer plac'd above the crowd §
Sings with a note so shrilling sweet and loud,

Nor parish-clerk who calls the psalm so clear,
Like Bowzybeus soothes the attentive ear.

Of nature's laws his carols first begin, ¶
Why the grave owl can never face the sun.

For owls, as swains observe, detest the light,
And only sing and seek their prey by night.

How turnips hide their swelling heads below,
And how the closing colworts upwards grow;

How Will-a-Wisp misleads night-faring clowns,
O'er hills, and sinking bogs, and pathless downs.

Of stars he told that shoot with shining trail,
And of the glow-worm's light that glids his tail.

He sung where wood-cocks in the summer feed,
And in what climates they renew their breed;

Some think to northern coasts their flight they ten,
Or to the moon in midnight hours ascend.

Where swallows in the winter season keep,
And how the drowsy bat and dormouse sleep.

How nature does the puppi's eye-lid close,
Till the bright sun has nine times set and rose.

For huntsmen by their long experience find,
That puppies still nine rolling suns are blind.

Now he goes on, and sings of fairs and shows,
For still new fairs before his eyes arose.

How pedlars' stalls with glittering toys are laid,
The various favings of the country maid.

Long silken laces hang upon the twine,
And rows of pins and amber bracelet-s'rine;

How the tight lass, knives, combs, and scissors spies,
And looks on thimbles with desiring eyes.

* Serta procul tantum capiti delapsa jacebant.
Virg.

† Sanguineis frontem moris et tempora pingit.
Virg.

‡ Carmina, quæ vultis, cognoscite; carmina vobis,
Huic aliud mercedis erit.
Virg.

§ Nec tantum Phœbo gaudet Parnassia rupes;
Nec tantum Rhodope mirantur et Ismarus
Orpheus.
Virg.

¶ Our swain had possibly read Tusser, from
whence he might have collected these philosophical
observations.

Namque canebat uti magnum per inane coacta,
&c.

Of totteries next with tuneful note he told,
Where silver spoons are won, and rings of gold.
The lads and lasses trudge the street along,
And all the fair is crowded in his song.
The mountebank now treads the stage, and sells
His pills, his balms, and his ague-spells;
Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler springs
And on the rope the venturous maiden swings;
Jack-pudding in his parti-colour'd jacket
Tosses the glove, and jokes at every packet,
Of rare-shows he sung, and Punch's feats,
Of pockets pick'd in crowds, and various cheats.
Then sad he sung "the children in the wood."
Ah barbarous uncle, stain'd with infant blood!
How blackberries they pluck'd in deserts wild,
And fearless at the glittering fuchion smil'd;
Their little corpse the robin-red-breasts found,
And strow'd with pious bill the leaves around.
Ah gentle birds! if this verse lasts so long,*
Your name shall live for ever in my song.
For huxton Joan he sung the doubtful strafe,†
How the sly sailor made the maid a wife.
To louder strains he rais'd his voice, to tell
What woful wars in Chevy-Chase befell,
When "Percy drove the deer with hound and horn,
Wars to be wept by children yet unborn!"
Ah Witherington, more years thy life had crown'd,
If thou hadst never heard the horn or hound!
Yet shall the squire, who fought on bloody stumps,
By future birds be wail'd in doleful dumps.
"All in the land of Essex" next he chants,‡
How to sleek mares starch quakers turn gallants;
How the grave brother stood on bank so green.
Happy for him if mares had never been!
Then he was seiz'd with a religious quail,
And on a sudden, sung the hundredth psalm.
He sung of Taffy Welsh, and Sawney Scot,
Lilly-bullero and the Irish Trot.
Why should I tell of Bateman or of Shore,§
Or Wantley's dragon slain by valiant Moore.
The howler of Rosamond, or Robin Hood,¶ stood?
And how the grass now grows where Troy town
His carols ceas'd, the listening maids and swains
Seem still to hear some soft imperfect strains.
Sudden he rose; and as he reels along
Sweats, knees sweet should well reward his song.
The dunces laughing fly the giddy clown
Again upon a wheat sheaf drops adown,
The power that guards the drunk, his sleep at-
tends.
"Till ruddy, like his face, the sun descends.

TRIVIA:

or,

THE ART OF WALKING THE STREETS
OF LONDON.

Quo te, Mari, jectus? An, quo via ducit, in urbem?
Virg.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE world, I believe, will take as little notice of me, that I need not take much of it. The critics may be by this year, that I walk on foot, which probably may save me from their envy. I should be sorry to raise that taxation to men whom I am so much obliged to, were they allowed me an honour hitherto only shown to better writers, that of denying me to be author of my own works.

* Fortunati ambobus si quid mea carmina possunt,
Nulla dies unquam in memori vos eximet aro.
Virg.

† A song in the comedy of Love for Love, beginning, "A soldier and a sailor," &c.

‡ A song of Sir John Denham's. See his poems.
§ Et fortunatum, si nunquam armenta fuissent
Pasiphaen.
Virg.

¶ Quid loquar, aut Scyllam Nisi, &c. Virg.
‡ Old English ballads.

Gentlemen, if there be any thing in this poem good enough to displease you, and if it be any advantage to you to ascribe it to some person of greater merit I shall acquaint you for your comfort, that among many other obligations, I owe several hints of it to Dr. Swift. And if you will so far continue your favour as to write against it, I beg you to oblige me in accepting the following motto.

*Non tu, in triviis, indocte, solebas
Stridentis, miserum, stipula, disperdere carmen?*

BOOK I.

*Of the Implements for Walking the Streets,
and Signs of the Weather.*

THROUGH winter streets to steer your course
aright,
How to walk clean by day, and safe by night,
How jostling crowds, with prudence to decline,
When to assert the wall, and when resign,
I sing: thou, Trivia, goddess, aid my song,
Through spacious streets conduct thy bard along;
By thee transported, I securely stray
Where winding alleys lead the doubtful way,
The silent court, and opening square explore,
And long perplexing lanes untrod before.
To pave thy realm, and smooth the broken ways,
Earth from her womb a flinty tribute pays;
For thee, the sturdy paver thumps the ground,
Whilst every stroke his labouring lungs resound;
For thee the scavenger bids kennels glide
Within their bounds, and heaps of dirt subside.
My youthful bosom burns with thirst of fame,
From the great theme to build a glorious name,
To tread in paths to ancient bards unknown,
And bind my temples with a civic crown:
But more, my country's love demands the lays,
My country's be the profit, mine the praise.
When the black youth at chosen stands rejoice,
And "clean your shoes" resounds from every voice;
When late their mry sides stage-coaches show,
And their stiff horses through the town move slow;
When all the Mall in leafy ruin lies,
And damsels first renew their oyster-cries;
Then let the prudent walker shoes provide,
Not of the Spanish or Morocco hide;
The wooden heel may raise the dancer's bound,
And with the scallop'd top his step be crown'd:
Let firm, well-hammer'd soles protect thy feet
Through freezing snows, and rains, and soaking
sleet.

Should the big last extend the shoe too wide,
Each stone will wrench the unwary step aside:
The sudden turn may stretch the swelling vein,
Thy cracking joint unlunge, or ankle sprain;
And when too short the modish shoes are worn,
You'll judge the seasons by your shooting corn.
Nor should it prove thy less important care,
To choose a proper coat for winter's wear.
Now in thy trunk thy D'ohly habit fold,
The silken druggist ill can fence the cold;
The frieze's spongy nap is soak'd with rain,
And showers soon drench the camel's cockled
grain.

True Witney* broad-cloth with its shag unshorn,
Unpierc'd is in the lasting tempest worn:
Be this the horseman's fence; for who would wear
Amid the town the spoils of Russia's bear!
Within the Roquelaure's clasp thy hands are pent,
Hands, that stretch'd forth invading harms prevent.

Let the loop'd Bivvater the fop embrace,
Or his deep cloak be spatter'd o'er with lace,
That garment best the winter's rage defends,
Whose ample form without one plait depends;
By various names † in various counties known,
Yet held in all the true surcoat alone:
Be thine of Kersey firm, though small the cost,
Then brave unwet the rain, unchill'd the frost.
If the strong cane support thy walking hand,
Chairmen no longer shall the wall command;
Even sturdy car-men shall thy nod obey,
And rattling coaches stop to make the way;
Thus shall direct thy cautious tread aright,
Though not one glaring lamp enliven night.

* A town in Oxfordshire.

† A Joseph, Wrap-Rascal, &c.

Let beaux their canes with amber tip produce,
 He theirs for empty show, but thine for use.
 In gilded chariots while they loiter at ease,
 And lazily ensure a life's disease :
 While softer chairs the tardy load convey
 To court, to White's,* assemblies, or the play;
 Rosy-complexion'd health thy steps attends,
 And exercise thy lasting youth defends.
 Imprudent men heaven's choicest gifts profane,
 Thus some beneath their arm support the cane;
 The dirty point of checks the careless price,
 And miry spots the clean cravat disgrace :
 O! may I never such misfortune meet,
 May no such vicious walkers crowd the street,
 May Providence o'ershade me with her wings,
 While the bold muse experience d'angers sing.
 Not that I wander from my native home,
 And (tempting peril) foreign cities roam.
 Let Paris be the theme of Gallia's muse,
 Where slavery treads the street in wooden shoes
 Nor do I rove in Belgia's frozen clime,
 And teach the clumsy boor to skate in rhyme,
 Where, if the warmer clouds in rain descend,
 No miry ways industrious steps offend.
 The rushing flood from glass pavements pours,
 And blackens the canals with dirty showers.
 Let others Naples' smoother streets rehearse,
 And with proud Roman structures grace their verse,
 Where frequent murders wake the night with
 groans,
 And blood in purple torrents dyes the stones;
 Nor shall the muse through narrow Venice stray,
 Where gondolas their painted oars display.
 O happy streets, to rumbling wheels unknown,
 No carts, no coaches shake the floating town !
 Thus was of old Britannia's city bless'd,
 Ere pride and luxury her sons possess'd :
 Coaches and chariots yet unfashion'd lay,
 Nor late-invented chairs perplex'd the way :
 Then the proud lady tripp'd alone the town,
 And tuck'd up petticoats secur'd her gown,
 Herazy cheek with distant visits glow'd,
 And exercise unartful charms bestow'd ;
 But since in braided gold her foot is bound,
 And a long-trailing manteau sweeps the ground,
 Her shoe disdains the street; the lazy fair
 With narrow step affects a limping air.
 Now gaudy pride corrupts the lavish age,
 And the streets flame with glancing equipage,
 The tricking gamester insolently rides,
 With Loves and Graces on his chariot sides;
 In fancy state the grinning broker sits,
 And laughs at honesty, and trudging wits :
 For you, O honest men, these useful lays
 The muse prepares; I seek no other praise.
 When sleep is first disturb'd by morning cries;
 From sure prognostics learn to know the skies,
 Least you of rheums and coughs at night com-
 plain;
 Surpris'd in dreary fogs, or driving rain.
 When suffocating mists obscure the morn,
 Let thy worst wig long us'd to storms, be worn ;
 This knows the powder'd footman, and with care,
 Beneath his clapping hat secures his hair,
 Be thou, for every season, justly drest,
 Nor brave the piercing frost with open breast;
 And when the bursting clouds a deluge pour,
 Let thy utoout defend the drenching shower.
 The changing weather certain signs reveal,
 The winter sheds her snow, or frosts congeal,
 You'll see the coals in brighter flame aspire,
 And sulphur tinge with blue the rising fire !
 Your tender skins the scorching heat decline,
 And at the death of coals the poor repine ;
 Before her kitchen hearth, the nodding dame
 In flannel mantle wrapt, enjoys the flame
 Hovering ; upon her feeble knees she bends,
 And all around the grateful warmth ascends.
 Nor do less certain signs the town advise,
 Of milder weather, and serener skies.
 The ladies gaily dress'd, the Mall adorn
 With various dyes, and paint the sunny morn ;
 The wanton fawns with frisking pleasure range,
 And chirping sparrows greet the welcome change :
 Not that their minds with greater skill are fraught,
 Endu'd by instinct, or by reason taught,

* White's Chocolate-house in St. James's-street.

† *Haud equidem credo, gaudet divinitus illis
 Ingenium, aut rerum fato prudentia major.*
Vire. Georg. 1.

The seasons operate on every breast,
 'Tis hence that fawns are brisk, and ladies drest.
 When on his box the nodding coachman snores,
 And dreams of fancy'd fares; when tavern doors
 The chairmen idly crowd; then ne'er refuse
 To trust thy busy steps in thinner shoes.
 But when the swarming signs your ears offend
 With creaking noise, then rainy floods impend;
 Soon shall the kennels swell with rapid streams,
 And rush in muddy torrents to the Thames.
 The lookstler, whose shops in open square,
 Foresees the tempest, and with early care
 Of learning strips the rail; the rowing crew
 To tempt a fare, clothe all their tilts in blue:
 On hoovers' poles depending stockings 'd,
 Flag with the slacken'd gale, from side to side.
 Church-monuments foretell the changing air;
 Then Niobe dissolves into a tear,
 And sweats with secret grief: you'll hear the sounds
 Of whistling winds, ere kennels break their bounds;
 Ungrateful odours common-shores distill use,
 And dropping vaults distil unwholesome dews,
 Ere the tiles rattle with the smoking shower,
 And spouts on heedless men their torrents pour.
 All superstition from thy breast dispel.
 Let credulous boys, and prattling nurses tell,
 How if the festival of Paul be clear,
 Plenty from liberal horn shall strow the year;
 When the dark skies dissolve in snow or rain,
 The labouring hind shall yoke the steer in vain;
 But if the threatening winds in tempests roar,
 Then war shall bathe her wasteful sword in gore.
 How, if on Swinthon's coast the welkin lowers,
 And every penthouse streams with hasty showers,
 Twice twenty days shall cloud their fleeces drain,
 And wash the pavements with incessant rain;
 Let not such vulgar tales debate thy mind;
 Nor Paul nor Swinthon rule the clouds and wind.
 If you the precepts of the muse despise,
 And slight the faithful warnings of the skies,
 Others you'll see, when all the town's afloat,
 Wrapt in the embraces of a Kersey coat,
 Or double-button'd frieze their guarded feet
 Defy the muddy dangers of the street,
 While you with hat unloop'd, the fury dread
 Of spouts high streaming, and with cautious tread
 Shun every dashing pool; or idly stop,
 To seek the kind protection of a shop.
 But business summons; now with hasty send
 You jostle for the wall: the spatter'd mud
 Hides all thy hose behind, in vain you scour,
 'The wig, alas! uncurl'd, admits the shower.
 So fierce, Alecto's snaky tresses fell,
 When Orpheus charm'd the rigorous powers of hell
 Or thus hung Glaucus' beard, with briny dew
 Clotted and straight, when first his amorous view
 Surpris'd the bathing fair; the frightened maid
 Now stands a rock, transform'd by Circe's aid.
 Good housewives all the winter's rage despise,
 Defended by the riding-hood's disguise;
 Or underneath the umbrella's oily shade,
 Safe thro' the wet on clinking patters tread.
 Let Persian dames the umbrella's ribs display,
 To guard their beauties from the sunny ray;
 Or sweating slaves support the shady load,
 When eastern monarchs show their state abroad
 Britain in winter only knows its aid,
 To guard from chilly showers the walking maid.
 But O! forget not, muse, the patten's praise,
 That female implement shall grace thy lays;
 Say from what art divine the invention came,
 And from its origin deduce its name,
 Where Lincoln wide extends her fenay soil,
 A goodly yeoman liv'd, grown white with toil:
 One only daughter bless'd his nuptial bed,
 Who from her infant hand the poultry fed:
 Martha (her careful mother's name) she bore,
 But now her careful mother was no more.
 Whilst on her father's knee the damsel play'd,
 Patty he fondly call'd the smiling maid;
 As years increas'd, her ruddy beauty grew,
 And Patty's fame o'er all the village flew.
 Soon as the gray-eyed morning streaks the skies,
 And in the doubtful day the woodcock flies,
 Her cleanly pail the pretty housewife bears,
 And singing to the distant field repairs:
 And when the plants with evening dews are spread
 The milky burden smokes upon her head,
 Deep, thro' a miry lane she picked her way,
 Above her ankle rose the chalky clay,
 Vulcan by chance the gloomy maiden spies,
 With innocence and beauty in her eyes,

He saw, he lov'd ; for yet he ne'er had known
Sweet innocence and beauty meet in one.

Ah Mulciber ! recall thy nuptial vows,
Think on the graces of thy Euphian spouse,
Think how her eyes dart unexhausted charms,
And canst thou leave her led for Patty's arms ?

The Lemnian power forsakes the realms above,
His bosom glowing with terrestrial love:
Far in the lane a lonely hut he found,
No tenant ventur'd on the unwholesome ground.
Here smokes his forge, he bares his sinewy arm,
And early strokes the sounding anvil warm ;
Around his shop the steely sparkles flew,
As for the steed he shap'd the bending shoe.

— A hen blue ey'd Patty near his window came,
His anvil rests, his forge forgets to flame.
To hear his soothing tales she feigns delays ;
What woman can resist the force of praise ?

At first she coyly every kiss withstood,
And all her cheek was flushed with modest blood :
With headless nails he now surrounds her shoe,
To save her step from rains and piercing dews ;
She lik'd his soothing tales, his presents wore,
And granted kisses, but would grant no more.
Yet winter chill'd her feet, with cold she pines,
And on her cheek the fading rose declines ;
No more her humid eyes their lustre boast,
And in hoarse sounds her melting voice is lost.

This Vulcan saw, and in his heavenly thought,
A new machine mechanic fancy wrought,
Above the mire her shelter'd steps to raise,
And bear her safely through the wintry ways ;
Straight the new engine on the anvil glows,
And the pale virgin on the patten roes.
No more her lungs are shock with drooping rheums,
And on her cheek reviving beauty blooms.
The god obtain'd his suit : though fattery fail,
Presents with female virtue must prevail.
The patten now supports each fragile dame,
Which from the blue-eyed Patty takes the name.

TRIVIA :

BOOK II.

Of Walking the Streets by day.

THUS far the muse has trac'd in useful lays,
The proper implements for wintry ways ;
Has taught the walker, with judicious eyes,
To read the various warnings on the skies.
Now venture, muse, from home to range the town,
And for the public safety risk thy own.

For ease and for despatch, the morning's best ;
No tides of passengers the street molest.
You'll see a draggled damsel, here and there,
From Bolling-gate her fishy traffic bear ;
On doors the yellow milk-maid chalks her gains ;
Ah ! how unlike the milk-maid of the plains !
Before proud gates attending asses bray,
Or arrogate with solemn pace the way ;
These grave physicians with their milky cheer,
The love-sick maid and dwindling beau repair ;
Here rows of drummers stand in martial file,
And with their vellum-thunder shake the pile,
To greet the new-made bride. Are sounds like these

The proper preludes to a state of peace ?
Now industry awakes her busy sons,
Full charg'd with news the heedless hawkers
Shops open, coaches roll, carts shake the ground,
And all the streets with passing cries resound.

If cloth'd in black, you tread the busy town,
Or if distinguish'd by the reverend gown,
Three trades avoid ; oft in the mingling press,
The burler's apron soils the sable dress,
Shun the perfumer's touch with cautious eye,
Nor let the baker's step advance too nigh :
Ye walkers too that youthful colours wear,
Three sullen trades avoid with equal care ;
The little chimney-sweeper skulks along,
And in rags with sooty stains the heedless throng ;
When snail-oil murmurs in the hearth's throat,
From smutty dangers guard thy threaten'd coat.
The dust man's cart offends thy clothes and eyes,
When through the street a cloud of ashes flies ;

But whether black or lighter dyes are worn,
The chandler's basket, on his shoulder borne,
With tallow spots thy coat ; resign the way,
To shun the surly butcher's greasy tray,
Butchers whose hands are dy'd with blood's foul stain,

And always foremost in the hangman's train.
Let due civilities be strictly paid,
The wall surrender to the hooded maid ;
Nor let thy sturdy elbow's hasty rage
Jostle the feeble steps of trembling age :
And when the porter bends beneath his load,
And pants for breath ; clear thou the crowded road
But, above all, the groping blind direct,
And from the pressing throng the lame protect.
You'll sometimes meet a fop, of nicest tread,
Whose mantling peruke veils his empty head,
At every step he dreads the wall to lose,
And risks, to save a coach, his red-heel'd shoes,
Him, like the miller, pass with caution by,
Lest from his shoulder clouds of powder fly.
But when the bully, with assuming pace,
Cocks his broad hat, edg'd round with tarnish'd lace,

Yield not the way ; defy his strutting pride,
And thrust him to the muddy kennel's side ;
He never turns again, nor dares oppose,
But mutters coward curses as he goes.
If drawn by business to a street unknown,
Let the sworn porter point thee through the town
Be sure observe the signs, for signs remain,
Like faithful land-marks to the walking train.
Seek not from prentices to learn the way,
Those fabled boys will turn thy steps astray ;
Ask the grave tradesman to direct thee right,
He ne'er deceives, but when he profits by 't.

Where fam'd St. Giles's ancient limits spread,
An inviol'd column rears its lofty head,
Here to seven streets seven dials count the day,
And from each other catch the circling ray.
Here oft the peasant, with inquiring face,
Bewilder'd, trudges on from place to place ;
He dwells on every sign with stupid gaze,
Enters the narrow alley's doubtful maze,
Tries every winding court and street in vain,
And doubles o'er his weary steps again.
Thus hardy Theseus with intrepid feet,
Travers'd the dangerous labyrinth of Crete ;
But still the wandering passes forc'd his stay,
Till Ariadne's clue unwinds the way.
But do not thou, like that bold chief, confide
Thy venturesome footsteps to a female guide ;
She'll lead thee with delusive smiles along,
Dive in thy fish, and drop thee in the throng.
When wags and boys the stunted beam ply
To rid the slabby pavement, pass not by
Ere thou hast held their hands ; some heedless flirt
Will over-lead thy calves, with spattering dirt.
Where porter hogsheads roll from carts alope,
Or brewers down steep cellars stretch the rope,
Where counted billets are by car-men tost,
Stay thy rash step, and walk without the post.

What though the gathering mire thy feet beset,
The voice of industry is always near.
Hark ! the boy calls thee to his destin'd stand,
And the shoe shines beneath his oily hand.
Here let the muse, fatigu'd amid the throng,
Adorn her precepts with digressive song ;
Of hurtless youths the secret rite to trace,
And show the parent of the sable race.

Like mortal man, great Jove (grown fond of chance)
Of old was wont this nether world to range
To seek amours ; the vice the monarch lov'd
Soon through the wide ethereal court improv'd,
And even the proudest goddess now and then
W'ld lodge a night among the sons of men ;
To vulgar deities descend the fashion,
Each, like her better, had her earthly passion.
Then Cloacina* (goddess of the tide
Whose sable streams beneath the city glide)
Indulg'd the modish flame ; the town she lov'd,
A mortal scavenger she saw, she lov'd ;

* Cloacina was a goddess whose image Tatius (a king of the Sabines) found in the common shore, and not knowing what goddess it was, he called it Cloacina from the place in which it was found, and paid to it divine honours. Lactant. l. 20. Minuc. Fel. Oct. p. 232

The muddy spots that dry'd upon his face,
Like female piteous, heighten'd every grace:
Blue gar'd; she sigh'd. For love can beauties spy
In what seems faults to every common eye.

Now had the watchman walk'd his second round;
When Clotilda by us, the rumbling sound
Of her brown lover's cart, for well she knows
That pleasing thunder: swift the goddess ro-e,
And through the streets pursu'd the distant noise,
Her bosom prating with expected joys.
With the night wandering harlot's air she past,
Brush'd near his side, and wanton glances cast;
In the black form of cinder wench she came,
When love, the hour, the place had banish'd shame;
To the dark alley arm in arm they move:
O may no link-boy interrupt their love.

When the pale moon had nine times fill'd her
space,

The pregnant goddess (cautious of disgrace)
Descends to earth: but sought no midwife's aid,
Nor 'midst her anguish to Lucina pray'd;
No chattering gossip wish'd the mother joy,
Alone, beneath a bulk she dropt the boy.

The child through various risks, in years improv'd,
At first a beggar's brat, compassion mov'd;
His infant tongue soon learnt the raving art,
Knew all the prayers and whines to touch the heart.

Oh happy unown'd youths, your limbs can bear
The scorching dog-star and the winter's air,
While the rich infant, nurs'd with care and pain,
Thrusts with each heat, and coughs with every rain?

The goddess long had mark'd the child's distress,
And long had sought his sufferings to redress;
She prays the gods to take the fondling's part,
To teach his hands some beneficial art.

Practic'd in streets: the gods her suit allow'd,
And made him use'ful to the walking crowd,
To cleanse the miry feet, and o'er the shoe
With nimble skill the glossy black renew:

Each power contributes to relieve the poor:
With the strong bristles of the mighty boar
Diana forms his brush: the god of day
A tripod gives, amid the crowded way

To raise the dirty foot, and ease his toil;
Kind Neptune fills his vase with fetid oil
Prest from the enormous whale: the god of fire
From whose dominions smoky clouds aspire,

Among these generous presents joins his part,
And aids with soot the new jappanning art;
Pleas'd she receives the gifts; she downward glides,
Lights in Fleet-ditch, and shoots beneath the tides.

Now dawns the morn, the sturdy lad awakes,
Leaps from his stall, his tangled hair he shakes.
Then leaning o'er the rails he musing stood,
And view'd below the black canal of mud,

Where common-shores a lulling murmur keep,
Whose torrents rush from Holborn's fatal steep:
Pensive through idleness, tears flow'd apace,
Which eas'd his loaded heart, and wash'd his face;

At length he sighing cry'd; That boy was blest,
Whose infant lips have drain'd a mother's breast;
But happier far are those, (if such be known)
Whom both a father and a mother own:

But I, alas! had fortune's utmost scorn,
Who ne'er knew parents, was an orphan born!
Some boys are rich by birth beyond all wants,
Belov'd by uncles, and kind good old aunts;

When time comes round a Christmas box they
bear.

And one day makes them rich for all the year.
Had I the precepts of a father learn'd,
Perhaps I then the coachman's fare had earn'd,
For lesser boys can drive, I thirsty stand

And see the double flaggon charge their hand,
See them puff off the froth, and gulp again,
While with dry tongue I lick my lips in vain.

While thus he fervent prays, the heaving tide
In widen'd circles beats on either side,
The goddess rose amid the inmost round,
With wither'd turnip-tops her temples crown'd;

Low reach'd her dripping tresses, lank and black
As the smooth jet, or glossy raven's back;
Around her waste a circling eel was twin'd,
Which bound her robe that hung in rags behind.

Now beck'ning to the boy: she thus begun,
Thy prayers are granted, weep no more, my son:
Go thrive. At some frequented corner stand,
This brush I give thee, grasp it in thy hand.

Temper the soot within this vase of oil,
And let the little tripod aid the toil;
On this methinks I see the walking crew
At thy request support the miry shoe,

The foot grows black that was with dirt embrown'd,
And in thy pockets jingling halfpence sound.
The goddess plunges swift beneath the flood,
And dashes all around her showers of mud;

The youth straight chose his post; the labour pierd
Where branching streets from Charing-cross di-
vide,

His treble voice resounds along the Meuse,
And Whitehall echoes, "Clean your honour's shoes.
Like the sweet ballad, this amusing lay
Too long detains the walker on his way;

While he attends new dangers round him throng;
The busy city asks instructive song.

Where elevated o'er the gaping crowd,
Clasped in the board the perjur'd head is bow'd,
Bethimes retreat; here, thick as hailstones pour,
Turnip, and half-hatch'd eggs, a mingled shower!

Among the rabble rain: some random inrow
May with the trickling yolk thy cheek o'erflow
Though expedition bids, yet never stray
Where no rang'd posts defend the rugged way.

Here laden carts with thundering waggons meet,
Wheels clash with wheels, and bar the narrow
street;

The lashing whip resounds, the horses strain,
And blood in anguish bursts the swelling vein.
O barbarous men, your cruel breasts a-surge,
Why vent ye on the generous steed your rage?

Does not his service earn you daily bread?
Your wives, your children, by his labours fed!
If, as the Samian taught, the soul revives,
And, shifting seats, in other bodies lives:

Severe shall be the brutal coachman's change,
Doom'd in a hackney-horse the town to range:
Car-men, transform'd, the groaning load shall draw
Whom other tyrants with the lash shall awe.

Who would of Watling-street the dangers share,
When the broad pavement of Cheapside is near?
Or who that rugged street * would traverse o'er,
That stretches, O Fleet-ditch, from thy black shore

To the tower's moated walls! here steams ascend,
That, in mix'd fumes, the wrinkled nose offend.
Where chandler's cauldrons boil; where fishy prey
Hide the wet stall, long absent from the sea;

And where the cleaver chops the heifer's spoil,
And where huge hogheads sweat with trainy oil,
Thy breathing nostril hold, but how shall I
Pass, where in piles Carnavian † cheeses lie;

Cheese, that the table's closing rites denies,
And bids me with the unwilling chaplain rise.
O hear me to the paths of fair Pell-mell,
Safe are thy pavements, grateful is thy smell;

At distance rolls along the gilded coach,
Nor sturdy car-men on thy walks encroach:
No lets would bar thy ways, were chairs denied,
The soft supports of laziness and pride;

Shops breathe perfumes, through sashes ribbons
glow,

The mutual arms of ladies and the beau.
Yet still even here, when rains the passage hide,
Oft the loose stone spirits up a muddy tide
Beneath thy careless foot; and from on high,

Where masons mount the ladder, fragments fly;
Mortar, and crumbled lime in showers descend,
And o'er thy head destructive tiles impend.

But sometimes let me leave the noisy roads,
And silent wander in the close abodes,
Where wheels ne'er shake the ground; there pen-
sive stray,

In studious thought the long uncrowded way.
Here I remark each walker's different face,
And in their look their various business trace.
The broker here his spacious beaver wears,

Upon his brow sit jealous and cares
Sent on some mortgage (to avoid reproach)
He seeks bye streets, and saves the expensive coach.
Soft, at low doors, old tapers tap their cane,

For fair recluse, who travels Drury-lane;
Here roams, uncom'd, the lavish rake, to shun
His Fleet-street draper's everlasting dun.

Careful observers, studious of the town,
Shun the misfortunes that disgrace the clown;
Untempted, they condemn the juggler's feats,
Pass by the Meuse; nor try the thimbles ‡ cherts.

When trays bound high, they never cross behind,
Where bubbling jest is blown by gusts of wind

* Thames-Street.

† Cheshire anciently so called.

‡ A cheat commonly practised in the streets
with three thimbles and a little ball.

And when up Ludgate-hill huge carts move slow,
Far from the straining steeds securely go,
Whose dashing hoofs behind them fling the mire,
And mark with muddy, blots the gazing 'quire,
The Parthian thus his javelin backward throws,
And as he flies infests pursuing foes.

The thoughtless must shall frequent forfeits pay,
Who 'gainst the sentry's box discharge their tea.
Do thou some court, or secret corner seek,
Nor flush with shame the passing virgin's cheek.

Yet let me not descend to trivial song,
Nor vulgar circumstance my verse prolong;
Why should I teach the maid, when torrents pour,
Her head to shelter from the sudden shower?
Nature will best her ready hand inform,
With her spread petticoat to fence the storm.
Does not each walker know the warning sign,
When wisps of straw depend upon the twine
Cross the close street; that then the paver's art
Renews the ways, denied to coach and cart?
Who knows not that the coachman lashing by,
Of with his flourish cuts the heedless eye;
And when he takes his stand, to wait a fare,
His horses' foreheads shun the winter's air?
Nor will I roam when summer's sultry rays [ways,
Parch the dry ground, and spread with dust the
With whirling gusts the rapid atoms rise,
Smoke o'er the pavement, and involve the skies.

Winter my theme confines; whose nitty wind
Shall crust the slabby mire, and kennels bind;
She bids the snow descend in flaky sheets,
And in her luzy mantle clothe the streets,
Let not the virgin tread these slippery roads,
The gathering fleece the hollow patten loads,
But if thy footsteps slide with clogged frost,
Strike off the breaking balls against the post.
On silent wheel the passing coaches roll;
Of look behind and ward the threatening pole.
In harden'd cris the school-boy moulds the snow,
To mark the coachman with a dexterous throw.
Why do you, boys, the kennel's surface spread,
To tempt with faithless pass the matron's tread?
How can you laugh to see the damsel spurn,
Sink in your frauds, and her green stocking mourn?
At White's the harness'd chairman idly stands,
And swings around his waist his tingling hands:
The sempstress speeds to 'Change with red-tipp'd
nose;

The Belgian stove beneath her footstool glows;
In half-whipt muslin needles useless lie,
And shuttle-cocks across the counter fly. [prove,
These sports warm harmless; why then will ye
Deluded maids, the dangerous flame of love?

Where Covent-Garden's famous temple stands,
That boasts the work of Jones' immortal hands;
Columbus with plain magnificence appear,
And graceful porches lead along the square:
Here oft my course I bend, when lo! from far,
I spy the furies of the foot ball war,
The 'prentice quits his shop, to join the crew,
Increasing crowds the flying game pursue.
Thus, as you roll the ball o'er snow's ground,
The gaudy ring globe augments with every round.
But wulher shall I run? the throng draws nigh,
The ball now 'tims the street, now soars on high;
The dexterous glazier strong returns the bound,
And jingling sashes on the pent-house sound.

(O roving muse, recall that wondrous year,
When winter reign'd in bleak Britannia's air;
When hoary Tames, with frosted oars crown'd,
Wax three long moons in icy fetters bound,
The waterman, forlorn along the shore,
Captive reclined upon his useless oar.
See harness'd steeds desert the stony town;
And wander roads unstable, not their own:
Wheels o'er the harden'd waters smoothly glide.
And raze, with whiten'd tracks, the slippery tide.
Here the fit cook piles high the blazing fire,
And scarce the spit can turn the steer entire.
Booths sudden hide the Thames, long streets ap
pear.

And numerous games proclaim the crowded fair.
So when a general bids the martial train
Spread their encampments o'er the spacious plain;
Thick-rising camps a canvas city build,
And the loud drum resound through all the field.

'Twas here the matron found a doleful fate:
Let elgic lay the woe relate,
Soft as the breath of distant flutes, at hours
When silent evening closes up the flowers;
I uling as falling water's hollow noise;
Indulging grief, like Philomela's voice.

Doll every day had walk'd these treacherous roads:
Her neck grew warp beneath autumnal loads
Of various fruit; she now a basket bore,
That head, alas! shall basket bear no more.
Each booth she frequent past, in quest of gain,
And boys with pleasure heard her shrilling strain.
Ah Doll! all mortals must resign their breath,
And industry itself submit to death.
The cracking crystal yields, she sinks, she dies,
Her head, chopt off, from her lost shoulders flies;
Pippins she cried, but death her ills confounds,
And pip-pip-pip along the ice resounds.

So when the Thracian furies Orpheus tore,
And left his bleeding trunk deform'd with gore,
His sever'd head floats down the silver tide,
His yet warm tongue for his lost consort cried;
Eurydice with quivering voice he mourn'd,
And Heber's banks Eurydice return'd.

But now the western gale the flood unbinds,
And blackening clouds move on with warmer winds,
The wooden town its frail foundation leaves,
And 'Tames' full urn rolls down his pteuous
waves;

From every pent-house streams the fleeting snow,
And with dissolving frost the pavements flow.

Experienc'd men, inur'd to city ways,
Need not the calendar to count their days.
When through the town with slow and solemn air,
Led by the nostril, walks the muzzled bear;
Behind him moves majestically dull,
The pride of Hockley-hole, the surly bull;
Learn hence the periods of the week to name,
Mondays and Thursdays are the days of game.

When fishy stalls with double store are laid;
The golden-bellied carp, the broad-finn'd maid,
Red-speckled trouts, the salmon's silver jowl,
The jointed lobes, and unsally soale,
And luscious scallops, to allure the tastes
Of rigid zealots to delicious fasts;
Wednesdays and Fridays you'll observe from hence,
Days, when our sires were doom'd to abstinence.

When dirty waters from balconies drop,
And dexterous damsels twirl the sprinkling mop,
And cleanse the spatter'd sash, and scrub the
stairs;

Know Saturday's conclusive morn appears.

Successive cries the seasons change declare,
And mark the monthly progress of the year.
Hark, how the streets with treble voices ring,
To sell the bounteous product of the spring!
Sweet-smelling flowers, and elder's early bud,
With nettle's tender shoots, to cleanse the blood;
And when June's thunder cools the sultry skies,
Even Sundays are profan'd by mackerel cries.
Walnuts the fruit'er's hand, in autumn, stain,
Blue plumbs and juicy pears augment his gain;
Next oranges the longing boys entice,
To trust their copper fortunes to the dice.

When rosemary, and lays the poet's crown,
Are bawl'd in frequent cries through all the town;
Then judge the festival of Christmas near,
Christmas the joyous period of the year.
Now with bright holly all your temples strow,
With laurel green, and sacred mistletoe.
Now, heaven-born Chanty, try blessings shed;
Bid meagre want uprear her sickly head:
Bid shivering limbs be warm; let Plenty's bowl
In humble roofs make glad the needy soul.
See, see, the heaven-born maid her blessings shed!
Lo! meagre Want uprears her sickly head;
Cloth'd are the naked, and the needy glad,
While selfish Avarice alone is sad.

Proud coaches pass regardless of the moan
Of infant orphans, and the widow's groan;
While charity still moves the walker's mind,
His liberal purse relieves the lame and blind,
Judiciously try half-pence are bestow'd,
Where the laborious beggar sweeps the road.
Where'er you give, give ever at demand,
Nor let old-age long stretch his palsied hand,
Those who give late are importun'd each day,
And still are tear'd because they still delay.
If e'er the miser durst his farthings spare,
He thinly spreads them through the public square,
Where, all beside the rail, rang'd beggars lie,
And from each other catch the doll and cry:
With heaven, for two-pence, cheaply wipes his score,
Lifts up his eyes, and hastes to beggar more.

Where the brags knocker, wrapt in flann'd band,
Forbids the thunder of the footman's hand.
The upholder, rueful harbinger of death,
Waits with impatience for the dying breath.

As vultures, o'er a camp, with hovering flight,
Snuff up the future carnage of the fight.
Here canst thou pass, unmindful of a prayer,
That heaven in mercy may thy brother spare?
Come, F * sincere, experience'd friend,
Thy brief, thy deeds, and e'en thy foes suspend;
Come let us leave the Temple's silent walls,
Me business to my distant lodging calls:
Through the long Strand together let us stray:
With thee conversing I forget the way.
Behold that narrow street which steep descends,
Whose building to the slimy shore extends;
Here Arundel's fam'd structure rear'd its frame,
The street alone retains the empty name:
Where Titian's glowing paint the canvas warm'd,
And Raphael's fair design, with judgment, charm'd,
Now hangs the bell-man's song, and pasted here
The colour'd prints of Overton appear.
Where statues breath'd, the work of Phidias' hands,
A wooden pump, or lonely watch-house stands.
There Essex' stately pile adorn'd the shore,
There Cecil's, Bedford's, Villers', now no more.
Yet Burlington's fair palace still remains;
Beauty within, without proportion reigns.
Beneath his eye declining art revives,
The wall with animated picture lives;
There Handel strikes the strings, the melting strain
Transports the soul, and thrills through every vein;
There oft I enter, (but with cleaner shoes)
For Burlington's belov'd by every muse.

O ye associate walkers, O my friends,
Upon your state what happiness attends!
What, though no coach to frequent visit rolls,
Nor for your shuffling chairmen sling their poles;
Yet still your nerves rheum' tic pains defy,
Nor lazy jaundice dulls you. Iron eye:
No wasting cough discharges * ls of death,
Nor wheezing asthma heaves in * for breath;
Nor from your restless couch is heard the groan
Of burning gout, or sedentary stone.
Let others in the jolting coach confide,
Or in the leaky boat the Thames divide,
Or, box'd within the chair, condemn the street,
And trust their safety to another's feet,
Still let me walk; for oft the sudden gale
Ruffles the tide, and shifts the dangerous sail.
Then shall the passenger too late deplore
The whelming billow, and the faithless oar;
The drunken chairman in the kennel spurns,
The glasses shatters, and his charge o'erturns.
Who can recount the coach's various harms,
The legs disjointed, and the broken arms?
I've seen a beau, in some ill-fated hour,
When o'er the stones choak'd kennels swell the
In gilded chariot loll, he with disdain [shower,
Views spatter'd passengers all drench'd in rain;
With mud fill'd high, the rumbling cart draws
near,

Now rule thy prancing steeds, lac'd charioteer!
The dust-man lashes on with spiteful rage,
His ponderous spokes thy painted wheel engage,
Crush'd is thy pride, down falls the shrieking beau,
The slabby pavement crystal fragments strow,
Black floods of mire the embroider'd coat disgrace,
And mud entwines the honours of his face.
So when dread Jove the son of Phebus hurl'd,
Scar'd with dark thunder, to the nether world;
The headstrong coursers tore the silver reins,
And the sun's beamy ruin gilds the plains.
If the pale walker pant with weakening ills,
His sickly hand is stor'd with friendly bills;
From hence he learns the seventh-born doctor's
fame,
From hence he learns the cheapest tailor's name.
Shall the large mutton smoke upon your boards?
Such, Newgate's copious market best affords.
Wouldst thou with mighty beef augment thy meal?
Seek Leaden-hall; St. James' sends thee veal;
Thames-street gives cheeses; Covent-garden fruits;
Moor-field old books; and Monmouth street old
suits.

Hence mayst thou well supply the wants of life
Support thy family, and clothe thy wife.
Volumes, on shelter'd stalls expanded lie,
And various science lures the learned eye;
The bending shelves with ponderous scholiasts
groom,
And deep divines to modern shops unknown:
Here, like the bee, that on industrious wing
Collects the various odours of the spring,
Walkers, at leisure, learning's flowers may spoil,
Nor watch the wasting of the midnight oil,

May morals snatch from Plutarch's tatter'd page,
A mildew'd Bacon, or Staggy's sage
Here sauntering 'prentices o'er Otway weep,
O'er Congreve smile, or over D * sleep;
Pleas'd sempstresses the Lock's fam'd Rape unfold,
And Squirts * read Garth, 'till apozems grow cold.

O Lintot, let my labours obvious lie,
Rang'd on thy stall, for every curious eye;
So shall the poor these precepts gratis know,
And to my verse their future safeties owe.
What walker shall his mean ambition fix
On the false lustre of a coach and six?
Let the vain virgin, lur'd by glaring show,
Sigh for the liveries of the embroider'd beau.
See yon bright chariot on its braces swing,
With Flanders' mares, and on an arch'd spring!
That wretch to gain an equipage and place,
Betray'd his sister to a lewd embrace.
This coach that with the blazon'd 'scutcheon glows,
Vain of his unknown race, the coxcomb shows.
Here the brib'd lawyer, sunk in velvet, sleeps;
The starving orphan, as he passes, weeps;
There flames a fool, begirt with tinsell'd slaves,
Who wastes the wealth of a whole race of knaves.
That other, with a clustering train behind,
Owes his new honours to a sordid mind.
This next in court fidelity excels,
The public rife, and his country sells.
May the proud chariot never be my fate,
If purchas'd at so mean, so dear a rate;
O rather give me sweet content on foot,
Wrapt in my virtue, and a good Surtout!

TRIVIA:

BOOK III.

Of Walking the Streets by Night.

O TRIVIA, goddess, leave these low abodes,
And traverse o'er the wide ethereal roads,
Celestial queen, put on thy robes of light,
Now Cynthia nam'd, fair regent of the night.
At sight of thee the villain sheaths his sword,
Nor scales the wall, to steal the wealthy hoard.
O may thy silver lamp from heaven's high bow
Direct my footsteps in the midnight hour!
When night first bids the twinkling stars appear,
Or with her cloudy vest entwines the air,
Then swarms the busy street; with caution tread
Where the shop-windows falling threat thy head;
Now labourers home return, and join their strength
To bear the tottering plank, or ladder's length;
Still fix thy eyes intent upon the throng,
And as the passes open, wind along.

Where the fair columns of St. Clement stand,
Whose straiten'd bounds encroach upon the Strand,
Where the low pent-house bows the walker's head,
And the rough pavement wounds the yielding tread;
Where not a post protects the narrow space,
And strung in twines, combs dangle in thy face;
Summon at once thy courage, rouse thy care,
Stand firm, look back, be resolute, beware,
Forth issuing from steep lanes, the collier's steeds
Drag the black load; another cart succeeds, (pear,
Team follows team, crowds heap'd on crowds ap-
And wait impatient, 'till the road grow clear.
Now all the pavement sounds with trampling feet,
And the mixt hurry barricades the street;
Entangled here, the waggon's lengthen'd team
Cracks the tough harness; here a ponderous beam
Lies overturn'd athwart; for slaughter fed
Here lowing bullocks raise their horned head.
Now oaths grow loud, with coaches coaches jar,
And the smart blow provokes the sturdy war;
From the high box they whirl the thong around,
And with the twining lash their shins resound:
Their rage ferments, more dangerous wounds they
And the blood gushes down their painful eye, [try,
And now on foot the frowning warriors light,
And with their ponderous fists renew the fight;

* The name of an apothecary's boy, in the poem
of the Dispensary.

Blow answers blow, the cheeks are smear'd with blood,

Till down they fall, and grappling roll in mud.
So when two boars, in wild Ytene* bred,
Or on Westphalia's fattening chesnuts fed,
Grash their sharp tusks, and rous'd with equal fire,
Dispute the reign of some luxurious mire,
In the black flood they wallow o'er and o'er,
'Till their arm'd jaws distil with foam and gore.

Where the mob gathers, swiftly shoot along,
Nor idly mingle in the noisy throng.
Lur'd by the silver hilt, amid the swarm,
The subtle artist will thy side disarm.
Nor is the fixen wig with safety worn:
High on the shoulder, in a basket borne,
Lurks the sly boy; whose hand, to rapine bred,
Plucks off the curling honours of thy head.
Here dives the sculling thief, with practis'd slight,
And unfelt fingers make thy pocket light.
Where's now thy watch, with all its trinkets, frown;
And thy late snuff-box is no more thy own.
But lo! his bolder thefts some tradesman spies,
Swift from his prey the scudding lurcher flies;
Dextrous he 'scapes the coach with nimble bounds,
Whilst every honest tongue 'stop thief' resounds.
So speeds the wily fox, alarm'd by fear,
Who lately sild'd the turkey's callow care;
Hounds following hounds, grow louder as he flies,
And injur'd tenants join the hunter's cries.
Breathless he stumbling falls, all fated boy!
Why did not honest work the youth employ?
Seiz'd by rough hands, he's dinced amid the rout,
And stretch'd beneath the pump's incessant spout.
Or plung'd in miry ponds, he gasping lies,
Mud chokes his mouth, and plasters o'er his eyes.

Let not the ballad-singer's shrilling strain
Amid the swarm thy listening ear detain.
Guard well thy pocket, for these sirens stand,
To aid the labours of the diving hand;
Confederate in the cheat, they draw the throng,
And ambuscade handkerchiefs reward the song.
But soon as coach or cart drives rattling on,
The rattle part, in shouts they backward run.
So Jove's loud bolts the mingled war divide,
And Greece and Troy retreat on either side.

If the rude throng i' our with furious pace,
And hap to break thee from a friend's embrace,
Step short; nor struggle through the crowd in vain,
But watch with careful eye the passing train.
Yet I (perhaps too fond) if chance the tide
Tumultuous, bear my partner from my side,
Impatient venture back; deploring harm,
I force my passage where the thickest swarm.
Thus his lost bride the Troj in sought in vain
'Thro' night, and arms, and flames, and hills, to slain
Thus Nisus wander'd o'er the pathless grove,
To find the brave companion of his love,
The pathless grove in vain he wanders o'er.
Euryalus, alas! is now no more.

That walker who, regardless of his pace,
Turns oft to pore upon the damsel's face,
From side to side by thrusting elbows tost,
Shall strike his aching breast against the post;
Or water dash'd from fishy stalls shall stain
His hapless coat with spurts of scaly rain.
But if unwarily he chance to stray,
Where twirling turnstiles intercept the way,
The thwarting passenger shall force them round,
And beat the wretch half breathless to the ground.

Let constant vigilance thy footsteps guide,
And wary circumspection guard thy side; [night,
Then shalt thou walk unharm'd the dangerous
Nor need the officious link-boy's smoky light.
Thou never wilt attempt to cross the road,
Where ale-house benches rest the porter's load,
Graveous to headless slugs; no barrow's wheel,
'Till braves off the rulant school-boy's heel,
Behind thee roll, with mischievous noise,
Shall mark thy stocking with a myri trace.
Let not thy vent'rous steps approach too nigh,
Where gaping wide, low steep cellars lie
Should thy shoe wrench aside, down, down you fall,
And overturn the scolding huckster's stall.
The scolding huckster shall not o'er thee moan,
But penne exact for nuts and pears o'erthrown.

Though you through cleaner alleys wind by day,
To shun the hurries of the public way,
Yet ne'er to those dark paths by night retire;
Mind only safety and condemn the mire.

Then no impervious courts thy haste detain,
Nor sneering ale wives bid thee turn again.

Where Lincoln's-Inn, wide space, is rall'd
around,

Cross not with vent'rous steps, there oft is found
The lurking thief, who while the day-light shone,
Made the walls echo with his begging tone;
That crutch which late compassion mov'd shall
wound

Thy bleeding head, and fell thee to the ground.
Though thou art tempted by the link-man's call,
Yet trust him not along the lonely wall;
In the midway he'll quench the flaming brand,
And share the booty with the pilfering band.
Still keep the public streets, where oily rays
Shot from the crystal lamp, o'erspread the ways.
Happy Augusta! law-defended town!

Here no dark lanterns shade the villain's frown;
No Syrianish jealousies thy lanes infest,
Nor Roman vengeance slabs the unwary breast;
Here tyranny ne'er lifts her purple hand,
But liberty and justice guard the land;
No braves here profess the bloody trade,
Nor is the church the murderer's refuge made.

Let not the chairman with assum'd stride,
Press near the wall, and rudely thrust thy side;
The laws have set him bounds; his servile feet
Should ne'er encroach where posts defend the street.

Yet who the footman's arrogance can quell,
Whose flambeau guides the ashes of Pell-mell,
When in long rank, a train of torches flame,
To light the midnight visits of the dame?
Others, perhaps, by happier guidance led,
May where the chairman rests with safety tread;
Whene'er I pass, thy poles unseen below,
Make my knee tremble with the jarring blow.

If wheels bar up the road where streets are cross'd,
With gentle words the coachman's ear accost;
He ne'er the threat, or harsh command obeys,
But with contempt the spatter'd shoe surveys.

New man with utmost fortitude say soul,
To cross the way where carts and coaches roll;
Yet do not in thy hardy skill confide,
Nor rashly risk the kennel's spacious stride;
Stay till afar the distant wheel you hear,
Like dying thunder in the breaking air;
Thy foot will slide upon the milky stone,
And passing coaches crush thy tortur'd bone,
Or wheels enclose the road; on either hand
Pent round with perils, in the midst you stand,
And call for aid in vain; the coachman swears,
And car men drive, unmindful of thy prayers.

Where wilt thou turn? ah! whither wilt thou fly?
On every side the prying spies are nigh.
So sailors, while Charlebel's gulph they shun,
Amaz'd, on Scylla's craggy dangers run.

Be sure observe where brow'd Ostrea stands,
Who boasts her shelly ware from Wallfleet sands;
There may'st thou pass, with safe unmy feet,
Where the rais'd pavement leads athwart the street.
If where Fleet-ditch with muddy current flows,
You chance to roam; where water tubs in rows
Are rang'd beside the posts; ere it thy haste
And with the savoury fish indulge thy taste:
The damsel's knife the gaping shell commands,
While the salt liquor streams between her hands.

The man had sure a plate cover'd o'er
With brass or steel, that on the rocky shore
First broke the oozy oyster's pearly coat,
And risk'd the living morsel down his throat.
What will not luxury taste? earth, sea, and air
Are daily ranack'd for the bill of fare.
Blood stuff'd in skins is British Christians food,
And I rance robs marshes of the croaking brood;
Spongy morels in strong ragouts are found,
And in the soup the slimy snail is drown'd.

When from high spouts the dashing torrents fall,
Ever be watchful to mantle the wall; [through
For should'st thou quit thy ground, the rushing
Will with impetuous fury drive along;

All press to gain those honours thou hast lost,
And rudely shove thee far without the post.
Then to retrieve the shed you strive in vain,
Dragg'd all o'er, and sink'd in floods of rain.
Yet rather bear the shower, and toils of mud,
Than in the doubtful quarrel risk thy blood.
O think on Uddipus' detested state,
And by his woes be warn'd to shun his fate.

Where three roads join'd, he met his sire un-
(Unhappy sire, but more unhappy son is known);
Each claim'd the way, their swords the strife decide,
The hoary monarch fell, he groan'd, and died!

* New-Forest in Hampshire, anciently so called.

Hence sprung the fatal plague that thin'd thy race,

Thy cursed moor! and thy children slain!
Hence wert thou doom'd in endless night to stray,
Thro' Thelian streets, and cheerless grope thy way.

Contemplate, mortal, on thy fleeting years;
See, with black train the funeral pomp appears!
Whether some heir attends in sable state,
And mourns with outward grief a parent's fate;
Or the fair virgin, nupt in beauty's bloom,
A crowd of lovers follow to her tomb.

Why is the hearse with scutechons blazon'd round,
And with the nodding plume of ostrich crown'd?
No: the dead know it not, nor profit gain;
It only serves to prove the living vain.
How short is life! how frail is human trust!
Is all this pomp for laying dust to dust!

Where the nail'd hoop defends the painted stall,
Brush not thy sweeping skirt too near the wall,
Thy heedless sleeve will drink the colour'd oil,
And spot indehible thy pocket soil.

Has not wise nature strung the legs and feet
With firmer nerves, design'd to walk the street?
Has she not given us hands to grope aright,
Amidst the frequent dangers of the night?
And thinkst thou not the double nostril meant,
To warn from city woes by previous scent?

• Who can the various city-frauds recite,
With all the petty rapines of the night?
Who now the guinea-dropper's bait regards,
Trick'd by the sharper's dice, or juggler's cards!
Why should I warn thee ne'er to join the fray,
Where the sham quarrel interrupts the way?
Lives there in these our days so soft a clown,
Brav'd by the bully's oaths or threatening frown;
I need not strict enjoin the pocket's care,
When from the crowded play thou lead'st the fair?
Who has not here, or watch, or snuff-box lost,
Or handkerchief, that India's shuttle boast?

O! may thy virtue guard thee through the roads
Of Drury's mazy courts, and dark abodes.
The harlots' guleful piths, who nightly stand,
Where Itharine street descends into the Strand.
Say, vagrant muse, thy wiles and subtle arts,
To lure the strangers' unsuspecting hearts:
So shall our youth on healthful sinews tread,
And city cheeks grow warm with rural red.

'Tis she who nightly strolls with sauntering pace,
No stubborn stays her yielding shape embrace;
Beneath the lamp her tawdry ribbons glare,
The new-scur'd manteau, and the slattern air;
High-dragg'd petticoats her travels show,
And hollow cheeks with artful blushes glow;
With flattering sounds she soothes the credulous ear
My noble captain! charmer! love! my dear!
In riding-hood near tavern-doors she plies,
Or muffled pinnars hide her livid eyes.
With empty bandbox she delights to range,
And feigns a distant errand from the 'Change;
Nay, she will oft the Quaker's hood profane,
And trudge demure the rounds of Drury-lane.
She darts from sarsnet ambush wily leers,
Twitches thy sleeve, or with familiar airs
Her fan will pat thy cheek; these snares disdain,
Nor gaze behind thee when she turns again.

I knew a yeoman, who for thirst or gain,
To the great city drove from Devon's plain
His numerous lowing herd; his herds he sold,
And his deep leathern pocket bagg'd with gold;
Drawn by a fraudulent nymph, he gazed, he sigh'd;
Unmindful of his home, and distant bride,
She leads the willing victim to his doom,
Through winding alleys to her cobweb room,
Thence thro' the street he reels, from post to post,
Valiant with wine, nor knows his treasure lost.
The vagrant wretch the assembled watchmen spies,
He waves his hanger, and their poles defies;
Deep in the round-house pent all night he snores,
And the next morn in vain his fate deplores.

Ah hapless swain, unus'd to pains and ills!
Canst thou forego roast-beef for nauseous pills?
How wilt thou lift to heaven thy eyes and hands,
When the long scroll the surgeon's fees demands!
Or else (ye gods avert that worst disgrace)
Thy ruin'd nose falls level with thy face,
Then shall thy wife thy loathsome kiss disdain,
And wholesome neighbours from thy mug refrain.
Yet there are watchmen who with friendly light
Will teach thy reeling steps to tread aright;

• Various cheats formerly in practice.

For sixpence will support thy helpless arm,
And home conduct thee, safe from nightly harm;
But if they shake their lanterns from afar
To call their brethren to confederate war,
When rakes resist their power; if hapless you
Should chance to wander with the scow'ring crew;
Though fortune lead thee captive, ne'er despair,
But seek the constable's considerate ear.
He will reverse the watchman's harsh decree,
Mov'd by the rhetoric of a silver fee.

Thus would you gain some favourite courtier's
Fee not the petty clerks, but bribe my lord. [word:
Kindlers of riot, enemies of sleep.

His scatter'd pence the flying Nicker • flings,
And with the copper shover the casement rings.
Who has not heard the Scowrer's midnight fame?
Who has not trembled at the Mohock's name?
Was there a watchman took his hourly rounds,
Safe from their blows, or new-invented wounds?
I pass their desperate deeds, and mischief done
Where from Snow-hill black steepy torrents run;
How matrons hop'd within the hoghead's womb,
Were tumbled furious thence, the rolling tomb
O'er the stones thunders, bounds from side to side,
So Regulus, to save his country died.

Where a dim gleam the paly lantern throws
O'er the mid pavement, heip'd r' rubbish grows;
Or arching vaults their gaping jaws extend,
Or the dark caves to common-shores descend.
Oft by the winds extinct the signal lies,
Or smother'd in the glimmering socket dies,
Ere night has half-roll'd round her ebony throne;
In the wide gulph the shatter'd coach o'erthrown
Sinks with the snorting steeds: the reins are broke,
And from the crackling axle flies the spoke.
So wher fam'd Eddystone's far-shooting ray,
That led the sailor thro' the stormy way,
Was from its rocky roots by billows torn,
And the high turret in the whirlwind borne,
Fleets bulg'd their sides against the craggy land,
And pitchy runs blacken'd all the strand.

Who then thro' night would hire the harness'd
steed,
And who would choose the rattling wheel for speed?
But hark! distress with screaming voice draws
nigher,

And wakes the slumbering street with cries of fire.
At first a glowing red enwraps the skies,
And borne by winds the scattering sparks arise;
From beam to beam the fierce contagion spreads;
The spiry flames now lift aloft their heads,
Through the burst sash a blazing deluge pours,
And splutting tides descend in rattling showers.
Now with thick crowds the enlighten'd pavement
swarms,

The fire-man sweats beneath his crooked arms,
A leath'rn cask his vent'rous head defends,
Boldly he climbs where thickest smoke ascends;
Mov'd by the mother's streaming eyes and prayers,
The helpless infant through the flame he bears,
With no less virtue, than thro' hostile fire
The Dardan hero bore his aged sire.
See forceful engines spout their level'd streams,
To quench the blaze that runs along the beams;
The grappling hook plucks rafters from the walls,
And heaps on heaps the smoky ruin falls.
Blown by strong winds the fiery tempest roars,
Bears down new walls, and pours along the
floors;

The heavens are all a-blaze, the face of night
Is cover'd with a sanguine dreadful light:
'Twas such a light involv'd thy tower, O Rome,
The dire presage of mighty Caesar's doom,
When the sun veil'd in rust his mourning head,
And frightful prodiges the skies o'er-press'd.
Hark! the drum thunders! far, ye crowds, retire
Behold! the ready match is tipt with fire,
The nitrous store is laid, the smutty train
With running blaze awakes the barrel'd grain;
Flames sudden wrap the walls; with sullen sound
The shatter'd pile sinks on the smoky ground.
So when the year shall have revolv'd the date,
The inevitable hour of Naples' fate,
Her sapp'd foundations shall with thunder shake,
And heave and toss upon the sulphurous lake
Earth's womb at once the fiery flood shall rend,
And in the abyss her plunging towers descend.

• Gentlemen who delighted to break windows
with halfpence.

Consider, reader, what fatigues I've known,
The toil, the perils of the wintry town;
What riots seen, what bustling crowds I bored,
How oft I cross'd where carts and coaches roar'd;
Yet shall I bless my labours, if mankind
Their future safety from my dangers find.
Thus the bold traveller, (bur'd to toil,
Whose steps have printed Asia's desert soil,
The barbarous Arab's haunt; or shivering coast
Dark Greenland's mountains of eternal frost;
Whom Providence in length of years restores
To the wish'd harbour of his native shore;) ¹
Sets forth his journals to the public view,
To caution, by his woes, the wandering crew.
And now complete my generous labours' life,
Finish'd, and ripe for immortality,
Death shall entomb in dust this mouldering frame,
But never reach the eternal part, my fame.
When W* and G*, mighty names, are dead;
Or but at Chelsea under custards read;
When critics crazy handboxes repair,
And tragedies, turn'd rockets, bounce in air:
High rais'd on Fleet-street posts, consign'd to fame,
This work shall shine, and walkers bless my name.

A BALLAD.

I.

'T WAS when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind;
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd.
Wide o'er the roaring billows
She cast a wistful look;
Her head was crown'd with willows,
That tremble o'er the brook.

II.

Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days,
Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas?
Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,
And let my lover rest:
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast?

III.

The merchant robb'd of pleasure
Sees tempests in despair;
But what's the loss of treasure
To losing of my dear?
Should you some coast be laid on
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

IV.

How can they say that nature
Has nothing made in vain,
Why then beneath the water
Should hideous rocks remain?
No eyes the rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wandering lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

V.

All melancholy lying,
Thus wall'd she for her dear;
Repaid each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear.

When, o'er the white wave stooping,
His floating corpse she spied;
Then like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head and died.

SWEET WILLIAM'S FAREWELL
TO BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

A BALLAD.

I.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came on board,
Oh! where shall I my true love find!
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew.

II.

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And (quick as lightning) on the deck he stands.

III.

So the sweet lark, high-pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
(If chance, his mate's shrill call he hear)
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet,
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

IV.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain
Let me kiss of that falling tear,
We only part to meet again.
Change, as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

V.

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind,
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find.
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

VI.

If to far India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory, so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charms of lovely Sue.

VII.

Though battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

VIII.

The Boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosoms spread,
No longer must she stay aboard:
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head:
Her less'ning boat, unwilling, rows to land
Adieu, she cries! and wa'r'd her illy hand.

THE
LIFE OF JOHN GAY,

BY
Dr. JOHNSON.

JOHN GAY, descended from an old family that had been long in possession of the manor of Goldworthy,* in Devonshire, was born in 1688, at or near Barnstaple, where he was educated by Mr. Luck, who taught the school of that town with good reputation, and, a little before he retired from it, published a volume of Latin and English verses. Under such a master he was likely to form a taste for poetry. Being born without prospect of hereditary riches, he was sent to London in his youth, and placed apprentice with a silk-mercier.

How long he continued behind the counter, or with what degree of softness and dexterity he received and accommodated the ladies, as he probably took no delight in telling it, is not known. The report is, that he was soon weary of either the restraint or servility of his occupation, and easily persuaded his master to discharge him.

The Dutches of Monmouth, remarkable for inflexible perseverance in her demand to be treated as a princess, in 1712 took Gay into her service as secretary: by quitting a shop for such service he might gain leisure, but he certainly advanced little in the boast of independence. Of his leisure he made so good use, that he published next year a poem on "Rural Sports," and inscribed it to Mr. Pope, who was then rising fast into reputation. Pope was pleased with the honour; and when he became acquainted with Gay, found such attractions in his manners and conversation, that he seems to have received him into his inmost confidence; and a friendship was formed between them which lasted to their separation by death, without any known abatement on either part. Gay was the general favourite of the whole association of wits, but they regarded him as a play-fellow rather than a partner, and treated him with more fondness than respect.

Next year he published "The Shepherd's Week," six English pastorals, in which the images are

* Goldworthy does not appear in the *Villare*.—*Dr. Johnson.*

drawn from real life, such as it appears among the rustics in parts of England remote from London. Steele, in some papers of "The Guardian," had praised Ambrose Philips, as the pastoral writer that yielded only to Theocritus, Virgil, and Spenser. Pope, who had also published pastorals, not pleased to be overlooked, drew up a comparison of his own compositions with those of Philips, in which he covertly gave himself the preference, while he seemed to disown it. Not content with this, he is supposed to have incited Gay to write "The Shepherd's Week;" to show, that if it be necessary to copy nature with minuteness, rural life must be exhibited such as grossness and ignorance have made it. So far the plan was reasonable: but the pastorals are introduced by a *proem*, written with such imitation as they could obtain of obsolete language, and by consequence in a style that was never spoken nor written in any age or in any place.

But the effect of reality and truth became conspicuous, even when the intention was to show them grovelling and degraded. These pastorals became popular, and were read with delight, as just representations of rural manners, and occupations, by those who had no interest in the rivalry of the poets, nor knowledge of the critical dispute.

In 1713 he brought a comedy called "The Wife of Bath" upon the stage, but it received no applause; he printed it, however, and seventeen years after, having altered it, and, as he thought, adapted it more to the public taste, he offered it again to the town: but, though he was flushed with the success of the "Beggar's Opera," had the mortification to see it again rejected.

In the last year of Queen Anne's life, Gay was made secretary to the Earl of Clarendon, ambassador to the court of Hanover. This was a station that naturally gave him hopes of kindness from every party; but the Queen's death put an end to her favours, and he had dedicated his "Shepherd's Week" to Bolingbroke, which Swift considered as the crime that obstructed all kindness from the House of Hanover.

He did not, however, omit to improve the right which his office had given him to the notice of the royal family. On the arrival of the Princess of Wales, he wrote a poem, and obtained so much favour, that both the Prince and Princess went to see his "What d'ye call it," a kind of mock-tragedy in which the images were comic, and the action grave; so that, as Pope relates, Mr. Cromwell, who could not hear what was said, was at a loss how to reconcile the laughter of the audience with the solemnity of the scene.

Of this performance the value certainly is but little; but it was one of the lucky trifles that give pleasure by novelty, and was so much favoured by the audience, that envy appeared against it in the form of criticism; and Griffin, a player, in conjunction with Mr. Theobald, a man afterwards more remarkable, produced a pamphlet called "The Key to the What d'ye call it," which, says Gay, "calls me a blockhead, and Mr. Pope a knave."

But fortune has always been unconstant. Not long afterwards (1717) he endeavoured to entertain the town with "Three Hours after Marriage;" a comedy, written, as there is sufficient reason for believing, by the joint assistance of Pope and Arbuthnot. One purpose of it was to bring into contempt Dr. Woodward, the Fossilist, a man not really or justly contemptible. It had the fate which such outrages deserve; the scene in which Woodward was directly and apparently ridiculed, by the introduction of a mummy and a crocodile, disgusted the audience and the performance was driven off the stage with general condemnation.

Gay is represented as a man easily incited to hope, and deeply depressed when his hopes were disappointed. This is not the character of a hero; but it may naturally imply something more generally welcome, a soft and civil companion. Whoever is apt to hope good from others is diligent to please them; but he that believes his powers strong enough to force their own way, commonly tries only to please himself.

He had been simple enough to imagine that those who laughed at the "What d'ye call it" would raise the fortune of its Author, and, finding no thing done, sunk into dejection. His friends endeavoured to divert him. The Earl of Burlington sent him (1716) into Devonshire; the year after, Mr. Pulteney took him to Aix; and in the following year Lord Harcourt invited him to his seat, where, during his visit, the two rural lovers were killed with lightning, as is particularly told in Pope's Letters.

Being now generally known, he published (1720) his poems by subscription, with such success, that he raised a thousand pounds; and called his friends to a consultation, what use might be best made of it. Lewis, the steward of Lord Oxford, advised him to intrust it to the funds, and live upon the interest. Arbuthnot bade him to intrust it to Pro-

vidence, and live upon the principal; Pope directed him, and was seconded by Swift, to purchase an annuity.

Gay in that disastrous year* had a present from young Craggs of some South-sea stock, and once supposed himself to be master of twenty thousand pounds. His friends persuaded him to sell his share; but he dreamed of dignity and splendour and could not bear to obstruct his own fortune. He was then importuned to sell as much as would purchase a hundred a-year for life, "which," says Fenton, "will make you sure of a clean shirt and a shoulder of mutton every day." This counsel was rejected; the profit and principal were lost, and Gay sunk under the calamity so low that his life became in danger.

By the care of his friends, among whom Pope appears to have shown particular tenderness, his health was restored; and, returning to his studies, he wrote a tragedy called "The Captives," which he was invited to read before the Princess of Wales. When the hour came, he saw the Princess and her ladies all in expectation, and advancing with reverence too great for any other attention, stumbled at a stool, and falling forwards, threw down a weighty Japan screen. The Princess started, the ladies screamed, and poor Gay, after all this disturbance, was still to read his play.

The fate of "The Captives," which was acted at Drury Lane in 1725-4, I know not; but he now thought himself a favour, and undertook (1726) to write a volume of Fables for the improvement of the young Duke of Cumberland. For this he is said to have been promised a reward, which he had doubtless magnified with all the wild expectations of indigence and vanity.

Next year the Prince and Princess became King and Queen, and Gay was to be great and happy; but upon the settlement of the household he found himself appointed gentleman usher to the Princess Louisa. By this offer he thought himself insulted, and sent a message to the Queen, that he was too old for the place. There seem to have been many machinations employed afterwards in his favour and diligent court was paid to Mrs. Howard, afterwards Countess of Suffolk, who was much beloved by the King and Queen, to engage her interest for his promotion; but solicitations, verses, and flatteries, were thrown away; the lady heard them, and did nothing.

All the pain which he suffered from the neglect, or, as he perhaps termed it, the ingratitude of the court, may be supposed to have been driven away by the unexampled success of the "Beggars' Opera." This play, written in ridicule of the musical Italian drama, was first offered to Cibber and his

* Spence.

† It was acted seven nights. The Author's third night was by command of their Royal Highnesses. R.

brethren at Drury Lane, and rejected; it being then carried to Rich, had the effect, as was ludicrously said, of *making Gay rich, and Rich gay.*

Of this lucky piece, as the reader cannot but wish to know the original and progress, I have inserted the relation which Spence has given in Pope's words.

"Dr. Swift had been observing once to Mr. Gay, what an odd pretty sort of a thing a Newgate pastoral might make. Gay was inclined to try at such a thing for some time; but afterwards thought it would be better to write a comedy on the same plan. This was what gave rise to the "*Beggar's Opera*." He began on it; and when first he mentioned it to Swift, the Doctor did not much like the project. As he carried it on, he showed what he wrote to both of us, and we now and then gave a correction, or a word or two of advice, but it was wholly of his own writing.—When it was done, neither of us thought it would succeed. We showed it to Congreve; who, after reading it over, said, it would either take greatly, or be damned soundly.—We were all, at the first night of it, in great uncertainty of the event; till we were very much encouraged by overhearing the Duke of Argyll, who sat in the next box to us, say, "It will do—it must do! I see it in the eyes of them." This was a good while before the first act was over, and so gave us ease soon; for that Duke (besides his own good taste) has a particular knack, as any one now living, in discovering the taste of the public. He was quite right in this as usual; the good-nature of the audience appeared stronger and stronger every act, and ended in a clamour of applause."

Its reception is thus recorded in the notes to the "*Dunciad*:"

"This piece was received with greater applause than was ever known. Besides being acted in London sixty-three days without interruption, and renewed the next season with equal applause, it spread into all the great towns of England; was played in many places to the thirtieth and fortieth time; at Bath and Bristol fifty, &c. It made its progress into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, where it was performed twenty-four days successively. The ladies carried about with them the favourite songs of it in fans, and houses were furnished with it in screens. The fame of it was not confined to the Author only. The person who acted Polly, till then obscure, became all at once the favourite of the town; her pictures were engraved, and sold in great numbers; her life written, books of letters and verses to her published, and pamphlets made even of her sayings and jests. Furthermore, it drove out of England (for that season) the Italian opera, which had carried all before it for ten years."

Of this performance, when it was printed, the reception was different, according to the different opinion of its readers. Swift commended it for the excellence of its morality, as a piece that

"placed all kinds of vice in the strongest and most odious light;" but others, and among them Dr. Herring, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, censured it as giving encouragement not only to vice but to crimes, by making a highwayman the hero, and dismissing him at last unpunished. It has been even said, that after the exhibition of the "*Beggar's Opera*," the gangs of robbers were evidently multiplied.

Both these decisions are surely exaggerated. The play, like many others, was plainly written only to divert, without any moral purpose, and is therefore not likely to do good; nor can it be conceived, without more speculation than life requires or admits, to be productive of much evil. Highwaymen and housebreakers seldom frequent the playhouse, or mingle in any elegant diversion; nor is it possible for any one to imagine that he may rob with safety, because he sees Mackheath reprieved upon the stage.

This objection, however, or some other rather political than moral, obtained such prevalence, that when Gay produced a second part under the name of "*Polly*," it was prohibited by the Lord Chamberlain: and he was forced to recompense his repulse by a subscription, which is said to have been so liberally bestowed, that what he called oppression ended in profit. The publication was so much favoured, that though the first part gained him four hundred pounds, near thrice as much was the profit of the second.*

He received yet another recompense for this supposed hardship in the affectionate attention of the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, into whose house he was taken, and with whom he passed the remaining part of his life. The Duke, considering his want of economy, undertook the management of his money, and gave it to him as he wanted it.† But it is supposed that the discountenance of the court sunk deep into his heart, and gave him more discontent than the applauses or tenderness of his friends could overpower. He soon fell into his old distemper, an habitual cholick, and languished, though with many intervals of ease and cheerfulness, till a violent fit at last seized him, and hurried him to the grave, as Arbuthnot reported, with more precipitance than he had ever known. He died on the 4th of December, 1732, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. The letter which brought an account of his death to Swift was laid by for some days unopened, because when he received it he was impressed with the preconception of some misfortune.

After his death, was published a second volume of "*Fables*," more political than the former. His opera of "*Achilles*" was acted, and the profits were given to two widow sisters, who inherited what he left, as his lawful heirs: for he died without a will, though he had gathered‡ three thousand pounds. There have appeared likewise under his

* Spence.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid.

name a comedy called "The Distress'd Wife," and "The Rehearsal at Gotham," a piece of humour.

The character given him by Pope is this; that "he was a natural man, without design, who spoke what he thought and just as he thought it;" and that "he was of a timid temper, and fearful of giving offence to the great: which caution, however, says Pope, was of no avail."

As a Poet, he cannot be rated very high. He was, as I once heard a female critic remark, "of a lower order." He had not in any great degree the *mens divini*, the dignity of genius. Much however must be allowed to the author of a new species of composition, though it be not of the highest kind. We owe to Gay the ballad opera; a mode of comedy which at first was supposed to delight only by its novelty, but has now by the experience of half a century been found so well accommodated to the disposition of a popular audience, that it is likely to keep long possession of the stage. Whether this new drama was the product of judgment or of luck, the praise of it must be given to the inventor; and there are many writers read with more reverence to whom such merit of originality cannot be attributed.

His first performance, "The Rural Sports," is such as was easily planned and executed; it is never contemptible nor ever excellent. The "Fan" is one of those mythological fictions which antiquity delivers ready to the hand, but which, like other things that lie open to every one's use, are of little value. The attention naturally retires from a new tale of Venus, Diana, and Minerva.

His "Fables" seem to have been a favourite work; for, having published one volume, he left another behind him. Of this kind of fables, the authors do not appear to have formed any distinct or settled notion. Phædrus evidently confounds them with tales; and Gay both with tales and allegorical prosopopæias. A fable or apologue, such as is now under consideration, seems to be, in its genuine state, a narrative in which beings irrational, and sometimes inanimate, *arborea loquuntur, non tantum ferae*, are, for the purpose of moral instruction, feigned to act and speak with human interests and

passions. To this description the compositions of Gay do not always conform. For a fable he gives now and then a tale, or an abstracted allegory; and from some, by whatever name they may be called, it will be difficult to extract any moral principle. They are, however, told with liveliness; the versification is smooth: and the diction, though now and then a little constrained by the measure or the rhyme, is generally happy.

To "Trivia" may be allowed all that it claims; it is sprightly, various, and pleasant. The subject is of that kind which Gay was by nature qualified to adorn; yet, some of his decorations may be justly wished away. An honest blacksmith might have done for Patry what is performed by Vulcan. The appearance of Cloacina is nauseous and superfluous; a shoe-boy could have been produced by the casual cohabitation of mere mortals. Horace's rule is broken in both cases: there is no *dignus vindice nodus*, no difficulty that required any supernatural interposition. Attention may be made by the hammer of a mortal: and a bastard may be dropped by a human strumpet. On great occasions, and on small, the mind is repelled by useless and apparent falsehood.

Of his little poems the public judgment seems to be right: they are neither much esteemed nor totally despised. The story of the apparition is borrowed from one of the tales of Poggio. Those that please least are the pieces to which Gulliver gave occasion; for who can much delight in the echo of unnatural fiction?

"Dione" is a counterpart to "Amynta" and "Pastor Fido," and other trifles of the same kind, easily imitated, and unworthy of imitation. What the Italians called comedies from a happy conclusion, Gay calls a tragedy from a mournful event; but the style of the Italians and indeed Gay is equally tragical. There is something in the poetical Arcadia so remote from known reality and speculative possibility, that we can never support its representation through a long work. ^{hi} A pastoral of a hundred lines may be endured; but th who will hear of sheep and goats, and myrtle bowers, ⁱⁿ and ^{is} purling rivulets, through five acts? Such scenes ⁱⁿ please barbarians in the dawn of literature, and ⁱⁿ children in the dawn of life: but will be for the ^{er} most part thrown away, as men grow wise, and ^{es} grow learned.

* Spence.

THE
P O E T I C A L W O R K S
OF
WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

PREFACE.

A GREAT part of the Poetical Works of Mr. Shenstone, particularly his Elegies and Pastorals, are (as he himself expresses it) "The exact transcripts of the situation of his own mind, and abound in frequent allusions to his own place, the beautiful scene of his retirement from the world. Exclusively, therefore, of our natural curiosity to be acquainted with the history of an author whose Works we peruse with pleasure, some short account of Mr. Shenstone's personal character, and situation in life, may not only be agreeable, but absolutely necessary, to the reader, as it is impossible he should enter into the true spirit of his writings, if he is entirely ignorant of those circumstances of his life, which sometimes so greatly influenced his reflections.

I could wish, however, that this task had been allotted to some person capable of performing it in that masterly manner which the subject so well deserves. To confess the truth, it was chiefly to prevent his remains from falling into the hands of any one still less qualified to do him justice, that I have unwillingly ventured to undertake the publication of them myself.

Mr. Shenstone was the eldest son of a plain uneducated gentleman in Shropshire, who farmed his own estate. The father, sensible of his son's extraordinary capacity, resolved to give him a learned education, and sent him a commoner to Pembroke College in Oxford, designing him for the church; but though he had the most awful notions of the wisdom, power, and goodness, of God, he never could be persuaded to enter into orders. In his private opinions he adhered to no particular sect, and hated all religious disputes. But whatever were his own sentiments, he always showed great tenderness to those who differed from him. Tenderness, indeed, in every sense of the word, was his peculiar characteristic; his friends, his domestics, his poor neighbours, all daily experienced his benevolent turn of mind. Indeed, this virtue in him was often carried to such excess, that it sometimes bordered upon weakness; yet, if he was convinced that any of those ranked amongst the number of his friends had treated him ungenerously, he was not easily reconciled. He used a maxim, however, on such occasions, which is worthy of being ob-

served and imitated: "I never," said he, "will be a revengeful enemy; but I cannot, it is not in my nature, to be half a friend." He was in his temper quite unsuspicious; but if suspicion was once awakened in him, it was not laid asleep again without difficulty.

He was no economist; the generosity of his temper prevented him from paying a proper regard to the use of money: he exceeded, therefore, the bounds of his paternal fortune, which before he died was considerably encumbered. But when one recollects the perfect paradise he raised around him, the hospitality with which he lived, his great indulgence to his servants, his charities to the indigent, and all done with an estate not more than three hundred pounds a-year, one should rather be led to wonder that he left any thing behind him, than to blame his want of economy. He left, however, more than sufficient to pay all his debts, and by his will appropriated his whole estate for that purpose.

It was perhaps from some considerations on the narrowness of his fortune that he forbore to marry, for he was no enemy to wedlock, had a high opinion of many among the fair sex, was fond of their society, and no stranger to the tenderest impressions. One, which he received in his youth, was with difficulty surmounted. The lady was the subject of that sweet pastoral, in four parts, which has been so universally admired; and which, one would have thought, must have subdued the loftiest heart, and softened the most obdurate.

His person, as to height, was above the middle stature, but largely and rather inelegantly formed: his face seemed plain till you conversed with him, and then it grew very pleasing. In his dress he was negligent even to a fault; though, when young, at the university, he was accounted a beau. He wore his own hair, which was quite grey very early, in a particular manner; not from any affectation of singularity, but from a maxim he had laid down, that without too slavish a regard to fashion, every one should dress in a manner most suitable to his own person and figure. In short, his faults were only little blemishes, thrown in by Nature, as it were, on purpose to prevent him from rising too much above that level of imperfection allotted to humanity.

PREFACE.

His character, as a writer, will be distinguished by simplicity with elegance, and genius with correctness. He had a sublimity equal to the highest attempts; yet, from the indolence of his temper, he chose rather to amuse himself in culling flowers at the foot of the mount, than to take the trouble of climbing the more arduous steep of Parnassus: but whenever he was disposed to rise, his steps, though natural, were noble, and always well supported. In the tenderness of Elegiac Poetry he hath not been excelled: in the simplicity of Pastoral, one may venture to say, he had very few equals. Of great sensibility himself, he never failed to engage the hearts of his readers; and, amidst the nicest attention to the harmony of his numbers, he always took care to express, with propriety, the sentiments of an elegant mind. In all his writings his greatest difficulty was to please himself. I remember a passage in one of his Letters, where, speaking of his Love-songs, he says,—“Some were written on occasions a good deal imaginary, others not so; and the reason there are so many is, that I wanted to write one good song, and could never please myself.” It was this diffidence which occasioned him to throw aside many of his pieces before he had bestowed upon them his last touches. I have suppressed several on this account; and if, among those which I have selected, there should be discovered some little want of his finishing polish, I hope it will be attributed to this cause, and, of course, be excused: yet I flatter myself there will always appear something well worthy of having been preserved, and though I was afraid of inserting what might injure the character of my friend, yet, as the sketches of a great master are always valuable, I was unwilling the public should lose any thing material of so accomplished a writer. In this dilemma it will easily be conceived that the task I had to perform would become somewhat difficult; how I have acquitted myself the public must judge. Nothing, however, except what he had already published, has been admitted without the advice of his most judicious friends; nothing

altered without their particular concurrence. It is impossible to please every one; but it is hoped that no reader will be so unreasonable as to imagine that the Author wrote solely for his amusement: his talents were various; and though it may perhaps be allowed that his excellence chiefly appeared in subjects of tenderness and simplicity, yet he frequently condescended to trifle with those of humour and drollery: these, indeed, he himself in some measure degraded, by the title which he gave them of *Levities*; but had they been entirely rejected, the public would have been deprived of some *jeux d'esprit*, excellent in their kind; and Mr. Shenstone's character as a writer would have been but imperfectly exhibited.

But the talents of Mr. Shenstone were not confined merely to poetry; his character, as a man of clear judgment and deep penetration, will best appear from his Prose Works; it is there we must search for the acuteness of his understanding, and his profound knowledge of the human heart. It is to be lamented, indeed, that some things here are unfinished, and can be regarded only as fragments: many are left as single thoughts, but which, like the sparks of diamonds, show the richness of the mine to which they belong; or, like the foot of Hercules, discover the uncommon strength, and extraordinary dimensions of that hero. I have no apprehension of incurring blame from any one for preserving these valuable remains; they will discover to every reader the Author's sentiments on several important subjects; and there can be very few to whom they will not impart many thoughts which they would never perhaps have been able to draw from the source of their own reflections.

But I believe little need be said to recommend the writings of this gentleman to public attention. His character is already sufficiently established; and, if he be not injured by the inability of his Editor, there is no doubt but he will ever maintain an eminent station among the best of our English writers.

R. DODSLEY

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A PREFATORY ESSAY

ON

ELEGY.

It is observable that discourses prefixed to poetry, are contrived very frequently to inculcate such tenets as may exhibit the performance to the greatest advantage; the fabric is very commonly raised in the first place, and the measures by which we are to judge of its merit are afterwards adjusted.

There have been few rules given us by the critics concerning the structure of Elegiac Poetry; and far be it from the author of the following tritiles to dignify his own opinions with that denomination; he would only intimate the great variety of subjects, and the different styles in which the writers of Elegy have hitherto indulged themselves, and endeavour to shield the following ones by the latitude of their example.

If we consider the etymology of the word,* the epithet which Horace gives it,† or the confession which Ovid makes concerning it,‡ I think we may conclude thus much, however, that Elegy, in its true and genuine acceptation, includes a tender and querulous idea; that it looks upon this as its peculiar characteristic; and so long as this is thoroughly sustained, admits of a variety of subjects, which, by its manner of treating them, it renders its own: it throws its melancholy stole over pretty different objects, which, like the dresses at a funeral procession, gives them all a kind of solemn and uniform appearance.

It is probable that Elegies were written, at first, upon the death of intimate friends and near relations; celebrated beauties or favourite mistresses; beneficent governors and illustrious men: one may add, perhaps, of all those who are placed by Virgil in the laurel grove of his Elysium, (*Vide Hurd's Dissertation on Horace's Epistle*.)

Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.

After these subjects were sufficiently exhausted, and the severity of fate displayed in the most affecting instances, the poets sought occasion to vary their complaints, and the next tender species of sorrow that presented itself was the grief of absent or neglected lovers; and this indulgence might be indeed allowed them, but with this they were not contented: they had obtained a small corner in the province of love, and they took advantage, from thence, to overrun the whole territory: they sung its spoils, triumphs, ovations, and rejoicing,§ as well as the captivity and exequies that attended it: they gave the name of Elegy to their pleasantries as well as lamentations, till at last, through their abundant fondness for the myrtle, they forgot that the cypress was their peculiar garland.

In this, it is probable, they deviated from the original design of Elegy; and it should seem that any kind of subjects, treated in such a manner as to diffuse a pleasing melancholy, might far better

deserve the name, than the facetious mirth and libertine festivity of the successful votaries of Love.

But, not to dwell too long upon an opinion which may seem, perhaps, introduced to favour the following performance, it may not be improper to examine into the use and end of Elegy. The most important end of all poetry is to encourage virtue. Epic and Tragedy chiefly recommend the public virtues, Elegy is of a species which illustrates and endears the private. There is a truly virtuous pleasure connected with many pensive contemplations, which it is the province and excellency of Elegy to enforce: this, by presenting suitable ideas, has discovered sweets in melancholy which we could not find in mirth; and has led us, with success, to the dusty urn, when we could draw no pleasure from the sparkling bowl. As Pastoral conveys an idea of simplicity and innocence, it is in particular the task and merit of Elegy to show the innocence and simplicity of rural life to advantage; and that in a way distinct from Pastoral, as much as the plain but judicious landlord may be imagined to surpass his tenant both in dignity and understanding. It should also tend to elevate the more tranquil virtues of humility, disinterestedness, simplicity, and innocence: but then there is a degree of elegance and refinement no way inconsistent with these rural virtues, and that raises Elegy above that *merum rus*, that unpolished rusticity, which has given our Pastoral writers their highest reputation.

Wealth and splendour will never want their proper weight; the danger is lest they should too much preponderate a kind of poetry, therefore, which throws its chief influence into the other scale, that magnifies the sweets of liberty and independence, that endears the honest delights of love and friendship, that celebrates the glory of a good name after death, that ridicules the futile arrogance of birth, that recommends the innocent amusement of letters, and insensibly prepares the mind for that humanity it inculcates; such a kind of poetry may chance to please; and if it please, should seem to be of service.

As to the style of Elegy, it may be well enough determined from what has gone before: it should imitate the voice and language of grief; or, if a metaphor of dress be more agreeable, it should be simple and diffuse, and flowing as a mourner's veil. A versification, therefore, is desirable, which by indulging a free and unconstrained expression, may admit of that simplicity which Elegy requires.

Heroic metre, with alternate rhyme, seems well enough adapted to this species of poetry; and, however exceptionable, upon other occasions, its inconveniences appear to lose their weight in shorter Elegies, and its advantages seem to acquire an additional importance. The world has an admirable example of its beauty in a collection of Elegies* not long since published, the production of a gentleman of the most exact taste, and whose untimely death merits all the tears that Elegy can shed.

It is not impossible that some may think thus

By Hammond.

* *E λεγειν, ε-παυλαυμν dolendi.*

† *Miserabiles pascos. Hor.*

‡ *Heu nimis ex vero nunc tibi nomen erit.*

Ovid. de Arte Iliulli.

§ *Ducite Io Pæan, et Io his ducite Pæan. Ovid.*

metre too lax and prosaic; others, that even a more dissolute variety of numbers may have superior advantages: and in favour of these last might be produced the example of Milton, in his *Lycidas*, together with one or two recent and beautiful imitations of his versification in that Monody. But this kind of argument, I am apt to think, must prove too much, since the writers I have in view seem capable enough of recommending any metre they shall choose; though it must be owned also, that the choice they make of any is at the same time the strongest presumption in his favour.

Perhaps, it may be no great difficulty to compromise the dispute. There is no one kind of metre that is distinguished by rhymes, but is liable to some objection or other. Heroic verse, where every second line is terminated by a rhyme (with which the judgment requires, that the sense should in some measure also terminate) is apt to render the expression either scanty or constrained; and this is sometimes observable in the writings of a Poet, lately deceased, though I believe no one ever threw so much sense together, with so much ease, into a couplet, as Mr. Pope: but as an air of constraint too often accompanies this metre, it seems by no means proper for a writer of Elegy.

The previous rhyme in Milton's *Lycidas* is very frequently placed at such a distance from the following, that it is often dropt by the memory (much better employed in attending to the sentiment) before it be brought to him to join its partner; and thus seems to be the greatest objection to that kind of versification: but then the peculiar ease and variety it admits of, are, no doubt, sufficient to overbalance the objection, and to give it the preference to any other in an Elegy of length.

The chief exception to which stanza of all kinds is liable, is, that it breaks the sense too regularly, when it is continued through a long Poem; and this may be, perhaps, the fault of Mr. Waller's excellent panegyric. But if this fault be less discernible in smaller compositions, as I suppose it is, I flatter myself that the advantages I have before mentioned, resulting from alternate rhyme, (with which stanza is, I think, connected) may at least, in shorter Elegies, be allowed to outweigh its imperfections.

I shall say but little of the different kinds of Elegy.—The melancholy of a lover is different, no doubt, from what we feel on other mixed occasions. The mind in which love and grief at once predominate is softened to an excess. Love Elegy, therefore, is more negligent of order and design, and, being addressed chiefly to the Ladies, requires little more than tenderness and perspicuity.—Elegies that are formed upon promiscuous incidents, and addressed to the world in general, inculcate some sort of moral, and admit a different degree of reasoning, thought, and order.

The author of the following Elegies entered on his subjects occasionally, as particular incidents in life suggested, or dispositions of mind recommended them to his choice. If he describes a rural landscape, or unfolds the train of sentiments it inspired,

he fairly drew his picture from the spot, and felt very sensibly the affection he communicates; if he speaks of his humble shed, his flocks and his fleeces, he does not counterfeit the scene, who having (whether through choice or necessity is not material) retired betimes to country solitudes, and sought his happiness in rural employments, has a right to consider himself as a real shepherd. The flocks, the meadows, and the grottos, are his own, and the embellishment of his farm his sole amusement. As the sentiments, therefore, were inspired by Nature, and that in the earlier part of his life, he hopes they will retain a natural appearance, diffusing at least some part of that amusement which, he freely acknowledges, he received from the composition of them.

There will appear, perhaps, a real inconsistency in the moral tenor of the several Elegies, and the subsequent ones may sometimes seem a recantation of the preceding. The reader will scarcely impute this to oversight, but will allow that men's opinions, as well as tempers vary; that neither public nor private, active nor speculative, life, are unexceptionably happy, and consequently, that any change of opinion concerning them may afford an additional beauty to poetry, as it gives us a more striking representation of life.

If the Author has hazarded, throughout, the use of English or modern allusions, he hopes it will not be imputed to an entire ignorance, or to the least disesteem of the ancient learning. He has kept the ancient plan and method in his eye, though he builds his edifice with the materials of his own nation. In other words, through a fondness for his native country, he has made use of the flowers it produced; though, in order to exhibit them to the greater advantage, he has endeavoured to weave his garland by the best model he could find; with what success, beyond his own amusement, must be left to judges less partial to him than either his acquaintance or his friends. If any of these should be so candid as to approve the variety of subjects he has chosen, and the tenderness of sentiment he has endeavoured to impress, he begs the metre also may not be too suddenly condemned. The public ear, habituated of late to a quicker measure, may perhaps consider this as heavy and languid, but an objection of that kind may gradually lose its force, if this measure should be allowed to suit the nature of Elegy.

If it should happen to be considered as an objection with others, that there is too much of a moral cast diffused through the whole, it is replied, that he endeavoured to animate the poetry so far as not to render this objection too obvious, or to risk excluding the fashionable reader; at the same time never deviating from a fixed principle, that poetry, without morality, is but the blossom of a fruit-tree. Poetry is, indeed, like that species of plants which may bear at once both fruits and blossoms; and the tree is by no means in perfection without the former, however it may be embellished by the flowers which surround it.

A DESCRIPTION

OF THE

LEASOWES,*

The Seat of the late William Shenstone, Esq.

BY R. DODSLEY.

THE Leasowes is situate in the parish of Hales Owen, a small market town in the county of Salop, but surrounded by other counties, and thirty miles from Shrewsbury, as it is near ten to the borders of Shropshire. Though a paternal estate, it was never distinguished for any peculiar beauties till the time of its late owner. It was reserved for a person of his ingenuity both to discover and improve them, which he has done so effectually, that it is now considered as amongst the principal of those delightful scenes which persons of taste, in the present age, are desirous to see. Far from violating its natural beauties, Mr. Shenstone's only study was to give them their full effect; and although the form in which things now appear be indeed the consequences of much thought and labour, yet the hand of Art is no way visible either in the shape of ground, the disposition of trees, or (which are here so numerous and striking) the romantic fall of his cascades.

But I will now proceed to a more particular description. About half a mile short of Hales Owen, in your way from Birmingham to Bewdley, you quit the great road, and turn into a green lane on the left hand, where, descending in a winding manner to the bottom of a deep valley, finely shaded, the first object that occurs is a kind of ruined wall, and a small gate, within an arch, inscribed, "The Priory Gate." Here, it seems, the company should properly begin their walk, but generally choose to go up with their horses or equipage to the house, from whence returning, they descend back into the valley. Passing through a small gate at the bottom of the fine swelling lawn that surrounds the house, you enter upon a winding path, with a piece of water on your right. The path and water, overshadowed with trees that grow upon the slopes of this narrow dingle, render the scene at once cool, gloomy, solemn, and sequestered, and form so striking a contrast to the lively scene you have just left, that you seem all on a sudden landed in a subterraneous kind of region. Winding forward down the valley, you pass beside a small root-house, where, on a tablet, are these lines:

"Here, in cool grot and mossy cell,
We rural Fays and Fairies dwell;
Tho' rarely seen by mortal eye,
When the pale moon, ascending high,
Darts through yon' limes her quivering beams,
We frisk it near these crystal streams.

"Her beams, reflected from the wave,
Afford the light our revels crave;

* The following Description was intended to give a friend some idea of the Leasowes, which having been so justly admired by persons of the best taste, and celebrated by the Muse of such an original genius as Mr. Shenstone, it is hoped the public will not be displeased with this slight attempt to perpetuate those beauties, which time, or the different taste of some future possessor, may destroy.

The turf, with daisies broider'd o'er,
Exceeds, we wot, the Parian floor;
Nor yet for artful strains we call,
But listen to the water's fall.

"Would you then taste our tranquil scene,
Be sure your bosoms be serene,
Devoid of hate, devoid of strife,
Devoid of all that poisons life;
And much it 'trails you in their place
To graft the love of human race.

"And tread with awe these favour'd bowers,
Nor wound the shrubs nor bruise the flowers;
So may your path with sweets abound,
So may your couch with rest be crown'd!
But harm betide the wayward swain
Who dares our hallow'd haunts profane!"

These sentiments correspond as well as possible with the ideas we form of the abode of Fairies, and, appearing deep in this romantic valley, serve to keep alive such enthusiastic images while this sort of scene continues.

You now pass through the Priory Gate before mentioned, and are admitted into a part of the valley somewhat different from the former, tall trees, high irregular ground, and rugged scars. The right presents you with, perhaps, the most natural, if not the most striking, of the many cascades here found; the left with a sloping grove of oaks; and the centre with a pretty circular landscape appearing through the trees, of which Hales Owen steeple, and other objects at a distance, form an interesting part. The seat beneath the ruined wall has these lines of Virgil inscribed, suiting well with the general tenour of Mr. Shenstone's late situation:

—"Lucis habitamus opacis,
Itiparumque toros et prata recentia rivis
Incolimus."*

You now proceed a few paces down the valley to another bench, where you have this cascade in front, which, together with the internal arch, and other appendages, make a pretty irregular picture. I must observe, once for all, that a number of these protempore benches (two stumps with a transverse board) seem chiefly intended as hints to spectators, lest, in passing cursorily through the farm, they might suffer any of that immense variety the place furnishes to escape their notice. The stream attending us, with its agreeable murmurs, as we descend along this pleasing valley, we come next to a small seat, where we have a sloping grove upon the right, and on the left a striking vista to the steeple of Hales Owen, which is here seen in a new light. We now descend farther down this shady and sequestered valley,

* IMITATION.

—We dwell in shady groves, [fresh'd,
And seek the groves with cooling streams ro-
And trace the verdant banks.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE LEASOWES.

accompanied on the right by the same brawling rivulet running over pebbles, till it empties itself into a fine piece of water at the bottom. The path here winding to the left, conforms to the water before mentioned, running round the foot of a small hill and accompanying this semicircular lake into another winding valley, somewhat more open, and not less pleasing, than the former: however, before we enter this, it will be proper to mention a seat about the centre of this water scene, where the ends of it are lost in the two valleys on each side, and in front it is invisibly connected with another piece of water, of about twenty acres open to Mr. Shenstone, but not his property. This last was a performance of the monks, and part of a prodigious chain of fish ponds that belonged to Hales Abbey. The back ground of this scene is very beautiful, and exhibits a picture of villages and varied ground finely held up to the eye.

I speak of all this as already finished; but, through some misfortune in the mound that bounds up the water, it is not completed.

We now leave The Priory upon the left, which is not meant for an object here, and wind along into the other valley: and here I cannot but take notice of the judgment which formed this piece of water; for although it be not very large, yet, as it is formed by the concurrence of three valleys, in which two of the ends are hid, and in the third seems to join with the large extent of water below, it is, to all appearance, unbounded. I must confess I never saw a more natural bed for water, or any kind of lake that pleased me better; but it may be right to mention, that this water in its full extent, has yet a more important effect from Mr. Shenstone's house, where it is seen to a great advantage. We now, by a pleasing serpentine walk, enter a narrow glade in the valley, the slopes on each side finely covered with oaks and beeches, on the left of which is a common bench, which affords a retiring place, secluded from every eye, and a short respite, during which the eye reposes on a fine amphitheatre of wood and thicket.

We now proceed to a seat beneath a prodigiously fine canopy of spreading oak, on the back of which is this inscription:

"Huc ades, O Melibœus! caper tibi salvas et hædij;
Et si quid cessare potes, requiesce sub umbra,"*

The picture before it is that of a beautiful home-scene, a small lawn of well varied ground, encompassed with hills and well-grown oaks, and embellished with a cast of the piping Faunus, amid trees and shrubs on a slope upon the left, and on the right, and nearer the eye, with an urn thus inscribed:

"Ingenio et amicitiam
Gulielmi Somerville."

And on the opposite side,

"G. S. posuit,
"Debita spargens lacrima favillam
"Vatis amici."†

The scene is enclosed on all sides by trees; in the middle only there is an opening, where the lawn is continued, and winds out of sight.

Here entering a gate, you are led through a thicket of many sorts of willows, into a large root-house inscribed to the Right Honourable the Earl of Stamford. It seems that worthy peer was present at the first opening of the cascade, which is the principal object from the root-house, where the eye is presented with a fairy vision, consisting of

* IMITATION.

Hither, O Melibœus! bend thy way;
Thy herds, thy goats, secure from harm, repose;
If happy leisure serve awhile to stay,
Here rest thy limbs beneath these shady boughs.

† EXPLANATION.

To the genius and friendship
of

WILLIAM SOMERVILLE,

B. W. S.

Sprinkling the ashes of a friendly bard
With tributary tears.

an irregular and romantic fall of water, very unusual, one hundred and fifty yards in continuity; and a very striking scene it affords. Other cascades may possibly have the advantage of a greater descent, and a larger torrent, but a more wild and romantic appearance of water, and at the same time strictly natural, is what I never saw in any place whatever. This scene, though comparatively small, is yet aggrandized with so much art, that we forget the quantity of water which flows through this close and over shaded valley, and are so much transported with the intricacy of the scene, and the concealed height from whence it flows, that we without reflection, add the idea of magnificence to that of beauty. In short, it is not but upon reflection that we find the stream is not a Niagara, but rather a water-fall in miniature; and that the same artifice, upon a larger scale, were there large trees, instead of small ones, and a river instead of a rill, would be capable of forming a scene that would exceed the utmost of our ideas. But I will not dwell longer upon this inimitable scene; those who would admire it properly must view it, as surely as those that view it must admire it beyond almost any thing they ever saw.

Proceeding on the right hand path, the next seat affords a scene of what Mr. Shenstone used to call his Forest ground, consisting of wild green slopes peeping through a dingle, or irregular groups of trees, a confused mixture of savage and cultivated ground, held up to the eye, and forming a landscape fit for the pencil of Salvator Rosa.

Winding on beside this lawn, which is over-arched with spreading trees, the eye catches, at intervals, over an intermediate hill, the spire of Hales-church, forming here a perfect obelisk—the urn to Mr. Somerville, &c. and now passing through a kind of thicket, we arrive at a natural bower of almost circular oaks, inscribed in the manner following:

"To Mr. DODSLEY.

Come then, my Friend! thy sylvan taste display;
Come hear thy Faunus tune his rustic lay:
Ah! rather come, and in these dells disown
The care of other strains, and tune thine own.

On the bank above it, amid the fore-mentioned shrubs, is a statue of the Piping Faun, which not only embellishes this scene, but is also seen from the court before the house, and from other places: it is surrounded by venerable oaks, and very happily situated. From this bower also you look down upon the fore-mentioned irregular ground, shut up with trees on all sides, except some few openings to the more pleasing parts of this genteel and hilly country. The next little bench affords the first, but not most striking, view of The Priory. It is, indeed, a small building; but seen, as it is, beneath trees; and its extremity also hid by the same, it has in some sort the dignity and solemn appearance of a larger edifice.

Passing through a gate, we enter a small open grove, where the first seat we find affords a picturesque view, through trees, of a clump of oaks at a distance, overshadowing a little cottage upon a green hill; we thence immediately enter a perfect dome, or circular temple, of magnificent beeches, in the centre of which it was intended to place an antique altar, or a statue of Pan. The path serpentine through this open grove, leads us by an easy ascent to a small bench with this motto,

"Me gelidum nemus
Nympharumque leves cum satyris chori
Secernant populo:"* Hor.

which alludes to the retired situation of the grove. There is also seen, through an opening to the left, a pleasing landscape of a distant hill, with a whitened farm-house upon the summit: and to the right hand a beautiful round slope, crowned with a clump of large firs, with a pyramidal seat on its centre, to which, after no long walk, the path conducts us.

* EXPLANATION.

—May the cool grove,
And gay assembled nymphs with satyrs mix'd
Conceal me from the world.

But we first come to another view of The Priory, more advantageous, and at a better distance, to which the eye is led down a green slope, through a variety of tall oaks, in a most agreeable manner; the grove we have just passed on one side, and a hill of trees and thicket on the other, conducting the eye to a narrow opening through which it appears.

We now ascend to a small bench, where the circumjacent country begins to open; in particular, a glass-house appears between two large clumps of trees, at about the distance of four miles; the glass-houses in this country not ill resembling a distant pyramid. Ascending to the next seat, which is in the Gothic form, the scene grows more and more extended: woods and lawns, hills and valleys, thicket and plain, agreeably intermingled. On the back of this seat is the following inscription, which the Author told me that he chose to fix here, to supply what he thought some want of life in this part of the firm, and to keep up the spectator's attention till he came to scale the hill beyond:

INSCRIPTION

"Shepherd, wouldst thou here obtain
Pleasure unalloy'd with pain,
Joy that suits the rural sphere?
Gentle Shepherd! lend an ear."

Learn to relish calm delight,
Verdant vales and fountains bright,
Trees that nod on sloping hills,
Caves that echo, tinkling rills.

If thou canst no charm disclose
In the simplest bud that blows,
Go, forsake thy plain and fold,
Join the crowd and toil for gold.

Tranquil pleasures never cloy:
Banish each tumultuous joy;
All but love—for love inspires
Fonder wishes, warmer fires.

Love and all its joys be thine—
Yet ere thou the reins resign,
Hear what reason seems to say,
Hear attentive and obey.

Crimson leaves the rose adorn,
But beneath them lurks a thorn,
Fair and flowery is the brake,
Yet it hides the vengeful snake.

Think not she, whose empty pride
Dares the fleecy garb to deride,
Think not she who light and vain,
Scorns the sheep, can love the swain.

Artless deed and simple dress
Mark the chosen shepherdess;
Thoughts by decency controll'd,
Well conceived and freely told.

Sense that shuns each conscious air,
Wit that falls ere well aware;
Generous pity prone to sigh
If her kid or lambkin die.

Let not lucre, let not pride,
Draw thee from such charms aside;
Have not those their proper sphere?
Gentle passions triumph here.

See! to sweeten thy repose,
The blossom buds, the fountain
flows;

Lo! to crown thy healthful board,
All that milk and fruits afford.

Seek no more—the rest is vain;
Pleasure ending soon in pain;
Anguish lightly guided o'er;
Close thy wish and seek no more."

And now passing through a wicket, the path winds up the back part of a circular green hill, discovering little of the country till you enter a clump of stately firs upon the summit. Over-arched by these firs is an octagonal seat, the back

of which is so contrived as to form a table or pedestal for a bowl or goblet, thus inscribed—

"To all Friends round The Wrekin!"

This facetious inscription, being an old Shropshire health, is a commemoration of his country friend, from which this part of Shropshire is divided; add to this, that the Wrekin, that large and venerable hill, appears full in front, at the distance of about thirty miles.

The scene is a very fine one, divided by he first into several compartments, each answering to the octagonal seat in the centre; to each of which is allotted a competent number of striking objects, to make a complete picture. A long serpentine stream washes the foot of this hill, and is lost behind trees at one end, and a bridge thrown over at the other. Over this the eye is carried from very romantic home-scenes to very beautiful ones at a distance. It is impossible to give an idea of that immense variety, that fine configuration of parts, which engage our attention from this place. In one of the compartments you have a simple scene of a cottage, and a road winding behind a farmhouse half covered with trees, upon the top of some wild sloping ground; and in another a view of the town, appearing from hence as upon the shelving banks of a large piece of water in the flat. Suffice it to say, that the hill and vale, plain and woodland, villages and single houses, blue distant mountains that skirt the horizon, and green hills romantically jumbled, that form the intermediate ground, make this spot more than commonly striking. Nor is there to beseen an acre of level ground through the large extent to which the eye is carried.

Hence the path winds on betwixt two small benches, each of which exhibits a pleasing landscape, which cannot escape the eye of a connoisseur.

Here we wind through a small thicket, and soon enter a cavity in the hill, filled with trees, in the centre of which is a seat, from whence is discovered, gleaming across the trees, a considerable length of the serpentine stream before mentioned, running under a slight rustic bridge to the right; hence we ascend in a kind of Gothic alcove, looking down a slope, sided with large oaks and tall beeches, which together over-arch the scene. On the back of this building is found the following

INSCRIPTION.

"O you that bathe in courtly bliss,
Or toyle in Fortune's giddy sphere,
Do not too rashlye deeme amysse
Of him that bydes contented here.

Nor yet disdeigne the russet stole
Which o'er each careless lymbe he flyngs;
Nor yet deride the beechen bowle
In whyche he quaffs the lympid springs.

Forgive him if at eve or dawne,
Devoid of worldlye cark, he stray,
Or all beside some flowery lawne
He waste his inoffensive daye.

So may he pardonne fraud and strife,
If such in courtlye haunt he see;
For faults there beene in busy life,
From whyche these peacefull glenner are free."

Below this alcove is a large sloping lawn, finely bounded, crossed by the serpentine water before mentioned, and interspersed with single or clumps of oaks at agreeable distances. Further on the scene is finely varied, the hills rising and falling towards the opposite concavities, by the side of a long winding vale, with the most graceful confusion. Among other scenes that form this landscape, a fine hanging wood, backed and contrasted with a wild heath, intersected with cross roads, is a very considerable object. Near adjoining to this is a seat, from whence the water is seen to advantage in many different stages of its progress; or where (as a poetical friend once observed) the proprietor has taken the Naiad by the hand, and led her an irregular dance into the valley.

Proceeding hence through a wicket, we enter

A DESCRIPTION OF THE LEASOWES.

upon another lawn, beyond which is a new theatre of wild shaggy precipices, hanging coppice ground, and smooth round hills between, being not only different, but even of an opposite character, to the ground from which we passed. Walking along the head of this lawn, we come to a seat under a spreading beech, with this

INSCRIPTION.

"Hæc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aque fons,
Et paulum sylvæ super his foret. Auctius atque
Dii melius fecere."

IMITATION.

This was my wish—an humble spot of ground,
A garden well disposed and fenced all round;
A bubbling fountain, to my dwelling nigh,
With crystal treasures stored, and never dry;
The whole defended by a modest wood,—
This was my wish—my wish the gods allow'd,
And e'en beyond that wish indulgently bestow'd.

In the centre of the hanging lawn before you is discovered the house, half hid with trees and bushes a little hanging wood, and a piece of winding water, issues through a noble clump of large oaks and spreading beeches. At the distance of about ten or twelve miles Lord Stamford's grounds appear, and beyond these the Glee hills in Shropshire. The scene here consists of admirably-varied ground, and is, I think, a very fine one. Hence passing still along the top of the lawn, we cross another gate, and behind the fence begin to descend into the valley. About half way down is a small bench, which throws the eye upon a near scene of hanging woods and shaggy wild declivities, intermixed with smooth green slopes and scenes of cultivation.

We now return again into the great lawn at bottom, and soon come to a seat, which gives a nearer view of the water before mentioned, between the trunks of high over-shadowing oaks and beeches, beyond which the winding line of trees is continued down the valley to the right. To the left, at a distance, the top of Clent hills appears, and the house upon a swell, amidst trees and bushes. In the centre, the eye is carried by a side-view down a length of lawn, till it rests upon the town and spire of Hales, with some picturesque and beautiful ground rising behind it.

Somewhat out of the path, and in the centre of a noble clump of stately beeches, is a seat inscribed to Mr. Spence in these words:

JOSEPHO SPENCE.

eximio nostro Critoni;

cui dicare vellet

Mysarvm omnivm et Gratarvm chorvs,

die it amicitia.

1758.*

We now, through a small gate, enter what is called, The Lover's Walk, and proceed immediately to a seat where the water is seen very advantageously at full length; which, though not large, is so agreeably shaped, and has its bounds so well concealed, that the beholder may receive less pleasure from many lakes, of greater extent. The margin on one side is fringed with alders, the other is overhung with most stately oaks and beeches, and the middle beyond the water presents the Hales Owen scene, with a group of houses on the slope behind, and the horizon well fringed with the wood. Now winding a few paces round the margin of the water, we come to another small bench, which presents the former scene somewhat varied, with the addition of a whitened village among trees

• EXPLANATION.

Dedicated by friendship
to JOSEPH SPENCE,
our most excellent Crito,
whom
the unanimous consent
of every Muse and Grace
made choice of
to be so distinguished

upon a hill. Proceeding on, we enter the pleasing grove of this agreeable vale, and come to a bench beneath a spreading beech that overhangs both walk and water, which has been called The Assignment Seat, and has this inscription on the back of it:

"Nerine Galatea! thymo mihi dulcor Hyblæ,
Candidior cygnis, hederæ formosior alba!
Cum primum pæsti repetent præsepia tauri,
Si quæ tu Corydoni habet te cura, venito."

Here the path begins gradually to ascend beneath a depth of shade, by the side of which is a small bubbling rill, either forming little peninsulas, rolling over pebbles, or falling down small cascades, all under cover, and taught to murmur very agreeably. This very soft and pensive scene, very properly styled The Lover's Walk, is terminated with an ornamental urn, inscribed to Miss Dolman, a beautiful and amiable relation of Mr. Shentons's, who died of the small pox, about twenty-one years of age, in the following words on one side:

Peramabili suæ consorinæ
M. D.

On the other side:

Ah! Maria!
pvellarvm elegantissima!
ah Flore venustatis abrepta,
vale!
hæv quanto minvs est
cvm reberis versari,
quam tvi
meminisse.†

The ascent from hence winds somewhat more steeply to another seat, where the eye is thrown over a rough scene of broken and furzy ground, upon a piece of water in the flat, whose extremities are hid behind trees and shrubs, among which the house appears, and makes upon the whole, no unpleasant picture. The path still winds under cover up the hill, the steep declivity of which is somewhat eased by the serpentine sweep of it, till we come to a small bench, with this line from Pope's *Eloisa*:

"Divine oblivion of low-thoughted Care!"

The opening before it presents a solitary scene of trees, thickets, and precipice, and terminates upon a green hill, with a clump of firs on the top of it.

We now find the great use as well as beauty of the serpentine path in climbing up this wood, the first seat of which, alluding to the rural scene before it, has the following lines from Virgil:

—"Hic latis ota fundis

Speluncæ, vivique lacus, hic frigida Tempe,
Mugitusque bovm, mollesque sub arbore somni!"‡

• IMITATION.

O Galatea! Nereus' lovely child,
Sweeter than Hybla thyme, more undefiled
Than down of swan, or ivy's purest white,
When the full oven, warm'd by fading light,
Home to the stall their sober footsteps bend,
If Damon's dear, to Damon's call attend.

† EXPLANATION.

—Sacred to the memory
of

a most amiable kinswoman.

Ah! Maria!

most elegant of nymphs!

sorrow'd from us

in thy bloom of beauty,

ah! farewell!

How much inferior
is the living conversation
of others

to the bare remembrance
of thee!

‡ IMITATION.

Here tranquil leisure in the ample field,
Here caves and living lakes their pleasures yield;
Here vales invite where sports the cooling breeze,
And peaceful sleep beneath embowering trees,
While lowing herds surround.

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Here the eye, looking down a slope beneath the spreading arms of oak and beech trees, passes first over some rough furzy ground, then over water to the large swelling lawn, in the centre of which the house is discovered among trees and thickets: this forms the furze ground. Beyond this appears a swell of waste furzy land, diversified with a cottage, and a road that winds behind a farm-house and a fine clump of trees. The back scene of all is a semi-circular range of hills, diversified with woods, scenes of cultivation, and inclosures, to about four or five miles distance.

Still winding up into the wood, we come to a slight seat, opening through the trees to a bridge of five piers, crossing a large piece of water at about half a mile's distance. The next seat looks down from a considerable height, along the side of a steep precipice, upon irregular and pleasing ground. And now we turn upon a sudden into a long straight-lined walk, in the wood, arched over with tall trees, and terminating with a small rustic building. Though the walk, as I said, be straight-lined, yet the base rises and falls so agreeably, as leaves no room to censure its formality. About the middle of this avenue, which runs the whole length of this hanging wood, we arrive unexpectedly at a lofty Gothic seat, whence we look down a slope, more considerable than that before mentioned, through the wood on each side. This view is indeed a fine one, the eye first travelling down over well variegated ground into the valley, where is a large piece of water, whose sloping banks give all the appearance of a noble river. The ground from hence rises gradually to the top of Clenthill, at three or four miles distance; and the landscape is enriched with a view of Hales Owen, the late Lord Dudley's house, and a large wood of Lord Lyttleton's. It is impossible to give an adequate description of this view, the beauty of it depending upon the great variety of objects and beautiful shape of ground, and all at such a distance as to admit of being, seen distinctly.

Hence we proceed to the rustic building before-mentioned, a slight and unexpensive edifice, formed of rough unhewn stone, commonly called here The Temple of Pan, having a trophy of the Tibia and Syrinx, and this inscription over the entrance:

"Pan primus calamos cera conjungere plures
Edocuit; Pan curat oves, oviumque magistro."¹

Hence mounting once more to the right through this dark umbrageous walk, we enter at once upon a lightsome high natural terrace, whence the eye is thrown over all the scenes we have seen before, together with many fine additional ones, and all beheld from a declivity that approaches as near a precipice as is agreeable. In the middle is a seat with this inscription:

Divini gloria reris †

To give a better idea of this, by far the most magnificent scene here, it were, perhaps, best to divide it into two distinct parts; the noble concave in the front, and the rich valley towards the right. In regard to the former, if a boon companion could enlarge his idea of a punch-bowl, ornamented within with all the romantic scenery the Chinese ever yet devised, it would, perhaps, afford him the highest idea he could possibly conceive of earthly happiness: he would certainly wish to swim in it. Suffice it to say, that the horizon, or brim, is as finely varied as the cavity. It would be idle here to mention the Cleve hills, the Wrekin, the Welsh mountains, or Czer Caradock, at a prodigious distance; which, though they furnish the scene agreeably, should not be mentioned at the Leasowes, the beauty of which turns chiefly upon distinguishable scenes. The valley upon the right is equally enriched, and the opposite side thereof well fringed with woods, and the high hills on one side this long

* IMITATION.

Pan, god of shepherds, first inspired our swains
Their pipes to frame, and tune their rural strains:
Pan from impending harm the fold defends,
And Pan the master of the fold befriends.

† EXPLANATION.

O glory of the silvan scene divine.

winding vale rolling agreeably into the hollows on the other. But these are a kind of objects which, though really noble in the survey, will not strike a reader in description as they would a spectator upon the spot.

Hence returning back into the wood, and crossing Pan's Temple, we go directly down the slope into another part of Mr. Shensstone's grounds, the path leading down through very pleasing home scenes of well shaped ground, exhibiting a most perfect concave and convex, till we come at a seat under a noble beech, presenting a rich variety of fore-ground, and at perhaps half a mile's distance, the Gothic alcove on a hill well covered with wood, a pretty cottage under trees in the more distant part of the concave, and a farm-house upon the right, all picturesque objects.

The next and the subsequent seat affords pretty much the same scenes a little enlarged, with the addition of that remarkable clump of trees called Frankly Beeches, adjoining to the old family-seat of the Lyttletons, and from whence the present Lord Lyttleton derives his title.

We come now to a handsome Gothic screen, backed with a clump of firs, which throws the eye in front full upon a cascade in the valley, issuing from beneath a dark shade of poplars. The house appears in the centre of a large swelling lawn, bushed with trees and thickets. The pleasing variety of easy swells and hollows, bounded by scenes less smooth and cultivated, affords the most delightful picture of domestic retirement and tranquillity.

We now descend to a seat enclosed with handsome pales, and backed with firs, inscribed to Lord Lyttleton. It presents a beautiful view up a valley contracted gradually, and ending in a group of most magnificent oaks and beeches. The right hand side is enlivened with two striking cascades, and a winding stream seen at intervals between tufts of trees and woodland. To the left appears the hanging wood already mentioned, with the Gothic screen on the slope in the centre.

Winding still downwards, we come to a small seat, where one of the offices of the house, and a view of a cottage on very high ground, is seen over the tops of the trees of the grove in the adjacent valley, giving an agreeable instance of the abrupt inequality of ground in this romantic well variegated country. The next seat shows another face of the same valley, the water gliding calmly along betwixt two seeming groves without any cascades, as a contrast to the former one, where it was broken by cascades: the scene very significantly alluded to by the motto,

"Rura mihi, et regni placeant in vallibus
amnes,
Flumina amem, silvasque inglorius!"²

We descend now to a beautiful gloomy scene, called Virgil's Grove, where on the entrance we pass by a small obelisk on the right hand, with this inscription:

P. Virgilio Maroni
Lapis iste cum livo sacer esto. †

Before this is a slight bench, where some of the same objects are seen again, but in a different point of light. It is not very easy either to paint or describe this delightful grove: however, as the former has been more than once attempted, I will hope to

* IMITATION.

Woods, vales, and running streams, my mind
enchant;
The woods and streams inglorious let me haunt.

† EXPLANATION.

To
P. Virgilius Maro,
This obelisk
and grove
Is consecrated.

Note.—It was customary with the Romans to give a praenomen, or first name, in the manner of our Christian names; accordingly Virgil had that of Publius. He derived the addition of Maro from his father, who was so called.

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apologize for an imperfect description, by the difficulty found by those who have aimed to sketch it with their pencil. Be it, therefore, first observed, that the whole scene is opaque and gloomy, consisting of a small deep valley or dingle, the sides of which are enclosed with irregular tufts of hazel and other underwood, and the whole shadowed with lofty trees rising out of the bottom of the dingle, through which a copious stream makes its way through mossy banks, enamell'd with primroses, and variety of wild wood flowers. The first seat we approach is thus inscribed:

Celeberrimo Poetæ
JACOBO THOMSON,
Prope fontes ille non fastidiosus
G. S.
Sedem hanc ornavit.*

"Quæ tibi, quæ tali reddam pro carmine dona?
Nam neque me tantum venientis sibilus aëstris,
Nec percussa juvant fluctu tam littora, nec quæ
Saxosæ inter decurrunt flumina valles."†

This seat is placed upon a steep bank on the edge of the valley, from which the eye is here drawn down into the flat below, by the light that glimmers in front, and by the sound of various cascades, by which the winding stream is broken. Opposite to this seat the ground rises again in an easy concave to a kind of dripping fountain, where a small rill trickles down a rude nich of rock work, through fern, liver-wort, and aquatic weeds, the green area in the middle, through which the stream winds, being as well shaped as can be imagined. After falling down those cascades, it winds under a bridge of one arch, and then empties itself into a small lake which catches it a little below. This terminates the scene upon the right, and after these objects have for some time amused the spectator, his eye rambles to the left, where one of the most beautiful cascades imaginable is seen, by way of incident, through a kind of vista or glade, falling down a precipice over-arched with trees, and strikes us with surprise. It is impossible to express the pleasure which one feels on this occasion; for though surprise alone is not excellence, it may serve to quicken the effect of what is beautiful. I believe none ever beheld this grove without a thorough sense of satisfaction; and were one to choose any particular spot of this perfectly Arcadian farm, it should, perhaps, be this; although it so well contrasts both with the terrace, and with some other scenes, that one cannot wish them ever to be divided. We now proceed to a seat at the bottom of a large root on the side of a slope with this

INSCRIPTION.

'O let me haunt this peaceful shade,
Nor let Ambition e'er invade
The tenants of this leafy bower,
That shun her paths, and slight her power.

'Hither the peaceful halcyon flies
From social meads and open skies,
Pleased by this rill her course to steer,
And hide her sapphire plumage here.

'The trout, bedropp'd with crimson stains,
Forakes the river's proud domains,
Forsakes the sun's unwelcome gleam,
To lurk within this humble stream.

* EXPLANATION.

To the
much celebrated Poet
JAMES THOMSON,
This seat was placed
near his favourite springs
By W. S.

† IMITATION.

How shall I thank thy Muse, so form'd to
please?
For not the whisperings of the southern breeze,
Nor banks still beaten by the breaking wave,
Nor limpid rills that pebbly valleys lave,
Yield such delight.

'And sure I heard the Naiad say,
'Flow, flow, my stream! this devious way;
Though lovely soft thy murmurs are,
Thy waters lovely, cool, and fair.

"Flow, gentle Stream! nor let the vain
Thy small unsullied stores disdain;
Nor let the pensive sage repine,
Whose latent course resembles thine."

The view from it is a calm tranquil scene of water, gliding through sloping ground, with a sketch through the trees of the small pond below.

The scene in this place is that of water stealing along through a rude sequestered vale, the ground on each side covered with weeds and field flowers, as that before is kept close shaven. Farther on we lose all sight of water, and only hear the noise, without having the appearance, a kind of effect which the Chinese are fond of producing in what they call their scenes of enchantment. We now turn all on a sudden upon the high cascade which we admired before in vista. The scene around is quite a grotto of native stone running up it, roots of trees overhanging it, and the whole shaded overhead. However, we first approach, upon the left, a chalybeate spring, with an iron bowl chained to it, and this inscription upon a stone:

Fons Ferrugineus
Divæ quæ secessu isto frui concedit.*

Then turning to the right, we find a stone seat, making part of the aforesaid cave, with this well applied inscription:

Intus aquæ dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo;
Nympharum domus.†

which I have often heard Mr. Shenstone term the denotation of a grotto. We now wind up a shady path on the left hand, and crossing the head of this cascade, pass beside the river that supplies it in our way up to the house. One seat first occurs under a shady oak as we ascend the hill; soon after we enter the shrubbery, which half surrounds the house, where we find two seats, thus inscribed to two of his most particular friends. The first thus:

Amicitiae et meritis
RICHARDI GRAVES:‡

Ipse te, Tityre! pinus,
Ipsi te fontes, ipsa hæc arbuta, vocabant.§

And a little further the other, with the following.

INSCRIPTION.

Amicitiae et meritis
RICHARDI JAGO:¶

EXPLANATION.

To the Goddess
Who bestowed the enjoyment
of these retreats,
This chalybeate spring
is consecrated.

‡ IMITATION.

Within are wholesome springs, and marble seats
Carved in the living rocks, of Nymphs the blessed
retreats.

¶ EXPLANATION.

To the
friendship and merits
of
RICHARD GRAVES
§ EXPLANATION.
Thee, Tityrus! the pines,
The crystal springs, the very groves, invoked.

¶ EXPLANATION.

To the
friendship and merit
of
RICHARD JAGO.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE LEASOWES.

From this last is an opening down the valley over a large sliding lawn, well edged with oaks, to a piece of water, crossed by a considerable bridge in the flat; the steeple of Males, a village amid trees, making, on the whole, a very pleasing picture. Thus winding through flowering shrubs, beside a menagerie for doves, we are conducted to the stables. But let it not be forgot, that, on the entrance into this shrubbery, the first object that strikes us is a Venus de Medici's, beside a bason of gold fish, encompassed round with shrubs, and illustrated with the following

INSCRIPTION.

—— "Semi reducta Venus."‡

"To Venus, Venus here retired,
My sober vows I pay;
Not her on Paphian plains admired,
The bold, the pert, the gay;

Not her, whose amorous leer prevail'd
To bribe the Phrygian boy;
Not her who, clad in armour, fail'd
To save disastrous Troy.

‡ EXPLANATION.

Venus half-retir'd.

Fresh rising from the foamy tide,
She every bosom warms,
While half-withdrawn she seems to hide,
And half reveals, her charms.

Learn hence, ye boistful sons of Taste
Who plan the rural shade,
Learn hence to shun the vicious waste
Of pomp at large display'd.

Let sweet concealment's magic art
Your mazy bounds invest,
And while the sight unveils a part,
Let Fancy paint the rest.

Let coy reserve with cost unite
To grace your wood or field,
No ray obtrusive pall the sight,
In aught you paint or build.

And far be driven the sumptuous glare
Of gold from British groves,
And far the meretricious air
Of China's vain alcoves.

'Tis bashful Beauty ever twines
The most coercive chain;
'Tis she that sovereign rule declines,
Who best deserves to reign."

ELEGIES,

ON

DIFFERENT OCCASIONS.

Tantum inter densas, umbroso cacumina, fagas
Assidue veniebat; ibi hæc incondita, solus,
Montibus et silvis studio jactabat inani! *Virg.*

IMITATION.

The spreading beech alone he would explore
With frequent step; beneath its shady top,
(Ah! profitless employ!) to hills and groves
These indigested lays he wont repeat.

ELEGY I.

*He arrives at his Retirement in the Country, and
takes Occasion to expatiate in praise of Simplicity.*

TO A FRIEND.

FOR rural virtues, and for native skies,
I bade Augusta's venal sons farewell;
Now 'mid the trees I see my smoke arise,
Now hear the fountains bubbling round my cell.

O may that Genius which secures my rest
Preserve this villa for a friend that's dear!
Ne'er may my vintage glad the sordid breast,
Ne'er tinge the lip that dares be insincere!

Far from these paths, ye faithless Friends! depart;
Fly my plain board, abhor my hostile name!
Hence the faint verse that flows not from the heart,
But mourns in labour'd strains the price of fame!

O loved Simplicity! be thine the prize!
Assiduous Art correct her page in vain!
His be the palm who, guiltless of disguise,
Contains the power the dull resource to feign!

Still may the mourner, lavish of his tears,
For lucre's venal meed invite my scorn!
Still may the hard, dissembling doubts and fears,
For praise, for flattery sighing, sigh forlorn!

Soft as the line of lovesick Hammond flows,
'Twas his fond heart effused the melting theme
Ah! never could Aonia's hull disclose
So fair a fountain, or so loved a stream.

Ye loveless Bards! intent with artful pains
To form a sigh, or to contrive a tear!
Forego your Pindus, and on ——— plains
Survey Camilla's charms, and grow sincere.

But thou, my Friend! while in thy youthful soul
Love's gentle tyrant seats his awful throne,
Write from thy bosom—let not art control
The ready pen that makes his edicts known.

Pleasing, when youth is long expired, to trace
The forms our pencil or our pen design'd!
"Such was our youthful air, and shape, and face!
Such the soft image of our youthful mind!"

Soft, whilst we sleep beneath the rural bowers,
The Loves and Graces steal unseen away,
And where the turf diffused its pomp of flowers,
We wake to wintry scenes of chill decay!

Curse the sad fortune that detains thy fair;
Praise the soft hours that gave thee to her arms
Paint thy proud scorn of every vulgar care,
When hope exalts thee, or when doubt alarms.

Where with *Ænone* thou hast worn the day,
Near fount or stream, in meditation, rove;
If in the grove *Ænone* loved to stray,
The faithful Muse shall meet thee in the grove.

ELEGY II.

On posthumous Reputation.

TO A FRIEND,

O GRIEF of griefs! that Envy's frantic ire
Should rob the living virtue of its praise;
O foolish Muses! that with zeal aspire
To deck the cold insensate shrine with bays.

When the free spirit quits her humble frame,
To tread the skies with radiant garlands crown'd
Say, will she hear the distant voice of Fame?
Or, hearing, fancy sweetness in the sound?

Perhaps even Genius pours a slighted lay;
Perhaps even Friendship sheds a fruitless tear;
Even Lyttleton but vainly trims the bay,
And fondly graces Hammond's mournful bier.

Though weeping virgins haunt his favour'd urn,
Renew their chaplets, and repeat their sighs;
Though near his tomb Sabeian odours burn,
The loitering fragrance will it reach the skies?

No; should his *Delia* votive wreaths prepare,
Delia might place the votive wreaths in vain:
Yet the dear hope of *Delia's* future care
Once crown'd his pleasures, and dispell'd his pain.

Yes—the fair prospect of surviving praise
Can every sense of present joys excel;
For this great *Hadrian* chose laborious days;
'Through this, expiring, bade a gay farewell.

Shall then our youths, who Fame's bright fabric
raise,
To life's precarious date confine their care?
O teach them you to spread the sacred base.
To plan a work through latest ages fair

ELEGIES.

11

To small transport, as with curious eye
You trace the story of each Attic sage,
To think your blooming praise shall time defy ?
Shall waft like odours, thro' the pleasing page ?

To mark the day when, through the bulky tome,
Around your name the varying style refines ?
And readers call their lost attention home,
Led by that index where true genius shines ?

Ah ! let not Britens doubt their social aim,
Whose ardent bosoms catch this ancient fire,
Cold into rest melts before the vivid flame,
And patriot ardours but with life expire.

ELEGY III.

*On the untimely Death of a certain learned
Acquaintance.*

If proud Prynallion quits his cumbrous frame,
Funeral pomp the scanty tear supplies,
Whilst heralds loud, with venal voice proclaim,
Lo ! here the brave and the pious lies.

When humbler Alcon leaves his drooping friends
Pageant nor plume distinguish Alcon's bier ;
The faithful Muse with votive song attends,
And blots the mournful numbers with a tear.

He little knew the sly penurious art,
That odious art which Fortune's favourites know :
Form'd to bestow, he felt the earnest heart,
But envious Fate forbade him to bestow.

He little knew to ward the secret wound ;
He little knew that mortals could enslave :
Virtue he knew : the noblest joy he found
To sing her glories, and to paint her fair.

Ill was he skill'd to guide his wandering sheep,
And unforeseen disaster thin'd his fold ;
Yet at another's loss the swain would weep,
And for his friend his very crook was sold.

Ye sons of Wealth ! protect the Muses' train ;
From winds protect them, and with food supply :
Ah ! helpless they, toward the threaten'd pain,
The meagre famine, and the wintry sky !

He loved a nymph ; amidst his slender store
He dared to love, and Cynthia was his theme :
He breathed his plaints along the rocky shore,
They only echoed o'er the winding stream.

His nymph was fair ! the sweetest bud that blows
Receives less lovely from the recent shower ;
So Philomel enamour'd eyes the rose ;
Sweet bird ! enamour'd of the sweetest flower.

He loved the Muse ; she taught him to complain ;
He saw his timorous loves on her depend :
He loved the Muse, although she taught in vain,
He loved the Muse, for she was Virtue's friend.

She guides the foot that treads on Parian floors ;
She wins the ear when formal pleas are vain ;
She tempts Patricians from the fatal doors
Of Vice's brothel forth to Virtue's fane.

He wish'd for wealth, for much he wish'd to give ;
He grieved that Virtue might not wealth obtain :
Piteous of woes, and hopeless to relieve,
The pensive prospect sadden'd all his strain.

I saw him faint ! I saw him sink to rest !
Like one ordain'd to swell the vulgar throng ;
As though the Virtues had not warm'd his breast,
As though the Muses not inspir'd his tongue.

I saw his bier ignobly cross the plain ;
Saw peasant hands the pious rites supply :
The generous rustic mourn'd the friendly swain,
But Power and Wealth's unvarying cheek was
dry

Such Alcon fell ; in meagre want forlorn !
Where were ye then, ye powerful Patrons ; where ?
Would ye the purple should your limbs adorn,
Go wash the conscious blemish with a tear.

ELEGY IV.

OPHELIA'S URN.

To Mr. G.—

THROUGH the dim veil of evening's dusky shade,
Near some lone fane, or yew's funeral green,
What dreary forms has magic Fear survey'd ?
What shrouded spectres Superstition seen !

But you, secure, shall pour your sad complaint,
Nor dread the meagre phantoms' wan array ;
What none but Fear's officious hand can paint,
What none but Superstition's eye survey

The glimmering twilight and the doubtful dawn
Shall see your step to these sad scenes return :
Constant, as crystal dews impend the lawn,
Shall Strephon's tear bedew Ophelia's urn.

Sure nought unhallow'd shall presume to stray
Where sleep the reliques of that virtuous maid ;
Nor aught unlovely bend its devious way
Where soft Ophelia's dear remains are laid.

Haply thy Muse, as with unceasing sighs
She keeps late vigils, on her urn reclined,
May see light groups of pleasing visions rise,
And phantoms glide, but of celestial kind.

Then Fame, her clarion pendant at her side,
Shall seek forgiveness of Ophelia's shade,
" Why has such worth, without distinction, died ?
Why, like the desert's lily, bloom to fade ?

Then young Simplicity, averse to feign,
Shall, unmolested, breathe her softest sigh,
And Candour with unwonted warmth complain,
And Innocence indulge a wailful cry.

Then Elegance, with coy judicious hand,
Shall cull fresh flowrets for Ophelia's tomb ;
And Beauty chide the Fate's severe command,
That show'd the frailty of so fair a bloom !

And Fancy then, with wild ungovern'd woe,
Shall her loved pupil's native taste explain ;
For mournful sable all her hues forego,
And ask sweet solace of the Muse in vain !

Ah ! gentle Forms ! expect no fond relief ;
Too much the sacred Nine their loss deplore :
Well may ye grieve, nor find an end of grief—
Your best, your brightest favourite is no more.

ELEGY V.

*He compares the Turbulence of Love with the Tran-
quillity of Friendship*

TO MELISSA HIS FRIEND.

FROM Love, from angry Love's inclement reign
I pass awhile to Friendship's equal skies ;
Thou, generous Maid ! reliev'st my partial pain,
And cheer'st the victim of another's eyes.

'Tis thou, Melissa, thou deserv'st my care ;
How can my will and reason disagree ?
How can my passion live beneath despair ?
How can my bosom sigh for aught but thee ?

Ah ! dear Melissa ! pleas'd with thee to rove
My soul has yet surviv'd its dreariest time ;
Ill can I bear the various clime of Love !
Love is a pleasing but a various clime.

So smiles immortal Maro's favourite shore,
Parthenope, with every verdure crown'd;
When straight Vesuvius's horrid caldrons roar,
And the dry vapour blasts the regions round.

Oh! blissful regions! oh! unrivall'd plains!
When Maro to these fragrant haunts retired!
Oh! fatal realms! and, oh! accur'd domain!
When Pliny 'mid sulphureous clouds expired!

So smiles the surface of the treacherous main,
As o'er its waves the peaceful halcyons play,
When soon rude winds their wonted rule regain,
And sky and ocean mingle in the fray.

But let or air contend, or ocean rave;
Even Hope subside, amid the billows toss'd;
Hope, still emergent, still contends the wave,
And not a feature's wonted smile is lost.

ELEGY VI.

TO A LADY,

On the Language of Birds.

COME then, Dione, let us range the grove,
The science of the feather'd choirs explore,
Hear linnets argue, larks descendant of love,
And blame the gloom of solitude no more.

My doubt subsides—'tis no Italian song,
Nor senseless ditty, cheers the vernal tree:
Ah! who that hears Dione's tuneful tongue,
Shall doubt that music may with sense agree?

And come, my Muse! that lov'st the sylvan shade,
Evince the mazes, and the mist dispel;
Translate the song; convince my doubting maid
No solemn Dervise can explain so well—

Pensive beneath the twilight shades I sate,
The slave of hopeless vows and cold disdain!
When Philomel address'd his mournful mate,
And thus I construed the mellifluous strain.

"Sing on, my bird!—the liquid notes prolong;
At every note a lover sheds his tear;
Sing on my bird!—'tis Damon hears thy song,
Nor doubt to gain applause when lovers hear.

"He the sad source of our complaining knows;
A foe to Tereus and to lawless love.
He mourns the story of our ancient woes:
Ah! could our music his complaints remove.

"Yon plains are govern'd by a peerless maid;
And see, pale Cynthia mounts the vaulted sky;
A train of lovers count the checker'd shade,
Sing on, my bird! and hear thy mate's reply.

"Erewhile no shepherd to these woods retired,
No lover bless'd the glow-worm's pallid ray;
But ill-starr'd birds, that, listening, not admired;
Or listening, envied our superior lay.

"Cheer'd by the sun, the vassals of his power,
Let such by day unite their jingling strains,
But let us choose the calm, the silent hour,
Nor want fit audience while Dione reigns."

ELEGY VII.

He describes his Vision to an Acquaintance.

Cætera per terras omnes animalia, &c. Virg.

IMITATION.

All animals beside, o'er all the earth, &c.

ON distant heaths, beneath autumnal skies,
Pensive I saw the circling shade descend;
Weary and faint I heard the storm arise,
While the sun vanish'd, like a faithless friend.

No kind companion led my steps aright;
No friendly planet lent its glimmering ray
Even the lone cot refus'd its wonted light,
Where toil in peaceful slumber closed the day.

Then the dull bell had given a pleasing sound;
The village cur to wake transport then to hear;
In dreadful silence all was hush'd around,
While the rude storm alone distress'd mine ear.

As led by Orwell's winding banks I stray'd,
Where towering Wolsey breathed his native air
A sudden lustre chased the flitting shade,
The sounding winds were hush'd, and all was fair.

Instant a graceful form appear'd confess'd;
White were his locks, with awful scarlet crown'd,
And livelier far than Tyrian seem'd his vest,
That with the glowing purple tinged the ground.

"Stranger," he said, "amid this pealing rain,
Benighted, lone, some, whither wouldst thou stray?
Does wealth or power thy weary step constrain?
Reveal thy wish, and let me point the way.

"For know I trod the trophied paths of power,
Felt every joy that fate ambition brings,
And left the lonely roof of yonder bower
To stand beneath the canopies of kings.

"I bade low hind the towering ardour share,
Nor meanly rose to bless myself alone;
I snatch'd the shepherd from his fleecy care,
And bade his wholesome dictates guard the throne.

"Low at my feet the suppliant peer I saw;
I saw proud empires my decision wait:
My will was duty, and my word was law,
My smile was transport, and my frown was fate."

Ah me! said I, nor power I seek, nor gain;
Nor urged by hope of fame these toils endure;
A simple youth, that feels a lover's pain,
And from his friend's condolence hopes a cure.

He, the dear youth! to whose abodes I roam,
Nor can mine honours nor my fields extend;
Yet for his sake I leave my distant home,
Which oaks embosom, and which hills defend.

Beneath that home I scorn the wintry wind;
The spring to shade me robes her fairest tree!
And if a friend my grass-grown threshold find,
Oh how my lonely cot resounds with glee!

Yet, though averse to gold in heaps amass'd,
I wish to bless, I languish to bestow;
And though no friend to fame's obstreperous blast,
Still to her dulcet murmurs not a foe.

Too proud with servile tone to deign address;
Too mean to think that honours are my due;
Yet should some patron yield my stores to bless,
I sure should deem my boundless thanks were few.

But tell me, thou! that like a meteor's fire
Shott'st blazing forth, disdainful dull degrees,
Should I to wealth, to fame, to power, aspire,
Must I not pass more rugged paths than these?

Must I not groan beneath a guilty load?
Praise him I scorn, and him I love betray?
Does not felonious Envy bar the road?
Or Falsehood's treacherous foot beset the way?

Say, should I pass through Favour's crowded gate,
Must not fair Truth inglorious wait behind?
Whilst I approach the glittering scenes of state,
My best companion no admittance find?

Nur'd in the shades by Freedom's lenient care,
Shall I the rigid sway of fortune own?
Taught by the voice of pious Truth, prepare
To spurn an altar, and adore a throne?

And when proud Fortune's ebbing tide recedes,
And when it leaves me no unshaken friend,
Shall I not weep that e'er I left the meads,
Which oaks embosom, and which hills defend.

Oh ! if these ills the price of power advance,
Check not my speed, where social joys invite !
The troubled vision cast a mournful glance,
And, sighing, vanish'd in the shades of night.

ELEGY VIII.

He describes his early love of Poetry, and its Consequences.

TO MR. G——

AH me ! what envious magic thins my fold ?
What mutter'd spell retards their late increase ?
Such lessening fleeces must the swain behold,
That e'er with Doric pipe essays to please.

I saw my friends in evening circles meet ;
I took my vocal reed, and tuned my lay ;
I heard them say my vocal reed was sweet ;
Ah, fool ! to credit what I heard them say.

Ill-fated Bard ! that seeks his skill to show,
Then courts the judgment of a friendly ear ;
Not the poor veteran, that permits his foe
To guide his doubtful step, has more to fear

Nor could my G—— mistake the critic's laws,
Till pious Friendship mark'd the pleasing way :
Welcome such error ! ever bless'd the cause !
Even though it led me boundless leagues astray.

Could'st thou reprove me, when I nurs'd the flame,
On listening Chertwell's osier banks reclined ?
While foe to Fortune, unseduced by Fame,
I soothed the bias of a careless mind ?

Youth's gentle kindred, Health and Love, were met ;
What though in Alma's guardian arms I play'd ?
How shall the Muse those vacant hours forget ?
Or deem that bliss by solid cares repaid ?

Thou know'st how transport thrills the tender breast
Where Love and Fancy fix their opening reign ;
How Nature shines, in livelier colours dress'd,
To bless their union, and to grace their train.

So first when Phœbus met the Cyprian Queen,
And favour'd Rhodes beheld their passion crown'd,
Unusual flowers enrich'd the painted green,
And swift spontaneous roses blush'd around.

Now sadly lorn, from Twitnam's widow'd bower*
The drooping Muses take their casual way,
And where they stop, a flood of tears they pour ;
And where they weep no more the fields are gay.

Where is the dappled pink, the sprightly rose ?
The cowslip's golden cup no more I see :
Dark and discolour'd every flower that blows,
To form the garland, Elegy ! for thee—

Enough of tears has wept the virtuous dead ;
Ah ! might we now the pious rage control !
Hush'd be my grief, ere every smile be fled,
Ere the deep-swelling sigh subvert the soul !

If near some trophy spring a stripling bay,
Pleased we behold the graceful umbrage rise,
But soon too deep it works its baneful way,
And low on earth the prostrate ruin lies.†

ELEGY IX.

He describes his Disinterestedness to a Friend.

I NE'ER must tinge my lip with Celtic wines :
The pomp of India must I ne'er display ;

* Written after the death of Mr. Pope.

† Alludes to what is reported of the bay-tree, that if it is planted too near the walls of an edifice, its roots will work their way underneath, till they destroy the foundation.

Nor boast the produce of Peruvian mines,
Nor with Italian sounds deceive the day.

Down yonder brook my crystal beverage flows ;
My grateful sheep their annual fleeces bring ;
Fair in my garden buds the damask rose,
And from my grove I hear the thrush sing.

My fellow-swains avert your dazzled eyes ;
In vain allured by glittering spoils they rove ;
The Fates ne'er meant them for the shepherd's prize
Yet gave them ample recompence in love.

They gave you vigour from your parents' veins ;
They gave you toils, but toils your sinews brace
They gave you nymphs that own their amorous pains
And shades, the refuge of the gentle race.

To carve your loves, to paint your mutual flames,
See, polish'd fair, the bee's friendly rind !
To sing soft carols to your lovely dames
See vocal grots and echoing vales assign'd !

Wouldst thou, my Strephon ! Love's delighted slave
Though sure the wreaths of chivalry to share,
Forego the riband thy Matilda gave,
And, giving, bade thee in remembrance wear ?

Ill fare my peace, but every idle toy,
If to my mind my Delia's form it brings,
Has truer worth, imparts sincerer joy,
Than all that bears the radiant stamp of kings

O my soul weeps, my breast with anguish bleeds,
When love deplores the tyrant power of Gain !
Disdaining riches as the futile weeds,
I rise superior, and the rich disdain.

Off from the stream, slow wandering down the
glade,
Pensive I hear the nuptial peal rebound :
"Some miser weds (I cry) the captive maid,
And some fond lover sickens at the sound."

Not Somerville, the Muse's friend of old,
Though now exalted to yon ambient sky,
So shunn'd a soul disdain'd with earth and gold,
So loved the pure, the generous breast, as I.

Scorn'd be the wretch that quits his genial bowl,
His loves, his friendships, even his self resigns ;
Perverts the sacred instinct of his soul,
And to a ducal's dirty sphere confines.

But come, my Friend ! with taste, with science,
bless'd,
Ere age impair me, and ere gold allure :
Restore thy dear idea to my breast,
The rich deposit shall the shrine secure.

Let others toil to gain the sordid ore,
The charms of independence let us sing ;
Bless'd with thy friendship, can I wish for more ?
I'll spurn the boasted wealth of Lydia's king.*

ELEGY X.

TO FORTUNE,

Suggesting his Motive for rejoyning at her Dispositions.

ASK not the cause why this rebellious tongue
Loads with fresh curses thy detested sway ;
Ask not, thus branded in my softest song,
Why stands the flatter'd name which all obey

'Tis not that in my shed I lurk forlorn,
Nor see my roof on Parian marble rise ;
That on this breast no nimble star is borne,
Revered, ah ! more than those that light the skies

'Tis not that on the turf supinely laid,
I sing or pipe, but to the hocks that graze ;
And, all inglorious, in the lonesome shade
My finger stiffens, and my voice decays.

* Cræsus.

Not that my fancy mourns thy stern command,
When many an embryo dome is lost in air;
While guardian Prudence checks my eager hand,
And, ere the turf is broken, cries, "Forbear:

Forbear, vain Youth! be cautious, weigh thy gold,
Nor let yon rising column more aspire:
Ah! better dwell in ruins than behold
Thy fortunes mouldering, and thy domes entire.

"Honorio built, but dared my laws defy;
He planted, scornful of my sage commands;
The peach's vernal bud regaled his eye,
The fruitage ripen'd for more frugal hands."

See the small stream, that pours its murmuring tide
O'er some rough rock that would its wealth display,

Displays it aught but penury and pride?
Ah! construe wisely what such murmurs say,

How would some flood, with ampler treasures
bless'd,
Disdainful view the scantling drops distill!
How must Velino* shake his reedy crest!
How every cygnet mock the boastful rill!

Fortune, I yield; and see, I give the sign;
At noon the poor mechanic wanders home,
Collects the square, the level, and the line,
And with retorted eye forsakes the dome.

Yes, I can patient view the shadeless plains;
Can unrepining leave the rising wall;
Check the fond love of art that fired my veins,
And my warm hopes in full pursuit recall.

Descend, ye storms! destroy my rising pile:
Loosed be the whirlwind's unrelenting sway;
Contented I, although the gazer smile
To see it scarce survive a winter's day.

Let some dull dattard bask in thy gay shrine,
As in the sun regales his wanton herd;
Guiltless of envy, why should I repine
That his rude voice, his grating reed's pre-
ferred?

Let him exult, with boundless wealth supplied,
Mine and the swain's reluctant homage share;
But, ah! his tawdry shepherdess's pride,
Gods! must my Delia, must my Delia, bear?

Must Delia's softness, elegance, and ease,
Submit to Marian's dress? to Marian's gold?
Must Marian's robe from distant India please?
The simple fleece my Delia's limbs infold?

"Yet sure on Delia seems the russet fair;
Ye glittering daughter, of disguise adieu!"
So talk the wise, who judge of shape and air,
But will the rural thane decide so true?

Ah, what is native worth esteem'd of clowns?
'Tis thy false glare, O Fortune! thine they see:
'Tis for thy Delia's sake I dread thy frowns,
And my last gasp shall curses breathe on thee.

ELEGY XI.

*He complains how soon the pleasing Novelty of Life
is over.*

TO MR. J.—

AH me! my Friend! it will not, will not last!
This fairy scene, that cheats our youthful eyes;
The charm dissolves; th' aerial music's past;
The banquet ceases, and the vision flies.

Where are the splendid forms, the rich perfumes,
Where the gay tapers, where the spacious dome?
Vanish'd the costly pearls, the crimson plumes,
And we, delightless, left to wander home!

* A river in Italy, that falls 100 yards perpen-
dicular

Vain now are books, the sage's wisdom vain!
What has the world to bribe our steps astray
Ere Reason learns by study'd laws to reign,
The weaken'd passions, self-subdued, obey.

Scarce has the sun seven annual courses roll'd,
Scarce shown the whole that Fortune can supply
Since not the miser so careless'd his gold
As I, for what it gave, was heard to sigh.

On the world's stage I wish'd some sprightly part,
To deck my native fleece with tawdry lace!
'Twas life, 'twas taste, and—oh! my foolish heart
Substantial joy was fix'd in power and place.

And you, ye works of Art! allured mine eye,
The breathing picture and the living stone:
"Tho' gold, tho' splendour, Heaven and Fate deny
Yet might I call one Titian stroke my own!"

Smit with the charms of Fame, whose lovely spoil
The wreath, the garland, fire the poet's pride,
I trimm'd my lamp, consumed the midnight oil—
But soon the paths of health and fame divide!

Oft, too, I pray'd; 'twas Nature form'd the prayer:
To grace my native scenes, my rural home;
To see my trees express their planter's care,
And gay, on Attic models, raise my dome.

But now 'tis o'er, the dear delusion's o'er;
A stagnant breezeless air becalms my soul:
A fond aspiring candidate no more,
I scorn the palm before I reach the goal

O Youth! enchanting stage, profusely bless'd!
Bliss e'en obtrusive courts the frolic mind;
Of health neglectful, yet by health careless'd,
Careless of favour, yet secure to find.

Then glows the breast as opening roses fair;
More free, more vivid, than the linnet's wing;
Honest as light, transparent e'en as air,
Tender as buds, and lavish as the Spring.

Not all the force of manhood's active might,
Not all the craft to subtle age assign'd,
Not science shall extort that dear delight,
Which gay delusion gave the tender mind.

Adieu, soft raptures! transports void of care.
Parent of raptures, dear Deceit! adieu;
And you, her daughters, pining with despair,
Why, why so soon her fleeting steps pursue!

Tedious again to curse the drizzling day!
Again to trace the wintry tracks of snow!
O, sooth'd by vernal airs, again survey
The self same hawthorns bud, and cowslips blow

O life! how soon of every bliss forlorn!
We start false joys, and urge the devious race,
A tender prey, that cheers our youthful morn,
Then sinks untimely, and defrauds the chase.

ELEGY XII.

His Recantation.

NO more the Muse obtrudes her thin disguise,
No more with awkward fallacy complains
How every fervour from my bosom flies,
And Reason in her lonesome palace reigns.

Ere the chill winter of our days arrive,
No more the paints the breast from passion
free;

I feel, I feel one loitering wish survive—
Ah! need I, Florio, name that wish to thee?

The star of Venus ushers in the day,
The first, the loveliest of the train that shine!
The star of Venus lends her brightest ray,
When other stars their friendly beams resign.

Still in my breast one soft desire remains,
Pure as that star, from guilt, from interest

Has gentle Delia tripp'd across the plains,
And need I, Florio, name that wish to thee?

While, cloy'd to find the scenes of life the same,
I tune with careless hand my languid lays,
Some secret impulse wakes my former flame,
And fires my strain with hopes of brighter days.

I slept not long beneath yon rural bowers,
And, lo! my crook with flowers adorn'd I see:
Has gentle Delia bound my crook with flowers,
And need I, Florio, name my hopes to thee?

ELEGY XIII.

TO A FRIEND,

On some slight occasion estranged from him.

HEALTH to my friend, and many a cheerful day!
Around his seat may peaceful shades abide!
Smooth flow the minutes, fraught with smiles,
away,

And till they crown our union gently glide!

Ah me! too swiftly fleets our vernal bloom!
Lost to our wonted friendship, lost to joy!
Soon may thy breast the cordial wish resume,
Ere wintry doubt its tender warmth destroy!

Say, were it ours, by Fortune's wild command,
By chance to meet beneath the Torrid Zone,
Wouldst thou reject thy Damon's plighted hand?
Wouldst thou with scorn thy once loved friend disown?

Life is that stranger land, that alien clime;
Shall kindred souls forego their social claim?
Launch'd in the vast abyss of space and time,
Shall dark suspicion quench the generous flame?

Myriads of souls, that knew one parent mould,
See sadly severed by the laws of Chance!
Myriads, in Time's perennial list enroll'd,
Forbidden by Fate to change one transient glance!

But we have met—where ills of every form,
Where passions rage, and hurricanes descend;
Say, shall we nurse the rage, assist the storm,
And guide them to the bosom—of a friend?

Yes, we have met—thro' rapine, fraud, and wrong:
Might our joint aid the paths of peace explore:
Why leave thy friend amid the boisterous throng,
Ere death divide us, and we part no more?

For, oh! pale sickness warns thy friend away;
For me no more the vernal roses bloom!
I see stern Fate his ebony wand display,
And point the wither'd regions of the tomb.

Then the keen anguish from thine eye shall start,
Sad as thou followest my untimely bier;
"Fool that I was—if friends so soon must part,
To let suspicion intermix a fear."

ELEGY XIV

Declining an invitation to visit Foreign Countries, he takes occasion to intimate the Advantages of his own.

TO LORD TEMPLE.

WHILE others, lost to friendship, lost to love,
Waste their best minutes on a foreign strand,

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Be mine with British nymph or swain to rove,
And court the Genius of my native land.

Deluded Youth! that quits these verdant plains,
To catch the follies of an alien soil!
To win the vice his genuine soul disdains,
Return exultant, and import the spoil!

In vain he boasts of his detested prize;
No more it blooms, to British climes convey'd;
Cramp'd by the impulse of ungenial skies,
See its fresh vigour in a moment fade;

Th' exotic folly knows its native clime,
An awkward stranger if we waft it o'er;
Why then these toils, this costly waste of time,
To spread soft poison on our happy shore?

I covet not the pride of foreign looms;
In search of foreign modes I scorn to rove;
Nor for the worthless bird of brighter plumes
Would change the meanest warbler of my grove.

No distant clime shall servile airs impart,
Or form these limbs with pliant ease to play;
Trembling I view the Gaul's illusive art,
That steals my loved rusticity away.

'Tis long since Freedom fled th' Hesperian clime,
Her citron groves, her flower-embroider'd shore;
She saw the British oak aspire sublime,
And soft Campania's olive charms no more.

Let partial suns mature the western mine,
To shed its lustre o'er th' Iberian maid,
Mien, beauty, shape, O native soil! are thine;
Thy peerless daughters ask no foreign aid.

Let Ceylon's envy'd plant* perfume the seas,
Till torn to season the Batavian bowl;
Ours is the breast whose genuine ardours please,
Nor need a drug to meliorate the soul.

Let the proud Soldan wound th' Arcadian groves,
Or with rude lips th' Aonian fount profane;
The Muse no more by flowery Ladon roves,
She seeks her Thomson on the British plain.

Tell not of realms by ruthless war dismay'd;
Ah! hapless realms! that war's oppression feel;
In vain may Austria boast her Noric blade,
If Austria bleed beneath her boasted steel.

Beneath her palm Idume vents her moan;
Raptured she once beheld its friendly shade;
And hoary Memphis boasts her tombs alone,
The mournful types of mighty power decay'd!

No Crescent here displays its baneful horns;
No turban'd host the voice of truth reproves;
Learning's free source the sage's breast adorns,
And Poets not inglorious, chant their loves.

Boast, favour'd Media! boast thy flowery stores
Thy thousand hues by chymic suns refined;
'Tis not the dress of mien my soul adores,
'Tis the rich beauties of Britannia's mind.

While Grenville's† breast could virtue's stores
What envy'd flora bore so fair a freight? (afford,
The mine compared in vain its latent hoard,
The gem its lustre, and the gold its weight.

Thee, Grenville! thee, with calmest courage
fraught!

Thee, the loved image of thy native shore!
Thee, by the Virtues arm'd, the Graces taught!
When shall we cease to boast or to deplore?

Presumptuous War, which could thy life destroy,
What shall it now in recompence decree?
While friends, that merit every earthly joy,
Feel every anguish: feel—the loss of thee!

Bid me no more a servile realm compare,
No more the Muse of partial praise arraign;
Britannia sees no foreign breast so fair,
And if she glory, glories not in vain.

* The Cinnamon.

† Written about the time of Captain Grenville's death.

ELEGY XV.

IN MEMORY

*Of a private Family * in Worcestershire.*

FROM a lone tower with reverend ivy crown'd,
The pealing bell awaked a tender sigh;
Still as the village caught the wailing sound,
A swelling tear distream'd from every eye.

So droop'd, I ween, each Briton's breast of old,
When the dull curfew spoke their freedom fled;
For sighing as the mournful accent roll'd,
"Our hope," they cry'd "our kind support is dead!"

'Twas good Palemon—Near a shaded pool,
A group of ancient elms umbrageous rose;
The flocking rooks, by instinct's native rule,
This peaceful scene for their asylum chose.

A few small spires to Gothic fancy fair,
Amid the shades emerging struck the view;
'Twas here his youth respired its earliest air;
'Twas here his age breathed out its last adieu.

One favour'd son engaged his tenderest care;
One pious youth his whole affection crown'd;
In his young breast the virtues sprung so fair,
Such charms display'd, such sweets diffused around.

But whilst gay transport in his face appears,
A noxious vapour clogs the poison'd sky,
Blasts the fair crop—the sire is drown'd in tears,
And, scarce surviving, sees his Cynthia die!

O'er the pale corse we saw him gently bend:
Heart-chill'd with grief—"My thread," he cried
"is spun!"

"If Heaven had meant I should my life extend,
Heaven had preserved my life's support, my son.

"Snatch'd in thy prime! alas! the stroke were mild,
Had my frail form obey'd the Fates' decree!
Bless'd were my lot, O Cynthia! O my child!
Had Heaven so pleased, and I had dy'd for thee."

Five sleepless nights he stemm'd the tide of woes;
Five irksome suns he saw, thro' tears, forlorn!
On his pale corse the sixth sad morning rose;
From yonder dome the mournful bier was borne.

'Twas on those Downs, by Roman hosts annoy'd,
Fought our bold fathers, rustic, unrefined!
Freedom's plain sons in martial cares employ'd!
They tinged their bodies, but unmask'd their mind.

'Twas there, in happier times, this virtuous race,
Of milder merit, fix'd their calm retreat;
War's deadly crimson had forsook the place,
And freedom fondly loved the chosen seat.

No wild ambition fired their tranquil breast,
To swell with empty sounds a spotless name;
If fostering skies, the sun, the shower, were bless'd,
Their bounty spread; their fields' extend the same.

Those fields profuse of raiment, food, and fire,
They scorn'd to lessen, careless to extend;
Bade Luxury to lavish courts aspire,
And Avarice to city-breasts descend.

None to a virgin's mind preferr'd her dower,
To fire with vicious hopes a modest heir:
The sire, in place of titles, wealth, or power,
Assign'd him virtue; and his lot was fair.

* The Penns of Harborough; a place whose name in the Saxon language alludes to an army; and there is a tradition that there was a battle fought on the Downs adjoining, betwixt the Britons and the Romans.

† Harborough Downs.

They spoke of Fortune as some doubtful dame,
That sway'd the natives of a distant sphere;
From Lucre's vagrant sons had learn'd her fame,
But never wish'd to place her banners here.

Here youth's free spirit, innocently gay,
Enjoy'd the most that innocence can give;
Those wholesome sweets that border Virtue's way;
Those cooling fruits, that we may taste and live.

Their board no strange ambitious wand bore;
From their own streams their choicer fare they drew;
To lure the scaly glutton to the shore,
The sole deceit their artless bosom knew!

Sincere themselves, ah! too secure to find
The common bosom, like their own, sincere:
'Tis its own guilt alarms the jealous mind;
'Tis her own poison bids the viper fear.

Sketch'd on the lattice of th' adjacent fane,
Their suppliant busts implore the reader's prayer:
Ah! gentle souls! enjoy your blissful reign,
And let frail mortals claim your guardian care.

For sure to blissful realms the souls are flown
That never flatter'd, injured, censured, strove;
The friends of science! music all their own;
Music, the voice of Virtue and of Love!

The journeying peasant, thro' the secret shade,
Heard their soft lyres engage his list'ning ear,
And haply deem'd some courteous angel play'd;
No angel play'd—but might with transport hear.

For these the sounds that chase unholy strife!
Solve envy's charm, Ambition's wretch release;
Raise him to spurn the radiant ills of life,
To pity pomp, to be content with peace.

Farewell, pure Spirits! vain the praise we give,
The praise you sought from lips angelic flows;
Farewell! the virtues which deserve to live
Deserve an ampler bliss than life bestows.

Last of his race, Palemon, now no more,
The modest merit of his line display'd;
Then pious Hough Vigornia's mitre wore
Soft sleep the dust of each deserving shade.

ELEGY XVI.

He suggests the Advantages of Birth to a Person of Merit; and the Folly of a Superciliousness that is built upon that sole Foundation.

WHEN genius, graced with lineal splendour, glows,
When title shines, with ambient virtues crown'd,
Like some fair almond's flowery pomp it shows,
The pride, the perfume, of the regions round.

Then learn, ye Fair! to soften splendour's ray;
Endure the swain, the youth of low degree;
Let meekness join'd its temperate beam display;
'Tis the mild verdure that endears the tree.

Pity the sandal'd swain, the shepherd's boy;
He sighs to brighten a neglected name;
Foe to the dull applause of vulgar joy,
He mourns his lot; he wishes, merits fame.

In vain to groves and pathless vales we fly;
Ambition there the bowery haunt invades
Fame's awful rays fatigue the courtier's eye,
But gleam still lovely thro' the chequer'd shade.

Vainly, to guard from Love's unequal chain,
Has Fortune rear'd us in the rural grove,
Should * * * eyes illumine the desert plain,
E'en I may wonder, and e'en I must love.

Nor unregarded sighs the lowly bind;
Tho' you censure, the gods respect his vow;
Vindictive rage awaits the scornful mind,
And vengeance, too severe! the gods allow.

On Sarum's plain I met a wand'ring fair;
The look of sorrow, lovely still she bore;
Loose flow'd the soft roundness of her hair,
And on her brow a flowery wreath she wore.

Oft stooping as she stray'd, she cull'd the pride
Of every plain; she pillaged every grove!
The fading chaplet daily she supply'd,
And still her hand some various garland wove.

Erroneous Fancy shaped her wild attire;
From Bethleem's walls the poor lunatic stray'd;
Seem'd with her air her accents to conspire,
When, as wild Fancy taught her, thus she said.

"Hear me, dear youth! oh! hear an hapless maid,
Sprung from the sceptred line of ancient kings;
Scorn'd by the world, I ask thy tender aid;
Thy gentle voice shall whisper kinder things.

"The world is frantic—fly thy race profane—
Nor I nor you shall its compassion move:
Come, friendly let us wander and complain;
And tell me, Shepherd! hast thou seen my love?

"My love is young—but other loves are young;
And other loves are fair, and so is mine;
An air divine discloses whence he sprung;
He is my love who boasts that air divine.

"No vulgar Damon robs me of my rest;
Ianthe listens to no vulgar vow;
A prince from gods descended fires her breast;
A brilliant crown distinguishes his brow.

"What, shall I stain the glories of my race,
More clear, more lovely bright than Hesper's beam?

The porcelain pure with vulgar dirt debase?
Or mix with puddle the pellucid stream?

"See thro' these veins the sapphire current shine!
'Twas Jove's own nectar gave th' ethereal hue:
Can base plebeian forms contend with mine,
Display the lovely white, or match the blue?

"The painter strove to trace its azure ray;
He changed his colours, and in vain he strove:
He frown'd—I, smiling, view'd the faint essay:
Poor youth! he little knew it flow'd from Jove.

"Pitying his toil the wondrous truth I told,
How amorous Jove trepann'd a mortal fair;
How thro' the race the generous current roll'd,
And mocks the poet's art and painter's care.

"Yes, from the gods, from earliest Saturn, sprung
Our sacred race, through demi-gods convey'd,
And he ally'd to Phœbus, ever young,
My godlike boy! must wed their duteous maid.

"Oft when a mortal vow profanes my ears
My sire's dread fury murmurs through the sky
And should I yield—his instant rage appears;
He darts th' uplifted vengeance—and I die.

"Have you not heard unwonted thunders roll?
Have you not seen more horrid lightnings glare?
'Twas then a vulgar love ensnared my soul;
'Twas then—I hardly scaped the fatal snare.

"'Twas then a peasant pour'd his amorous vow,
All as I listen'd to his vulgar strain;
Yet such his beauty—would my birth allow,
Dear were the youth, and blissful were the plain,

"But, oh! I faint! why wastes my vernal bloom,
In fruitless searches ever doom'd to rove;
My nightly dreams the toilsome path resume,
And shall I die—before I find my love?

"When last I slept, methought my ravish'd eye
On distant heaths his radiant form survey'd:
Though night's thick clouds encompass'd all the sky,
The gems that bound his brow dispell'd the shade.

"O how this bosom kindled at the sight!
Led by their beams I urged the pleasing chase,
Till on a sudden these withheld their light—
All, all things envy the sublime embrace.

"But now no more—Behind the distant grove
Wanders my destin'd youth, and chides my stay:
See, see! he grasps the steel—Forbear, my Love—
Ianthe comes; thy princess hastes away!"

Scornful she spoke, and, heedless of reply,
The lovely maniac bounded o'er the plain,
The piteous victim of an angry sky!
Ah me! the victim of her proud disdain.

ELEGY XVII.

*He indulges the Suggestions of Spleen: an Elegy
to the Winds.*

*Æole! nuncup tibi divum Pater atque hominum
rex,
Et mulcere dedit mentes et tollere vento.*

IMITATION.

O Æolus! to thee the Sire supreme
Of gods and men the mighty power bequeathed
To rouse or to assuage the human mind.

STERN Monarch of the winds! admit my prayer;
A while thy fury check, thy storms confine;
No trivial blast impels the passive air,
But brews a tempest in a breast like mine.

What bands of black ideas spread their wings!
The peaceful regions of Content invade!
With deadly poison taint the crystal springs!
With noisome vapour blast the verdant shade!

I know their leader, Spleen, and the dread sway
Of rigid Eurus, his detested sire;
Through one my blossoms and my fruits decay;
Through one my pleasures and my hopes expire.

Like some pale stripling, when his icy way,
Relenting, yields beneath the noon tide beam,
I stand aghast, and chill'd with feat, survey
How far I've tempted life's deceitful stream.

Where, by remorse impell'd, repulsed by fears,
Shall wretched Fancy a retreat explore?
She flies the sad presage of coming years,
And sorrowing dwells on pleasures now no more.

Again with patrons and with friends she roves,
But friends and patrons never to return;
She sees the Nymphs, the Graces, and the Loves,
But sees them weeping o'er Lucinda's urn.

She visits, Isis! thy forsaken stream,
Oh! ill forsaken for Bœotian air;
She deems no flood reflects so bright a beam,
No need so verdant, and no flowers so fair.

She deems beneath thy sacred shades were
peace,
Thy bays might even the civil storm repel;
Reviews thy social bliss, thy learned ease,
And with no cheerful accent cries Farewell!

Farewell, with whom to these retreats I stray'd,
By youthful sports, by youthful toils, allied;
Joyous we sojourn'd in thy circling shade,
And wapt to find the paths of life divide.

She paints the progress of my rival's vow,
Sees every Muse a partial ear incline,
Binds with luxuriant bays his favour'd brow,
Nor yields the refuse of his wrath to mine.

She bids the flattering mirror, form'd to please,
Now blast my hope, now vindicate despair
Bids my fond verse the love-sick parley cease,
Accuse my rigid fate, acquit thy fair.

Where circling rocks defend some pathless vale,
Superfluous mortal! let me ever rove;
As! there echo will repeat the tale—
Where shall I find the silent scenes I love?

Fain would I mourn my luckless fate alone,
Forbidden to please, yet fated to admire;
A way, my friends! my sorrows are my own;
Why should I breathe around my sick desire?

Dear me, ye Winds! indulgent to my pains,
Near some sad ruin's ghastly shade to dwell,
There let me fondly eye the rude remains,
And from the mouldering refuse build my cell.

Genius of Rome! thy prostrate pomp display,
Trace every dismal proof of Fortune's power;
Let me the wreck of theatres survey,
Or pensive sit beneath some nodding tower.

Or where some duct, by rolling seasons worn,
Convey'd pure streams to Rome's imperial wall,
Near the wide breach in silence let me mourn,
Or tune my dirges to the water's fall.

Genius of Carthage! paint thy ruin'd pride;
Towers, arches, fanes, in wild confusion strown;
Let banish'd Marius,* lowering by thy side,
Compare thy fickle fortunes with his own.

Ah no! thou Monarch of the storms! forbear;
My trembling nerves abhor thy rude control,
And scarce a pleasing twilight soothes my care,
Ere one vast death, like darkness, shocks my soul.

Forbear thy rage—on no perennial base
Is built frail Fear, or Hope's deceitful pile;
My pains are fled—my joy resumes its place,
Should the sky brighten, or Melissa smile.

ELEGY XVIII.

*He repeats the Song of Colin, a discerning Shepherd,
lamenting the State of the Woollen Manufactory.*

Ergo omni studio glaciem ventosque nivales,
Quo minus est illis curæ mortalis egestas,
Avertes: victumque feres. *Virg.*

IMITATION.

Thou, therefore, in proportion to their lack
Of human aid, with all thy care defend
From frozen seasons and inclement blasts,
And give them timely food.

NEAR A von's bank, on Arden's flowery plain,
A tuneless shepherd † charm'd the listening
wave,
And sunny Cotsol' fondly loved the strain,
Yet not a garland crowns the shepherd's grave!

Oh! lost Ophelia! smoothly flow'd the day
To feel his music with my flames agree,
To taste the beauties of his melting lay,
To taste, and fancy it was dear to thee.

* "Inopemque vitam in tugurio ruinarum Carthaginiensium toleravit, cum Marius inspiciebat Carthaginem, illa intuens Marium, alter alteri posset esse solatio." *Liv.*

EXPLANATION.

Marius endured a life of poverty under shelter of the Carthaginian ruins, and while he contemplated Carthage, and Carthage beheld him, they might be said mutually to resemble and account for each other.

† Mr. Somerville.

When for his tomb, with each revolving year,
I steal the musk-rose from the scented brake,
I strew my cowlings, and I pay my tear,
I'll add the myrtle for Ophelia's sake.

Shivering beneath a leafless thorn he lay,
When Death's chill rigour seized his flowing
tongue;
The more I found his faltering notes decay,
The more prophetic truth sublimed the song.

"Adieu, my Flocks!" he said, "my wonted care,
By sunny mountain or by verdant shore;
May some more happy hand your folk prepare,
And may you need your Colin's crook no more!

"And you, ye shepherds! lead my gentle sheep,
To breezy hills or leafy shelters lead;
But if the sky with showers incessant weep,
Avoid the putrid moisture of the mead.

"Where the wild thyme perfumes the purpled
heath,
Long loitering there your fleecy tribes extend—
But what avails the maxims I bequeath?
The fruitless gift of an officious friend!

"Ah! what avails the timorous lambs to guard,
Though nightly cares with daily labours join,
If foreign sloth obtain the rich reward,
If Gallia's craft the ponderous fleece purloin?

"Was it for this, by constant vigils worn,
I met the terrors of an early grave?
For this I led them from the pointed thorn?
For this I bathed them in the lucid wave?

"Ah! heedless Albion! too benignly prone
Thy blood to lavish and thy wealth resign!
Shall every other virtue grace thy throne,
But quick-eyed Prudence never yet be thine?

"From the fair native of this peerless hill
Thou gav'st the sheep that browse Iberian
plains;
Their plaintive cries the faithless region fill,
Their fleece adorns a haughty foe's domains.

"Ill fated flocks! from cliff to cliff they stray;
Far from their dams, their native guardians, far
Where the soft shepherd, all the livelong day,
Chants his proud mistress to his hoarse gulf.

"But Albion's south her native fleece despise;
Unmoved they hear the pining shepherd's moan;
In silky folds each nervous limb disguise,
Allured by every treasure but their own.

"Oft have I hurried down the rocky steep,
Anxious to see the wintry tempest drive;
Preserve," said I, "preserve your fleece, my sheep!
Ere long will Phillis, will my love, arrive.

"Ere long she came: ah! wo is me! she came,
Robed in the Gallic loom's extraneous twine;
For Gifts like these they give their spotless fame,
Resign their bloom, their innocence resign.

"Will no bright maid, by worth, by titles known,
Give the rich growth of British hills to Fame?
And let her charms, and her example, own
That Virtue's dress and Beauty's are the same?

"Will no famed chief support this generous maid
Once more the patriot's arduous path resume?
And, comely from his native plains array'd,
Speak future glory to the British loom?

"What power unseen my ravish'd fancy fires?
I pierce the dreary shade of future days;
Sure 'tis the genius of the land inspires,
To breathe my latest breath in *** praise.

"O might my breath for *** praise suffice,
How gently should my dying limbs repose
O might his future glory bless mine eyes,
My ravish'd eyes! how calmly would they close?

"*** was born to spread the general joy;
By virtue rapt, by party uncontroll'd;
Britons for Britain shall the crook employ;
Britons for Britain's glory shear the fold."

ELEGY XIX.

AGAIN the labouring hind inverts the soil;
Again the merchant ploughs the tumid wave;
Another spring renews the soldier's toil,
And finds me vacant in the rural cave.

As the soft lyre display'd my wonted loves,
The pensive pleasure and the tender pain,
The sordid Alpheus hurried through my groves,
Yet stopp'd to vent the dictates of disdain.

He glanced contemptuous o'er my ruin'd fold;
He blamed the graces of my favourite bower;
My breast, unstilled by the lust of gold;
My time, unavish'd in pursuit of power.

Yes, Alpheus! fly the purer paths of Fate;
Aljure these scenes, from venal passions free;
Know us this grove I vow'd perpetual hate,
War, endless war, with lucre and with thee.

Here, nobly zealous, in my youthful hours,
I dress'd an altar to Thy'st's name:
Here, as I crown'd the verdant shrine with flowers,
Soft on my labours stole the smiling dame.

"Damon, (she cried,) if, pleas'd with honest praise,
Thou court success by virtue or by song,
Fly the false dictates of the venal race,
Fly the gross accents of the venal tongue.

"Swear that no lucre shall thy zeal betray;
Swerest not thy foot with fortune's volaries more;
Brand thou their lives, and brand their lifeless
day."
The winning phantom urg'd me, and I swore.

Forth from the rustic altar swift I stray'd:
"Aid my firm purpose, ye celestial Powers!
Aid me to quell the sordid breast," I said;
And threw my javelin towards their hostile
towers."

Think not regretful I survey the deed,
Or added years no more the zeal allow;
Still, still observant, to the grove I speed,
The shrine embellish, and repeat the vow.

Sworn from his cradle Rome's relentless foe,
Such generous hate the Punic Champion † bore;
Thy lake, O Thrasimene! beheld it glow,
And Cannæ's walls and Trebia's crimson shore.

But let grave annals paint the warrior's fame:
Fair shine his arms in history enroll'd;
Whilst humbler lyres his civic worth proclaim,
His nobler hate of avarice and gold.

Now Punic pride its final eve survey'd,
Its hosts exhausted, and its fleets on fire
Patient the victor's lucid frown obey'd,
And saw th' unwilling elephants retire.

But when their gold depress'd the yielding scale,
Their gold in pyramidal plenty piled,
He saw th' unutterable grief prevail,
He saw their tears, and in his fury smiled.

"Think not, (he cried,) ye view the smiles of ease,
Or this firm breast disclaims a patriot's pain;
I smile, but from a soul estranged to peace,
Frantic with grief, delirious with disdain.

"But were it cordial, this detested smile,
Seems it less timely than the grief's o show?
O Sons of Carthage! grant me to revile
The sordid source of your indecent wo.

"Why weep ye now? ye saw with tearless eyes
When your fleet perish'd on the Punic wave;
Where lurk'd the coward tear, the lary sigh,
When Tyre's imperial state commenced a slave?"

"'Tis past—O Carthage! vanquish'd, honour'd
shade!
Go, the mean sorrows of thy sons deplore;

* The Roman ceremony in declaring war.
† Hannibal.

Had freedom shared the vow to Fortune paid.
She ne'er, like Fortune, had forsook thy shore."

He ceased—A bash'd the conscious audience hear,
Their pallid cheeks a crimson blush unfold,
Yet o'er that virtuous blush distreams a tear,
And falling, molstens their abandon'd gold."

ELEGY XX.

He compares his humble Fortune with the Distress of Others, and his Subjection to Delia with the miserable Servitude of an African Slave.

WHY droops this heart with fancied woes forlorn?
Why sinks my soul beneath each wintry sky?
What pensive crowds, by ceaseless labours worn,
What myriads, wish to be as bless'd as I!

What though my roofs devoid of pomp arise,
Nor tempt the proud to quit his destined way?
Nor costly art my flowery dais disguise,
Where only simple friendship deigns to stray?

See the wild sons of Lapland's chill domain,
That scoop their couch beneath the drifted
snows!

How void of hope they ken the frozen plain,
Where the sharp east for ever, ever blows!

Slave though I be, to Delia's eyes a slave,
My Delia's eyes endear the bands I wear;
The sigh she causes well becomes the brave,
The pang she causes 'tis even bliss to bear.

See the poor native quit the Libyan shores,
Ah! not in love's delightful fetters bound!
No radiant smile his dying peace restores,
Nor love, nor fame, nor friendship, heals his
wound.

Let vacant bards display their boasted woes;
Shall I the mockery of grief display?
No; let the Muse his piercing pangs disclose,
Who bleeds and weeps his sum of life away!

On the wild beach in mournful guise he stood,
Ere the shrill boat-wain gave the hated sign;
He dropp'd a tear unseen into the flood,
He stole one secret moment to repine.

Yet the Muse listen'd to the plaints he made,
Such moving plants as Nature could inspire,
To me the Muse his tender plea convey'd,
But smooth'd and suited to the sounding lyre.

"Why am I ravish'd from my native strand?
What savage race protects this impious gain?
Shall foreign plagues infest this teeming land,
And more than seaborn monsters plough the main?"

"Here the dire locusts' horrid swarms prevail;
Here the blue asps with livid poison swell;
Here the dry dipsa writhes his sinuous mail;
Can we not here secure from envy dwell?"

"When the grim lion urg'd his cruel chase,
When the stern panther sought his midnight prey,
What fate reserved me for this Christian race?
O race more polish'd, more severe than they!

"Ye prowling wolves! pursue my latest cries;
Thou hungry tiger! leave thy reeking den;
Ye sandy wastes! in rapid eddies rise;
O tear me from the whips and scorns of men!

"Yet in their face superior beauty glows;
Are smiles the men of Rapine and of Wrong!
Yet from their lip the voice of mercy flows.
And even religion dwells upon their tongue.

* By the terms forced upon the Carthaginian
by Scipio, they were to deliver up all the elephants
and to pay near two millions sterling.
† Spoken by a Savage.

"Of blissful haunts they tell, and brighter climes,
Where gentle maids, convey'd by Death, repair,
But stain'd with blood, and crimson'd o'er with
crimes,
Say, shall they merit what they paint so fair?

"No; careless, hopeless of those fertile plains,
Rich by our toils, and by our sorrows gay,
They ply our labours and enhance our pains,
And feign these distant regions to repay.

"For them our tusk elephant expires;
For them we drain the mine's embowell'd gold;
Where rove the brutal nations' wild desires?—
Our limbs are purchased, and our life is sold!

"Yet shores there are, bless'd shores for us remain,
And favour'd isles, with golden fruitage crown'd,
Where tufted flowerets paint the verdant plain,
Where every breeze shall med'cine every wound.

"There the stern tyrant, that embitters life,
Shall, vainly suppliant, spread his asking hand;
There shall we view the billows' raging strife,
Aid the kind breast, and waft his boat to land."

ELEGY XXI.

*Taking a View of the Country from his Retirement,
he is led to meditate on the Character of the ancient
Britons.*

Written at the Time of a rumoured Tax
upon Luxury.

THUS Damon sung—What though unknown to
praise
Umbrageous coverts hide my Muse and me,
Or 'mid the rural shepherds flow my days?
Amid the rural shepherds I am free.

To view sleek vassals crowd a stately hall,
Say, should I grow myself a solemn slave?
To find thy tints, O Tutan! grace my wall,
Forego the flowery fields my fortune gave?

Lord of my time, my devious path I bend
Through fringy woodland or smooth-shaven lawn,
Or pensile grove or airy cliff ascend,
And hail the scene by Nature's pencil drawn.

Thanks be to Fate—though not the racy vine,
Nor fattening olive, clothe the fields I rove,
Sequester'd shades and gurgling founts are mine,
And every sylvan grot the Muses love.

Here if my vista point the mouldering pile,
Where hood and cowl Devotion's aspect wore,
I trace the tottering relics with a smile,
To think the mental bondage is no more.

Pleased if the glowing landscape wave with corn,
Or the tall oaks, my country's bulwark, rise;
Pleased if mine eye, o'er thou and valleys borne,
Discern the Cambrian hills support the skies.

And see Plinlimmon! even the youthful sight
Scales the proud hill's ethereal cliffs with
pain!

Such, Caer-Caradock! thy stupendous height,
While ample shade obscures th' Jernian main.

Bleak, joyless regions! where, by Science fired,
Some prying sage his lonely step may bend;
There by the love of novel plants inspired,
Invidious view the clambering goats ascend.

Yet for those mountains, clad with lasting snow,
The freeborn Hinton left his greenest mead,
Receding sullen from his mightier foe,
For here he saw fair Liberty recede.

Then if a chief perform'd a patriot's part,
Sustain'd her drooping sons, repell'd her foes,
Above or Persian lure or Attic art
The rude majestic monument arose.

Progressive ages caroll'd forth his fame,
Sires to his praise attuned their children's
tongue;
The hoary Druid fed the generous flame,
While in such strains the reverend wizard sung:

"Go forth, my Sons!—for what is vital breath,
Your gods expell'd, your liberty resign'd?
Go forth, my Sons!—for what is instant death
To souls secure perennial joys to find?

"For scenes there are, unknown to war or pain,
Where drops the balm that heals a tyrant's
wound;
Where patriots, bless'd with boundless freedom,
With misletoe's mysterious garlands crown'd.

"Such are the names that grace your mystic songs,
Your solemn woods resound their martial fire;
To you, my Sons! the ritual meed belongs,
If in the cause you vanquish or expire.

"Hark! from the sacred oak, that crowns the grove,
What awful voice my raptur'd bosom warms!
This is the favour'd moment Heaven approves.
Sound the shrill trumpet; this instant, sound to
arms."

Theirs was the science of a martial race,
To shape the lance or decorate the shield;
Even the fair virgin stain'd her native grace
To give new horrors to the tented field.

Now for some cheek where guilty blushes glow,
For some false Florimel's impure disguise,
The listed youth nor War's loud signal know,
Nor Virtue's call, nor Fame's imperial prize.

Then, if soft concord lull'd his fears to sleep,
Inert and silent slept the manly car,
But rush'd horrific o'er the fearful steep,
If Freedom's awful clarion breathed to war.

Now the sleek courtier, indolent and vain,
Throned in the splendid carriage, glides supine
To taint his virtue with a foreign strain,
Or at a favourite board his faith resign.

Leave then, O luxury! this happy soil;
Chase her, Britannia! to some hostile shore;
Or fleece the hateful pest with annual spoil,*
And let thy virtuous offspring weep no more.

ELEGY XXII.

*Written in the Year—when the Rights of Sepul-
ture were so frequently violated.*

SAY, gentle Sleep! that lov'st the gloom of night
Parent of dreams; thou great Magician! say,
Whence my late vision thus endures the light,
Thus haunts my fancy through the glare of day?

The silent moon had scaled the vaulted skies,
And anxious Care resign'd my limbs to rest,
A sudden lustre struck my wondering eyes,
And Sylvia stood before my couch confess'd.

Ah! not the nymph so blooming and so gay,
That led the dance beneath the festive shade,
But she that in the morning of her day
Entomb'd beneath the grass-green sod was laid.

No more her eyes their wonted radiance cast,
No more her breast inspired the lover's flame;
No more her cheek the Pustian rose surpass'd,
Yet seem'd her lip's ethereal smile the same.

Nor such her hair as deck'd the living face,
Nor such her voice as charm'd the listening
crowd,

Nor such her dress as heighten'd every grace;
Alas! all vanish'd for the mournful shroud!

* Alludes to a tax upon Luxury, then in debate.

Yet seem'd her lip's ethereal charm the same ;
That dear distinction every doubt removed ;
Perish the lover whose imperfect flame
Forgets one feature of the Nymph he loved.

"Damon," she said, "mine hour allotted flies ;
Oh ! do not waste it with a fruitless tear !
Though grieved to see thy Sylvia's pale disguise,
Suspend thy sorrow, and attentive hear.

"So may thy Muse with virtuous fame be bless'd !
So be thy love with mutual love repaid !
So may thy bones in sacred silence rest !
Fast by the relics of some happier maid !

"Thou know'st how, lingering on a distant shore,
Disease invidious nipp'd my flowery prime ;
And, oh ! what pangs my tender bosom tore,
To think I ne'er must view my native clime !

"No friend was near to raise my drooping head,
No dear companion wept to see me die ;
Lodge me within my native soil, I said,
There my fond parents' honour'd relics lie.

"Though now debarr'd of each domestic tear,
Unknown, forgot, I meet the fatal blow ;
There many a friend shall grace my woful bier,
And many a sigh shall rise and tear shall flow.

"I spoke, nor Fate forbore his trembling spoil ;
Some venal mourner lent his careless aid,
And soon they bore me to my native soil,
Where my fond parents' dear remains were laid.

"'Twas then the youths from every plain and grove
Adorn'd with mournful verse thy Sylvia's bier ;
'Twas then the nymphs their votive garlands wove,
And strew'd the fragrance of the youthful year.

"But why, alas ! the tender scene display ?
Could Damon's foot the pious path decline !
Ah, no ! 'twas Damon first attuned his lay,
And sure no sonnet was so dear as thine.

"Thus was I bosom'd in the peaceful grave,
My placid ghost no longer wept its doom,
When savage robbers every sanction brave,
And with outrageous guilt defraud the tomb !

"Shall my poor corse, from hostile realms convey'd,
Lose the cheap portion of my native sands ?
Or, in my kindred's dear embraces laid,
Mourn the vile ravage of barbarian hands ?

"Say, would thy breast no death like torture feel,
To see my limbs the felon's gripe obey ?
To see them gash beneath the daring steel ?
To crowds a spectre, and to dogs a prey ?

"If Pæon's sons these horrid rites require,
If Health's fair science be by these refined,
Let guilty convicts for their use expire,
And let their breathless corse avail mankind.

"Yet hard it seems, when Guilt's last fine is paid,
To see the virtum's corse denied repose ;
Now, more severe, the poor offenceless maid
Dreads the dire outrage of inhuman foes.

"Where is the faith of ancient Pagans fled ?
Where the fond care the wandering manes claim ?
Nature, instinctive, cries, Protect the dead,
And sacred be the ashes and their fame ?

"Arise, dear Youth ! even now the danger calls ;
Even now the villain snuffs his wonted prey ;
See ! see ! I lead thee to yon sacred walls—
Oh ! fly to chase the human wolves away."

ELEGY XXIII.

Reflections suggested by his Situation.

BORN near the scene for Kenelm's * fate renown'd,
I take my plaintive reed and range the grove,

* Kenelm, in the Saxon neptarchy, was heir to the kingdom of Mercia ; but being very young at

And raise my lay, and bid the rocks resound
The savage force of empire and of love.

Fast by the centre of yon various wild,
Where spreading oaks embower a Gothic fane,
Kendrida's arts a brother's youth beguiled ;
There Nature urged her tenderest pleas in vain.

Soft o'er his birth, and o'er his infant hours,
Th' ambitious maid could every care employ,
Then with assiduous fondness cropp'd the flowers,
To deck the cradle of the princely boy.

But soon the bosom's pleasing calm is flown :
Love fires her breast ; the sultry passions rise .
A favour'd lover seeks the Mercian throne,
And views her Kenelm with a rival's eyes.

How kind were Fortune ! ah ! how just were Fate !
Would Fate or Fortune Mercia's heir remove !
How sweet to revel on the couch of state !
To crown at once her lover and her love !

See, garnish'd for the chase, the fraudulent maid
To these lone hills direct his devious way ;
The youth, all prone, the sister-guide obey'd ;
Ill-fated youth ! himself the destined prey !

But now nor shaggy hill nor pathless plain
Forms the lone refuge of the Sylvan game,
Since Lyttleton has crown'd the sweet domain
With softer pleasures and with fairer fane.

Where the rough bowman urged his headlong steed,
Immortal bards, a polish'd race, retire ; ceed
And where hoarse scream'd the strepit horn, suc-
The melting graces of no vulgar lyre.

See Thomson, loitering near some limpid well,
For Britain's friend the verdant wreath prepare
Or, studious of revolving seasons, tell
How peerless Lucia made all seasons fair !

See * * * from civic garlands fly,
And in these groves indulge his tuneful vein !
Or from yon summit, with a guardian's eye,
Observe how Freedom's hand attires the plain !

Here Pope !—ah ! never must that towering mind
To his loved haunts or dearer friend return !
What art, what friendship ! oh ! what fame resign'd
—In yonder glade I trace his mournful urn.

Where is the breast can rage or hate retain,
And the glad streams and smiling lawns behold ?
Where is the breast can hear the woodland strain,
And think fair Freedom well exchanged for gold ?

Through these soft shades delighted let me stray,
While o'er my head forgotten suns descend !
Through these dear valleys bend my casual way,
Till setting life a total shade extend !

Here far from courts, and void of pompous cares,
I'll muse how much I owe mine humbler fate,
Or shrink to find how much Ambition dares,
To shine in anguish, and to grieve in state !

Canst thou, O Sun ! that spotless throne disclose,
Where her bold arm has left no sanguine stain ?
Where, show me where, the lineal sceptre glows,
Pure as the simple crook that rules the plain !

Tremendous pomp ! where hate, distrust, and fear,
In kindred bosoms solve the social tie ;
There not the parent's smile is half sincere,
Nor void of art the consort's melting eye.

There with the friendly wish, the kindly flame,
No face is brighten'd and no bosoms beat ;
Youth, manhood, age, avow one sordid aim,
And even the beardless lip essays deceit.

his father's death, was, by the artifices of his sister and her lover, deprived of his crown and life together. The body was found in a piece of ground near the top of Client hill, exactly facing Mr. Shenstone's house, near which place a church was afterwards erected to his memory, still used for divine worship, and called St. Kenelm's. See Plot's History of Staffordshire.

There coward Rumours walk their murderous round;
The glance that more than rural blame instils;

Whispers, that, tinged with friendship, doubly
Pity that injures, and concern that kills. [wound;

There anger whets, but love can ne'er engage:
Caressing brothers part but to revile;
There all men smile, and prudence warns the sage
To dread the fatal stroke of all that smile.

There all are rivals! sister, son, and sire,
With horrid purpose hug destructive arms;
There soft-eyed maids in murderous plots conspire,
And scorn the gentler mischief of their charms.

Let servile minds one endless watch endure;
Day, night, nor hour, their anxious guard resign
But lay me, Fate! on flowery banks secure,
Though my whole soul be, like my limbs, supine.

Yes; may my tongue disdain a vassal's care;
My lyre resound no prostituted lays;
More warm to merit, more elate to wear
The cap of Freedom than the crown of bays.

Soothed by the murmurs of my pebbled flood,
I wish it not o'er golden sands to flow;
Cheer'd by the verdure of my spiral wood,
I scorn the quarry where no shrub can grow

No midnight pangs the shepherd's peace pursue;
His tongue, his hand, attempts no secret wound;
He sings his Delia, and, if she be true,
His love at once and his ambition's crown."

ELEGY XXIV.

*He takes Occasion, from the fate of Eleanor of Bre-
tagne,* to suggest the imperfect Pleasures of a
solitary Life.*

WHEN Beauty mourns, by Fate's injurious doom,
Hid from the cheerful glance of human eye,
When Nature's pride inglorious waits the tomb,
Hard is that heart which checks the rising sigh.

Fair Eleanora! would no gallant mind
The cause of Love, the cause of Justice, own?
Matchless thy charms, and was no life resign'd
To see them sparkle from their native throne?

Or had fair Freedom's hand unveil'd thy charms,
Well might such brows the regal gem resign;
Thy radiant mien might scorn the guilt of arms,
Yet Albion's awful empire yield to thine.

O shame of Britons! in one sullen tower
She wet with royal tears her daily cell;
She found her agonising every rose devour; [fell,
They sprung, they shone, they faded, and they

Through one dim lattice, fringed with ivy round,
Successive suns a languid radiance threw,
To paint how fierce her angry guardian frown'd,
To mark how fast her waning beauty flew.

This age might bear; then sated Fancy palls,
Nor warmly hopes what splendour can supply;
Fond youth incessant mourns, if rigid walls
Restrain its listening ear, its rigid eye.

Believe me * * the pretence is vain!
Thus boasted calm that smooths our early days?
For never yet could youthful mind restrain
Th' alternate pant for pleasure and for praise.

Even me, by shady oak or limpid spring,
Even me, the scenes of polish'd life allure!
Some genius whispers, "Life is on the wing,
And hard his lot that languishes obscure.

* Eleanor of Bretagne, the lawful heiress of the English crown, upon the death of Arthur, in the reign of King John. She was esteemed the beauty of her time, and was imprisoned forty years (till the time of her death) in Bristol Castle.

"What though thy ripper mind admire no more—
The shining cincture and the broder'd fold
Can pierce like lightning through the figured ore
And melt to dress the radiant forms of gold.

"Furs, ermines, rods, may well attract thy scorn.
The futile presents of capricious Power;
But wit, but worth, the public sphere adorn,
And who but envies then the social hour?

"Can Virtue, careless of her pupil's meed,
Forget how * * sustains the shepherd's cause?
Content in shades to tune a lonely reed,
Nor join the sounding pæan of applause?

"For public haunts, impell'd by Britain's weal,
See Grenville quit the Muse's favourite ease;
And shall not swains admire his noble zeal?
Admiring praise, admiring strive to please?

"Life," says the sage, "affords no bliss sincere,
And courts and cells, in vain our hopes renew:
But, ah, where Grenville charms the listening ear
'Tis hard to think the cheerless maxim true.

"The groves may smile, the rivers gently glide,
Soft through the vale resound the lonesome lay
Even thickets yield delight, if taste preside,
But can they please when Lyttleton's away?

"Pure as the swain's the breast of * * glows;
Ah! were the shepherd's phrase like his refined
But how improved the generous dictate flows
Through the clear medium of a polish'd mind!

"Happy the youths who, warm with Britain's love,
Her inmost wish in * * periods hear!
Happy that in the radiant circle move,
Attendant orbs, where Lonsdale glides the sphere

"While rural faith, and every polish'd art,
Each friendly charm, in * * conspire,
From public scenes all pensive must you part;
All joyless to the greenest fields retire!

"Go, plaintive youth! no more by fount or stream,
Like some lone halcyon, social pleasures shun;
Go dare the light, enjoy its cheerful beam,
And hail the bright procession of the sun.

"Then, covered by thy ripen'd shades, resume
The silent walk, no more by passion toss'd;
Then seek thy rustic haunts, the dreary gloom,
Where every art that colours life is lost."

In vain! the listening Muse attends in vain!
Restraints, in hostile bands her motions wait—
Yet will I grieve, and sadden all my strain,
When injured Beauty mourns the Muse's fate.

ELEGY XXV.

*To Delia, with some Flowers; complaining how
much his Benevolence suffers on Account of his
humble Fortune.*

WHATEVER could Sculpture's curious art employ,
Whate'er the lavish hand of Wealth can show,
These would I give—and every gift enjoy
That pleased my fair—but Fate denies my power.

Bless'd were my lot to feed the social fires!
To learn the latent wishes of a friend!
To give the boon his native taste admires,
And for my transport on his smile depend!

Bless'd, too, is he, whose evening ramble strays
Where droop the sons of Indigence and Care!
His little gifts their gladden'd eyes amaze,
And win at small expense, their fondest prayer

And, oh! the joy, to shun the conscious light;
To spare the modest blush; to give unseen!
Like showers that fall behind the veil of night,
Yet deeply tinge the smiling vales with green.

But happiest they who drooping realms relieve !
Whose virtues in our cultured vales appear !
For whose sad fate a thousand shepherds grieve,
And fading fields allow the grief sincere.

To call lost Worth from its oppressive shade,
To fix its equal sphere, and see it shine,
To hear it grateful own the generous aid :
This, this is transport—but must ne'er be mine.

Faint is my bounded bliss ; nor I refuse
To range where daisies open, rivers roll,
While prose or song the languid hours amuse,
And sooth the fond impatience of my soul.

While I'll weave the roofs of jasmine bowers,
And urge with trivial cares the loitering year ;
While I'll prune my grove, protect my flowers,
Then, unlamented, press an early bier !

Of those loved flowers the lifeless corse may share,
Some hireling hand a fading wreath bestow ;
The rest will breathe as sweet, will glow as fair,
As when their master smiled to see them glow.

The sequent morn shall wake the sylvan choir ;
The kid again shall wanton ere 'tis noon ;
Nature will smile, will wear her best attire ;
O ! let not gentle Delia smile so soon.

While the rude hearse conveys me slow away,
And careless eyes my vulgar fate proclaim,
Let thy kind tear my utmost worth o'erpay,
And, softly sighing, vindicate my fame.

O Delia ! cheer'd by thy superior praise,
I bless the silent path the fates decree ;
Pleased, from the list of my inglorious days, [thee,
To raise the moments crown'd with bliss and

ELEGY XXVI.

*Describing the Sorrows of an ingenuous Mind on the
melancholy Event of a licentious Amour.*

WHY mourns my friend ? why weeps his downcast
eye ? [shine ?
That eye where mirth, where fancy used to
Thy cheerful meads reprove that swelling sigh ;
Spring ne'er enamell'd fairer meads than thine.

Art thou not lodg'd in Fortune's warm embrace ?
Wert thou not form'd by Nature's partial care ?
Bless'd in thy song, and bless'd in every grace
That wins the friend, or that enchants the fair !

"Damon," said he, "thy partial praise restrain ;
Not Damon's friendship can my peace restore :
Alas ! his very praise awakes my pain,
And my poor wounded bosom bleeds the more.

"For, oh ! that Nature on my birth had frown'd,
Or fortune fix'd me to some lowly cell !
Then had my bosom 'scaped this fatal wound,
Nor had I bid these vernal sweets farewell.

"But, led by Fortune's hand, her darling child,
My youth her vain licentious bliss admired ;
In Fortune's train the syren Flattery smiled,
And rashly hallow'd all her queen inspired.

"Of folly studious, even of vices vain,
Ah, vices gilded by the rich and gay !
I chased the guileless daughters of the plain,
Nor dropp'd the chase till Jessy was my prey.

Poor artless maid ! to stain thy spotless name
Expense, and Art, and Toil united strove ;
Lure a breast that felt the purest flame,
Sustain'd by Virtue, but betray'd by Love.

"School'd in the science of Love's mazy wiles,
I clothed each feature with affected scorn ;
I spoke of jealous doubts and fickle smiles,
And, feigning, left her anxious and forlorn.

"Then while the fancy'd rage alarm'd her care,
Warm to deny, and zealous to disprove,

I bade my words the wanted softness wear,
And seized the minute of returning love.

"To thee, my Demon, dare I paint the rest ?
Will yet thy love a candid ear incline ?
Assured that virtue, by misfortune press'd,
Feels not the sharpness of a pang like mine.

"Nine envious moons matured her growing shame
Ere while to flaunt it in the face of day,
When scorn'd of Virtue, stigmatized by Fame,
Low at my feet desponding Jessy lay.

"Henry," she said, "by thy dear form subdued,
See the sad relics of a nymph undone !
I find, I find this rising sob renew'd ;
I sigh in shades, and sicken at the sun.

"Amid the dreary gloom of night I cry, [turn ?
When will the morn's once pleasing scenes re-
Yet what can morn's returning ray supply,
But foes that triumph, or but friends that mourn !

"Alas ! no more that joyous morn appears
That led the tranquil hours of spotless fame,
For I have steep'd a father's couch in tears,
And tinged a mother's glowing cheek with shame.

"The vocal birds that raise their matin strain,
The sportive lambs, increase my pensive moan ;
All seem to chase me from the cheerful plain,
And talk of truth, and innocence alone

"If through the garden's flowery tribes I stray,
Where bloom the jasmynes that could once
Hope not to find delight in us, they say, [allure,
'For we are spotless, Jessy ; we are pure,

"Ye flowers ! that well reproach a nymph so frail,
Say, could you with my virgin fame compare ?
The brightest bud that scents the vernal gale
Was not so fragrant, and was not so fair.

"Now the grave old alarm the gentler young,
And all my fame's abhor'd contagion flee ;
Trembles each lip, and falters every tongue,
That bids the morn propitious smile on me.

"Thus for your sake I shun each human eye,
I bid the sweets of blooming youth adieu :
To die I languish, but I dread to die,
Lest my sad fate should nourish pangs for you.

"Raise me from earth ; the pains of want remove,
And let me, silent, seek some friendly shore :
There only banish'd from the form I love,
My weeping virtue shall relapse no more.

"Be but my friend : I ask no dearer name ;
Be such the need of some more artful fair ;
Nor could it heal my peace, or chase my shame,
That Pity gave what Love refused to share.

"Force not my tongue to ask its scanty bread,
Nor hurl thy Jessy to the vulgar crew ;
Not such the parent's board at which I fed !
Not such the precept from his lips I drew !

"Haply, when age has silver'd o'er my hair,
Malice may learn to scorn so mean a spoil ;
Envy may slight a face no longer fair,
And Pity welcome to my native soil."

"She spoke—nor was I born of savage race,
Nor could these hands a niggard boon assign ;
Grateful she clasped me in a fast embrace,
And vow'd to waste her life in prayers for mine

"I saw her foot the lofty bark ascend,
I saw her breast with every passion heave ;
I left her—torn from every earthly friend ;
Oh ! my hard bosom ! which could bear to leave !

"Brief let me be ; the fatal storm arose ;
The billows rag'd, the pilot's art was vain ;
O'er the tall mast the circling surges close ;
My Jessy—floats upon the watery plain !

"And—see my youth's impetuous fires decay ;
Seek not to stop Reflection's bitter tear ;
But warn the frolic, and instruct the gay,
From Jessy floating on her watery bier."

LEVITIES:

OR

PIECES OF HUMOUR.

FLIRT AND PHIL:

A Decision for the Ladies.

A WIT, by learning well refined,
A beau, but of the rural kind,
To Sylvia made pretences;
They both profess'd an equal love,
Yet hoped by different means to move
Her judgment or her senses.

Young sprightly Flirt, of blooming mien,
Watch'd the best minutes to be seen,
Went—when his glass advised him;
While meagre Phil of books inquired,
A wight for wit and parts admired
And witty ladies prized him.

Sylvia had wit, had spirits too;
To hear the one, the other view
Suspended held the scales;
Her wit, her youth too, claim'd its share:
Let none the preference declare,
But turn up—heads or tails.

STANZAS

To the Memory of an agreeable Lady, buried in Marriage to a Person undestruing her.

'T WAS always held and ever will,
By sage mankind, discreeter
T' anticipate a lesser ill,
Than undergo a greater.

When mortals dread diseases, pain,
And languishing conditions,
Who don't the lesser ill sustain
Of Physic—and physicians?

Rather than lose his whole estate,
He that but little wise is,
Full gladly pays four parts in eight
To taxes and excises.

Our merchants Spain has near undone
For lost ships not requiting;
This bears our noble IK—to shun
The loss of blood in fighting;

With numerous ills, in single life,
The bachelor's attended;
Such to avoid, he takes a wife—
And much the case is mended!

Poor Gratia, in her twentieth year,
Foreseeing future wo,
Chose to attend a monkey here
Before an ape below.

COLEMIRA.

A CULINARY ECLOGUE.

Nec tantum Veneris, quantum studiosa culinæ.

IMITATION.

Insensible of soft desire,
Behold Colemira prove
More partial to the kitchen fire
Than to the fire of Love.

NIGHT'S sable clouds had half the globe o'er-
spread,
And silence reign'd, and folks were gone to bed,
When love, which gentle sleep can ne'er inspire,
Had seated Damon by the kitchen fire.

Pensive he lay, extended on the ground,
The little Lares kept their vigils round;
The fawning cats compassionate his case,
And pur around, and gently lick his face.

To all his complaints the sleeping curs reply,
And with hoarse snorings imitate a sigh.
Such gloomy scenes with lovers' minds agree,
And solitude to them is best society.

"Could I, (he cried,) express how bright a grace
Adorns thy morning hands and well-wash'd face,
Thou wouldst, Colemira, grant what I implore,
And yield me love, or wash thy face no more.

"Ah! who can see, and seeing, not admire,
Whene'er she sets the pot upon the fire!
Her hands outshine the fire and redder things;
Her eyes are blacker than the pot she brings.

"But sure no chamber-damsel can compare,
When in meridian lustre shines my fair,
When warm'd with dinner's toll, in pearly rills,
Adown her goodly cheeks the sweat distils.

"Oh! how I long, how ardently desire,
To view those rosy fingers strike the lyre!
For late, when bees to change their climes began,
How did I see 'em thrum the frying pan!

"With her I should not envy G— his queen,
Though she in royal grandeur deck'd be seen;
Whilst rags, just sever'd from my fair one's gown,
In russet pomp and greasy pride hang down.

"Ah! how it does my drooping heart rejoice,
When in the hall I hear thy mellow voice!
How would that voice exceed the village bell,
Wouldst thou but sing, "I like thee passing well!"

"When from the hearth she bade the pointers go,
How soft, how easy, did her accents flow
Get out, (she cried,) when strangers come to sup,
One ne'er can raise those snoring devils up."

"Then full of wrath she kick'd each lary brute;
Alas! I envied even that salute:
'Twas sure misplaced—'Nock out, or seem'd to say,
He had as hit I had the kick as they.

"If she the mystic bellows take in hand,
Who like the fair eye that machine command!
O may'st thou not'er be *Julius* to see,
For he would sure demand thee for his queen!"

"But should the flame this rougher aid refuse,
And only gentler medicines be of use,
With fall blown cheeks she ends the doubtful strife,
Foments the infant flame, and puffs it into life.

"Such arts as these exalt the drooping fire
But in my breast a fiercer flame inspire:
I burn! I burn! O! give thy puffing o'er,
And swell thy cheeks and pour thy lips no more."

"With all her haughty looks, the time I've seen
When this proud dame'd has more humble been,
When with nice airs she'd boast the pancake round,
And drop it, hap'less fair! upon the ground.

"Look, with what charming grace, what winning
tricks,
The artful charmer robs the candlesticks!
So bright she makes the candlesticks she handles,
Oft have I said—there were no need of candles.

"But thou, my Fair! who never wouldst approve,
Or hear the tender story of my love,
Or mind how burns my raging breast—a button—
Perhaps art dreaming of—a breast of mutton."

Thus said, and wept the sad depending swain,
Revealing to the sable walls his pain
But nymphs are free with those they should deny;
To those they love more exquisitely coy.

Now chirping crickets raise their tinkling voice,
The lambent flames in languid streams arise,
And smoke in azure folds evaporates and dies.

ON CERTAIN PASTORALS.

SO rude and tuneless are thy lays,
The weary audience vow
'Tis not th' Arcadian swain that sings,
But 'tis his herds that low.

ON MR. C

OF KIDDERMINSTER'S POETRY.

THY verses, Friend! are Kidderminster * stuff,
And I must own you've measured out enough.

TO THE VIRTUOSI.

HAIL, curious wights! to whom so fair
The form of mortal flies is!
Who deem those grubs beyond compare,
Which common sense despises.

Whether o'er hill, morass, or mound,
You make your sportsman sallies,
Or that your prey, in garden found,
Is urged through walks and allies;

'Tis in the fury of the chase
No slope could e'er retard you;
Bless'd if one fly repay the race,
Or painted wing reward you.

* Kidderminster, famous for a coarse woollen manufacture.

Fierce as Camilla* o'er the plain
Pursued the glittering stranger,
Still red the purple's pleasing stain,
And knew not fear nor danger.

'Tis you dispense the favourite meat
To Nature's nitry people,
Know what comestives they choose to eat,
And what liquors to supple.

And if her brood of insects dies,
You size assistance lend her;
'An steep to pump for amorous flies,
And help them to engender.

'Tis you protect their pregnant hour,
And, when the birth's at hand,
Exerting your obstetric power,
Prevent a mothless land.

Yet, oh! how'er your towering view
Aloft gapes o'jects rises,
Whate'er refinement you pursue,
Hear what a friend advises:

A friend who, weigh'd with yours, must prize
Bouffant's idle passion,
That wrought the death of teasing flies,
But ne'er their propagation.

Let Fluvius's eyes more deeply warm,
Nor thus your heats determine,
To light Dame Nature's fairest form,
And sigh for Nature's vermin.

And speak with some respect of beaur,
Nor more as triflers treat them;
'Tis better learn to save one's cloaths,
Than cherish moths that eat them.

THE EXTENT OF COOKERY.

Allusque et Idem.

EXPLANATION.

Another and the same.

WHEN Torn to Cambridge first was sent,
A plain brown bob he wore,
Reid much, and look'd as though he meant
To be a fop no more.

See him to Lincoln's-Inn repair,
His resolution flag,
He rhenishes a length of hair,
And tucks it in a bag.

Nor Coke nor Salted he regards,
But gets into the House,
And soon a Judge's rank rewards
His pliant votes and bows.

Adieu, ye Bobs! ye Bays! give place;
Full bottoms come instead:
Good Land! to see the various ways
Of dressing a calf's head!

THE PROGRESS OF ADVICE.

A COMMON CASE.

Suade, nam certum est.

EXPLANATION.

Advise it, for 'tis fixed.

SAYS Richard to Thomas (and seem'd half afraid)
"I am thinking to marry thy mistress's maid;
Now because Mrs. Lucy to thee is well known,
I will do't if thou bidst me, or let it alone.

* See Virgil.

"Nay, don't make a jest on't; 'tis no jest to me;
For faith I'm in earnest; so, prithee, be free,
I have no fault to find with the girl since I knew
her,
But I'd have thy advice ere I tie myself to her."

Said Thomas to Richard, "To speak my opinion,
There is not such a bitch in King George's do-
milion;
And I firmly believe, if thou knew'st her as I do,
Thou wouldst choose out a whipping-post first to be
tied to."

"She's peerish, she's thievish, she's ugly, she's old,
And a liar, and a fool, and a slut, and a scold."
Next day Richard hasten'd to church, and was wed,
And ere night had inform'd her what Thomas had
said.

SLENDER'S GHOST.

VIDE SHAKSPEARE.

BENEATH a churchyard yew
Decay'd and worn with age,
At dusk of eve methought I spy'd
Poor Slender's Ghost, that whim'ring cried,
"O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!"

Ye gentle Bards! give ear,
Who talk of amorous rage,
Who spoil the lily, rob the rose,
Come learn of me to weep your woes;
"O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!"

Why should such labour'd strains,
Your formal Muse engage?
I never dream'd of flame or dart
That fired my breast, or pierced my heart,
But sigh'd, "O sweet Anne Page!"

And you! whose lovesick minds
No medicine can assuage,
Accuse the leech's art no more,
But learn of Slender to deplore!
"O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!"

And ye! whose souls are held
Like linnet in a cage,
Who talk of fetters, links, and chains,
Attend, and imitate my strains;
"O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!"

And you! who boast or grieve
What horrid wars ye wage,
Of wounds received from many an eye,
Yet mean as I do, when I sigh,
"O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!"

Hence every fond conceit
Of shepherd or of sage;
'Tis Slender's voice, 'tis Slender's way,
Expresses all you have to say,
"O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!"

THE INVIDIOUS.

FROM MARTIAL.

O FORTUNE! if my prayer of old
Was ne'er solicitous for gold,
With better grace thou may'st allow
My suppliant wish, that asks it now:
Yet think not, Goddess! I require it
For the same end your clowns desire it.
In a well-made effectual string
Fain would I see Lividius swing;
Hear him from Tyburn's height haranguing;
But such a cur's not worth one's hanging.
Give me, O Goddess! store of pelf,
And he will tie the knot himself.

THE PRICE OF AN EQUIPAGE.

Servum si potes, Ole, non habere
Et regem potes, Ole, non habere. *Mari.*

"If thou from Fortune dost no servant crave,
Believe me thou no master need'st to have."

I ASK'D a friend, amidst the throng,
Whose coach it was that traill'd along?
"The gilded coach there—don't ye mind?
That with the footmen stuck behind."
"O, Sir; (says he,) what! han't you seen it?
'Tis Damon's Coach, and Damon in it.
'Tis odd, methinks, you have forgot
Your friend, your neighbour, and—what not?
Your old acquaintance Damon!"—"True;
But faith his Equipage is new."
"Bless me, (said I,) where can it end?
What madness has possess'd my friend?
Four powder'd slaves, and those the tallest;
Their stomachs, doubtless, not the smallest
Can Damon's revenue maintain,
In lace and food, so large a train?
I know his land—each inch o' ground—
'Tis not a mile to walk it round—
If Damon's whole estate can bear
To keep his lad and one horse chair,
I own 'tis past my comprehension."
"Yes, Sir, but Damon has a pension—"
Thus does a false ambition rule us,
Thus pomp delude, and folly fool us
To keep a race of flickering knaves,
He grows himself the worst of slaves.

HINT FROM VOITURE.

LET Sol his annual journeys run,
And when the radiant task is done,
Confess, through all the globe, 'twould pose him—
To match the charms that Celia shows him.

And should he boast he once had seen
As just a form, as bright a mien,
Yet must it still for ever pose him
To match—what Celia never shows him.

TO A FRIEND.

HAVE you ne'er seen, my gentle Squire!
The humours of your kitchen fire?
Says Ned to Sal, "I lead a spade;
Why don't ye play?"—the girl's afraid—
Play something—any thing—but play—
'Tis but to pass the time away—
Phoo—how she stands—biting her nails—
As though she play'd for half her vails—
Sorting her cards, haggling, and picking—
We play for nothing, do us? Chicken!
That card will do—'sblood, never doubt it;
It's not worth while to think about it."
Sal thought, and thought, and miss'd her aim,
And Ned ne'er studying won the game.
Methinks, old Friend! 'tis wondrous true
That verse is but a game at loo;
While many a bard, that shows so clearly
He writes for his amusement merely,
Is known to study, fret, and toil,
And play for nothing all the while,
Or praise at most, for wreaths of yore
Ne'er signified a farthing more,
Till having vainly toil'd to gain it,
He sees your flying pen obtain it.
Through fragrant scenes the trifler roves,
And hallow'd haunts that Phoebus loves,
Where with strange heats his bosom glows,
And mystic flames the god bestows.
You now none other flame require
Than a good blazing parlour fire;
Write verses—to defy the corners
In s—t-houses and chimney-corners.

Sal found her deep-laid schemes were vain—
The cards are cut—come, deal again—
No good comes on it when one lingers—
I'll play the cards come next my fingers—
Fortune could never let Ned lose her,
When she had left it wholly to her.

Well, now who wins?—why, still the same—
For Sal has lost another game.

"I've done, (she muttered); I was saying,
It did not argue my playing.

"Some folks will win, they cannot choose;
But think or not think—some must lose.

I may have won a game or so—
But then it was an age ago—
It ne'er will be my lot again—
I won it off a lady then—

Give me an ace of trumps, and see!
Our Ned will beat me with a three!

"'Tis all by luck that things are carried—
He'll suffer for it when he's married."

This sal, with tears in either eye,
While victor Ned sat uttering by,

Thus I, long envying your success,
And bent to write and study less,

Sat down, and scribbled in a trice
Just what you see—and you despise.

You, who can frame a tuneful song,
And hum it as you ride along,

And, trotting on the king's highway,
Snatch from the hedge a sprig of bay,

Accept this verse, how'er it flows,
From one that is your friend in prose.

What is this wreath, so green, so fair!
Which many men's invidious eyes gain;

And some men's wigs ne'er obtain;
For what must sal or poet sue,

Ere they engage with Ned or you?
For luck in verse, for luck at too?

Ah, no! 'tis genius gives you fame,
And Ned, through skill, secures the game.

THE POET AND THE DUN.

These are messengers
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Shakespeare.

COMES a Dun in the morning, and raps at my
door— [more—

"I made bold to call—'tis a twelvemonth and
I'm sorry, believe me, to trouble you thus, Sir—
But Job would be paid, Sir, had Job been a mercer."
My friends have but patience—"Ay, these are your
ways."

I have got but one shilling to serve me two days—
But, Sir—prithce take it, and tell your attorney,
If I han't paid your bill, I have paid for your
journey.

Well, now thou art gone, let me govern my pas-
And calmly consider—Consider! vexation! [anon,
What whore that must paint, and must put on
false looks,

And counterfeit joy in the pangs of the pox?
What beggar's wife's nephew, now starved, and
now bested,

Who, wanting to eat, fears himself shall be eaten!
What porter, what turnspit, can deem his case hard!
Or what Dun boast of patience that thinks of a hard!
Well, I'll leave this poor trade, for no trade can be
poor,

Turn shoeboy, or courtier, or pimp, or procurer;
Get love, and respect, and good living and pelf;
And dun some poor dog of a poet myself.

One's credit, however, of course, will grow better—
Here enters the footman, and brings me a letter.

"Dear Sir! I received your obliging epistle.
Your fame is secure—bid the critics go whistle.
I read o'er with wonder the poem you sent me,
And I must speak your praises, no soul shall pre-
vent me.

The audience, believe me, cried out every line
Was strong, was affecting, was just, was divine!
All pregnant as gold is, with worth, weight, and
beauty,

And to hide such a genius was—far from your duty.

I foresee that the court will be hugely delighted:
b. Richard far much a less curious w is knighted.
Adieu, my good Friend! and for high tide prepare ye;
I could say much more, but you're modest, I spare
ye."

Quite fired with the flattery, I call for my paper,
And waste that and health, and my time and my
taper:

I scribble till morn, when with wrath no small store,
Comes my old Friend the mercer, and raps at my
door,

"Ah, Friend! 'tis but idle to make such a pother;
Fate, Fate has ordain'd us to plague one another."

WRITTEN AT AN INN AT HENLEY.

TO thee, fair Freedom! I retire
From flattery, cards, and dice, and din
Nor art thou found in mansions higher
Than the low cot or humble inn.

'Tis here with boundless power I reign,
And every health which I begin
Converts dull port to bright champagne;
Such freedom crowns it an Inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate!
I fly from Falshood's sycious grin!
Freedom I love, and form I hate,
And chase my lodgings at an Inn.

Here, Walter! take my sordid ore,
Which lackies else might hope to win;
It buys what courts have not in store,
It buys me freedom at an Inn.

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an Inn.

A SIMILE.

WHAT village but has sometimes seen
The clumsy shape, the frightful mien,
Tremendous claws, and shaggy hair,
Of that grim brute scold a bear?
He from his den, the leard's acre,
Received the curious form you see,
Who, with her plastic tongue alone,
Produced a visage—like her own—
And thus they hunt, in mystic fashion,
The powerful force of education."

Perhaps you crowd of swains is viewing,
Even now, the strange exploits of Bruin,
Who plays his antics, roars aloud,
The wonder of a gaping crowd!

So have I known an awkward lad,
Whose birth has made a parish glad,
Forbidden, for fear of sense, to roam,
And taught by kind mamma at home,
Who gives him many a well tried rule,
With ways and means—to play the fool.
In sense the same, in stature higher,
He shines, ere long, a rural squire;
Pours forth unsway'd jokes and swears,
And bawls, and drinks, but chiefly stars
His tenants, of superior sense,
Carouse and laugh at his expense,
And deem the pasture 'em relating
To be as pleasant as bear-baiting.

THE

CHARMS OF PRECEDENCE.

A TALE

"SIR, will you please to walk before?"

"No, pray, Sir—you are next the door"

"Upon mine honour I'll not stir—"

"Sir, I'm at home; consider, Sir—"

• Of a fond matron's education.

"Excuse me, Sir: I'll not go first."

"Well, if I must be rude, I must—
But yet I wish I could evade it—
'Tis strangely clownish, be persuaded—"

Go forward, Cits! go forward, Squires!
Nor scruple each what each admires.
Life squares not, Friends! with your proceeding;
It flies while you display your breeding;
Such breeding as one's grampus preaches,
Or some old dancing-master teaches,
Or for some rude tumultuous fellow,
Half crazy, or, at least, half mellow,
To come behind you unawares,
And fairly push you both down stairs!
But Death's at hand—let me advise ye;
Go forward, Friends! or he'll surprise ye.

Besides, how insincere you are!
Do ye not flatter, lie, forswear,
And daily cheat, and weekly pray,
And all for this—to lead the way?

Such is my theme, which means to prove
That though we drink, or game, or love,
As that or this is most in fashion,
Precedence is our ruling passion.

When college students take degrees,
And pay the headle's endless fees,
What moves that scientific body,
But the first cutting at a gaudy?
And whence such shoals, in bare conditions,
That starve and languish as physicians,
Content to trudge the streets, and stare at
The fat apothecary's chariot?

But that, in Charlotte's chamber (see
Moliere's *Médecin malgré lui*)
The leech, how'er his fortunes vary
Still walks before th' apothecary.

Flaw in vain has wit and charms,
And all that shines, and all that warms;
In vain all human race adore her,
For—Lady Mary ranks before her.

O Celia! gentle Celia! tell us,
You, who are neither vain nor jealous!
The softest breast, the mildest mien!
Would you not feel some little spleen,
Nor bite your lip, nor furl your brow,
If Florimel, your equal now,
Should one day gain precedence of ye?
First served—though in a dish of coffee?
Placed first, although where you are found
You gain the eyes of all around?
Named first, though not with half the fame
That waits my charming Celia's name?

Hard Fortune! barely to inspire
Our fix'd esteem and fond desire!
Barely, where'er you go, to prove
The source of universal love!
Yet be content, observing this,
Honour's the offspring of caprice;
And worth, how'er you have pursued it,
Has now no power—but to exclude it:
You'll find your general reputation
A kind of supplemental station.

Poor Swift, with all his worth, could ne'er,
He tells us, hope to rise a peer;
So, to supply it, wrote for fame,
A d well the wit secured his aim.
A common patriot has a drift
Not quite so innocent as Swift;
In Britain's cause he rants, he labours; [bours,
"He's honest, faith."—Have patience, Neigh-
For Patriots may sometimes deceive,
May beg their friends' reluctant leave
To serve them in a higher sphere,
And drop their virtue to get there—

As Lucian tells us, in his fashion,
Ere on Elysium's flowery strand
Old Cheron suffered them to land;
So, ere we meet a court's caresses,
No doubt our souls must change their dresses;
And souls there be who, bound that way,
Attire themselves ten times a-day.

If then 'tis rank which all men covet,
And saints alike and sinners love it;
If place, for which our courtiers throng
So thick, that few can get along,
For which such servile toils are seen,
Who's happier than a king!—a queen.
How'er men aim at elevation,
'Tis properly a female passion:
Women and beaux, beyond all measure,
Are charm'd with rank's ecstatic pleasure.

"Sir, if your drift I rightly scan,
You'd hint a beau were not a man;"—
Say women then are fond of places;
I wave all disputable cases.

A man, perhaps, would something linger,
Were his loved rank to cost—a finger;
Or were an ear or toe the price on't;
He might deliberate once or twice on't;
Perhaps ask Gataker's advice on't;
And many, as their frame grows old,
Would hardly purchase it with gold.
But women wish precedence ever;
'Tis their whole life's supreme endeavour;
It fires their youth with jealous rage,
And strongly animates their age:
Perhaps they would not sell outright,
Or maim a limb—that was in sight;
Yet on worse terms they sometimes choose it,
Nor even in punishments refuse it.

"Pre-eminence in pain!" you cry,
All fierce and pregnant with reply:
But lend your patience and your ear,
An argument shall make it clear.
But hold, an argument may fail;
Beside, my title says, A Tale.

Where Avon rolls her winding stream,
Avon! the Muses' favourite theme;
Avon! that fills the farmers' purses,
And decks with flowers both farms and
verses,

She visits many a fertile vale—
Such was the scene of this my Tale;
For 'tis in Evesham's Vale, or near it,
That folks with laughter tell and hear it.

The soil, with annual plenty bless'd,
Was by young Corydon possess'd.
His youth alone I lay before ye,
As most material to my story:
For strength and vigour too, he had 'em,
And 'twere not much amiss to add 'em.

Thrice happy lout! whose wide domain
Now green with grass, now gilt with grain,
In russet robes of clover deep,
Or thinly veil'd, and white with sheep;
Now fragrant with the bean's perfume,
Now purpled with the pulse's bloom,
Might well with bright allusion store me—
But happier bards have been before me!

Amongst the various year's increase
The stripling own'd a field of pease,
Which, when at night he ceased his labours,
Were haunted by some female neighbours.
Each morn discover'd to his sight
The shameful havoc of the night;
Traces of this they left behind 'em,
But no instructions where to find 'em.
The devil's works are plain and evil,
But few or none have seen the devil.
Old Noll, indeed, if we may credit
The words of Echard, who has said it,
Contrived with Satan how to fool us,
And bargain'd face to face to rule us;
But then Old Noll was one in ten,
And sought him more than other men;
Our shepherd, too, with like attention,
May meet the female fiends we mention.
He rose one morn at break of day,
And near the field in ambush lay;
When lo! a brace of girls appears,
The third a matron much in years.
Smiling amidst the pease, the sinners
Sat down to cull their future dinners,
And caring little who might own 'em,
Made free as though themselves had sown 'em.

'Tis worth a sage's observation
How love can make a jest of passion;
Anger had forced the swain from bed,
His early dues to love unpaid!
And Love, a god that keeps a pother,
And will be paid one time or other,
Now banish'd Anger out o' door,
And claim'd the debt withheld before
If Anger bid our youth revile,
Love form'd his features to a smile;
And knowing well 'twas all grimace
To threaten with a smiling face,
He in few words express'd his mind—
And none would deem them much unkind.
The amorous youth, for their offence,
Demanded instant recompence;
That recompence from each, which shame
Forbids a bashful Muse to name

Yet, more this sentence to discover,
 'Tis what Bett * grants her lover,
 When he, to make the trumpet willing,
 Has spent his fortune—to a shilling.
 Each stood awhile, as 'twere suspended,
 And loath to do what—each intended.
 At length, with soft pathetic sighs,
 The matron, bent with age, replies :
 " 'Tis vain to strive—justice, I know,
 And our ill stars, will have it so—
 But let my tears your wrath assuage,
 And show some deference for age :
 I from a distant village came,
 Am old, G — knows, and something lame ;
 And if we yield, as yield we must,
 Despatch my crazy body first."
 Our shepherd, like the Phrygian swain,
 When circled round on Ida's plain,
 With goddesses, he stood suspended,
 And Pallas's grave speech was ended,
 Own'd what she ask'd might be his duty,
 But paid the Compliment to beauty.

EPILOGUE

TO THE TRAGEDY OF CLEONE.

WELL, Ladies—so much for the tragic style—
 And now the custom is to make you smile.
 To make us smile!—methinks I hear you say—
 Why, who can help it at so strange a play ?
 The captain gone three years!—and then to blame
 The faultless conduct of his virtuous dame!
 My stars!—what gentle belle would think it treason,
 When thus provoked, to give the brute some reason ?
 Out of my house!—this night, forsooth, depart!
 A modern wife had said—"With all my heart—
 But think not, haughty Sir, I'll go alone ;
 Order your coach—conduct me safe to Town—
 Give me my jewels, wardrobe, and my maid—
 And pray take care my pin-money be paid."
 Such is the language of each modish fair ;
 Yet memoirs, not of modern growth declare
 The time has been when modesty and truth
 Were deem'd additions to the charms of youth ;
 When women hid their necks, and veil'd their faces,
 Nor rompt'd, nor raked, nor stared at public places,
 Nor took the airs of Amazons for graces :
 Then plain domestic virtues were the mode,
 And wives ne'er dream'd of happiness abroad ;
 They loved their children, learn'd no flaunting airs,
 But with the joys of wedlock mix'd the cares
 Those times are past—yet sure they merit praise,
 For marriage triumph'd in those golden days ;
 By chaste decorum their affection gain'd ;
 By faith and fondness what they won maintain'd.
 'Tis yours, ye Fair! to bring those days again,
 And form anew the hearts of thoughtless men ;
 Make beauty's lustre amiable as bright,
 And give the soul as well as sense delight ;
 Reclaim from folly a fantastic age,
 That scorns the press, the pulpit, and the stage.
 La. truth and tenderness your breasts adorn,
 The marriage chain with transport shall be worn ;
 Each blooming virgin, raised into a bride,
 Shall double all their joys, their cares divide ;
 All viate grief, compose the jars of strife,
 And pour the balm that sweetens human life.

A PASTORAL ODE.

TO THE

HON. SIR RICHARD LYTTLETON.

THE morn dispensed a dubious light,
 A sullen mist had stolen from sight
 Each pleasing vale and hill,
 When Damon left his humble bowers,
 To guard his flocks, to fence his flowers,
 Or check his wandering rill.

Though school'd from Fortune's paths to fly,
 The swain beneath each lowering sky
 Would oft his fate bemoan,
 That he, in sylvan shades forlorn,
 Must waste his cheerless even and morn,
 Nor praised, nor loved, nor known.

No friend to Fame's obstreperous noise,
 Yet to the whispers of her voice,
 Soft murmuring, not a foe,
 The pleasures he through choice declined,
 When gloomy fogs depress'd his mind,
 It grieved him to forego.

Grieved him to lurk the lakes beside,
 Where coots in rushy dingles hide,
 And moorcocks shun the day,
 While caiff bitterns, undismay'd,
 Remark the swain's familiar shade,
 And scorn to quit their prey.

But see the radiant sun once more
 The brightening face of heaven restore
 And raise the doubtful dawn,
 And more to gild his rural sphere,
 At once the brightest train appear
 That ever trod the lawn.

Amazement chill'd the shepherd's frame,
 To think Bridgewater's * honour'd name
 Should grace his rustic cell ;
 That she, on all whose motions wait
 Distinction, titles, rank, and state,
 Should rove where shepherds dwell.

But true it is, the generous mind,
 By candour sway'd, by taste refined,
 Will nought but vice disdain ;
 Nor will the breast where fancy glows
 Deem every flower a weed that blows
 Amid the desert plain.

Beseems it such, with honour crown'd,
 To deal its lucid beams around,
 Nor equal meed receive ;
 At most such garlands from the field,
 As cowslips, pinks, and pansies yield,
 And rural hands can weave.

Yet strive, ye shepherds, strive to find,
 And weave the fairest of the kind,
 The prime of all the spring,
 If haply thus yon lovely fair
 May round her temples deign to wear
 The trivial wreaths you bring.

O how the peaceful halcyons play'd,
 Where'er the conscious lake betray'd
 Athena's placid mien !
 How did the sprightlier linnets throng,
 Where Paphia's charms required the song,
 'Mid hazel copses green !

Lo, Dartmouth, on those banks reclined,
 While busy Fancy calls to mind
 The glories of his line !
 Methinks my cottage rears its head,
 The ruin'd walls of yonder shed,
 As through enchantment, shine

But who the nymph that guides their
 way ?
 Could ever nymph descend to stray
 From Hagley's famed retreat ?
 Else by the blooming features fair,
 The faultless make, the matchless air,
 'Twere Cynthia's form complete.

So would some tuberoso delight,
 That struck the pilgrim's wondering sight,
 'Mid lonely deserts drear,
 All as at eve the sovereign flower,
 Dispenses round its balmy power,
 And crowns the fragrant year.

Ah! now no more, the shepherd cried,
 Must I ambition's charms deride,
 Her subtle force disown ;

* The Dutchess of Bridgewater, married to Sir Richard Lyttleton.

No more of Fauns or Fairies dream,
While Faucy, near each crystal stream,
Shall paint these forms alone.

By low-brow'd rock, or pathless mead,
I deem'd that splendour ne'er should lead
My dazzled eyes astray ;
But who, alas ! will dare contend,
If beauty add, or merit blend,
Its more illustrious ray ?

Nor is it long, O plaintive swain !
Since Guernsey saw, without disdain,
Where, hid in woodlands green,
The partner of his early days,*
And once the rival of his praise,
Had stolen through life unseen.

Scarce faded is the vernal flower,
Since Stamford left his honour'd bower
To smile familiar here :
O form'd by Nature to disclose
How fair that courtesy which flows
From social warmth sincere !

Nor yet have many moons decay'd
Since Pollio sought this lonely shade,
Admired this rural maze :
The noblest breast that Virtue fires,
The Graces love, the Muse inspires,
Might pant for Pollio's praise.

Say, Thomson here was known to rest,
For him yon vernal seat I dress'd,
Ah ! never to return !
In place of wit and melting strains,
And social mirth, it now remains,
To weep beside the urn.

Come then, my Lelius ! come once more,
And fringe the melancholy shore
With roses and with bays,
While I each wayward Fate accuse,
That envied his impartial Muse,
To sing your early praise.

While Philo, to whose favour'd sight
Antiquity, with full delight,
Her inmost wealth displays,
Beneath yon ruins' moulder'd wall,
Shall muse, and with his friend recall
The pomp of ancient days.

Here, too, shall Conway's name appear ;
He praised the stream so lovely clear,
That shone the reeds among ;
Yet clearness could it not disclose,
To match the rhetoric that flows
From Conway's polish'd tongue.

Even Pitt, whose fervent periods roll
Resistless through the kindling soul
Of senates, councils, kings !
Though form'd for courts, vouchsafed to
rove,
Inglorious, through the shepherd's grove,
And ope his bashful springs.

But what can courts discover more
Than these rude haunts have seen before,
Each fount and shady tree ?
Have not these trees and fountains seen
The pride of courts, the winning mien
Of peerless Aylesbury ?

And Grenville, she whose radiant eyes
Have mark'd by slow gradations rise
The princely piles of Stow ;
Yet praised these unembellish'd woods,
And smiled to see the babbling floods
Through self-worn mazes flow.

Say, Dartmouth, who your banks admired,
Again beneath your caves retired,
Shall grace the pensive shade ;
With all the bloom, with all the truth,
With all the brightness of youth,
By cool reflection sway'd ?

Brave, yet humane, shall Smith appear ;
Ye Sailors, though his name be-dear,
Think him not yours alone
Grant him in other spheres to charm ;
The shepherds' breasts, though mild, are warm ;
And ours are all his own.

O Lyttleton ! my honour'd guest,
Could I describe thy generous breast,
Thy firm, yet polish'd, mind ;
How public love adorns thy name,
How Fortune, too, conspires with Fame,
The song should please mankind.

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

IN FOUR PARTS.

Arbusta humilesque myricæ. *Virg.*
EXPLANATION.
Groves and lovely shrubs.

I. ABSENCE.

YE Shepherds ! so cheerful and gay,
Whose flocks never carelessly roam,
Should Corydon's happen to stray,
Oh ! call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muse and to sigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find ;
None once was so watchful as I :
—I have left my dear Phyllis behind.

Now I know what it is to have strove
With the torture of doubt and desire ;
What it is to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah ! lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each evening repel !
Alas ! I am faint and forlorn :
—I have bade my dear Phyllis farewell.

Since Phyllis vouchsafed me a look,
I never once dream'd of my vine ;
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was rane.
I prized every hour that went by
Beyond all that pleased me before
But now they are past, and I sigh,
And I grieve that I prized them no more.

But why do I languish in vain ?
Why wander thus pensively here ?
Oh ! why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the smiles of my dear ?
They tell me, my favourite maid,
The pride of that valley, is flown ;
Alas ! where with her I have stray'd
I could wander with pleasure alone.

When forced the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt at my heart !
Yet I thought—but it might not be so—
"Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
She gazed as I slowly withdrew ;
My path I could hardly discern :
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
To visit some far distant shrine,
If he bear but a relique away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus widely removed from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
Soft hope is the relique I bear,
And my solace wherever I go.

II. HOPE.

MY banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep ;
My grottoes are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep.

* They were School-fellows.

I seldom have met with a loss.
Such health do my fountains bestow;
My fountains all border'd with moss,
Where the harebells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
Not a beech's more beautiful green
But a sweetbriar entwines it around:
Not my fields in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
To the bower I have labour'd to rear!
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
But I hasten'd and planted it there.
O how sudden the jessamine strove
With the lilack to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands, and
groves,
What strains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves
From the thickets of roses that blow!
And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
As—she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood pigeons breed;
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young;
And I lov'd her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold
How that pity was due to a dove,
That it ever attended the bold,
And she call'd it the sister of Love.
But her words such a pleasure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she say,
Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain
Unmoved when her Corydon sighs?
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
These plains and this valley despise?
Dear regions of silence and shade!
Soft scenes of contentment and ease!
Where I could have pleasantly stray'd,
If caught in her absence could please.

But where does my Phyllida stray?
And where are her groves and her bowers?
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
And the shepherds as gentle as ours?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the valleys as fine,
The swains may in manners compare.
But their love is not equal to mine.

III. SOLICITUDE.

WHY will you my passion reprove?
Why term it a folly to grieve?
Freely show you the charms of my love,
She is fairer than you can believe.
With her mien she dauntless the brave,
With her wit she engages the free,
With her modesty pleases the grave;
She is every way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
Come and join in my amorous lays!
Could I lay down my life for the swain
That will sing but a song in her praise.

VOL. II.

When hesings, may the nymphs of the town
Come trooping, and listen the while;
Nay, on him let not Phyllida frown,
—But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
Any favour with Phyllis to find,
O how with one trivial glance
Might she ruin the peace of my mind.
In ringlets he dresses his hair,
And his crook is bestudded around;
And his pipe—oh! my Phyllis, beware
Of a magic there is in the sound!

'Tis his with mock passion to glow
'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold
"How her face is as bright as the snow,
And her bosom, he sure, is as cold:
How the nightingales labour the strain,
With the notes of his charmer to vie;
How they vary their accents in vain,
Repine at her triumphs, and die."

To the grove or the garden he strays,
And pillages every sweet.
Then suiting the wreath to his lays,
He throws it at Phyllis's feet.
"O Phyllis!" he whispers, "more fair,
More sweet than the jessamine's flower!
What are pinks in the morn to compare?
What is eglantine after a shower?"

"Then the lily no longer is white,
Then the rose is deprived of its bloom,
Then the violets die with despoil,
And the woodbine gives up their perfume."
Thus glide the soft numbers along,
And he fancies no shepherd his peer;
—Yet I never should envy the song,
Were not Phyllis to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So Phyllis the trophy despise;
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they shine not in Phyllis's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart
Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue;
—Yet may she beware of his art,
Or sure I must envy the song.

IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

YE Shepherds! give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep;
They have nothing to do but to stray,
I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove;
She was fair—and my passion begun;
She smiled—and I could not but love;
She is faithless—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought;
Perhaps it was plain to foresee
That a nymph so complete would be sought
By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah! love every hope can inspire,
It banishes wisdom the while,
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone:
Ye that witness the woes I endure,
Let reason instruct you to shun
What it cannot instruct you to cure.
Beware how you loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of an higher degree;
It is not for me to explain
How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met
What hope of an end to my woes?
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repose.
Yet time may diminish the pain:
The flower, and the shrub, and the tree
Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

U

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
The sound of a murmuring stream,
The peace which from solitude flows,
Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme,
High transports are shown to the sight,
But we are not to find them our own;
Fate never bestow'd such delight
As I with my Phyllis have known.

O ye woods! spread your branches apace,
To your deepest recesses I fly;
I would hide with the beasts of the chase,
I would vanish from every eye.
Yet my reed shall resound through the grove
With the same sad complaint it began;
How she smiled, and I could not but love!
Was faithless, and I am undone.

ODES.

ODE TO HEALTH.

O HEALTH! capricious maid!
Why dost thou shun my peaceful bower,
Where I had hope to share thy power,
And bless thy lasting aid?

Since thou, alas! art flown,
It 'tells not whether Muse or Grace,
With tempting smile, frequent the place!
I sigh for thee alone.

Age not forbids thy stay:
Thou yet might'st act the friendly part:
Thou yet might'st raise this languid heart;
Why speed so swift away?

Thou scorn'st the city air;
I breathe fresh gales o'er furrow'd ground,
Yet hast not thou my wishes crown'd,
O false! O partial Fair!

I plunge into the wave;
And though with purest hands I raise
A rural altar to thy praise,
Thou wilt not deign to save.

Amid my well-known grove,
Where mineral fountains vainly bear
Thy boasted name, and titles fair,
Why scorn'st thy foot to rove?

Thou hear'st the sportsman's claim,
Enabling him, with idle noise,
To drown the Muse's melting voice,
And fright the timorous game.

Is thought thy foe? Adieu,
Ye midnight lamps! ye curious tomes!
Mine eye o'er hills and valleys roams,
And deals no more with you.

Is it the clime you flee?
Yet 'midst his unrelenting snows
The poor Lapponian's bosom glows,
And shares bright rays from thee.

There was, there was a time,
When, though I scorn'd thy guardian care,
Nor made a vow, nor said a prayer,
I did not rue the crime.

Who then more bless'd than I?
When the glad schoolboy's task was done,
And forth, with jocund sprite, I run
To freedom and to joy?

How jovial then the day!
What since have all my labours found,
Thus climbing life to gaze around,
That can thy loss repay?

Wert thou, alas! but kind,
Methinks no frown that Fortune wears,
Nor lessen'd hopes, nor growing cares,
Could sink my cheerful mind.

Whate'er my stars include,
What other breasts convert to pain,
My towering mind should soon disdain,
Should scorn—Ingratitude!

Repair this mouldering cell,
And bless'd with objects found at home,
And envying none their fairer dome,
How pleased my soul should dwell!

Temp'rance should guard the doors;
From room to room should Memory stray,
And, ranging all in neat array,
Enjoy her pleasing stores—

There let them rest unknown,
The types of many a pleasing scene;
But to preserve them bright or clean,
Is thine, Fair Queen alone.

TO A LADY OF QUALITY,

FITTING UP HER LIBRARY.

AH! what is science, what is art,
Or what the pleasure these impart?
Ye trophies, which the learn'd pursue
Through endless, fruitless toils, adieu!

What can the tedious tomes bestow,
To sooth the miseries they show?
What like the bliss for him decreed
Who tends his flock and tunes his reed!

Say, wretched Fancy; thus refined,
From all that glads the simplest mind,
How rare that object which supplies
A charm for too discerning eyes!

The polish'd bard, of genius vain,
Endures a deeper sense of pain;
As each invading blast devours
The richest fruits, the fairest flowers.

Sages, with irksome waste of time,
The steep ascent of knowledge climb,
Then from the towering heights they scale,
Behold contentment range—the vale.

Yet why, Asteria, tell us why
We scorn the crowd when you are nigh?
Why then does reason seem so fair,
Why learning then deserve our care?

Who can unpleased your shelves behold,
While you so fair a proof unfold
What force the brightest genius draws
From polish'd wisdom's written laws?

Where are our humbler tenets flown?
What strange perfection bids us own
That Bliss with toilsome Science dwells,
And happiest he who most excels?

ANACREONTIC.

'T'WAS in a cool Aonian glade
The wanton Cupid, spent with toil,
Had sought refreshment from the shade
And stretch'd him on the mossy soil.

A vagrant Muse drew nigh, and found
The subtle traitor fast asleep;
And is it thine to snore profound,
She said, yet leave the world to weep?

But hush—from this auspicious hour
The world, I ween, my rest in peace,
And, robb'd of darts, and stripp'd of power,
Thy peevish petulance decrease.

Sleep on, poor child! whilst I withdraw,
And this thy vile artillery hide—
When the Castalian fount she saw,
And plunged his arrows in the tide.

That magic fount—ill-judging maid!
Shall cause you soon to curse the day
You dared the shafts of Love intrude,
And gave his arms redoubled sway.

For in a stream so wondrous clear,
When angry Cupid searches round,
Will not the radiant points appear?
Will not the furtive spoils be found?

Too soon they were; and every dart,
Dipp'd in the Muse's mystic spring,
Acquired new force to wound the heart,
And taught at once to love and sing.

Then farewell, ye Pierian quire!
For who will now your altars throng?
From Love we learn to swell the lyre,
And Echo asks no sweeter song.

ODE.

Unit spes animi creduli mutui?

Hon.

IMITATION.

Fond hope of a reciprocal desire
Inflames the breast.

'T'WAS not by beauty's aid alone
That Love usurp'd his airy throne,
His boasted power display'd;
'Tis kindness that secures his aim,
'Tis hope that feeds the kindling flame,
Which beauty first convey'd.

In Clara's eyes the lightning view;
Her lips with all the rose's hue
Have all its sweets combined;
Yet vain the blush, and faint the fire,
Till lips at once, and eyes, conspire
To prove the charmer kind.

Though wit might gild the tempting snare
With softest accent, sweetest air,
By envy's self admired;
If Lesbia's wit betray'd her scorn,
In vain might every Greece adorn
What every Muse inspired.

Thus airy Stephen tuned his lyre—
He scorn'd the jangs of wild desire,
Which love-sick swains endure;
Resolved to brave the keenest dart,
Since frowns could never wound his heart,
And smiles—must ever cure.

But ah! how false these maxims prove,
How frail security from love
Experience hourly shows!
Love can imagined smiles supply,
On every charming lip and eye
Eternal sweets bestow.

In vain we trust the fair one's eyes;
In vain the sage explores the skies;
To learn from stars his fate;
Till led by fancy wide astray,
He finds no planet mark his way;
Convinced and woe—too late.

As partial to their words we prove,
Then boldly join the lists of love,
With towering hopes supply'd,
So heroes, taught by doubtful shrines,
Mistook their deity's designs,
Then took the field—and died.

UPON A VISIT

TO A LADY OF QUALITY.

ON fair Asteria's blissful plains,
Where ever blooming fancy reigns,
How pleas'd we pass the winter's day,
And charm the dull eyed Spleen away!

No linnet from the leafless bough,
Pours forth her note melodious now,
But all admire Asteria's tongue,
Nor wish the linnet's vernal song.

No flowers emit their transient rays;
Yet sure Asteria's wit displays
More various tints, more glowing lines,
And with perennial beauty shines.

Though rifled groves and fetter'd streams
But ill befriended a poet's dreams,
Asteria's presence wakes the lyre,
And well supplies poetic fire.

The fields have lost their lovely dye,
No cheerful azure decks the sky,
Yet still we bless the lowering day;
Asteria smiles—and all is gay.

Hence let the Muse no more presume
To blame the winter's dreary gloom,
Accuse his fostering hours no more,
But ah! their envious haste deplore.

For soon from Wit and Friendship's reign,
The social hearth, the sprightly vein,
I go—to meet the coming year
On savage plains and deserts drear!

I go—to feed on pleasures flown,
Nor find the spring my loss atone;
But, 'mid the flowery sweets of May,
With pride recall this winter's day.

ODE TO MEMORY.

O MEMORY! celestial maid!
Who glean'st the flowerets cropt by Time,
And, sundering not a leaf to fade,
Preserv'st the blossoms of our prime,
Bring, bring, those moments to my mind
When life was new and Lesbia kind.

And bring that garland to my sight
With which my favour'd crook she bound,
And bring that wreath of roses bright
Which then my festive temples crown'd,
And to my raptur'd ear convey
The gentle things she design'd to say.

And sketch with care the Muse's bower,
Where Isis rolls her silver tide,
Nor yet omit one reed or flower
That shines on Cherwell's verdant side,
If so thou may'st those hours prolong,
When polish'd Lycen join'd my song.

The song it 'twill not to rectify—
But, sure, to sooth our youthful dreams,
Those banks and streams appear'd more bright
Than other banks, than other streams;

Or by the softening pencil shown,
Assume they beauties not their own?

And paint that sweetly vacant scene,
When, all beneath the poplar bough,
My spirits light, my soul serene,
I breath'd in verse one corial vow,
That nothing should my soul inspire
But friendship warm and love entire.

Dull to the sense of new delight,
On thee the drooping Muse attends,
As some fond lover, robb'd of sight,
On thy expressive power depends,
Nor would exchange thy glowing lines,
To live the lord of all that shines.

But let me chase those vows away
Which at Ambition's shrine I made,
Nor ever let thy skull display
Those anxious moments, ill repaid:
Oh! from my breast that season raise,
And bring my childhood in its place.

Bring me the bells, the rattle bring,
And bring the hobby I bestrode,
When pleased, in many a sportive ring
Around the room I jovial rode;
E'en let me bid my lyre adieu,
And bring the whistle that I blew

Then will I muse, and pensive say,
Why did not these enjoyments last?
How sweetly wasted I the day,
While innocence allow'd to waste!
Ambition's toils alike are vain,
But ah! for pleasure yield us pain.

VERSES.

TO WILLIAM LYTTLETON, ESQ.

HOW blithly pass'd the summer's day!
How bright was every flower!
While friends arrived in circles gay,
To visit Damon's bower!

But now, with silent step, I range
Along some lonely shore;
And Damon's bower, alas the change!
Is gay with friends no more.

Away to crowds and cities borne,
In quest of joy they steer,
Whilst I, alas! am left forlorn
To weep the parting year!

O pensive autumn! how I grieve
Thy sorrowing face to see!
When languid suns are taking leave
Of every drooping tree.

Ah! let me not, with heavy eye,
This dying scene survey!
Haste, Winter! haste: usurp the sky;
Complete my bower's decay.

Ill can I bear the motely cast
Yon sickening leaves retain,
That speak at once of pleasure past,
And bode approaching pain.

At home unblest'd, I gaze around,
My distant scenes require,
Where, all in murky vapours drown'd,
Are hamlet, hill, and spire.

Though Thomson, sweet descriptive bard!
Inspiring Autumn sung,
Yet how should we the months regard
That stopp'd his flowing tongue?

Ah! luckless months, of all the rest
To whose hard share it fell!
For sure he was the gentlest breast
That ever sung so well.

And see, the swallow now disown
The roofs they loved before;
Each, like his tuneful genius, flown
To glad some happier shore.

The wood-nymph eyes, with pale affright,
The sportsman's frantic deed;
While hounds, and horns, and yells unite
To drown the Muse's reed.

Ye fields! with blighted herbage brown,
Ye skies! no longer blue,
Too much we feel from Fortune's frown
To bear these frowns from you.

Where is the mead's unsully'd green?
The zephyr's balmy gale?
And where sweet friendship's cordial mien,
That brighten'd every vale?

What though the vine disclose her dyes,
And burst her purple store?
Not all the vineyard's rich supplies
Can sooth our sorrows more.

He! he is gone, whose moral strain
Could wit and mirth refine;
He! he is gone, whose social vein
Surpass'd the power of wine.

Fast by the streams he deign'd to praise,
In yon sequester'd grove,
To him a votive urn I raise,
To him and friendly Love.

Yes, there, my Friend! forlorn and sad,
I grave your Thomson's name,
And there his lyre, which Fate forbade
To sound your growing fame.

There shall my plaintive song recount
Dark themes of hopeless woe,
And faster than the drooping fount
I'll teach mine eyes to flow.

There leaves, in spite of Autumn green,
Shall shade the hallow'd ground;
And spring will there again be seen
To call forth flowers around.

But no kind suns will bid me share,
Once more, his social hour;
Ah! Spring! thou never canst repair
This loss to Damon's bower.

AN IRREGULAR ODE,

After Sickness.

—Mellius, cum venerit ipa, canemus.

IMITATION.

His wish'd-for presence will improve the song

TOO long a stranger to repose,
At length from Pain's abhorred couch I rose,
And wander'd forth alone,
To court once more the balmy breeze,
An I catch the verdure of the trees,
Ere yet their charms were flown.

'Twas from a bank with pansies gay
I hail'd once more the cheerful day,
The sun's forgotten beams:
O Sun! how pleasing were thy rays,
Reflected from the polish'd face
Of yon refulgent streams!

Raised by the scene, my feeble tongue
Essay'd again the sweets of song,
And thus in feeble strains, and slow,
The loitering numbers 'gan to flow.

"Come gentle Air! my languid limbs restore,
And bid me welcome from the Stygian shore,
For sure I heard the tender sighs,
I seem'd to join the plaintive cries
Of hapless youths, who through the myrtle grove
Bewail for ever their unfinished love;
To that unjoyous clime,
Torn from the sight of these ethereal skies,
Debar'd the lustre of their Delia's eyes,
And banish'd in their prime.

Come, gentle Air! and, while the thickets bloom,
Convey the jasmine's breath divine,
Convey the woodbine's rich perfume,
Nor spare the sweet leaf'd cglantine;
And may'st thou shun the rugged storm
Till Health her wonted charms explain,
With Rural Pleasure in her train,
To greet me in her fairest form;
While from this lofty mount I view
The sons of earth, the vulgar crew,
Anxious for futile gains, beneath me stray,
And seek with erring step Contentment's obvious way.

'Come, gentle Air! and thou, celestial Muse!
Thy genial flame infuse,
Enough to lend a pensive bosom aid,
And gild Retirement's gloomy shade;
Enough to rear such rustic lays
As foes may slight, but partial friends will praise.'

The gentle air allow'd my claim,
And, more to cheer my drooping frame,
She mix'd the balm of opening flowers,
Such as the bee, with chymic powers,
From Hybla's fragrant hills inhales,
Or scents Sabea's blooming vales:
But, ah! the nymphs that heal the pensive mind,
By prescripts more refined,
Neglect their votary's anxious moan;
Oh! how should they relieve!—the Muses all were down.

By flowery plain or woodland shades
I fondly sought the charming maids;
By woodland shades or flowery plain
I sought them, faithless maids! in vain
When, lo! in happier hour,
I leave behind my native mead,
To range where Zeal and Friendship lead,
To visit L****'s honour'd bower.
Ah! foolish man! to seek the tuneful maids
On other plains, or near less verdant shades!

Scarce have my footsteps press'd the favour'd ground,
When sounds ethereal strike my ear;
At once celestial forms appear;
My fugitives are found!
The Muses here attune their lyres,
Ah! partial, with unwonted fires;
Here, hand in hand, with careless mien,
The sportive Graces trip the green.

But whilst I wander'd o'er a scene so fair,
Too well at one survey I trace
How every Muse and every Grace
Had long employ'd their care.
Lurks not a stone enich'd with lively stain
Blooms not a flower amid the vernal store,
Falls not a plume on India's distant plain,
Glow not a shell on Adria's rocky shore,
But torn, methought, from native lands or seas,
From their arrangement gain fresh power to please.

And some had bent the wildering maze,
Bedeck'd with every shrub that blows,
And some entwined the willing sprays,
To shield th' illustrious dame's repose;
Others had graced the sprightly dome,
And taught the portrait where to glow;
Others arranged the curious tome,
Or 'mid the decorated space
Assign'd the laurel'd bust a place,
And given to learning all the pomp of show;
And now from every task withdrawn,
They met and frisk'd it o'er the lawn.

Ah! who is me, said I,
And •••s hilly circuit heard my cry;

Have I for this with labour strove,
And lavish'd all my little store
To fence for you my steady grove,
And scollop every winding shore,
And fringe with every purple rose
The sapphire stream that down my valley flows?

Ah! lovely treacherous maids!
To quit unseen my votive shades,
When pale Disease and torturing Pain
Had torn me from the breezy plain,
And to a restless couch confined,
Who ne'er your wonted tasks declined
She needs not your officious aid
To swell the song or plan the shade
By genuine Fancy fired,
Her native genius guides her hand,
And while she marks the sage command,
More lovely scenes her skill shall raise,
Her lyre resound with nobler lays
Than ever you inspired.

Thus I my rage and grief display,
But vainly blame, and vainly mourn,
Nor will a Grace or muse return
Till Luxborough lead the way.

RURAL ELEGANCE.

AN ODE TO THE LATE DUCHESS OF
SOMERSET.

WHILE orient skies restore the day,
And dew-drops catch the lucid ray,
Amid the sprightly scenes of morn
Will aught the Muse inspire?
Oh! peace to yonder clamorous horn
That drowns the sacred lyre!

Ye rural thanes! that o'er the mossy down
Some panting timorous hare pursue,
Does Nature mean your joys alone to crown?
Say, does she smooth her lawns for you?
For you does Echo bid the rocks reply,
And, urged by rude constraint, resound the jovial cry?

See from the neighbouring hill, forlorn,
The wretched swain your sport survey;
He finds his faithful fences torn,
He finds his labour'd crops a prey;
He sees his flock—no more in circles feed,
Haply beneath your savage bleed,
And with no random curses loads the deed.

Nor yet, ye swains! conclude
That nature smiles for you alone;
Your bounded souls and your conception crude,
The proud, the selfish boast disown;
Yours be the produce of the soil;
O may it still reward your toil!
Nor ever the defenceless train
Of clinging infants ask support in vain.

But though the various harvest gild your plains,
Does the mere landscape feast your eye?
Or the warm hope of distant gains
Far other cause of glee supply?
Is not the red-streak's future juice
The source of your delight profound,
Where Ariconium pours her gems profuse,
Purpling a whole horizon round?
A thirst ye praise the limpid stream, 'tis true;
But though the pebbled shores among
It mimic no unpleasing song,
The limpid fountain murmurs not for you.

Unpleased ye see the thickets bloom,
Unpleased the spring her flowery robe resume;
Unmored the mountain's airy pile,
The dappled mead without a smile.
O let a rural conscious Muse,
For well she knows, your froward sense accuse:
Forth to the solemn oak you bring the square,
And span the massy trunk before you cry, 'Tis fair.

Nor yet, ye learn'd ! nor yet, ye courtly train !
 If haply from your haunts ye stray
 To waste with us a summer's day,
 Exclude the taste of every swain,
 Nor our untutor'd sense disdain,
 'Tis nature only gives exclusive right
 To relish her supreme delight ;
 She, where she pleases, kind or coy,
 Who furnishes the scene, and forms us to enjoy.

Then hither bring the fair ingenuous mind,
 By her auspicious aid refined.
 Lo ! not an hedge-row hawthorn blows,
 Or humble harebell paints the plain,
 Or valley winds, or fountain flows,
 Or purple heath is ungled in vain :
 For such the rivers dash the foaming tides,
 The mountain swells, the dale subsides ;
 Even thriftless furze detains their wandering sight,
 And the rough barren rock grows pregnant with delight.

With what suspicious fearful care
 The sordid wretch secures his claim,
 If haply some luxurious heir
 Should alienate the fields that wear his name !
 What scruples lest some future birth
 Should litigate a span of earth ! [prose.
 Bonds, contracts, foffments, names unmeet for
 The towering Muse endures not to disclose ;
 Alas ! her unreversed decree,
 More comprehensive and more free,
 Her lavish'd charter, taste, appropriates all we see.

Let gondolas their painted flags unfold,
 And be the solemn day enroll'd
 When, to confirm his lofty plea,
 In nuptial sort, with bridal gold,
 The grave Venetian weds the sea :
 Each laughing Muse derides the row ;
 Even Adria scorns the mock embrace,
 To some lone hermit on the mountain's brow
 Allotted, from his natal hour,
 With all her myrtle shores in dower.
 His breast, to admiration prone,
 Enjoys the smile upon her face,
 Enjoys triumphant every grace,
 And lund her more his own.

Fatigued with Form's oppressive laws,
 When Homer yet avoids the great,
 When cloy'd with merited applause,
 She seeks the rural calm retreat,
 Does she not praise each mossy cell,
 And feel the truth my numbers tell ?
 When, deafen'd by the loud acclaim
 Which genius graced with rank obtains,
 Could she not more delighted hear
 Yon thrush chant the rising year ?
 Could she not spurn the wreaths of fame
 To crop the primrose of the plains ?
 Does she not sweeten in each fair valley find [kind ?
 Lost to the sons of Power, unknown to half man.

Ah ! can she covet there to see
 The splendid slave, the reptile race,
 That oil the tongue, and bow the knee,
 That slight her merit, but adore her place ?
 Far happier, if might I deem,
 When from gay throngs and gilded spires,
 To where the lonely halcyons play,
 Her philosophic step retires :
 While studious of the moral theme,
 She to some smooth sequester'd stream
 Likens the swains' inglorious day,
 Pleased from the flowery margin to survey
 How cool, serene, and clear, the current glides away.

O blind to truth, to virtue blind,
 Who slight the sweetly pensive mind !
 On whose fair birth the Graces mild,
 And every Muse prophetic smiled.
 Not that the poet's boasted fire
 Should Fame's wide-echoing trumpet swell,
 Or on the music of his lyre
 Each future age with rapture dwell ;
 The vaunted sweets of praise remove,
 Yet shall such bosoms claim a part
 In all that glads the human heart ;
 Yet these the spirits form'd to judge and prove
 All Nature's charms immense, and Heaven's un-
 bounded love.

And, oh ! the transport most allied to song,
 In some fair villa's peaceful bound
 To catch soft hints from Nature's tongue,
 And bid Arcadia bloom around ;
 Whether we fringe the sloping hill,
 Or smooth below the verdant mead,
 Whether we break the falling rill,
 Or through meandering mazes lead,
 Or in the horrid bramble's room
 Bid careless groups of roses bloom,
 Or let some shelter'd lake serene
 Reflect flowers, woods, and spires, and brighten
 all the scene.

O sweet disposal of the rural hour !
 O beauties never known to cloy !
 While Worth and Genius haunt the favour'd bower,
 And every gentle breast partakes the joy ;
 While Charity at eve surveys the swain,
 Enabled by these toils to cheer
 A train of helpless infants dear,
 Speed whistling home across the plain ;
 See vagrant Luxury, her handmaid grown,
 For half her graceless deeds atone,
 And hail the bounteous work, and ranks it with her
 own.

Why brand these pleasures with the name
 Of soft unsocial toils, of indolence and shame
 Search but the garden or the wood,
 Let yon admired carnation own
 Not all was meant for raiment or for food,
 Not all for needful use alone ;
 There while the seeds of future blossoms dwell,
 'Tis colour'd for the sight, perfumed to please the
 smell.

Why knows the nightingale to sing ?
 Why flows the pine's nectarous juice ?
 Why shines with paint the linner's wing ?
 For sustenance alone ? for use ?
 For preservation ? Every sphere
 Shall bid fair Pleasure's rightful claim appear :
 And sure there seem, of humankind,
 Some born to shun the solemn strife ;
 Some for amusive tasks design'd,
 To soothe the certain ills of life ;
 Grace its lone vales with many a budding rose,
 New founts of bliss disclose,
 Call forth refreshing shades, and decorate repo-e.

From plains and woodlands, from the view
 Of rural Nature's blooming face,
 Smit with the glare of rank and place,
 To court the sons of Fancy flew ;
 There long had Art ordain'd a rival seat,
 There had she lavish'd all her care
 To form a scene more dazzling fair,
 And call'd them from their green retreat
 To share her proud control ;
 Had given the robe with grace to flow,
 Had taught exotic gems to glow ;
 And, emulous of Nature's power,
 Mimm'd the plume, the leaf, the flower ;
 Chanced the complexion's native hue,
 Moulded each rustic limb anew,
 And warp'd the very soul.

Awake her magic strikes the novel eye ;
 A while the fairy forms delight ;
 And now aloof we seem to fly
 On purple pinions through a purer sky,
 Where all is wondrous, all is bright :
 Now landed on some spangled shore
 A while each dazzled manna groves
 By sapphire lakes, through emerald groves
 Paternal acres please no more :
 Adieu the simple, the sincere delight—
 Th' habitual scene of hill and dale,
 The rural herds, the vernal gale,
 The tangled vetch's purple bloom,
 The fragrance of the beau's perfume,
 Be theirs alone who cultivate the soil,
 And drink the cup of thirst, and eat 'the bread of
 toil.

But soon the pageant fades away !
 'Tis Nature only bears perpetual sway.
 We pierce the counterfeit delight,
 Fatigued with splendour's irksome beams
 Fancy again demands the sight
 Of native groves and wonted streams,

Pants for the scenes that charm'd her youthful eyes,
Where Truth maintains her court, and banishes
Disguise.

Then hither off, ye Senators! retire;
With Nature here high converse hold;
For who like Stamford her delights admire,
Like Stamford shall with scorn behold
Th' unequal bribes of pagantry and gold?
Beneath the British oak's majestic shade
Shall see fair Truth, immortal maid!
Friendship in artless guise array'd,
Honour and moral beauty shine
With more attractive charms, with radiance more
divine.

Yes, here alone did highest Heaven ordain
The lasting magazine of charit,
Whatever wons, whatever warms,
Whatever fancy seeks to share,
The great, the various, and the fair,
For ever should remain!

Her impulse nothing may restrain—
Or whence the joy 'mid columns, towers,
'Midst all the city's tumult trim,
To rear some breathless rapid flowers,
Or shrubs fuliginously grim?
From rooms of silken foliage vain,
To trace the dun far distant grove,
Where, smit with unassembled pain,
The woodlark mourns her absent love,
Borne to the dusty town from native air,
To mimic rural life, and sooth some vapour'd fair!

But how must faithless Art prevail,
Should all who taste our joy sincere,
To virtue, truth, or science, dear,
Forego a court's alluring pale,
For dimpled brook and leafy grove,
For that rich luxury of thought they love!
Ah, no! from these the public sphere requires
Example for its giddy hands;
From these impartial Heaven demands
To spread the flame itself inspires;
To soft Opium's minded mass,
Impress a nation's taste, and bid the sterling pass.

Happy, thrice happy they,
Whose graceful deeds have exemplary shone
Round the gay precincts of a throne
With mild effective beams!
Who bands of fair ideas bring,
By solemn grove or shady spring,
To join their pleasing dreams!
Theirs is the rural bliss without alloy;
They only that deserve enjoy.

What though nor fabled Dryad haunt their grove,
Nor Naiad near their fountains rove?
Yet all embodied to the mental sight,
A train of smiling Virtues bright
Shall there the wise retreat allow,
Shall twine triumphant palms to deck the wander-
er's brow.

And though by faithless friends alarm'd,
Art have with Nature waged presumptuous war,
By Seymour's winning influence charm'd,
In whom their gifts united shine,
No longer shall their councils jar.
'Tis her's to mediate the peace;
Near Percy-lodge, with awe-struck mien,
The rebel seeks her lawful queen,
And havoc and contention cease.
I see the rival powers combine,
And aid each other's fair design:
Nature exalt the mound where Art shall build;
Art shape the gay alcove, while Nature paints the
field.

Begin, ye songsters of the grove!
O warble forth your noblest lay.
Where Somerset vouchsafes to rove,
Ye leverets! freely sport and play.
—Peace to the strepent horn!
Let no harsh dissonance disturb the morn
No sounds inelegant and rude
Her sacred solitudes profane,
Unless her candour not exclude
The lowly shepherd's votive strain,
Who tunes his reed amidst his rural cheer,
Fearful, yet not averse, that Somerset should hear.

ODE TO INDOLENCE.

All! why for ever on the wing
Persistst my wearied soul to roam?
Why, ever cheated, strives to bring
Or pleasure or contentment home?

Thus the poor bird that draws his name
From Paradise's honour'd grove,
Careless fatigues his little frame,
Nor finds the resting place he loves.

Lo! on the rural mossy bed
My limbs with careless ease reclined;
Ah, gentle Sloth! indulgent spread
The same soft bandage o'er my mind.

For why should lingering thought invade,
Yet every world's prospect cloy?
Lend me, soft Sloth! thy friendly aid,
And give me peace, debar'd of joy.

Lo! thou yon calm and silent flood,
That never ebbs, that never flows,
Protected by the circling wood
From each tempestuous wind that blows?

An altar on its bank shall rise,
Where oft thy votary shall be found,
What time pale Autumn tulls the skies,
And sickening verdure fades around.

Ye busy race! ye factious train!
That haunt ambition's guilty shrine,
No more perplex the world in vain,
But o'er here your vows with mine.

And thou, pulisant Queen! be kind:
If e'er I shared thy balmy power,
If e'er I sway'd my active mind
To weave for thee the rural bower;

Dissolve in sleep each anxious care,
Each unavailing sigh remove,
And only let me wake to share
The sweets of friendship and of love.

ODE TO A YOUNG LADY,

*Somewhat too solicitous about her Manner of
Expression.*

SURVEY, my fair! that lucid stream
Adown the smiling valley stray;
Would Art attempt, or Fancy dream,
To regulate its winding way?

So pleased I view thy shining hair
In loose dishevell'd ringlets flow;
Not all thy art, not all thy care,
Can there one single grace bestow.

Survey again that verdant hill
With native plants enamell'd o'er;
Say, can the painter's utmost skill,
Instruct one slower to please us more?

As vain it were, with artful dye,
To change the bloom thy cheeks disclose
And, oh! my Laura, ere you try,
With fresh vermilion paint the rose.

Hark how the woodlark's tuneful throat
Can every studied grace excel;
Let Art constrain the rambling note,
And will she, Laura, please so well?

Oh! ever keep thy native ease,
By no pedantic law confined;
For Laura's voice is form'd to please,
So Laura's words be not unkind.

WRITTEN IN
A FLOWER BOOK

Of my own Colouring, designed for Lady Plymouth.

Debitæ nymphis opifex coronæ. Hon.

IMITATION.

Constructor of the tributary wreath
Or rural maids.

BRING, Flora, bring thy treasures here,
The pride of all the blooming year,
And let me thence a garland frame
To crown this fair, this peerless dame!

But, ah! since envious Winter lours,
And Hewell meads resign their flowers,
Let Art and Friendship's joint essay
Diffuse their flowerets in her way.

Not Nature can, herself, prepare
A worthy wreath for Lesbia's hair,
Whose temper, like her forehead, smooth,
Whose thoughts and accents form'd to sooth,
Whose pleasing mien, and make refined,
Whose artless breast, and polish'd mind,
From all the nymphs of plain or grove
Deserved and won by Plymouth's love.

THE DYING KID.

Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi
Prima fugit— *Virg.*

IMITATION.

Ah! wretched mortals we!—our brightest days
On fleetest pinions fly.

A TEAR bedews my Della's eye
To think yon playful Kid must die;
From crystal spring and flowery mead
Must in his prime of life recede!

Erewhile, in sportive circles round,
She saw him wheel, and frisk, and bound;
From rock to rock pursue his way,
And on the fearful margin play.

Pleased on his various freaks to dwell,
She saw him climb my rustic cell,
Thence eye my lawns with verdure bright,
And seem all ravish'd at the sight.

She tells with what delight he stood
To trace his features in the flood,
Then skip'd aloof with quaint amaze,
And then drew near again to gaze.

She tells me how with eager speed
He flew to hear my vocal reed,
And how with critic face profound,
And stedfast ear, devour'd the sound.

His every frolic, light as air,
Deserves the gentle Della's care;
And tears bewee her tender eye,
To think the playful Kid must die.

But knows my Della, timely wise,
How soon this blameless era flies!
While violence and craft succeed,
Unfar design, and ruthless deed!

Soon would the vine his wounds deplore,
And yield her purple gifts no more;
Ah! soon erased from every grove
Were Della's name and Strephon's love.

No more those bowers might Strephon see,
Where first he fondly gazed on thee;
No more those beds of flowerets find,
Which for thy charming brows he twined.

Each wayward passion soon would tear
His bosom, now so void of care,

And when they left his ebbing vein,
What but insipid age remain?

Then mourn not the decrees of Fate,
That gave his life so short a date,
And I will join my tenderest sighs,
To think that youth so swiftly flies!

ODE.

SO dear my Lucio is to me,
So well our minds and tempers blend,
That seasons may for ever flee,
And ne'er divide me from my friend;
But let the favour'd boy forbear
To tempt with love my only fair.

O Lycon! born when every Muse,
When every Grace, benignant smiled,
With all a parent's breast could choose
To bless her loved, her only child;
'Tis thine, so richly graced, to prove
More noble cares than cares of love.

Together we from early youth
Have trod the flowery tracks of time,
Together moved in search of truth,
O'er learned sage or bard sublime;
And well thy cultured breast I know,
What wondrous treasure it can show.

Come, then, resume thy charming lyre,
And sing some patriot's worth sublime,
Whilst I in fields of soft desire
Consume my fair and fruitless prime
Whose reed aspires but to display
The flame that burns me night and day.

O come! the Dryads of the woods
Shall daily sooth thy studious mind,
The blue-eyed nymphs of yonder floods
Shall meet and court thee to be kind;
And Fame sits listening for thy lays
To swell her trumpet with Lucio's praise.

Like me, the plover fondly tries
To lure the sportsman from her nest,
And fluttering on with anxious cries,
Too plainly shows her tortured breast:
O let him, conscious of her care,
Pity her pains, and learn to spare.

ODE.

*To be performed by Dr. Brettle, and a Chorus of
Hales Owen Citizens. The Instrumental
part a Viol d'Amour.*

AIR BY THE DOCTOR.

AWAKE! I say, awake, good people!
And be for once alive and gay;
Come, let's be merry; still the tipple;
How can you sleep
Whilst I do play? How can you sleep, &c.

CHORUS OF CITIZENS.

Pardon, O! pardon, great Musician!
On drowsy souls some pity take,
For wondrous hard is our condition,
To drink thy beer,
Thy strains to hear;
To drink,
To hear,
And keep awake!

SOLO BY THE DOCTOR.

Hear but this strain—'twas made by Handel,
A wight of skill and judgment deep!
Zooners, they're gone—Sal, bring a candle—
No, here is one, and he's asleep.

DULCIE.

DR.—How could they go [Soft music.
Whilst I do play?
SAL.—How could they go? [Warlike music.
How should they stay?

SONGS AND BALLADS.

THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH,

*Illuding to a Story recorded of her when she was
Prisoner at Woodstock, 1551.*

WILL you hear how once repining
Great Eliza captive lay,
Each ambitious thought resigning,
Foe to riches, pomp, and away!

While the nymphs and swains delighted
Tripp'd around in all their pride,
Enjoying joys by others slighted,
Thus the royal maiden cry'd:

"Bred on plains, or born in valleys,
Who would bid those scenes adieu?
Stranger to the arts of malice,
Who would ever courts pursue?

"Malice never taught to treasure,
Censure never taught to bear;
Love is all the shepherd's pleasure;
Love is all that damsel's care.

"How can they of humble station
Vainly blame the powers above?
Or accuse the dispensation
Which allows them all to love?

"Love, like air, is widely given;
Lower nor Chance can these restrain;
Truest, noblest, gifts of Heaven!
Only purest on the plain!

"Peers can no such charms discover,
All in stars and garters dress'd,
As on Sundays does the lover,
With his nosegay on his breast.

"Pinks and roses in profusion,
Said to fade when Chloe's near;
Fops may use the same allusion,
But the shepherd is sincere.

"Hark to yonder milkmaid singing
Cheerily o'er the blissing pail,
Cowslips all around her springing
Sweetly paint the golden vail.

"Never yet did courtly maiden
Move so sprightly, look so fair;
Never breast with jewels laden
Pour a song so void of care.

"Would indulgent Heaven had granted
Me some rural damsel's part!
All the empire I had wanted
Then had been my shepherd's heart.

"Then with him o'er hills and mountains,
Free from fetters, might I rove,
Fearless taste the crystal fountains,
Peaceful sleep beneath the grove.

"Rustics had been more forgiving,
Partial to my virgin bloom;
None had envy'd me when living,
None had triumph'd o'er my tomb."

NANCY OF THE VALE,

A BALLAD.

Nerine Galatea! thymo mibi dulcor Hyblæ!
Candidior cygni! fiedera formosior alba!

IMITATION.

O Galatea! Nereus' blooming child,
More sweet than thyme by Hybla's bees exhaled,
Far rer than swans, moreauteous to behold
Than Iry's purest white.

THE western sky was purpled o'er
With every pleasing ray,
And flocks reviving felt no more
The sultry heats of day.

When from an hazel artless bower
Soft warbled Sirephus's tongue;
He bless'd the scene, he bless'd the hour,
While Nancy's praise he sung.

"Let fops with sickle falsehood range
The paths of wanton love,
While weeping maids lament their change,
And sadden every grove;

"But endless blessings crown the day
I saw fair Esham's dale!
And every blessing find its way
To Nancy of the Vale.

"'Twas from Avon's banks the maid
Diffused her lovely beams,
And every shining glance display'd
The Naiad of the streams.

"Soft as the wild-duck's tender young,
That float on Avon's tide,
Bright as the water lily sprung,
And glittering near its side:

"Fresh as the bordering flowers her bloom,
Her eye all mild to view;
The little halcyon's azure plume
Was never half so blue.

"Her shape was like the reed so sleek,
So taper, strait, and fair;
Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,
How charming sweet they were!

"Far in the winding vale retired
This peerless bud I found,
And shadowing rocks and woods conspired
To fence her beauties round.

"That Nature in so lone a dell
Should form a nymph so sweet!
Or fortune to her secret cell
Conduct my wandering feet!

• Hybla, a mountain in Sicily, famous for producing the finest honey.

"Gay lordlings sought her for their bride,
But she would ne'er incline :"
'Prove to your equals true (she cry'd,)'
As I will prove to mine.

"'Tis Strepthon, on the mountain's brow,
Has won my right good will :
To him I gave my plighted vow,
With him I'll climb the hill."

"Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
I clasp'd the constant fair ;
To her alone I gave my youth,
And vow my future care.

"And when this vow shall faithless prove,
Or I those charms forego,
The stream that saw our tender love,
That stream shall cease to flow."

THE RAPE OF THE TRAP.

A BALLAD.

'TWAS in a land of learning,
The Muse's favourite city
Such pranks of late
Were play'd by a rat
As—tempt one to be witty.

All in a college study,
Where books were in great plenty,
This rat would devour
More sense in an hour
Than I could write in twenty.

Corporeal food, 'tis granted,
Serves vermin less refined, Sir ;
But this a rat of taste,
All other rats surpass'd,
And he prey'd on the food of the mind, Sir,

His breakfast half the morning
He constantly attended ;
And when the bell rung
For evening song
His dinner scarce was ended !

He spared not e'en heroics,
On which we poets pride us,
And would make no more
Of King Arthurs* by the score
Than—all the world beside does.

In books of geography
He made the maps to flutter ;
A river or a sea
Was to him a dish of tea,
And a kingdom bread and butter.

But if some mawkish potion
Might chance to overdose him,
To check its rage
He took a page
Of logic—to compose him—

A Trap, in haste and anger,
Was brought you need not doubt on't,
And such was the gin,
Were a lion once got in,
He could not, I think get out on't.

With cheese, not books, 'twas bated ;
The fact—I'll not belie it—
Since none—I tell you that—
Whether scholar or rat,
Minds books when he has other diet.

But more of Trap and Rait, Sir,
Why should I sing, or either ?
Since the rat, who knew the sleight,
Came in the dead of night,
And dragg'd 'em away together.

Both Trap and Bait were vanish'd
Through a fracture in the flooring,
Which tho' so trim
It now may seem,
Had then—a dozen or more in.

Then answer this, ye sages !
Nor deem I mean to wrong ye,
Had the rat, which thus did seize on
The Trap, less claim to reason
Than many a scull among ye ?

Dan Prior's Mice, I own it,
Were vermin of condition ;
But this rat, who merely learn'd
What rats alone concern'd,
Was the greater politician.

That England's topsyturvy
Is clear from these mishaps, Sir ;
Since Traps we may determine,
Will no longer take our vermin,
But vermin* take our Traps, Sir.

Let sophs, by rats infested,
Then trust in cats to catch 'em,
Lest they grow as learn'd as we
In our studies, where, d'ye see,
No mortal sits to watch 'em.

Good luck betide our Captains,
Good luck betide our cats, Sir,
And grant that the one
May quell the Spanish Don,
And the other destroy our rats, Sir.

capt JEMMY DAWSON,

A BALLAD, 1745

Written about the Time of his Execution

COME listen to my mournful tale,
Ye tender hearts and lovers dear !
Nor will you scorn to hear a sigh,
Nor need you blush to shed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty ! peerless maid
Do thou a pensive ear incline ;
For thou canst weep at every wo,
And pity every plaint—but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant boy,
A brighter never trod the plain,
And well he loved one charming maid,
And dearly was he loved again.

One tender maid, she loved him dear ;
Of gentle blood the damsel came ;
And faultless was her beauteous form,
And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife,
That led the favour'd youth astray,
The day the rebel clans appear'd ;
O had he never seen that day !

Their colours and their sash he wore,
And in the fatal dress was found :
And now he must that death endure
Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true love's cheek,
When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear
For never yet did Alpine snows
So pale or yet so chill appear.

With faltering voice she weeping, said,
"O Dawson ! monarch of my heart !
Think not thy death shall end our loves,
For thou and I will never part.

* By Blackmore.

* Written at the time of the Spanish depredations.

"Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
And bring relief to Jemmy's woes,
O George! without a prayer for thee
My prisons should never close.

"The gracious prince that gave him life
Would crown a never-dying flame,
And every tender to be I bore
Should learn to hush the giver's name.

"But tho' he should be dragg'd in scorn
To yonder ignominious tree;
He shall not want one constant friend
To share the cruel Fate's decree."

O! then her mourning coteh was call'd;
The sledge mov'd slowly on before;
Though borne in a triumphal car,
She had not loved her favourite more.

She follow'd him, prepared to view
The terrible behests of law,
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes
With calm and stedfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face
Which she had fondly loved so long,
And stifled was that tuneful breath
Which in her praise had sweetly sung.

And sever'd was that beauteous neck
Round which her arms had fondly closed,
And mangled was that beauteous breast
On which her lovesick head reposed.

And ravish'd was that constant heart
She did to every heart prefer;
For though it could its king forget,
'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames
She bore this constant heart to see,
But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,
'"Yet, yet, (she cry'd,) I follow thee.

"My death, my death alone can show
The pure, the lasting love I bore;
Accept, O Heaven! of woes like ours,
And let us, let us weep no more."

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
The lover's mournful heart retired;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And, sighing forth his name, expired.

Though justice ever must prevail,
The tear my Kitty sheds is due,
For seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender, yet so true.

A BALLAD

'I rahit sua quemque voluptas. Hon.

PROVERBIALIZED.
Every one to his liking.

FROM Lincoln to London rode forth our young
squire, (squire!)
To bring down a wife whom the swains might ad-
But in spite of whatever the mortal could say,
The goddess objected the length of the way.

To give up the opera, the Park, and the ball,
For to view the steeple-horns in an old country hall;
To have neither China nor India to see,
Nor a laceman to plague in a morning—not she!

To forsake the dear playhouse, Quin, Garrick, and
Clive,
Who by dint of mere humour had kept her alive;
To forego the full box for his lonesome abode,
O Heavens! she should faint, she should die on the
road

To forget the gay fashions and gestures of France,
And to leave dear Auguste in the midst of the dance,
And Harlequin too!—'twas in vain to require it,
And she wonder'd how folks had the face to desire it.

She might yield to resign the sweet fingers of Ruck-
holt,
Where the citizen matron seduces her cuckold;
But Ruckholt soon would her footsteps recall,
And the music, the lamps, and the glare, of Vaux
hall.

To be sure she could breathe no where else than
in Town;
Thus she talk'd like a wit, and he look'd like a clown;
But the while honest Harry despair'd to succeed,
A coach with a coronet trail'd her to Tweed.

SONG.*

I TOLD my nymph, I told her true,
My fields were small, my flocks were few,
While faltering accents spoke my fear,
That Flavia might not prove sincere.

Of crops doctored by vernal cold,
And vagrant sheep that left my fold
Of these she heard, yet bore to hear;
And is not Flavia then sincere?

How, changed by Fortune's fickle wind,
The friends I loved became unkind;
She heard, and shed a generous tear;
And is not Flavia then sincere?

How, if she deign'd my love to bless,
My Flavia must not hope for dress:
This, too, she heard, and smiled to hear;
And Flavia, sure, must be sincere.

Go shear your flocks, ye jovial swains!
Go reap the plenty of your plains;
Despise of all which you revere,
I know my Flavia's love sincere.

SONG.

THE LANDSCAPE.

HOW pleased within my native bowers
Erewhile I pass'd the day!
Was ever scene so deck'd with flowers?
Were ever flowers so gay?

How sweetly smiled the hill, the vale,
And all the landscape round!
The river gliding down the dale,
The hill with beeches crown'd!

But now, when urged by tender woes,
I speed to meet my dear,
That hill and stream my zeal oppose,
And check my fond career.

No more, since Daphne was my theme,
Their wonted charms I see;
That verdant hill and silver stream
Divide my love and me.

SONG.

YE gentle nymphs and generous dames
That rule o'er every British mind!
Be sure ye soothe their amorous flames,
Be sure your laws are not unkind:

* The following Songs were written chiefly be-
tween the year 1737 and 1742.

For hard it is to wear their bloom
In unremitting sighs away,
To mourn the night's oppressive gloom,
And faintly bless the rising day.

And cruel 'twere a freeborn swain,
A British youth, should vainly moan,
Who, scornful of a tyrant's chain,
Submits to yours, and yours alone.

Nor pointed spear, nor links of steel,
Could e'er those gallant minds subdue,
Who Beauty's wounds with pleasure feel,
And boast the fetters wrought by you.

THE SKYLARK.

GO, tuneful bird! that gladd'st the skies,
To Daphne's winding speed thy way,
And there on quivering pinions rise,
And there thy vocal art display.

And if she deign thy notes to hear,
And if she praise thy matin song,
Tell her the sounds that sooth her ear
To Damon's native plains belong.

Tell her, in liveller plumes array'd,
The bird from Indian groves may shine;
But ask the lovely partial maid
What are his notes compared to thine!

Then bid her treat you witless beau,
And all his flaunting race, with scorn,
And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

SONG.

Ah! ego non aliter tristis evincere morbos
Optarem, quam te sic quoque velle putem.

IMITATION.

Why should I wish to banish sore disease,
Unless returning health my Delia please?

ON every tree, in every plain,
I trace the joyful spring in vain;
A sickly languor toils mine eyes,
And fast my waning vigour flies.

Nor flowery plain nor budding tree,
That smile on others, smile on me;
Mine eyes from death shall court repose,
Nor shield a tear before they close.

What bliss to me can seasons bring?
Or what the needless pride of spring?
The cypress bough, that suits the bier,
Retains its verdure all the year.

'Tis true, my vine, so fresh and fair,
Might claim as hills my wonted care;
My rural store some pleasure yield,
So white a flock, so green a field!

My friends, that each in kindness vie,
Might well expect one parting sigh;
Might well demand our tender tear;
For when was Damon insincere.

But ere I ask once more to view
Yon setting sun his face to view,
Inform me, swains! my friends! declare,
Will pitying Delia join the prayer?

SONG.

THE ATTRIBUTION OF VENUS.

YES, Fulvia is like Venus fair,
Has all her bloom, and shape, and air;
But still, to perfect every grace,
She wants—the smile upon her face.

The crown majestic Juno wore,
And Cynthia's brow the crescent bore,
A helmet mark'd Minerva's mien,
But smiles distinguish'd Beauty's queen.

Her train was form'd of Smiles and Loves;
Her chariot drawn by gentle doves;
And from her zone the nymph may find
Thy Beauty's province to bebind.

Then smile, my Fair! and all, whose aim
Aspire to paint the Cyprian dame,
Or bid her breathe in living stone,
Shall take their forms from you alone.

SONG.

WHEN bright Rexana trends the green
In all the pride of dress and mien,
Averse to freedom, love, and play,
The dazzling rival of the day,
None other beauty strikes mine eye;
The lilies droop, the roses die.

But when, disclaiming art, the fair
Assumes a soft engaging air,
Mild as the opening morn of May,
Familiar, friendly, free and gay,
The scene improves where'er she goes,
More sweetly smile the pink and rose.

O lovely maid! propitious hear,
Nor deem thy shepherd insincere;
Pity a wild illusive flame,
That varies objects still the same,
And let their very changes prove
The never-varied force of love.

SONG.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

'TIS said that under distant skies,
Nor you the fact deny,
What first attracts an Indian's eyes
Becomes his duty.

Perhaps a lily or a rose,
That shades the morning's ray,
May to the waking swan disclose
The regent of the day.

Perhaps a plant in yonder grove,
Enrich'd with fragrant power,
May tempt his vagrant eyes to rove
Where blooms the sovereign flower.

Perch'd on the cedar's topmost bough,
And gay with gilded wings,
Perchance, the patron of his row,
Some artless linnæ sings.

The swain surveys her pleased, afraid,
Then low to earth he bends,
And owns upon her friendly aid
His health, his life, depends.

Vain futile idols, bird or flower,
To tempt a votary's prayer!
How would his humble homage tower
Should he behold my fair!

Yes—might the Pagan's waking eyes
O'er Iavia's beauty range,
He there would fix his lasting choice,
Nor dare, nor wish, to change.

SONG.

THE fatal hours are wondrous near,
That from these fountains bear my dear;
A little space is given; in vain;
She robs my sight, and shuns the plain.

A little space for me to prove
My boundless flame, my endless love;
And, like the train of vulgar hours,
Invidious Time that space devours.

Near yonder beach is Delia's way,
On that I gaze the livelong day;
No eastern monarch's dazzling pride
Should draw my longing eyes aside.

The chief that knows of succours nigh,
And sees his mangled legions die,
Casts not a more impatient glance
To see the loitering aids advance.

Not more the schoolboy, that expires
Far from his native home, requires
To see some friend's familiar face,
Or meet a parent's last embrace——

She comes—but ah! what crowds of beaux
In radiant bands my fair enclose?
Oh! better hadst thou shunn'd the green;
Oh, Delia! better far unseen.

Methinks by all my tender fears,
By all my sighs, by all my tears,
I might from fortune now be free—
'Tis more than death to part from thee.

SONG.

THE lovely Delia smiles again!
That killing frown has left her brow:
Can she forgive my jealous pain,
And give me back my angry vow?

Love is an April's doubtful day;
Awhile we see the tempest lour,
Anon the radiant heaven surveys,
And quite forget the flitting shower.

The flowers, that hung their languid head,
Are burnish'd by the transient rains;
The vines their wonted tendrils spread,
And double verdure gilds the plains.

The sprightly birds, that droop'd no less
Beneath the power of rain and wind,
In every raptur'd note express
The joy I feel—when thou art kind.

SONG.

PERHAPS it is not love, said I,
That melts my soul when Flavia's nigh
Where wit and sense like her's agree,
One may be pleased, and yet be free.

The beauties of her polish'd mind
It needs no lover's eye to find;
The hermit freezing in his cell
Might wish the gentle Flavia well.

It is not love—averse to bear
The servile chain that lovers wear;
Let, let me all my fears remove,
My doubts dispel—it is not love—

Oh! when did wit so brightly shine
In any form less fair than thine?
It is——it is love's subtle fire,
And under friendship lurks desire.

SONG.

O'ER desert plains, and rushy meers,
And wither'd heaths, I rove:
Where tree, nor spire, nor cot, appears
I pass to meet my love.

But though my path were damask'd o'er
With beauties eter so fine,
My busy thoughts would fly before
To fix alone—on thine.

No fir-crown'd hills could give delight,
No palace please mine eye;
No pyramid's aerial height,
Where mouldering monarchs lie.

Unmoved, should Eastern kings advance,
Could I the pageant see?
Splendour might catch one scornful glance,
Not steal one thought from thee.

SONG.

WINT'ER.

NO more, ye warbling Birds! rejoice:
Of all that cheer'd the plain,
Echo alone preserves her voice,
And she—repeats my pain.

Where'er my lovesick limbs I lay
To shun the rushing wind,
Its busy murmur seems to say,
"She never will be kind!"

The Naiads o'er their frozen urns
In icy chains repune,
And each in sullen silence mourns
Her freedom lost, like mine!

Soon will the sun's returning rays
The cheerless frost control;
When will relenting Delia chase
The winter of my soul?

SON

THE SCHOLAR'S RELAPSE.

BY the side of a grove, at the foot of a hill,
Where whisper'd the beech, and where murmur'd
the rill,
I vow'd to the Muses my time and my care,
Since neither could win me the smiles of my fair.

Free I ranged like the birds, like the birds free I
sung, (tongue;
And Delia's loved name scarce escaped from my
But if once a smooth accent delighted my ear,
I should wish, unawares, that my Delia might hear.

With fairest ideas my bosom I stored,
Allusive to none but the nymph I adored;
And the more I with study my fancy refined,
The deeper impression she made on my mind.

So long as of Nature the charms I pursue,
I still must my Delia's dear image renew;
The Graces have yielded with Delia to rove,
And the Muses are all in alliance with Love.

SONG.

THE ROSE-BUD.

"See, Daphne! see," Florello cried,
"And learn the sad effects of pride;
Yon shelter'd Rose, how safe conceal'd!
How quickly blasted when reveal'd!"

"The sun, with warm attractive rays,
Tempt's it to wanton in the blaze;
A gale succeeds from eastern skies,
And all its blushing radiance dies."

"So you, my Fair! of charms divine,
Will quit the plains, too fond to shine
Where Fame's transporting rays allure,
Though here more happy, more secure.

"The breath of some neglected maid
Shall make you sigh you left the shade;
A breath to beauty's bloom unkind,
As to the Rose an eastern wind."

The nymph replied—"You first, my Swain!
Confine your sonnets to the plain;
One envious tongue alike disarms
You of your wit, me of my charms.

"What is, unknown, the poet's skill?
Or what, unheard, the tuneful thrill?
What, unadmired, a charming nien?
Or what the Rose's blush unseen?"

SONG.

DAPHNE'S VISIT.

YE birds! for whom I reard the grove,
With melting ly salute my love;
My Daphne with your notes detain,
Or I have reard my grove in vain.

Ye flowers! before her footsteps rise,
Display at once your brightest dies,
That she your opening charms may see,
Or what were all your charms to me?

Kind zephyr! brush each fragrant flower;
And shed its odour round my bower;
Or never more, O gentle wind!
Shall I from thee refreshment find.

Ye streams! if e'er your banks I loved,
If e'er your native sounds improved,
May each soft murmur sooth my fair,
Or oh! 'twill deepen my despair.

And thou, my groat! whose lonely bounds
The melancholy pine surrounds,
May Daphne praise thy piteous gloom,
Or thou shalt prove her Damon's tomb.

SONG.

*Written in a Collection of Bacchanalian
Songs.*

ADIEU, ye Jovial Youths! who join
To plunge Old Care in floods of wine,
And, as your dazzled eyeballs roll,
Discern him struggling in the bowl.

Nor yet is hope so wholly flown,
Nor yet is thought so tedious grown,
But limpid stream and shady tree
Retain, as yet, some sweets for me.

And see, through yonder silent grove,
See, yonder does my Daphne rove!
With pride her footsteps I pursue,
And bid your frantic joys adieu.

The sole confusion I admire
Is that my Daphne's eyes inspire;
I scorn the midness you approve,
And value reason next to love.

SONG.

Imitated from the French.

YES, these are the scenes where with Iris I stray'd,
But short was her way for so lovely a maid!
In the bloom of her youth to a cloister she run,
In the bloom of her graces too fair for a nun!
Ill-grounded, no doubt, a devotion must prove,
So fatal to beauty, so killing to love!

Yes, these are the meadows, the shrubs, and the plains;
Once the scene of my pleasures, the scene of my pains:

How many soft moments I spent in this grove!
How fair was my nymph! and how fervent my love!
Be still though, my heart! thine emotion give o'er;
Remember the season of love is no more.

With her how I stray'd amid fountains and bowers.
Or loiter'd behind, and collected the flowers!
Then breathless with ardour my fair one pursued,
And to think with what kindness my garland she view'd!

But be still, my fond heart! this emotion give o'er;
Fain wouldst thou forget thou must love her no more!

SONG.

WHEN bright Ophelia treads the greet
In all the pride of dress and mien,
A verse to freedom, mirth and play,
The lofty rival of the day,
Methinks to my enchanted eye,
The lilies droop, the roses die.

But when, disdaining art, the fair
Assumes a soft engaging air,
Mild as the opening morn of May,
And as the feather'd warbler gay,
The scene improves where'er she goes,
More sweetly smiles the pink and rose.

"O lovely maid! propitious hear,
Nor think thy Damon insincere.
Pity my wild delusive flame;
For though the flowers are still the same,
To me they languish or improve,
And plainly tell me that I love."

SONG.

WHEN first, Philander, first I came,
Where Avon rolls his winding stream,
The nymphs—how brisk! the swains—how gay!
To see Asteria, queen of May!
The parsons round her praises sung!
The steeples with her praises rung!
I thought—no sight that e'er was seen
Could match the sight of Barel's Green.

But now, since old Eugenio died—
The chief of poets, and the pride—
Now, meaner bards in vain aspire
To raise their voice, to tune their lyre;
Their lovely season now is o'er;
Thy notes, Florelia, please no more—
No more Asteria's smiles are seen—
Adieu—the sweets of Barel's Green!

THE HALCYON.

WHY o'er the verdant banks of Ooze
Does yonder halcyon speed so fast?
'Tis all because she would not lose
Her favourite calm, that will not last.

The sun with azure paints the skies,
The stream reflects each flowery spray,
And, frugal of her time, she flies
To take her fill of love and play.

See her, when rugged Boreas blows,
Warm in some rocky cell remain;
To seek for pleasure, well she knows,
Would only then enhance the pain.

"Descend, (she cries,) thou hated shower,
Deform my limpid waves to-day,
For I have chose a fairer hour
To take my fill of love and play!"

You, too, my Sylvia, sure will own
Life's azure seasons swiftly roll,
And when our youth or health is flown,
To think of love but shocks the soul.

Could Damon but deserve thy charms,
As thou art Damon's only theme,
He'd fly as quick to Delia's arms
As yonder halcyon skims the stream.

MORAL PIECES.

THE JUDGMENT OF HERCULES.

WHILE blooming Spring descends from genial skies,
By whose mild influence instant wonders rise,
From whose soft breath Elysian beauties flow,
The sweets of Hagley, or the pride of Stowe,
Will Lyttleton the rural landscape range,
Leave noisy fame, and not regret the change?
Pleased will he tread the garden's early scenes,
And learn a moral from the rising green?
There, warm'd alike by Sol's enlivening power,
The weed, aspiring, emulates the flower;
The drooping flower, its fairer charms display'd,
Invites from grateful hands their generous aid;
Soon, if none check th' invasive foe's designs,
The lively lustre of these scenes declines!
'Tis thus the spring of youth, the morn of life,
Rears in our minds the rival seeds of strife:
Then passion riots, reason then contends,
And on the conquest every bliss depends;
Life from the nice decision takes its hue,
And bless'd those judges who decide like you!
On worth like theirs shall every bliss attend,
The world their favourite, and the world their friend.
There live, who, blind to Thought's fatiguing ray,
As Fortune gives examples, urge their way;
Not Virtue's foes, though they her paths decline,
And scarce her friends, though with her friends
they join;
In her's or Vice's casual road advance,
Thoughtless, the sinners or the saints of Chance!
Yet some more nobly scorn the vulgar voice,
With judgment fix, with zeal pursue their choice,
When ripen'd thought, when reason, born to reign,
Checks the wild tumults of the youthful vein.
While Passion's lawless rides, at their command,
Glide through more useful tracks, and bless the land.
Happiest of these is he whose matchless mind,
By learning strengthen'd, and by taste refined,
In Virtue's cause essay'd its earliest powers,
Chose Virtue's paths, and strew'd her paths with
flowers.
'The first alarm'd, if Freedom waves her wings,
The fittest to adorn each art she brings;
Loved by that prince whom every virtue fires,
Praised by that bard whom every Muse inspires;
Bless'd in the tuneful art, the social flame!
In all that wins, in all that merits, fame!
'Twas youth's perplexing stage his doubts inspired,
When great Alcides to a grove retired:
Through the lone winding of a devious glade,
Resign'd to thought, with lingering steps he stray'd,
Bless'd with a mind to taste sincerer joys,
Arm'd with a heart each false one to despise.
Dubious he stray'd, with wavering thoughts possess'd,
Alternate passions struggling shared his breast;
The various arts which human cares divide,
In deep attention all his mind employ'd;
Anxious, if Fame an equal bliss secured,
Or silent Ease with softer charms allured.
The sylvan choir, whose numbers sweetly flow'd,
The fount that murmur'd, and the flowers that
The silver flood that in meanders led [flow'd];
His glittering streams along th' enliven'd mead;
The soothing breeze, and all those beauties join'd,
Which, whilst they please, effeminate the mind;
In vain! while distant, on a summit raised,
Th' imperial towers of Fame attractive blazed.

While thus he traced through Fancy's puzzling
maze
The separate sweets of pleasure and of praise;
Sudden the wind a fragrant gale convey'd,
And a new lustre gain'd upon the shade:
At once before his wondering eyes were seen
Two female forms of more than mortal mien:
Various their charms, and in their dress and face
Each seem'd to vie with some peculiar grace.
Thus, whose attire less clogg'd with art appear'd,
The simple sweets of innocence endear'd;
Her sprightly bloom, her quick sagacious eye,
Show'd native merit mix'd with modesty:
Her air diffused a mild yet awful ray,
Severely sweet, and innocently gay;
Such the chaste image of the martial maid,
In artless folds of virgin white array'd;
She let no borrow'd rose her cheeks adorn,
Her blushing cheeks, that shamed the purpled morn;
Her charms nor had nor wanted artful foils,
Or studied gestures, or well-practised smiles:
She scorn'd the toys which render beauty less;
She proved th' engaging chastity of dress;
And while she chose in native charms to shine,
Even thus she seem'd, nay, more than seem'd, divine,
One modest emerald clasp'd the robe she wore
And in her hand the imperial sword she bore.
Sublime her height, majestic was her pace,
And match'd the awful honours of her face.
The shrubs, the flowers, that deck'd the verdant
ground,
Seem'd, where she trod, with rising lustre crown'd.
Still her approach with stronger influence warm'd;
She pleased while distant, but when near she
charm'd.
So strikes the gazer's eye the silver gleam
That, glittering, quivers o'er a distant stream;
But from its banks we see new beauties rise,
And in its crystal bosom trace the skies.
With other charms the rival vision glow'd,
And from her dress her tinsel beauties flow'd,
A fluttering robe her pamp'ry shape conceal'd,
And seem'd to shade the charms it best reveal'd:
Its form contrived her faulty size to grace,
Its hue to give fresh lustre to her face.
Her plaited hair, disguised, with brilliants glared;
Her cheeks the ruby's neighbouring lustre shared;
The gaudy topaz lent its gay supplies,
And every gem that strikes less curious eyes;
Exposed her breast, with foreign sweets perfumed,
And round her brow a roseate garland bloom'd.
Soft smiling, blushing lips conceal'd her wiles,
Yet, ah! the blushes artful as the smiles,
Oft gazing on her shade, th' enraptured fair
Decreed the substance well deserved her care;
Her thoughts to others' charms malignly blind,
Centred in that, and were to that confined;
And if on others' eyes a glance were thrown,
'Twas but to watch the influence of her own:
Much like her guardian, fair Cytherea's queen,
When for her warrior she refines her mien;
Or when, to bless her Delian favourite's arms,
The radiant fair invigorates her charms;
Much like her pupil, Egypt's sportive dame,
Her dress expressive, and her air the same,
When her gay bark o'er silver Cydnos roll'd,
And all th' emblazon'd streamers waved in gold.
Such shone the vision, nor forbore to move
The fond contagious airs of lawless love;
Each wanton eye deluding glances fired,
And amorous dimples on each cheek conspired.

Lifeless her gait, and slow : with seeming pain
She dragg'd her loitering limbs along the plain,
Yet made some faint efforts, and first approach'd
The swain,

So glaring draughts, with tawdry lustre bright,
Spring to the view, and rush upon the sight ;
More slowly charms a Raphael's chaster air,
Waits the calm search, and pays the search her's care.

Wrapp'd in a pensive suspense, the youth survey'd
The various charms of each attractive maid ;
Alternate each he view'd, and each admired,
And fount, alternate, varying flames inspired :
Quick o'er their forms his eyes with pleasure ran,
When she, who first approach'd him, first began.

" Hither, dear boy, direct thy wandering eyes ;
'Tis here the lovely Vale of Pleasure lies :
Debate no more, to me thy life resign ;
Each sweet which Nature can diffuse is mine :
For me the nymph divinifies her power,
Springs, in a tree, or blossoms in a flower ;
To please my ear she tunes the linnets' strains ;
To please my eye with lilies paints the plains ;
To form my couch in mossy beds she grows ;
To gratify my smell perfumes the roses ;
Reveals the fair, the fertile scene you see,
And swells the vegetable world for me.

" Let the ruff'd fool the tools of war pursue,
Where bleed the many to enrich the few : [prize:
Where Chance from Courage claims the boasted
Where, though she give, your country oft denies.
Industrious thou shalt Cupid's wars maintain,
And ever gently fight his soft campaign ;
His darts alone shalt wield, his wounds endure,
Yet only suffer to enjoy the cure.

Yield but to me—a choir of nymphs shall rise,
And fire thy breast, and bless thy ravish'd eyes :
Their benignant cheeks a fairer rose shall wear,
A brighter tily on their necks appear.

Where fondly thou thy favour'd head shall rest,
Soft as the down that wells the cygnet's nest,
While Philomel in each soft voice complains,
And gently lulls thee with mellifluous strains ;
Whilst with each accent sweetest odours flow,
And spicy gums round every bosom glow.
Not the famed bird Arabian climes admire
Shall in such luxury of sweets expire.

At Sloth let War's victorious sons exclaim,
In vain ! for Pleasure is my real name.
Nor e'er, thou the head with bays o'ergrown ;
No, seek thou roses to adorn thy own ;
For well each opening scene that claims my care
Suits, and deserves the beautiful crown I wear.

" Let others prune the vine the genial bowl
Shall crown thy table and enlarge thy soul.
Let vulgar hands explore the brilliant mine,
So the gay produce glitter still on thine.

Indulgent Bacchus leads his labouring train,
And, guarding, gives his clustering sweets to me.
For my loved train Apollo's piercing beam
Darts through the passive globe, and frames the scene
See in my cause consenting gods employ'd, [genit.
Nor slight these gods, their blessing unenjoy'd.

For thee the poplar shall its amber drain ;
For thee, in clouded beauty, spring the cane ;
Some costly tribute every clime shall pay,
Some charming treasure every wind convey,
Each object round some pleasing scene shall yield,
Art build thy dome, while Nature decks thy field.

Of Corinth's order shall the structure rise,
Thy Spring turrets glitter through the skies ;
The costly robe shall glow with Tyrian rays,
Thy vase shall sparkle, and thy ear shall blaze ;
Yet thou, whatever pomp the sun display,
Shalt own the amorous night exceeds the day.

" When melting flutes and sweetly sounding
lyres

Wake the gay Loves, and cite the young Desires ;
Or in th' Ionian dance some favourite maid
Improves the flame her sparkling eyes convey'd ;
Think, canst thou quit a glowing Delia's arms
To feed on Virtue's visionary charms ?

Or slight the joys which wit and youth engage
For the faint honour of a frozen sage ?
To find dull error, even that hope deface,
And, where you toil'd for glory, reap disgrace ?

" O ! think that beauty waits on thy decree,
And thy loved loveliest charmer pleads with me ;
She whose soft smile or gentler glance to move,
You saw'd the wild extremities of love ;
In whose endearments years like moments flew ;
For whose endearments raptures seem'd too few ;

She, she implores ; she bids thee seize the prime,
And tread with her the flowery tracks of time,
Nor thus her lovely bloom of life bestow
On some cold lover or insulting foe.

" Think, if against that tongue thou canst rebel,
Where love yet dwelt, and reason seem'd to dwell,
What strong persuasion arms her softer sighs !
What full conviction sparkles in her eyes !

" See Nature smiles, and birds salute the shade,
Where breathing jasmine screens the sleeping
maid ;

And such her charms, as to the vain may prove
Ambition seeks more humble joys than Love !
There busy toil shall ne'er invade thy reign,
Nor sciences perplex thy labouring brain,
Or none but what with equal sweets invite ;
Nor other arts but to prolong delight.

Sometimes thy fancy prune her tender wing,
To praise a pendant, or to grace a ring ;
To fix the dress that suits each varying mien ;
To show where best the clustering gems are seen ;
To sigh soft strains along the vocal grove,
And tell the charms, the sweet effects, of love !

Nor fear to find a coy disdainful Muse,
Nor think the Sister will their aid refuse :
Cool grots, or tinkling rills, or silent shades,
Soft scenes of leisure, suit th' harmonious maids
And all the wise and all the grave decree
Some of that sacred train ally'd to me.

" But if more specious ease thy wishes claim
And thy breast glows with faint desire of fame,
Some softer science shall thy thoughts amuse,
And learning's name a solemn sound diffuse.
To thee all Nature's curious stores I'll bring,
Explain the beauties of an insect's wing ;

The plant which Nature, less diffusely kind,
Has to few climes with partial care confined ;
The shell she scatters with more careless air,
And in her frolics seems supremely fair,
The worth that dazzles in the tulip's stains,
Or lurks beneath a pebble's various veins.

" Sleep's downy god averse to war's alarms,
Shall o'er thy head diffuse his softest charms,
Ere anxious thought thy dear repose assail,
Or care, my most destructive foe, prevail.

The watery nymphs shall tune the vocal vales,
And gentle zephyrs harmonize their gales ;
For thy repose inform, with rural joy,
Their streams to murmur, and their winds to sigh.

Thus shalt thou spend the sweetly-flowing day,
Till, lost in bliss, thou breathe thy soul away ;
Till she t' Elysian bowers of joy repair,
Nor find my charming scenes exceeded there."

She ceased ; and on a lily'd bank reclined,
Her flowing robe waved wanton with the wind ;
One tender hand her drooping head sustains,
One points expressive to the flowery plains.
Soon the fond youth perceived her influence roll
Deep in his breast to melt his manly soul ;
As when Favonius joins the solar blaze,
And each fair fabric of the frost decays.

Soon to his breast the soft harmonious convey'd
Resolves too partial to the specious maid.
He sigh'd, he gazed, so sweetly smiled the dame,
Yet sighing, gazing, seem'd to scorn his flame.

And oft as Virtue caught his wandering eye,
A crimson blush condemn'd the rising sigh.
'Twas such the lingering Trojan's shame betray'd
When Maia's son the frown of Jove display'd ;

When wealth, fame, empire, could no balance prove
For the soft reign of Dido and of love.
Thus ill with arduous glory love conspires,
Soft tender flames with bold impetuous fires !

Some hovering doubts his anxious bosom moved,
And Virtue, zealous far ! those doubts improved.

" Fly, fly, fond youth ! the too indulgent maid,
Nor err, by such fantastic scenes betray'd.
Though in my path the rugged thorn be seen,
And the dry turf disclose a fainter green ;

Tho' no gay rose or flowery product shine,
The barren surface still conceals the mine.
Each thorn that threatens, e'en the weeds that grow
In Virtue's path, superior sweets bestow—

Yet should those boasted specious toys allure,
Whence couldst thou find Sloth the flattering gifts pre-
cure ?

The various wealth that tempts thy fond desire,
'Tis I alone, her greatest foe acquire.
I from old Ocean rob the treasured store ;
I through each region latent gems explore :
'Twas I the rugged brilliant first reveal'd,
By numerous strata deep in earth conceal'd."

'Tis I the surface yet refine, and show
The modest gem's intrinsic charms to glow;
Nor swells the grape, nor spires its feeble tree,
Without the firm support of industry.

"But grant we Sloth the scene herself has drawn,
The mossy groto and the flowery lawn;
Let Philomela use th' harmonious gale,
And with each breeze eternal sweets exhale;
Let gay Pomona slight the plains around,
And choose, for fairest fruits, the favour'd ground;
To bless the fertile vale should Virtue cease,
Nor mossy grots nor flowery lawns could please,
Nor gay Pomona's luscious gifts avail,
The sound harmonious, or the spicy gale.

"Seest thou yon rocks in dreadful pomp arise,
Whose rugged cliffs deform th' encircling skies?
Those fields, whence Phœbus all the moisture drains,
And, too profusely fond, disrobes the plains?
When I vouchsafe to tread the barren soil
Those rocks seem lovely, and those deserts smile:
The firm thou viewest to every scene with ease
Transfers its charms, and every scene can please.
When I have on those pathless wild appear'd,
And the lone wanderer with my presence cheer'd,
Those cliffs the exile has with pleasure view'd,
And call'd that desert blissful Solitude!

"Nor I alone to such extend my care,
Fair blooming Health surveys her altars there;
Brown Exercise will lead thee where she reigns,
And with reflected lustre gild the plains:
With her, in flower of youth and beauty's pride,
Her offspring, calm Content and Peace reside:
One ready offering suits each neighbouring shrine,
And all obey their laws who practise mine.

"But Health averse, from Sloth's smooth region
And in her absence Pleasure droops and dies: [flies,
Her bright companions, Mirth, Delight, Repose,
Smile where she smiles, and sicken when she goes:
A galaxy of powers! whose forms appear
For ever beautiful, and for ever near.

"Nor will soft sleep to Sloth's request incline,
He from her couches flies unbid to mine.
"Vain is the sparkling bowl, the warbling strain,
Th' incentive song, the labour'd viand vain!
Where she relentless, reigns without control,
And checks each gay excursion of the soul:
Unmoved tho' beauty, deck'd in all its charms,
Grace the rich couch, and spread the softest
Till joyless indolence suggests desires, [arms;
Or drugs are sought to furnish languid fires;
Such languid fires as on the vitals prey,
Barren of bliss, but fertile of decay:
As rufous heats, apply'd to thirsty lands,
Produce no flowers, and but debase the sands.

"But let fair Health her cheering smiles impart!
How sweet is Nature, how superfluous Art!
'Tis she the fountain's ready draught commends,
And smooths the flinty couch which Fortune lends;
And when my hero from his toils retires,
Fills his gay bo-om with unusual fires;
And while no checks th' unbounded joy reprove,
Aids and refines the genuine sweets of love.
His fairest prospect rising trophies frame,
His sweetest music is the voice of Fame;
Pleasures to Sloth unknown! she never found
How fair the prospect, or how sweet the sound.

"See Fame's gay structure from yon summit charms,
And fires the manly breast to arts or arms:
Nor dread the steep ascent by which you rise
From grovelling vales to towers which reach the
skies.

"Love, fame, esteem, 'tis labour must acquire,
The smiling off-spring of a rigid sire.
To fix the friend your service must be shown;
All ere they loved your merit loved their own.
That wond'ring Greece your portrait may admire,
That tuneful bards may string for you their lyre,
That looks may praise, or coins record your name,
Such, such, rewards 'tis toil alone can claim!
And the same column which displays to view
The conqueror's name, displays the conquest too:
"Twas slow Experience, tedious mistress! taught
All that e'er nobly spoke or bravely fought:
'Twas she the patriot, she the bard, refined
In arts that serve, protect, or please, mankind.
Not the vain visions of inactive school,
Nor Fancy's maxims, nor Opinion's rules,
E'er form'd the man whose generous warmth
extends

T' enrich his country or to serve his friends.

VOL. II.

On active worth the laurel War bestows;
Peace rears her olive for industrious brows;
Nor earth, uncultured, yields its kind supplies,
Nor heaven its shower, without a sacrifice.

"See, far below such grovelling scenes of shame
As lull to rest Ignavia's slumbering dame;
Her friends, from all the toils of Fame secure,
Alas! inglorious, greater toils endure;
Doom'd all to mourn who in her cause engage,
A youth enervate, and a painful age;
A sickly sapless mass if Reason flies,
And if she linger, impotently wise!
A thoughtless train, who pamper'd, sleek, and gay,
Invite old Age, and revel youth away;
From life's fresh vigour move the load of care,
And idly place it where they least can bear;
'When to the mind, diseased, for aid they fly,
What kind reflection shall the mind supply?
When with lost health, what should the loss allay,
Peace, peace is lost; a comfortless decay!
But to my friends, when youth, when pleasure,
flies,

And earth's dim beauties fade before their eyes,
Through death's dark vista flowery tracks are seen,
Elysian plains, and groves for ever green:
If o'er their lives a reffluent glance they cast,
There is the present who can praise the past;
Life has its bliss for these when past its bloom,
As wither'd roses yield a late perfume.

"Serene, and safe from passion's stormy rage,
How calm they glide into the port of Age!
Of the rude voyage less deprived than eased;
More tired than pain'd, and weaken'd than dis-
eased

For health on age 'tis temperance must bestow,
And peace from piety alone can flow;
And all the incense bounteous Jove requires
Has sweets from him who feeds the sacred fires.

"Sloth views the towers of Fame with envious
Desirous still, still impotent to rise. [eyes,
Oft, when resolved to gain those blissful towers,
The pensive queen the dire ascent explores,
Comes onward, wafled by the balmy trees,
Some sylvan music, or some scented breeze;
She turns her head, her own gay realms she spies,
And all the short-lived resolution dies.

Thus some fond insect's faltering pinions wave,
Clasp'd in its favourite sweets, a lasting slave;
And thus in vain these charming visions please
The wretch of glory and the slave of ease,
Doom'd ever in ignoble state to pine,
Boast her own scenes, and languish after mine.
But shun her snares; nor let the world exclaim,
Thy birth, which was thy glory, proved thy
shame.

With early hope thine infant actions fired,
Let manhood crown what infancy inspired;
Let generous toils reward with health thy days,
Prolong thy prime, and eternize thy praise.
The bold exploit that charms th' attesting age,
To latest times shall generous hearts engage;
And with that myrtle shall thy shrine be crown'd,
With which alive thy graceful brows were bound,
Till Time shall bid thy virtues freely bloom,
And raise a temple where it found a tomb.

"Then in their feasts thy name shall Grecians
join,
Shall pour the sparkling juice to Jove's and thine:
Thine, used in war, shall raise their native fire;
Thine, used in peace, their mutual faith inspire.
Dulness, perch'd, thro' want of sight may blame,
And Spleen, with odious industry, define:
And that the honours given with wonder view,
And this in secret sadness own them due.
Contempt and Envy were by fate design'd
The rival tyrants which divide mankind;
Contempt, which none but who deserve can bear.
While Envy's wounds, the smiles of Fame repair:
For know, the generous thine exploits shall fire,
Thine every friend it suits thee to require;
Loved by the gods, and, till their fates I show,
Loved by the god, their images below."

"Cease, lovely Maid! fair daughter of the skies
My guide! my queen!" the ec-static youth replies,
"In thee I trace a form design'd for sway,
Which chiefs may court, and kings with pride obey;
And by thy bright immortal friends I swear,
Thy fair idea shall no toils impair.
Lead me, O lead me! where whole hosts of foes
Thy form depreciate, and thy friends oppose.
Welcome all toils th' unequal fates decree,
While toils endear thy faithful charge to thee.

Such be my cares to bind th' oppressive hand,
And crush the fetters of an injured land;
To see the monster's noxious life resign'd,
And tyrants quell'd, the monsters of mankind!
Nature shall smile to view the vanquish'd brood,
And none but Envy riot unsubdued.
In cloister'd state let selfish sages dwell,
Proud that their heart is narrow as their cell!
And boast their mazy labyrinth of rules
Far less the friends of virtue than the fools;
Yet such in vain thy favouring smiles pretend,
For he is thine who proves his country's friend.
Thus when my life, well spent, the good enjoy,
And the mean, envious, labour to destroy;
When, strongly lured by Fame's contiguous shrine,
I yet devote my choicer vows to thine;
If all my toils thy promised favour claim,
O lead thy favourite through the gates of Fame!"

He ceased his vows, and, with disdainful air,
He turn'd to blast the late exulting fair:
But vanish'd, fled to some more friendly shore,
The conscious phantom's beauty pleas'd no more;
Convinced her spurious charms of dress and face,
Claim'd a quick conquest or a sure disgrace.
Fantastic Power! whose transient charms allured,
While Error's mist the reasoning mind obscured;
No! such the victress, Virtue's constant queen
Endured the test of truth, and dared be seen;
Her brightening form and features seem'd to own
'Twas all her wish, her interest to be known;
And when his longing view the fair declined,
Left a full image of her charms behind.

Thus reigns the moon, with furtive splendour
crown'd,
While glooms oppress us, and thick shades surround;
But let the source of light its beams display,
Languid and faint the mimic flames decay,
And all the sickening splendour fades away.

THE PROGRESS OF TASTE;

OR,

THE FATE OF DELICACY.

*A Poem on the Temper and Studies of the Author;
and how great a Misfortune it is for a Man of
small Estate to have much Taste.*

PART THE FIRST.

PERHAPS some cloud eclipsed the day,
When thus I tuned my pensive lay.
"The ship is launch'd—we catch the gale—
On life's extended ocean sail
For happiness our course we bend,
Our ardent cry, our general end!
Yet, ah! the scenes which tempt our care
Are, like the forms dispersed in air,
Still dancing near disorder'd eyes,
And weakest his who best deserves!"
Yet let me not my birthright barter;
(For nothing is the poet's charter
All bards have leave to wish what's wanted,
Though few e'er found their wishes granted;
Extensive field! where poets pride them
In singing all that is denied them.)

For humble ease, ye Powers! I pray;
That plain warm suit for every day,
And pleasure, and brocade, bestow,
To flaunt it—once a month or so.
The first for constant wear we want;
The first, ye Powers! for ever grant;
But constant wear the last be patters,
And turns the tissue into tatters.
Where'er my vagrant course I bend,
Let me secure one faithful friend.
Let me, in public scenes, request
A friend of wit and taste, well-dress'd;
And if I must not hope such favour,
A friend of wit and taste however.
Alas! that wisdom ever shuns
To congregate her scatter'd sons,
Whose nervous forces, well combined,
Would win the field, and sway mankind.

The fool will squeeze, from morn to night,
To fix his follies full in sight;
The note he strikes, the plume he shows,
Attract whole flights of fops and beaux;
And kindred fools, who ne'er had known him,
Flock to the sight, caress, and own him;
But ill-star'd Sense, nor gay, nor loud,
Steals soft on tiptoe through the crowd;
Conveys his meagre form between,
And slides, like pervious air, unseen;
Contracts his known tenuity,
As though 'twere e'en a crime to be;
Nor even permits his eyes to stray,
And win acquaintance in their way.

In company, so mean his air,
You scarce are conscious he is there,
Till from some nook, like sharpen'd steel,
Occurs his face's thin profile,
Still seeming from the gazer's eye,
Like Venus newly bathed to fly,
Yet while reluctant he displays
His real gems before the blaze,
The fool hath, in its centre placed
His tawdry stock of painted paste.
Disused to speak, he tries his skill,
Speaks coldly, and succeeds but ill;
His pensive manner dulness deem'd,
His modesty reserve esteem'd;
His wit unknown, his learning vain,
He wins not one of all the train:
And those who, mutually known,
In friendship's fairest list had shown,
Less prone than pebbles to unite,
Retire to shades from public sight,
Grow savage, quit their social nature,
And starve to study mutual satire.

But friends and favourites, to chagrin thereto,
Find counties, countries, seas, between them;
Meet once a-year, then part, and then
Retiring, wish to meet again.

Sick of the thought, let me provide
Some human form to grace my side,
At hand, where'er I shape my course,
A useful, pliant, stalking horse.
No gesture free from some grimace,
No seam without its share of lace,
But, mark'd with gold or silver either,
Hint where his coat was pieced together.
His legs be lengthen'd, I advise,
And stockings roll'd abridge his thighs.
What though Vandyck had other rules?
What had Vandyck to do with fools?

Be nothing wanting but his mind:
Before a solitaire, behind
A twisted ribband, like the track
Which Nature gives an ass's back.
Silent as midnight! pity 'twere,
His wisdom's slender wealth to share.
And whilst in flocks our fancies stray,
To wash the poor man's lamb away.

This form attracting every eye,
I stroll all unregarded by:
This wards the jokes of every kind,
As an umbrella sun or wind;
Or, like a sponge, absorbs the sallies
And pestilential fumes of malice;
Or, like a splendid shield, is fit
To screen the templar's random wit;
Or, what some gender cit lets fall,
As woolpacks quash the leaden ball.

Allusions these of weaker force,
And after still the stalking horse.
O let me wander all unseen
Beneath the sanction of his mien!
As lilies soft, as roses fair!
Empty as airpump, drain'd of air!
With steady eye and pace remark
The speckled flock that haunts the Park;
Level my pen with wondrous heed
At follies, flocking there to feed;
And as my satire bursts amain,
See feather'd foppery strew the plain.

But when I seek my rural grove,
And share the peaceful haunts I love,
Let none of this unallow'd train
My sweet sequester'd paths profane.
Oft may some polish'd virtuous friend
To these soft winding vales descend,
And love with me the inglorious thing,
And scorn with me the pomp of kings;

▪ St. James's.

And check me when my bosom burns
For statues, paintings, coins, and urns:
For I in Damon's prayer could join,
And Damon's wish might now be mine
But all dispersed! the wish, the prayer,
Are driven to mix with common air.

PART THE SECOND.

HOW happy once was Damon's lot,
While yet romantic schemes were not,
Ere yet he sent his weakly eyes
To plan frail castles in the skies!
Forsaking pleasures cheap and common,
To court a blaze, still fitting from one,
Ah! happy Damon! thrice and more,
Had Taste ne'er touch'd thy tranquil shore.
Oh days! when to a girdle tied
The couples jingled at his side,
And Damon swore he would not barter
The sportsman's girdle for a garter.
Whoever came to kill an hour,
Found easy Damon in their power;
Pure social Nature all his guide;
"Damon had not a grain of pride."
He wish'd not to elude the snares
Which Knavery plans, and Craft prepares,
But rather wealth to crown their wiles,
And win their universal smiles:
For who are cheerful, who at ease,
But they who cheat us as they please?
He wink'd at many a gross design
The new-fallen calf might countermine:
Thus every fool allow'd his merit;
"Yes; Damon had a generous spirit."
A coxcomb's jest, however vile,
Was sure, at least, of Damon's smile;
That coxcomb ne'er denied him sense;
For why? It proved his own pretence:
All own'd, were modesty away,
Damon could shine as much as they.
When wine and folly came in season,
Damon ne'er strove to save his reason;
Obnoxious to the mad uproar,
A spy upon a hostile shore!
'Twas this his company endear'd;
Mirth never came till he appear'd.
His lodgings—every drawer could show 'em;
The slave was kick'd who did not know 'em.
Thus Damon, studious of his ease,
And pleasing all whom mirth could please,
Defied the world, like idle Colley,
To show a softer word than folly.
Since Wisdom's gorgon shield was known
To stare the gazer into stone,
He chose to trust in Folly's charm,
To keep his breast alive and warm.
At length grave Learning's sober train
Remark'd the trifler with disdain;
The sons of Taste condemn'd his ways,
And rank'd him with the brutes that graze,
While they to nobler heights aspired,
And grew beloved, esteem'd, admired.
Hence with our youth, not void of spirit,
His old companions lost their merit,
And every kind, well-natured not
Seem'd a dull play without a plot,
Where every yawning guest agrees
The willing creature strives to please
But temper never could amuse;
It barely led us to excuse.
'Twas true, conversing, they averr'd
All they had seen, or felt, or heard;
Talents of weight! for wights like these
The law might choose for witnesses;
But sure th' attesting dry narration
Ill suits a judge of conversation.
What were their freedoms? mere excuses
To vent ill manners, blows, and bruises.
Yet freedom, gallant freedom! hailing,
At form, at form, incessant railing,
Would they examine each offence,
Its latent cause, its known pretence,
Punctilio ne'er was known to breed 'em,
So sure as fond prolific freedom.

Boisterous mirth.

Their courage! but a loaded gun,
Machine the wise would wish to shun;
Its guard unsafe, its lock an ill one,
Where accident might fire and kill one.
In short, disgusted out of measure,
Through much contempt and slender pleasure,
His sense of dignity returns;
With native pride his bosom burns;
He seeks respect—but how to gain it?
Wit, social mirth, could ne'er obtain it;
And laughter, where it reigns unchecked,
Discards and dissipates respect:
The man who gravely bows enjoys it,
But shaking hands at once destroys it:
Precarious plant! which, fresh and gay,
Shrinks at the touch, and fades away!
Come then, Reserve! yet from thy train
Banish Contempt and cursed Disdain.
Teach me, he cried, thy magic art,
To act the decent distant part;
To husband well my complaisance;
Nor let even Wit too far advance;
But choose calm Reason for my theme,
In these her royal realms supreme,
And o'er her charms, with caution shown,
Be still a graceful umbrage thrown,
And each abrupt period crown'd
With nods, and winks, and smiles, profound,
Till, rescued from the crowd beneath,
No more with pain to move or breathe,
I rise with head elate, to share
Salubrious draughts of purer air.
Respect is won by grave pretence,
And silence, surer even than sense—
'Tis hence the sacred grandeur springs
Of Eastern—and of other kings,
Or whence this awe to virtue due,
While Virtue's distant as Peru?
The sheathless sword the guard displays,
Which round emits its dazzling rays:
The stately fort, the turrets tall,
Portcullis'd gate, and battled wall,
Less screens the body than controls,
And wards contempt from royal souls.
The crowns they wear but check the eye
Before it fondly pierce too nigh,
That dazzled crowds may be employ'd
Around the surface of—the void.
O! 'tis the statesman's craft profound
To scatter his amusements round,
To tempt us from their conscious breast,
Where full-fledged crimes enjoy their nest
Nor ayes us every worth reveal'd,
So deeply as each vice conceal'd.
The lordly log, despatch'd of yore,
That the frog people might adore,
With guards to keep them at a distance,
Had reign'd, nor wanted Wit's assistance;
Nay, had addresses from his nation,
In praise of log-administration.

PART THE THIRD.

THE buoyant fires of youth were o'er,
And fame and finery pleased no more
Productive of that general stare,
Which cool reflection ill can bear,
And, crowds commencing mere vexation,
Retirement sent its invitation.
Romantic scenes of pendant hills,
And verdant vales, and falling rills,
And mossy banks the fields adorn,
Where Damon, simple Swain! was born.
The Dryads rear'd a shady grove,
Where such as think, and such as love,
May safely sigh their summer's day,
Or muse their silent hours away.
The Oreads liked the climate well,
And taught the level plain to swell
In verdant mounds, from whence the eye
Might all their larger works descry.
The Naiads pour'd their urns around,
From nodding rocks o'er vales profound;
They form'd their streams to please the view,
And bade them wind as serpents do,
And having shown them where to stray,
Threw little pebbles in their way.
These Fancy, all-sagacious maid!
Had at their several tasks survey'd:

She saw and smiled; and oft would lead
Our Damon's foot o'er hill and mead;
There, with descriptive finger, trace
The genuine beauties of the place,
And when she all its charms had shown,
Prescribe improvements of her own.
"See yonder hill, so green, so round,
Its brow with ambient beeches crown'd?
'Twould well become thy gentle care
To raise a dome to Venus there;
Pleased would the nymphs thy zeal survey,
And Venus in their arms repay.
'Twas such a shade and such a nook,
In such a vale, near such a brook,
From such a rocky fragment springing,
That famed Apollo chose to sing in,
There let an altar, wrought with art,
Engage thy tuneful patron's heart:
How charming there to muse and warble
Beneath his bust of breathing marble!
With laurel wreath and mimic lyre,
That crown a poet's vast desire,
Then, near it, scoop the vaulted cell
Where Music's charming maids * may dwell,
Prone to indulge thy tender passion,
And make thee many an assignation.
Deep in the grove's obscure retreat
Be placed Minerva's sacred seat;
There let her awful turrets rise,
(For Wisdom flies from vulgar eyes,)
There her calm dictates shalt thou hear
Distinctly strike thy listening ear;
And who would shun the pleasing labour,
To have Minerva for his neighbour?
In short, so charm'd each wild suggestion,
Its truth was little call'd in question
And Damon dream'd he saw the Fauns
And Nymphs distinctly skim the lawns;
Now traced amid the trees, and then
Lost in the circling shades again,
With her oblique their lover viewing—
And Cupid—panting—and pursuing—
"Fancy, enchanting fair!" he cried,
"Be thou my goddess, thou my guide;
For thy bright visions I disprove
What fops may think or fops advise.
The fign of concern when fops survey
Excess, time, study, cast away;
The real spleen with which they tee;
I please myself, and follow thee."
Thus glow'd his breast, by Fancy warm'd,
And thus the fury landscape charm'd—
But most he hoped his constant care
Might win the favour of the fair;
And, wandering late through yonder glade,
He thus the soft design betray'd.
"O Dore! for whom I rear'd the grove,
With melting looks salute my love!
My Dore! with your notes detain,
Or I have rear'd the grove in vain.
Y' flowers which early spring supplies,
Display at once your brightest dyes,
That the vault of morn'g charms may see,
Or what were else your charms to me?
Kind Zephyr! brush each fragrant flower,
And shed its odours round my bow'er,
Or never again, O gentle Wind!
Shall I in thee refreshment find.
Ye streams! if o'er your banks I loved,
If e'er your native winds improved,
May each soft murmur soothe my fair,
Or, oh! 'twould do you my despair.
Be sure, ye Willows! you be seen
Array'd in the richest robes of green,
Or I will tear your slightest boughs,
And let them tangle around my brow.
And thou, my brook! whose lonely bounds
The mild melody fine surrounds,
May she admire thy peaceful gloom,
Or thou shalt prove her lover's tomb."
And now the lofty domes were rear'd,
Loud laugh'd the squirrels, the rabble stared.
"See, Neigh hours! what our Damon's
doing!
I think some folks are fond of ruin!
I saw his sheep at random stray—
But he has trown his crook away—
And hinds such huts, as, in foul weather,
Are fit for sheep nor shepherd neither."

* The Muses.

Whence came the sober swain mistak?
Why, Phœbus put it in his head:
Phœbus befriends him, we are told;
And Phœbus coins bright tons of gold.
'Twere prudent not to be so vain on't,
I think he'll never touch a gram on't.
And if from Phœbus and his Muse
More earthly laziness ensues,
'Tis plain, for aught that I can say,
The devil inspires as well as they.
So they—while fools of grosser kind,
Less wetting what our bard design'd,
Impute his schemes to real evil,
That in these haunts he met the devil.
He own'd, though their advice was vain,
It suited wights who trod the plain;
For dullness—though he might abhor it,
In them he made allowance for it;
Nor wonder'd, if beholding mottoes,
And urns, and domes, and cells, and grottos,
Folks, little dreaming of the Muses,
Were plagued to guess their proper uses.
But did the Muses haunt his cell?
Or in his dome did Venus dwell?
Did Pallas in his council share?
The Delian god!—aid his prayer?
Or did his zeal engage the fair?
When all the structure shone complete,
Not much convenient, wondrous neat,
Adorn'd with gilding, painting, planting,
And the fair guests alone were wanting,
Ah, me! ('twas Damon's own confession,)
Came Poverty, and took possession.

PART THE FOURTH.

WHY droops my Damon, whilst he roves
Through ornamented meads and groves?
Near columns, obelisks, and spires,
Which every critic eye admires?
'Tis luxury, devoted maid!
Sole tenant of their ample shade;
'Tis she that robs him of his ease,
And bids their very charms displease.
But now, by fancy long controll'd,
And with the sons of Taste enroll'd,
He deem'd it shameful to commence
First minister to Common-sense;
Far more elated to pursue
The lowest talk of dear vertu.
And now behold his lofty soul,
That whilom flew from pole to pole,
Settle on some elaborate flower,
And, like a bee, the sweets devour!
Now, of a rose enamour'd, prove
The wild voluptuousness of love!
Now in a tily cup enshrin'd,
Forgo the commerce of mankind!
As in these toils he wore away
The calm remainder of his day,
Conducting sun, and shade, and shower,
As most might glad the new-born flower,
So fate ord'nd—before his eye—
Starts up the long-sought butterfly,
While fluttering round, her plumes unfold
Celestial crimson dropp'd with gold.
Adieu, ye bands of flowers fair!
The living beauty claims his care:
For this he straps—nor bolt nor chain
Could Damon's warm pursuit restrain.
See him o'er hill, morass, or mound,
Where'er the speckled game is found,
Though bent with age, with zeal pursue,
And totter towards the prey in view.
Nor rock nor stream his steps retard,
Intent upon the blest reward!
One casual fly repays the chase!
A wing, a film, rewards the race!
Hewards him, though disease attend,
And in a fatal surfeit end.
So hence Camilla skimm'd the plain,
Smot with the purple's pleasing stain;
She eyed intent the glittering stranger,
And knew, alas! nor fear nor danger,
Till deep within her panting heart
Malicious Fate impell'd the dart.

How studious he what favourite food
Regale: Dame Nature's tiny brood!
What junkets fat the filmy people!
And what liqueurs they choose to tippie!
Behold him, at some crise, pre-cribe,
And raise with drugs, the sickening tribe!
Or haply, when their spirits falter,
Sprinkling my Lord of Cloyne's tar-water.

When Nature's brood of insects dies,
See how he pimps for amorous flies!
See him the timely succour lend her,
And help the wantons to engender!
Or see him guard their pregnant hour,
Exert his soft obstetric power,
And, lending each his lenient hand,
With new born grubs enrich the land!

O Wilks! * what poet's loftiest lays
Can match thy labours and thy praise?
Immortal Sage! by Fate decreed
To guard the moth's illustrious breed!
Till fluttering swarms on swarms arise,
And all our wardrobes teem with flies!

And must we praise this taste for toys?
Admire it ther in girls and boys?
Ye youths of fifteen years or more!
Resign your moths—the season's o'er;
'Tis time more social joys to prove;
'Twere now your nobler task to love.
Let * * * 's eyes more deeply warm,
Nor slighting Nature's fairest form,
The bias of your souls determine
Towards the mean lore of Nature's vermin.

But, ah! how wondrous few have known
To give each stage of life its own!
'Tis the pretexta's utmost bound,
With radiant purple edged around,
To please the child whose glowing dyes
Too long delight maturer eyes,
And few, but with regret, assume
The plain-wrought labours of the loom.

Ah! let not me by fancy steer,
When life's autumnal clouds appear;
Nor e'en in Learning's long delays
Consume my fairest, fruitless days;
Like him who should in armour spend
The sums that armour should defend.

Awhile in Pleasure's myrtle bow'r
We share her smiles and bless her power,
But find at last we vainly strive
To fix the worst coquette alive.
O you! that with assiduous flame
Have long purged the faithless dame,
Forsake her soft abodes awhile,
And dare her frown, and slight her smile;
Nor scorn, whatever wit may say,
The footpath road, the King's highway
No more the scrupulous charmer tease,
But seek the roof of honest Ease;
The rival fair no more pursued,
Shall there with forward price intrude;
Shall there her every art essay
To win you to her slighted sway,
And grant your scorn a glance more fair
Than e'er she give your fondest prayer.

But would you happiness pursue?
Partake both ease and pleasure too?
Would you, through all your days, dispense
The joys of reason and of sense?
Or give to life the most you can?
Let social virtue shape the plan:
For does not to the virtuous deed
A train of pleasing sweets succeed?
Or, like the sweets of wild desire,
Did social pleasures ever tie?

Yet midst the group be some prefer'd
Be some abhor'd—for Damon err'd:
And such there are—of fur address—
As 'twere unequal to care—
O learn by Reason's equal rule
To shun the praise of knave or fool;
Then if such you deem it better still
To gain some rustic figure's good will,
And souls, however mean or vile,
Like features, brighten by a smile,
Yet Reason holds it for a crime
The trivial breast should share thy time;
And virtue with reluctant eyes
Beholds this human sacrifice.

* Alluding to moths and butterflies, delineated by Benjamin Wilks.—See his very expensive proposals

Through deep reserve, and air erect,
Mistaken Damon won respect;
But could the specious homage pass
With any creature but an ass?
If conscious, they who fear'd the skin
Would scorn the sluggish brute within.
What awe-struck slaves the towers en-
close

Where Persian monarchs eat and doze!
What prostrate reverence all agree
To pay a prince they never see!
Mere vassals of a royal throne;
The Sophi's virtues must be shown
To make the reverence his own.

As for Thalia—wouldst thou make her
Thy bride without a portion?—take her
She will with duteous care attend,
And all thy penive hours befriend;
Will swell thy joys, will share thy pain,
With thee rejoice, with thee complain;
Will smooth thy pillow, plait thy bowers,
And bind thy aching head with flowers.
But be this previous maxim known—
If thou can'st feed on Love alone,
If bless'd with her, thou can'st sustain
Contempt, and poverty, and pain,
If so—then rifle all her graces—
And fruitful be your fond embraces!

Too soon, by cantiff spleen inspired,
Sage Damon to his groves retired,
The path disclaim'd by sober reason;
Retirement claims a later sea on,
Ere active youth, and warm desire
Have quite withdrawn their lingerin' fires.
With the warm bosom all agree
Or limpid stream or shady tree;
Love lurks within the rosy hour;
And claims the speculative hour;
Ambition finds his calm retreat,
And bids his pulse too fiercely beat;
E'en social Friendship duns his ear,
And cites him to the public sphere.
Does he resist their genuine force?
His temper takes some froward course,
Till passion, mis-directed, sighs
For weeds, or shells, or grubs, or flies!

Far happiest he whose early days,
Spent in the social paths of praise,
Leave fairly printed on his mind
A train of virtuous deeds behind:
From this rich fund the memory draws
The lasting meed of self-applause.

Such fair ideas lend their aid
To people the sequester'd shade:
Such are the Naisids, Nymphs, and Fauns,
That haunt his floods or cheer his lawns.
If, where his devout ramble strays,
He Virtue's radiant form surveys,
She seems no longer now to wear
The rigid mien, the frown severe;
To show him her remote abode,
To point the rocky arduous road;
But from each flower or his fields allow
She twines a garland for his brow.

ECONOMY,

A Rhai'sody,

ADDRESSED TO YOUNG POLTS.

Insanis: omnes gelidus quicunque lacernis
Sunt tibi, Nasones Virgilioque vides. Mart.

IMITATION.

Thou know'st not what thou say'st;
In garments that scarce fence thee from the cold
Our Ovids and our Virgils you behold.

PART THE FIRST.

TO you, ye Bards! whose lavish breast requires
This monitory lay, the strain belong;
Nor think some miser vents his sapient saw,
Or some dull cit, unfeeling of the charms

* Alluding to—The Allegory in Cebes Table.

That tempt profusion, sings; while friendly Zeal,
To guard from fatal ill the tribe he loves,
Inspires the meanest of the Muse's train!
Like you I loathe the grovelling progeny,
Whose wily arts by creeping time matured,
Advance them high on Power's tyrannic throne,
To lord it there in gorgeous uselessness,
And spurn successful Worth that pines below!

See the rich churl, amid the social sons
Of wine and wit regaling! hark, he joins
In the free jest delighted! seems to show
A melliorated heart! he laughs, he sings.
Songs of gay import, madrigals of glee,
And drunken anthems, set agape the board,
Like Demetrius,* in the play, benign and mild,
And pouring forth benevolence of soul,
Till Micio wonder; or, in Shakspeare's line,
Obstreperous Silence,† drowning shallow's voice,
And startling Falstaff and his mad compeers.

He owns 'tis prudence, ever and anon,
To smooth his careful brow, to let his purse
Ope to a six-pence's diameter.
He likes our ways; he owns the ways of wit
Are ways of pleasure, and deserve regard.
True, we are dainty good society:
But what art thou? Alas! consider well,
Thou bane of social pleasure, know thyself:
Thy fell approach, like some invasive damp
Breath'd through the pores of earth from Stygian

caves,
Destroys the lamp of mirth; the lamp which we,
Its Flamens, boast to guard: we know not how,
But at thy sight the fading flame assumes
A ghastly blue, and in a stench expires.

True, thou seem'st changed; all sainted, all en-

sky'd.
The trembling tears that charge thy melting eyes
Say thou art honest, and of gentle kind:
But all is false! an intermitting sigh
Condemns each hour, each moment given to smiles,
And deems those only lost thou dost not lose.
E'en for a demi-groat this open'd soul,
This boon companion, this elastic breast,
Revibrates quick, and sends the tuneful tongue
To lavish music on the rugged walls
Of some dark dungeon. Hence, thou Caitiff! fly;
Touch not my glass, nor drain my sacred bowl,
Monster ingrate! beneath one common sky
Why shouldst thou breathe? beneath one common

roof
Thou ne'er shalt harbour, nor my little boat
Receive a soul with crimes to press it down.
Go to thy bags, thou Recreant! hourly go,
And, gazing there, bid them be wit, be mirth,
Be conversation. Not a face that smiles
Admit thy presence! not a soul that glows
With social purport, bid, or e'en or morn,
Invest thee happy! but when life declines,
May thy sure heirs stand tittering round thy bed,
And, ushering in their favourites, burst thy locks,
And fill their laps with gold, till Want and Care
With joy depart, and cry, "We ask no more."

Ah! never, never may thy harmonious mind
Endure the world! Poets, ever void
Of guile, distrustless, scorn the treasured gold,
And spurn the miser, spurn his deity.
Balanced with friendship, in the poet's eye,
The rival scale of interest kicks the beam,
Than lightning swifter. From his cavern'd store
The sordid soul, with self-applause, remarks
The kind propensity; remarks and smiles,
And hies with impious haste to spread the snare.
Him we deride, and in our mimic scenes
Contemn the niggard form Moliere has drawn:
We loathe with justice; but, alas! the pain
To bow the knee before this calf of gold,
Implore his envious aid, and meet his frown!
But 'tis not Gomez, 'tis not he whose heart
Is crusted o'er with dross, whose callous mind
Is senseless as his gold, the slighted Muse
Intensely loathes. 'Tis sure no equal task
To pardon him who lavishes his wealth
On racer, fox-hound, hawk, or sparrow, all
But human merit; who with gold essays
All but the noblest pleasure, to remove
The wants of Genius, and its smiles enjoy.
But you, ye titled youths! whose nobler zeal

Would burnish o'er your coronets with fame,
Who listen pleased when poet tunes his lay,
Permit him not in distant solitudes
To pine, to languish out the fleeting hours
Of active youth; then virtue pants for praise.
That season unadorn'd, the careless bard
Quits your warm threshold, and, like honest Gay,
Condemns the niggard boon ye time so ill.
Your favours then, like trophies given the tomb,
Th' enfranchised spirit soaring not perceived,
Or scorns perceived, and execrates the smile
Which bade his vigorous bloom to treacherous

hopes

And servile cares a prey expire in vain!—
Two lawless powers, engaged by mutual hate
In endless war, beneath their flags enrol
The vassal world: this Avarice is named,
That Luxury; 'tis true their partial friends
Assign them softer names; usurpers both!
That shire by dint of arms the legal throne
Of just Economy; yet both betray'd
By fraudulent ministers. The niggard chief
Listening to want, all faithless, and prepared
To join each moment in his rival's train.
His conduct models by the needless fears
The slave inspires, while Luxury, a chief
Of amplest faith, to Plenty's rule resigns
His whole campaign. 'Tis Plenty's flattering

sounds

Engross his ear; 'tis Plenty's smiling form
Moves still before his eye. Discretion strives,
But strives in vain, to banish from the throne
The perjured minion: he, secure of trust,
With latent malice to the hostile camp
Day, night, and hour, his monarch's wealth con-

veys.

Ye towering minds! ye sublimated souls!
Who, careless of your fortunes, seal and sign,
Set, let, contract, acquit, with easier mien
Than fops take snuff! whose economic care
Your green silk purse engrosses! easy, pleased,
To see gold sparkle through the subtle folds,
Lovely as when th' He-perian fruitage smiled
Amid the verdurous grove! who fondly hope
Spontaneous harvests! harvests all the year!
Who scatter wealth, as though the radiant crop
Glitter'd on every bough: and every bough,
Like that the Trojan gather'd, once avulsed,
Were by a splendid successor supply'd!
Instant, spontaneous! listen to my lays;
For 'tis not fools, whate'er proverbial phrase
Have long decreed, that quit with greatest ease
The treasured gold. Of words ind ed profuse,
Of gold tenacious, their torrescent soul
Clenches their coin; and what electrical fire
Shall solve the frosty gripe, and bid it flow?
'Tis genius, fancy, that to wild expense
Of health, of treasure, stimulates the soul:
These with officious care and fatal art
Improve the vinous flavour, these the smile
Of Chloe soften: these the glare of dress
Illume, the glittering chariot gild anew,
And add strange wisdom to the furs of Power.
Alas! that he, amid the race of men,
That he who thinks of purest gold with scorn,
Should with unsated appetite demand,
And vainly court the pleasure it procures!
When Fancy's vivid spark impels the soul
To scorn quotidian scenes, to spurn the bliss
Of vulgar minds, what nostrum shall compose
It's fatal tension? in what lonely vale
Of balmy Medicine various field aspires
The blessed refrigerant? Vain, ah! vain the hope
Of future peace, this orgasm uncontroll'd!
Impatient, hence, of all the frugal life
Requires; to eat, to drink, to sleep; 'till
A chest with gold, the sprightly breast demands
Incessant rapture, life a tedious lead
Denied its continuity of joy.

But whence obtain? philosophy requires
No lavish cost; to crown its utmost prayer
Suffice the root-built cell, the simple fleece,
The juicy viand, and the crystal stream.
E'en mild Stupidity rewards her train
With cheap contentment. Taste alone requires
Entire profusion! Days, and nights, and hours,
Thy voice, hydropic Fancy! calls aloud
For costly draughts, inundant bowls of joy,
Rivers of rich regalement, seas of bliss,
Seas without shore! infinity of sweets
And yet, unless sage Reason join her hand
In Pleasure's purchase, pleasure is unsure

* In Terence's *Adelphi*.

† Justice Silence, in Shakspeare's *Henry IV*.
Second Part.

And yet, unless Economy's consent
 Legitimate expense, some graceless mark,
 Some symptom ill concealed, shall soon or late,
 Burst like a pimple from the vicious tide
 Of acid blood, proclaiming Want's disease
 Amidst the bloom of show. The scanty stream,
 Slow loitering in its channel, seems to vie
 With Vaga's depth; but should the sedgy power,
 Vain glorious, empty his penurious urn
 O'er the rough rock, how must his fellow streams
 Deride the tinklings of the boastive rill!

I not aspire to mark the dubious path
 That leads to wealth, to poets mark'd in vain!
 But ere self flattery sooth the vivid breast
 With dreams of fortune ne'er ally'd to fame,
 Reflect how few who charm'd the listening ear
 Of satrap or of king her smiles enjoy'd!

Consider well what meagre aims repaid
 The great Mæonian! sire of tuneful song,
 And prototype of all that soar'd sublime,
 And left dull cares below; what griefs impell'd
 The modest bard of learn'd Eliza's reign
 To swell with tears his Mulla's parent stream,
 And mourn aloud the pang, "to ride, to run,
 "To spend, to give, to want, to be undone."

Why should I tell of Cowley's pensive Muse,
 Beloved in vain? too copious is my theme!
 Which of your boasted race might hope reward
 Like loyal Butler, when the liberal Charles
 The judge of wit, perused the sprightly page,
 Triumphant o'er his foes? Believe not hope,
 The poet's parasite; but learn alone
 To spare the scanty boon the Fates decree.
 Poet and rich! 'tis solecism extreme!
 'Tis heighten'd contradiction! in his frame,
 In every nerve and fibre of his soul,
 The latent seeds and principles of want
 Has Nature wove, and Fate confirm'd the clue.

Nor yet despair to shun the ruder gripe
 Of Penury: with nice precision learn
 A dollar's value. Foremost in the page
 That marks th' expense of each revolving year
 Place inattention. When the lust of praise,
 Or honour, false idea, tempts thy soul
 To slight frugality, assure thine heart
 That danger's near. This perishable coin
 Is no vain ore. It is thy liberty
 It fetters misers, but it must alone
 Enfranchise thee. The world, the cit like world
 Bids thee beware; thy little craft essay;
 Nor, piddling with a tea-spoon's slender form,
 See with soup-ladles devils gormandize.

Economy! thou good old aunt! whose mien,
 Furrow'd with age and care, the wise adore,
 The wits condemn! reserving still thy stores
 To cheer thy friends at last; why with the cit,
 Or bookless churl, with each ignoble name,
 Each earthly nature, deign'st thou to reside?
 And shunning all, who by thy favours crown'd
 Might glad the world, to seek some vulgar mind,
 Inspiring pride, and selfish shapes of ill?
 Why with the old, infirm, and impotent,
 And childless, love to dwell, yet leave the breast
 Of youth unwarm'd, unguided, uninform'd?
 Of youth, to whom thy montitory voice
 Were doubly kind? for, sure, to youthful eyes,
 (How short soe'er it prove) the road of life
 Appears protracted far on either side
 The Loves, the Graces play, on Fortune's child
 Profusely smiling; well might youth essay
 The frugal plan, the lucrative employ,
 Source of their favour all the livelong day,
 But fate assents not. Age alone contracts
 His meagre palm, to clench the tempting ban
 Of all his peace, the glittering seeds of care!

O that the Muse's voice might pierce the ear
 Of generous youth! for youth deserves her song.
 Youth is fair virtue's season, virtue then
 Requires the pruner's hand; the sequent stage,
 It barely vegetates; nor long the space
 Ere, robb'd of warmth, its arid trunk displays
 Fell Winter's total reign. O lovely source
 Of generous foibles, youth! when opening minds
 Are honest as the light, lucid as air,
 As fostering breezes kind, as linnets gay,
 Tender as buds, and lavish as the spring!
 Yet hapless state of man! his earliest youth
 Cozens itself; his age defrauds mankind.

Nor deem it strange that rolling years abrade
 The social bias. Life's extensive page,
 What does it but unfold repeated proofs
 Of gold's omnipotence? With patriots, friends,

Sickening beneath its ray, enervate some,
 And others dead, whose putrid name exhales
 A noisome scent, the bulky volume teems
 With kinsmen, brothers, sons, moistening the
 shroud,

Or honouring the grave, with specious grief
 Of short duration, soon in Fortune's beams
 Alert, and wondering at the tears they shed.
 But who shall save, oy tame prosaic strain,
 That glowing breast where wit with youth conspires
 To sweeten luxury? The fearful Muse
 Shall yet proceed, though by the faintest gleam
 Of hope inspired, to warn the train she loves.

PART THE SECOND.

In some dark season when the misty shower
 Obscures the sun, and saddens all the sky,
 When linnets drop the wing, nor grove nor stream
 Invites thee forth to sport thy drooping Muse,
 Seize the dull hour, nor with regret resign
 To worldly prudence. She, nor nice nor coy,
 Accepts the tribute of a joyless day;
 She smiles well pleased when wit and mirth re-
 ceide,

And not a Grace, and not a Muse will hear.
 Then from majestic Maro's awful strain,
 Or towering Homer, let thine eye descend
 To trace, with patient industry, the page
 Of income and expense: and, oh! beware
 Thy breast, self-flattering; place no courtly smile,
 No golden promise of thy faithless Muse,
 Nor latent mine which Fortune's hand may show,
 Amid thy solid store: The siren's song
 Wrecks not the listening sailor half so sure.
 See by what avenues, what devious paths,
 The foot of Want detested, steals along,
 And bars each fatal pass! Some few short hours
 Of punctual care, the refuse of thy year,
 On frugal schemes employ'd, shall give the Muse
 To sing intrepid many a cheerful day.

But if too soon before the tepid gales
 Thy resolution melt, and ardent vows,
 In wary hours preform'd, or die forgot,
 Or seem the forced effect of hazy skies,
 Then, ere surprise, by whose impetuous rage
 The mass fort with which thy gentler breast
 I not compare, is won, the song proceeds.
 Know, too, by Nature's undiminish'd law,
 Throughout her realms obey'd, the various parts
 Of deep creation, atoms, systems, all,
 Attract, and are attracted; nor prevails the law
 Alone in matter; soul alike with soul
 Aspires to join; nor yet in souls alone,
 In each idea it imbuies is found
 The kind propensity: and when they meet
 And grow familiar, various though their tribe,
 Their tempers various, vow perpetual faith;
 That should the world's disjointed frame once
 more

To chaos yield the sway, amid the wreck
 Their union should survive; with Roman warmth,
 By sacred hospitable laws endear'd,
 Should each idea recollect its friend.

Here then we fix; on this perennial base
 Erect thy safety, and defy the storm.
 Let soft profusion's fair idea join
 Her hand with Poverty; nor here desist,
 Till o'er the group that forms their various train
 Thou sing loud hymeneals. Let the pride
 Of outward show in lasting leagues combine
 With shame threadbare the gay vermilion face
 Of rash intemperance be discreetly pair'd
 With sallow Hunger: the licentious joy
 With mean dependence; e'en the dear delight
 Of sculpture, paint, intaglios, books and coins,
 Thy breast, sagacious Prudence! shall connect
 With filth and beggary, nor disdain to link
 With black Insolvency. Thy soul, alarm'd,
 Shall shun the Siren's voice, nor boldly dare
 To bid the soft enchantress share thy breast,
 With such a train of horrid fiends conjoin'd.

Nor think, ye sordid race! ye grovelling minds!
 I frame the song for you; for you the Muse
 Could other rules impart. The friendly strain,
 For gentler bosoms plann'd, to your's would prove
 The juice of lurid aconite, exceed

Whatever Colchus bore, and in your breast
Compassion, love, and friendship! all destroy.
It greatly shall avail, if e'er thy stores
Increase apace thy periodic days
Of annual payment, or thy patron's boon,
The lean reward of gross unbounded praise!
It much avails to seize the present hour,
And, undeliberating, call around
Thy hungry creditors; their horrid rage,
When once appeased, the small remaining store
Shall rise in weight tenfold, in lustre rise,
As gold improved by many a fierce assay.
'Tis thus the frugal husbandman direct
His narrow stream, if o'er its wonted banks,
By sudden rains impell'd, it proudly swells;
His timely hand through better tracks conveys
The quick decreasing tide, ere borne along,
Or through the wild morass, or cultured field,
Or bladed grass mature, or barren sands,
It flow destructive, or it flow in vain.
But happiest he who sanctifies expense
By present pay; who subjects not his fame
To tradesmen's varlets, nor bequeaths his name,
His honour'd name, to deck the vulgar page
Of base mechanic, sordid, insincere!
There haply, while thy Muse sublimely soars
Beyond this earthly sphere, in heaven's abodes,
And dreams of nectar and ambrosial sweets,
Thy growing debt steals unregarded o'er
The punctual record, till nor Phœbus' self,
Nor sage Minerva's art, can aught avail
To soothe the ruthless dun's detested rage:
Frantic and fell, with m'ny a curse profane
He loads the gentle Muse, then hurls thee down
To want, remors', captivity, and shame.
Each public place, the glittering haunts of men,
With horror fly. Why loiter near thy bane?—
Why fondly linger on a ho-tide shore
Disarm'd, defenceless? why require to tread
The precipice? or why, alas! to breathe
A moment's space where every breeze is death?
Death to thy future peace? Away! collect
Thy dissipat'd mind; contrict thy train
Of wild ideas, o'er the flowery fields
Of show diffused, and speed to safer climes.
Economy presents her glass; accept
The faithful mirror, powerful to disclose
A thousand forms unseen by careless eyes,
That plot thy fate. Temptation in a robe
Of Tyrian dye, with every sweet perfum'd,
Besets thy sense. Extortion follows close
Her wanton step, and Ruin brings the rear.
These and the rest shall her mysterious glass
Embody to thy view; like Venus' kind,
When to her labouring son she 'vengeful powers
That urged the fall of Ithum she display'd:
He, not imprudent, at the sight declined
Th' unequal conflict, and decreed to raise
The Trojan welfare on some happier shore,
For here to drain thy swelling purse await
A thousand arts, a thousand frauds attend— [boxer,
"The cloud-wrought canvas, the gorgeous snuff
The twinkling jewels, and the gold-eyes,
With all its bright inhabitants, shall waste
Its melting store, and in the dreary void
Leave not a dot behind." Ere yet exhaust
Its slimy folds offend thy pensive eye,
Away! embosom'd deep in distant shades,
Nor seen nor seeing, thou in vain vent thy scorn
Of lace, embroidery, purple, gems, and gold!
There of the firded fop and escented beau,
Ferocious, with a Stoic's frown disclose
Thy manly scorn, averse to tinsel pomp,
And fluent thine harrigue. But e'en thy soul
Deny thy limbs the radiant grace of dress.
Where dress is merit! where thy graver friend
Shall wish thee burnish'd! where the sprightly-fair
Demand embellishment! even Della's eye,
As in a garden roves, of hues alone
Inquiring, curious? Fly the cursed domain;
These are the realms of luxury and show,
No classic soil; away! the blooming spring
Attracts thee hence; the waning autumn warns,
Fly to thy native shades, and dread even there,
Lest busy fancy tempt thy narrow state
Beyond its bounds. Observe Florelio's mien.
Why trends my friend with melancholy step
That beauteous lawn? why, pensive, strays his eye
O'er statues, grotesques, urns, by critic art
Proportion'd fair? or from his lofty dome,
Bright glittering through the grove, returns his eye
Unpleased, disconsolate? And is it love,

Disastrous love, that robs the finish'd scenes
Of all their beauty? centering all in her
His soul adores? or from a blacker cause
Springs this remorseful gloom? is conscious guilt
The latent source of more than love's despair?
It cannot be within that polish'd breast,
Where science dwells, that guilt should harbor
there.

No; 'tis the sad survey of present want
And past profusion! lost to him the sweets
Of yon pavilion, fraught with every charm
For other eyes; or if remaining, proofs
Of criminal expense! Sweet interchange
Of river, valley, mountain, wood, and plain!
How gladsome once he ranged your native turf,
Your simple scenes, how raptur'd! ere Expense
Had lavish'd thousand ornaments, and taught
Convenience to perplex him, art to pall,
Pomp to deject, and Beauty to displease!
Oh! for a soul to all the glare of wealth,
To Fortune's wide exhaustless treasury,
Nobly superior! but let Caution guide
The coy disposal of the wealth we scorn,
And Prudence be our Almoner. Alas!
The pilgrim wandering o'er some distant clime,
Sworn foe of avarice! not disdain to learn
Its coin's imputed worth, the destined means
To smooth his passage to the favour'd shrine.
Ah! let not us, who tread this stranger world,
Let none who sojourn on the realms of life,
Forget the land is mercenary, nor waste
His fare ere landed on no rental shore.
Let never bard consult Palladio's rules;
Let never bard, O Burlington! survey
Thy learned art, in Chiswick's dome display'd;
Dangerous incentive! nor with lingering eye
Survey the window Venice calls her own.
Better for him, with no ingrateful Muse
To sing a requiem to that gentle soul
Who plann'd the skylight, which to lavish bards
Conveys alone the pure ethereal ray;
For garrets him, and squalid walls, await,
Unless, presageful, from his friendly strain
He glean advice, and shun the scribbler's doom.

PART THE THIRD.

YET once again, and to thy doubtful fate
The trembling Muse consigns thee. Ere contempt,
Or Want's empoison'd arrow, ridicule,
Transfix thy weak unguarded breast, behold!
The poet's roof, the careless poet's, his
Who scorns advice, shall close my serious lay.
When Gulliver, now great, now little deem'd,
The plaything of Comparison, arriv'd
Where learned bosoms their aerial schemes
Projected, studious of the public weal,
Mud the one subtler artist he descried,
Who chers'd in his dusty tenement
The spider's web, injurious, to supplant
Fair Alibon's fleeces! Never, never may
Our monarch on such fatal purpose smile,
And irritate Minerva's beggar'd sons,
The Melksham weavers! Here in every nook
Their webs they spun, here revel'd uncontroll'd,
And, like the flurs from Westminster's high roof
Dependent, here their fluttering texture waved.
Such, so adorn'd the cell I mean to sing?
Cell ever squalid! where the sneerful maid
Will not fatigue her hand, broom never comes,
That comes to all, o'er whose quiescent walls
Arachne's unmolested care has drawn
Curtains sublim'd, and save th' expense of art.
Survey those walls, in fady texture clad,
Where wandering snails in many slumy paths,
Free, unrestrain'd, their various journeys crawl,
Peregrinations strange, and labyrinth
Contused, inextricable! such the clue
Of Cretan Ariadne ne'er explain'd!
Hooks! angles! crooks! and involutions wild!
Meantime, thus silver'd with meanders gay
In mimic pride the snail-wrought tissue shines,
Perchance of tully, or of harriteen.
Not ill expressive, such the power of snail!
Behold his chair, whose fractured seat infirm
An aged cushion hides! replete with dust
The foliaged velvet, pleasing to the eye

Of great Eliza's reign, but now the snare
Of weary guest, that on the specious bed
Sits down confiding. Ah! disastrous wight!
In evil hour and rashly dost thou trust
The fraudulent couch; for though in velvet cased,
The fated thigh shall kiss the dusty floor.
The traveller thus, that o'er Hibernian plains
Hath shaped his way, on beds profuse of flowers,
Cowslip, or primrose, or the circular eye
Of daisy fair, decrees to bask supine.
And see! delighted, down he drops, secure
Of sweet refreshment, ease without annoy,
Or luscious noon-day nap. Ah! much deceived,
Much suffering pilgrim! thou nor noon-day nap
Nor sweet repose shall find; the false morass
In quivering undulations yields beneath
Thy burden in the miry gulf enclosed!
And who would trust appearance? cast thine eye
Where mid machines of heterogeneous form
His coat depends, alas! his only coat,
Eldest of things! and napless as a heath
Of small extent by fleecy myrads grazed.
Not different have I seen in dreary vault
Display'd a coffin; on each sable side
The texture unmolested seems entire;
Fraudful, when touch'd it glides to dust away,
And leaves the wondering swain to gape, to stare,
And with expressive shrug and piteous sigh
Declare the fatal force of rolling years,
Or dire extent of frail mortality.
This aged vesture, scorn of gazing beaux
And formal cits, (themselves too haply scorn'd,)
Both on its sleeve and on its skirt retains
Full many a pin wide sparkling: for if e'er
Their well-known crest met his delighted eye,
Though wrapt in thought, commercing with the sky,
He, gently stooping, scorn'd not to upraise,
And on each sleeve, as conscious of their use,
Indenting fix them; nor, when arm'd with these,
The cure of rents and separation dure,
And charms enormous, did he view dismay'd
Hedge, bramble, thicket, bush, portending fate
To breeches, coat, and hose! had any wight
Of vulgar skill the tender texture own'd;
But gave his mind to form a sonnet quaint
Of Silvia's shoe-string, or of Chloe's fan,
Or sweetly-fashion'd tip of Celia's ear.
Alas! by frequent use decays the force
Of mortal art! the refractory robe
Eludes the tailor's art, eludes his own;
How potent one, in union quant cohesion'd!
See near his bed (his bed, too falsely call'd
The Place of Rest, while it a bard sustains,
Pale, meagre, muse-rid wight! who reads in vain
Narcotic volumes o'er) his candlestick,
Radiant machine! when from the plastic hand
Of Mulciber, the mayor of Birmingham,
The engine issued; now, alas! disguised
By many an unctuous tide, that wandering down
Its sides congeal; what he, perhaps, essays,
With humour forced, and ill-dissembled smile,
Idly to liken to the poplar's trunk,
When o'er its burk the lucid amber, wound
In many a pleasing fold, incrusts the tree;
Or suits him more the winter's candied thorn,
When from each branch, anneal'd, the works of frost
Pervasive, radiant icicles depend?
How shall I sing the various ills that wait
The careful sonneteer? or who can paint
The shifts enormous that in vain he forms
To patch his paneless window; to cement
His batter'd tea-pot, ill-retentive vase!
To war with ruin? anxious to conceal
Want's fell appearance, of the real ill
Nor foe nor fearful. Ruin unforeseen
Invades his chattels; Ruin will invade,
Will claim his whole invention to repair,
Nor of the gift, for tuneful ends design'd,
Allow one part to decorate his song;
While ridicule, with ever-pointing hand,
Conscious of every shift, of every shift
Indicative, his inmost plot betrays,
Points to the nook, which he his study calls,
Pompous and vain! for thus he might esteem
His chest a wardrobe, purse a treasury;
And shows, to crown her full display, himself;
One whom the powers above, in place of health
And wonted vigour, of paternal cot
Or little farm; of bag, or scamp, or staff,
Cup, dish, spoon, plate, or worldly utensil,
A poet framed, yet framed not to repine,
And wish the cobbler's loftiest site his own;

Nor, partial as they seem, upbraid the Fates,
Who to the humbler mechanism join'd
Good so superior, such exalted bliss!
See with what seeming ease, what labour'd peace,
He, hapless hypocrite! refines his nail,
His chief amusement! then how feign'd, how forced,
That care-defying sonnet which implies
His debts discharged, and he of half a crown
In full possession, uncontested right
And property! Yet, ah! whose'er this wight
Admiring views, if such there be, distrust
The vain pretence; the smiles that harbour grief,
As lurks the serpent deep in flowers enwreathed.
Forewarn'd, he frugal, or with prudent rage
Thy pen demolish; choose the truster flail,
And bless those labours which the choice inspired.
But if thou view'st a vulgar mind, a wight
Of common sense, who seeks no brighter name,
Him envy, him admire, him, from thy breast,
Present of future dignities, salute
Sheriff, or Mayor, in comfortable furs
Enwrapt, secure; nor yet the laureate's crown
In thought exclude him! he perchance shall rise
To nobler heights than foresight can decree.
When, fired with wrath for his intrigues, display'd
In many an idle song, Saturnian Jove
Vow'd sure destruction to the tuneful race,
Appressed by suppliant Phoebus, "Bards, the said
Henceforth of plenty, wealth, and pomp debarr'd,
But fed by frugal cares, might wear the bay
Secure of thunder."—Low the Delian bow'd,
Nor at th' invidious favour dared repine.

THE RUINED ABBEY:

OR,

THE EFFECTS OF SUPERSTITION.

AT length fair Peace, with olive crown'd, regains
Her lawful throne, and to the sacred haunts
Of wood or fount the frighted Muse returns.
Happy the bard, who, from his native hills,
Soft musing on a summer's eve, surveys
His azure stream, with pensile woods enclosed;
Or o'er the glassy surface with his friend,
Or faithful fair, through bordering willows green,
Wafts his small frigate. Fearless he of shouts
Or taunts, the rhetoric of the watery crew,
That ape confusion from the realms they rule;
Fearless of these; who shares the gentler voice
Of peace and music; birds of sweetest song
Attune from native boughs their various lay,
And cheer the forest; birds of brighter plume
With busy pinion skim the glittering wave,
And tempt the sun, ambitious to display
Their several merit, while the vocal flute,
Or number'd verse, by female voice endear'd,
Crowns his delight, and mollifies the scene.
If solitude his wandering steps invite
To some more deep recess, (for hours there are
When gay, when social minds to friendship's voice
Or Beauty's charm her wild abodes prefer,)
How pleased he treads her venerable shades,
Her solemn courts! the centre of the grove!
The root-huilt cave, by far extended rocks
Around embosom'd, how it sooths the soul!
If scoop'd at first by superstitious hands,
The rugged cell received alone the shoals
Of bigot minds, Religion dwells not here,
Yet Virtue pleased at intervals retires:
Yet here may Wisdom, as she walks the maze,
Some serious truths collect, the rules of life,
And serious truths of mightier weight than gold!
I ask not wealth, but let me hoard with care,
With frugal cunning, with a niggard's art,
A few fix'd principles, in early life,
Ere indolence impede the search, explored;
Then like old Latimer, when age impairs
My judgment's eye, when quibbling schools attack
My grounded hope, or subtler wits deride,
Will I not blush to shun the vain debate,
And this mine answer; "Thus, 'twas thus I thought,
My mind yet vigorous, and my soul entire;
Thus will I think, averse to listen more
To intricate discussion, prone to stray,

Perhaps my reason may but ill defend
My settled faith; my mind, with age impair'd,
Too sure its own infirmities declare.
But I am arm'd by caution, studious youth,
And early foresight: now the winds may rise,
The tempest whistle, and the billows roar;
My pinnace rides in port, despoil'd and worn,
Shatter'd by time and storms, but while it shuns
Th' unequal conflict, and declines the deep,
Sees the strong vessel fluctuate, less secure."

Thus while he strays, a thousand rural scenes
Suggest instruction, and instructing please.
And see betwixt the grove's extended arms
An Abbey's rude remains attract thy view,
Gilt by the mid-day sun: with lingering step
Produce thine axe, (for, aiming to destroy
Tree, branch, or shade, for never shall thy breast
Too long deliberate,) with murderous hand
Remove th' obstructive bough; not yet refuse,
Though sighing, to destroy that favourite pine,
Raised by thy hand, in its luxuriant prime
Of beauty fair, that screens the vast remains.
Aggrieved, but constant as the Roman fire,
The rigid Manlius, when I am conquering son
Hled by a parent's voice, the cruel mead
Of virtuous ardour timelessly display'd;
Nor cease till, through the gloomy road, the pile
Gleam unobstructed: thither oft thine eye
Shall sweetly wander: thence returning, sooth
With pensive scenes thy phulo-opic mind.

These were thy haunts, thy opulent abodes,
O Superstition! hence the dire disease
(Balanced with which the famed Athenian pest
Were a short head-ach, were the trivial pain
Of transient indignation) seized mankind.

Long time she raged, and scarce a southern gale
Warm'd our chill air, unloading with the threats
Of tyrant Rome; but futile all, till she,
Rome's abler legiate, magnified their power,
And in a thousand horrid forms attir'd.

Where then was truth to sanctify the page
Of British annals? if a foe expired,
The perjured monk suborn'd infernal shrieks
And fiends, to snatch at the departing soul
With hellish emulation: if a friend,
High o'er his roof exultant angels tune
Their golden lyres, and waft him to the skies.
What then were vows, were oaths, were plighted
faith?

The sovereign's just, the subject's loyal pact,
To cherish mutual good, annul'd and vain,
By Roman magic, grew an idle scroll
Ere the frail sanction of the wax was cold.

With thee, Plantagenet! from civil broils
The land awhile respir'd, and all was peace.
Then Hæccl rose, and, impotent of mind,
From regal courts with lawless fury march'd
The church's blood-stain'd convicts, and forgive,
Bid murderous priests the sovereign brow condemn,
And with unhallo'd crozier bruised the crown.

Yet yielded not supinely tame a prince
Of Henry's virtues; learn'd his courageous, wise,
Of fair ambition. Long his regal soul,
Firm and erect, the peevish priest exiled,
And braved the fury of revengeful Rome.
In vain! let one faint melody diffuse
The pensive gloom which Superstition loves,
And see him dwindle to a recreant groom,
Behn the proud jiffrey while the priest ascends!

Was Cœur de Lion! bless'd with waler days,
Here the coward zealots with united cries
Urged the crusade; and see! of half his stores
Despoil'd, the wretch whose wiser bosom chose
To bless his friends, his race, his native land.

O ten fair suns that rode their annual race,
Not one beheld him on his vacant throne,
While haughty Longchamp, mid his liveried files
Of wanton vassals, spoil'd his faithful realm,
Battling in foreign fields; collecting wide
A laurel harvest for a pillaged land.

O! dear bought trophies! when a prince deserts
His drooping realm to pluck the barren sprays!

When faithless John usurp'd the sullied crown,
What ample ransoms! the groaning land
Deen'd earth, deem'd heaven, its foe! Six tedious
years.

Our helpless fathers in despair obey'd
The papal interdict; and who obey'd

The sovereign plunder'd. O inglorious days!
When the French tyrant, by the futile grant
Of papal rescript, claim'd Britannia's throne,
And durst invade! be such inglorious days
Or hence forgot, or not rec'll'd in vain!

Scarce had the tortured ear, dejected, heard
Rome's loud anathema, but heartless, dead
To every purpose, men nor wish'd to live
Nor dared to die. The poor laborious hind
Heard the dire curse, and from his trembling hand
Fell the neglected crook that ruled the plain:
Thence journeying home, in every cloud he sees
A vengeful angel, in whose waving scroll
He reads damnation, sees its sable train
Of grim attendants pencil'd by despair!
The weary pilgrim from remoter climes
By painful steps arrived, his home, his friends,
His offspring left to lavish on the shrine
Of some far-honour'd saint his costly stores,
Inverts his footstep, sickens at the sight
Of the barr'd fane, and silent sheds a tear.

The wretch, whose hope by stern Oppression
chased

From every earthly bliss, still as it saw
Triumphant wrong, took wing, and flew to heaven,
And rested there, now mourn'd his refuge lost
And wonted peace. The sacred fane was barr'd;
And the lone altar, where the mounters throng'd
To supplicate remission, smoked no more:
While the green weed luxuriant round uprose,
Some from their deathbed, whose delirious faith
Through every stage of life to Rome's decrees
Obsequious, humbly hop'd to die in peace,
Now saw the ghastly king approach, begirt
In tenfold terrors; now expiring heard
The last loud clarion sound, and Heaven's decree
With unremitting vengeance bar the skies.
Nor light the grief, by Superstition weigh'd,
That their dishonour'd corpse, shut from the verge
Of hallow'd earth, or tutelary fane,
Must sleep with brutes, their vassals, on the field,
Unneath some path, in marle unexercis'd!
No solemn bell extort a neighbour's tear!
No tongue of priest pronounce their soul secure,
Nor fondest friend assure their peace obtain'd!

The priest, alas! so boundless was the ill!
He, like the flock he pillaged, pin'd forlorn;
The vivid vermeil fled his fady cheek,
And his big paunch, distended with the spoils
Of half his flock, emaciate, groan'd beneath
Superior pride and mightier lust of power!
Twas now Rome's fondest friend, whose meagre
hand

Told to the midnight lamp his holy beads
With nice precision, felt the deeper wound,
As his guil'd soul reul'd the conclave more.

Whom did the ruin spare? for wealth, for power,
Birth, honour, virtue, enemy, and friend,
Sunk helpless, in the dreary gulf involved,
And one capricious curse envelop'd all!

Were kings secure? in tow'ring stations born,
In flattery nursed, inured to scorn mankind,
Or view diminish'd from their site sublime,
As when a shepherd, from the lofty brow
Of some proud cliff surveys his lessening flock
In snowy groups diffusive scud the vale.

A while the famous in-nace John return'd,
And breathed defiance loud. Alas! too soon
Allegiance sickening, saw its sovereign yield
An angry prey to scruples not his own.

The lord soldier, girt around with strength,
Who stole from mirth and wine his blooming years,
And seized the falchion, resolute to guard
His sovereign's right, impuls'd at the news,
Find the firm bias of his soul reversed
For foul desertion, drops the lifted steel,
And quits Fame's noble harvest, to expire.

The death of monks, of surfeit and of sloth!
At length, fatigued with wrongs, the servile king
Dean'd from his land its small remaining stores
To buy remission. But could these obtain?

No! resolute in wrongs the priest obdured,
Till crawling base to Rome's deputed slave,
His fame, his people, and his crown, he gave.
Mean monarch! slighted, braved, abhor'd, before
And now, appeased by delegated sway,
The wily pontiff scorns not to recall
His interdictions. Now the sacred doors
Admit repentant multitudes, prepared
To buy deceit; admit obsequious tribes
Of satraps: princes! crawling to the shrine
Of sainted villany! the pompous tomb

* Henry II. † Richard I.
‡ Bishop of Ely, Lord Chancellor.

Dazzling with gems and gold, or in a cloud
Of incense wreathed, amidst a drooping land
That sigh'd for bread! 'Tis thus the Indian clove
Displays its verdant leaf, its crimson flower,
And sheds its odours, while the flocks around,
Hungry and faint the barren sands explore
In vain! nor plant nor herb endears the soil.
Brain'd and exhaust to swell its thirsty pores,
And furnish luxury—Yet, yet in vain
Britannia strove; and whether artful Rome
Caress'd or curs'd her, Superstition raged,
And blinded, fetter'd, and despoil'd the land.

At length some murderous monk, with poisonous
Expell'd the life his brethren robb'd of peace. [art,
Nor yet succeed with John's disastrous fate
Pontific fury: English wealth exhaust,

The sequent reign * beheld the beggar'd shore
Grim with Italian usurers prepared
To lend, for gripping unexampled hire,
To lend—what Rome might pillage uncontroll'd.

For now with more extensive havoc raged
Relentless Gregory, with a thousand arts,
And each rapacious, born to drain the world!
Nor shall the Muse repeat how oft he blew
The croise's trumpet; then for sums of gold
Annul'd the vow, and bade the false alarm
Swell the gross hordes of Henry or his own:
Nor shall she tell how pontiff's dared repeal
The best of charters! dared absolve the tie
Of British kings, by legal oath restrain'd:
Nor can she dwell on argosies of gold
From Albion's realm to servile shores convey'd,
Wrung from her sons, and speeded by her kings!
Oh, irksome days! when wicked thrones combine
With papal craft to gull their native land!

Such was our fate while Rome's director taught
Of subjects born to be their monarch's prey,
To toil for monks, for gluttony to toil,
For vacant gluttony; extortion, fraud,
For avarice, envy, pride, revenge, and shame!
O doctrine breathed from Stygian caves! exhaled
From inmost Erebus!—Such Henry's reign!
Urging! is loyal realm's reluctant hand
To wield the peaceful sword, by John erewhile
Forced from its scabbard, and with burnish'd lance
Essay the savage cure, domestic war!

And now some nobler spirits chased the mist
Of general darkness. Grostet † now adorn'd
The mitred wreath he wore, with Reason's sword
Staggering delusion's frauds; at length beneath
Rome's interdict expiring calm, resign'd
No vulgar soul, that dared to Heaven appeal!
But, ah! this fertile glebe, this fair domain,
Had well nigh ceded to the slothful hands
Of monks libidinous, ere Edward's care
The lavish hand of desubbed Fear restrain'd.
Yet was he clear of Superstition's taint?
He, too, misleemful of his wholesome law,
Even he, expiring, gave his treasured gold
To fatten monks on Salem's distant soil!

Yes, the Third Edward's breast, to papal sway
So little prone, and fierce in honour's cause,
Could Superstition quell! before the towers
Of haggard Paris, at the thunder's voice
He drops the sword, and signs ignoble peace!

But still the Night, by Romish art diffused,
Collects her clouds, and with slow pace recedes;
When, by some Bourdeaux, braver queen recedes;
Bold Wickliffe rose; and while the bigot power
Amidst her native darkness skulk'd secure,
The demon vanish'd as he spread the day.
So from his bosom Cacus breathed of old
The pitchy cloud, and in a night of smoke
Secure, awhile his recreant life sustain'd,
Till famed Alcides, o'er his subtlest wiles
Victorious, cheer'd the ravaged nations round.

Hail, honour'd Wickliffe! enterprising age!
An Epicurus in the cause of truth!
For 'tis not radiant suns, the jovial hours
Of youthful spring, an ether all serene,
Nor all the verdure of Campania's vales
Can chase religious gloom! 'Tis reason, thought,
The light, the radiance, that pervades the soul,
And sheds its beams on Heaven's mysterious way!
As yet this light but glimmer'd, and again
Error prevail'd; while kings, by force uprais'd,
Let loose the rage of bigots on their foes,
And seek affection by the dreadful boon

Of licensed murder. Even the kindest prince,
The most extended breast, the loyal Hal!
All unrelenting heard the Lollard's cry
Burst from the centre of remorseless flames;
Their shrieks endured! O stain to martial praise!
When Cobham, generous as the noble peer
That wears his honour, paid the fatal price
Of virtue blooming ere the storms were laid!

'Twas thus, alternate, truth's precious flame
Decay'd or flourish'd. With malignant eye
The pontiff saw Britannia's golden fleece,
Once all his own, invest her worthier sons!
Her verdant valleys, and her fertile plains,
Yellow with grain, abjure his hateful sway!
Essay'd his utmost art, and inly own'd
No labours bore proportion to the prize.

So when the temper view'd, with envious eye,
The first fair pattern of the female frame,
All Nature's beauties in one form display'd,
And centering there, in wild amaze he stood;
Then only envying Heaven's creative hand,
Wish'd to his gloomy reign his envious arts
Might win this prize, and doubled every snare.

And vain were reason, courage, learning, all,
Till power accede, till Tudor's wild caprice
Smile on their cause; Tudor! whose tyrant reign,
With mental freedom crown'd the best of kings
Might envious view, and ill prefer their own!
Then Wolsey rose, by Nature form'd to seek
Ambition's trophies, by address to win,
By temper to enjoy—whose humbler birth
Taught the gay scenes of pomp to dazzle more.

Then from its towering height with horrid sound
Rush'd the proud Abbey: then the vaulted roof,
Torn from their walls, disclosed the wanton scene
Of monkish chastity! Each angry friar
Crawl'd from his bedded sturmpet, muttering low
An ineffectual curse. The perverse monks,
That ages past convey'd the guileful priest
To play some image on the graping crowd,
Imbibe the novel day-light, and expose,
Obvious, the fraudulent enginery of Rome.
As though this opening earth to nether realms
Should flash meridian day, the hooded rice
Shudder, abash'd to find their cheats display'd,
And, conscious of their guilt, and pleased to wave
Its fearful meed, resign'd their fair domain.

Nor yet supine, nor void of rage, retired
The pest gigantic, whose revengeful stroke
Tinged the red annals of Maria's reign,
When from the tenderest breast each wayward priest
Could banish mercy and implant a fiend!
When cruelty the funeral pyre uprear'd,
And bound Religion there, and fired the base!
When the same blaze, which on each tortured limb
Fed with luxuriant rage, in every face
Triumphant faith appear'd, and smiling hope.
O bless'd Eliza! from thy piercing beam
Forth flew this hated fiend, the child of Rome;
Driven to the verge of Albion, finger'd there
Then with her James receding, cast behind
One angry frown, and sought more servile climes
Henceforth they plied the long-continued task
Of righteous hate, covering distant fields
With the wrought remnants of the shatter'd pile,
While through the land the musing pilgrim sees
A track of brighter green, and in the midst
Appears a mouldering wall, with ivy crown'd,
Or Gothic turret, pride of ancient days!
Now but of use to grace a rural scene,
To bound our vistas, and to glad the sons
Of George's reign, re-erect for fairer times!

LOVE AND HONOUR.

Sed neque Medorum silva, ditissima terra
Nec pulcher Ganges, atque auro turbidus Hæmus,
Laudibus Angligenum certant; non Bactra, nec
Indi,

Totaque turris Panchala pinguis arenis.

IMITATION.

Yet let not Median woods, (abundant track!)
Nor Ganges' fair, nor Hæmus, † miser-like,

* Ganges—the greatest river, which divides the
Indies in two parts.

† Hæmus—a high mountain, dividing Thrace
and Thessaly.

Henry III. who cancelled the Magna Charta.
Bishop of Lincoln called Malleus Romanorum.

Proud of his hoarded gold, presume to vie
With Britain's boast and praise; nor Persian
Bactra,[‡]
Nor India's coasts, nor all Panchaia's[§] sands,
Rich, and exulting in their lofty towers.

LET the green olive glad Hesperian shores;
Her tawny citron, arid her orange groves,
These let Iberia boast; but if in vain
To win the stranger plant's diffusive smile
The Briton labours, yet our native minds,
Our constant bosoms, these the dazzled world
May view with envy these Iberian dames
Survey with fixed esteem and fond desire.

Hapless Elvira! thy disastrous fate
May well this truth explain, nor ill adorn
The British lyre; dun chiefly, if the Muse,
Nor vain nor partial, from the simple guise
Of ancient record catch the pensive lay,
And in less grovelling accents give to fame.
Elvira! loveliest maid! th' Iberian realm
Could boast no purer breast, no sprightlier mind,
No race more splendid, and no form so fair,
Such was the chance of war, this perless maid,
In life's luxuriant bloom, ere! 'd the spoil
Of Britain's victors, victory's noblest pride!

She, she alone, amid the wailful train
Of captive maids, assign'd to Henry's care,
Lord of her life, her fortune, and her fame!
He, generous youth! with no penurious hand,
The tedious moments, that unjoyous roll
Where Freedom's cheerful radiance shines no more,
Essay'd so often, conscious of the pang
That Beauty feels, to waste its fleeting hours
In some dim fort, by foreign rule restrain'd,
Far from the haunts of mirth or eye of day!

Sometimes, to cheat her bosom of its fires,
Her kind protector number'd o'er the toils
Himself had worn, the frowns of angry seas,
Or hostile rage, or faithless friend, more fell
Than storm or foe; if haply she might find
Her cares diminish'd; fruitless, fond essay!
Now to her lovely hand with modest awe
The tender lute he gave; she, not averse,
Nor destitute of skill, with willing hand
Call'd forth angelic strains, the sacred debt
Of gratitude, she said, whose just commands
Still might her hand with equal pride obey!

Nor to the melting sounds the nymph refused
Her vocal art; harmonious as the strain
Of some imprison'd lark, who, dully cheer'd
By guardian cares, repays thine with a song,
Nor droops, nor deems sweet liberty resign'd.

The song, nor artless, had she framp'd to
Disastrous passion; hew, by tyrant laws
Of idiot custom sway'd, some soft-eyed fair
Loved only one, nor dared that love reveal!
How the soft anguish bann'd from her cheek
The damask rose full-blown, a fever came,
And from her bosom forc'd the plaintive tale;
Then, swift as light, he sought the love-lorn maid,
But vainly sought her, torn by swifter fate
To join the tenants of the myrtle shade,
Love's mournful victims on the plains below.

Sometimes, as France spoke the pleasing task,
She taught her artful needle to display
The various pride of spring, then swift upspring
Thickets of myrtle, glinting, and rose;
There might you see, on gentle toils intent,
A train of busy loves; some pluck the flower,
Some twine the garland, some with grave grimace
Around a vacant warrior cist the wreath.
'Twas pain, 'twas life, and sure to piercing eyes
The warrior's face depicted Henry's mien.

Now had the generous chief with joy perused
The royal scepter, which to the native home,
Their ancient rights, unguar'd, unredem'd,
Restor'd the captive's. Forth with rapid haste
To glad his fair Elvira's ear he sprung,
Fired by the bliss he pant'd to convey;
But fired in vain! Ah! what was his amaze,
His fond distress, when o'er her pallid face
Disjection reign'd, and from her lifeless hand
Down dropp'd the myrtle's fair unfinished flower!
Speechless she stood; at length with accents faint,

‡ Bactra—the Bactrians, provincials of Persia.

§ Panchaia—a country of Arabia Felix, fruitful
in frankincense and various spices, remarkable also
for its many towers and lofty buildings.

"Well may my native shore," she said, "resound
Thy monarch's praise; and ere Elvira prove
Of thine forgetful, flowers shall cease to feel
The fostering breeze, and nature change her laws!"

And now the grateful edict wide alarm'd
The British host. Around the smiling youths,
Call'd to their native scenes, with willing haste
Their fleet unmoor, impatient of the love
That weds each bosom to its native soil.
The patriot passion! strong in every clime,
How justly theirs who find no foreign sweets
To dissipate their loves or match their own.

Nor so Elvira! she, disastrous maid!
Was doubly captive; power nor chance could loose
The subtle hands; she loved her generous foe;
She, where her Henry dwelt, her Henry smiled,
Could term her native shore; her native shore,
By him deserted, some unfriendly strand,
Strange, bleak, forlorn! a desert waste and wild.
The fleet career'd, the wind propitious fill'd
The swelling sails, the glittering transports waded
Their pennants gay, and halcyons' azure wing,
With flight auspicious, skimm'd the placid main.

On her lone couch in tears Elvira lay,
And chid th' officious wind, the tempting sea,
And wish'd a storm as merciless as tore
Her labouring bosom. Fondly now she strove
To banish passion; now the vassal day,
The captive moments, that so smoothly past,
By many an art recall'd; now from her lute
With trembling fingers call'd the favourite sounds
Which Henry deign'd to praise; and now essay'd,
With mimic chains of silken fillets wove,
To paint her captive state; if any fraud
Might to her love the pleasing scene prolong,
And with the dear idea feast the soul.

But now the chief return'd, prepared to laurel
On Ocean's willing breast, and bid adieu
To his fair prisoner. She, soon as she heard
His hated errand, now no more conceal'd
The raging flame, but with a spreading blush
And rising sigh the latent pang disclosed.

"Yes, generous youth! I see thy bosom glow
With virtuous transport, that the task is thine
To solve my chains, and to my weeping friends,
And every longing relative, restore
A soft-eyed maid, a mild offenceless prey!
But know, my soldier! never youthful mind,
Torn from the lavish joys of wild expense
By him he loathed, and in a dungeon bound
To languish out his bloom, could match the pains
This ill-star'd freedom gives my tortured mind.

"What call'd I freedom? is it that these limbs,
From rigid bonds secure, may wander far
From him I love? Alas! ere I may boast
That sacred blessing, some superior power
To mortal kings, to sublimar thrones,
Must loose my passion, must unchain my soul:
Even that I loathe: all liberty I loathe!
But most the joyless privilege to gaze
With cold indifference where desert is love.

"True, I was born an alien to those eyes
I ask alone to please; my fortune's crime!
And ah! this flatter'd form, by dress endear'd
To Spanish eyes, by dress may thine offend,
Whilst I, ill-fated maid! ordain'd to strive
With custom's load, beneath its weight expire.

"Yet Henry's beauties knew in foreign garb
To vanquish me! his form, how e'er disguised,
To me were fatal! no fantastic robe
That e'er caprice invented, custom wore,
Or folly smiled on, could eclipse thy charms.

"Perhaps by birth decreed, by fortune placed
Thy country's foe, Elvira's warmest plea
Seems but the subtler accent fraud inspires;
My tenderest glances but the specious flowers
That shade the viper while she plots her wound.

Can the trembling candidate of love
Awake thy fears? and can a female breast,
By ties of grateful duty bound, enslave?
Is there no brighter morn, no softer smile
For Love to wear, to dark deceit unknown?
Heaven search my soul! and it through all its cells
Lurk the pernicious drop of poisonous guile,
I'll on my fenceless head its phal'd wrath
May Fate exhaust, and for my happiest hour
Exalt the vengeance I prepare for thee!

"Ah me! nor Henry's nor his country's foe,
On thee I gazed, and Reason soon dispell'd
Dim Error's gloom, and to thy favour'd isle
Assign'd its total merit, unrestrain'd.
Oh! lovely region to the candid eye!

'Twas there my fancy saw the Virtues dwell,
The Loves, the Graces, play, and bless'd the soil
That nurtured thee! for sure the virtues form'd
Thy generous breast; the Loves, the Graces plann'd
Thy shapely limbs. Relation, birth, essay'd
Their partial power in vain; again I gazed,
And Albion's isle appear'd, amidst a track
Of savage wastes, the darling of the skies!
And thou by Nature form'd, by Fate assign'd,
To paint the genius of thy native shore.

" 'Tis true, with flowers, with many a dazzling
scene

Of burnish'd plants, to lure a female eye,
Iberia glows; but, ah! the genial sun,
That gilds the lemon's fruit, or scents the flower,
On Spanish minds, a nation's nobler boast!
Beams forth ungentle influences. There
Sits Jealousy enthroned, and at each ray
Exultant lights his slow consuming fires.
Not such thy charming region; long before
My sweet experience taught me to decide
Of English worth, the sound had pleased mine ear.
Is there that savage coast, that rude sojourn,
Stranger to British worth? the worth which forms
The kindest friends, the most tremendous foes;
First, best supports of liberty and love!
No, let subjected India, while she throws
O'er Spanish deeds the veil, your praise rescound.

Long as I heard, or ere in story read
Of English fame, my bias'd partial breast
Wish'd them success: and happiest she, I cry'd,
Of women happiest she, who shares the love,
The fame, the virtues, of an English lord.
And now, what shall I say? Bless'd be the hour
Your fair-built vessels touch'd th' Iberian shores:
Bless'd, did I say, the time? if I may bless
That loved event, let Henry's smiles declare.
Our hearts and cities won, will Henry's youth
Forego its nobler conquest? will he slight
The soft endearments of the lovelier spoil?
And yet Iberia's sons, with every vow
Of lasting faith, have sworn these humble charms
Were not excell'd; the source of all their pains,
And love her just desert, who sues for love,
But sues to thee, while natives sigh in vain.

" Perhaps in Henry's eye (for vulgar minds
Discent from his) it spreads an hateful strain
On honest Fame amid his train to bear
A female friend. Then learn, my gentle youth!
Not Love himself, with all the pointed pains
That store his quiver, shall seduce my soul
From honour's laws. Elvira, once deny'd
A consort's name, more swift than lightning flies
When clements discordant vex the sky,
Shall, blushing, from the form she loves retire.

" Yet if the specious wish, the vulgar voice
Has titl'd Prudence, sways a soul like thine,
In gems or gold what proud Iberian dame
Eclipses me? Nor paint the dreary storms,
Or hair-breadth 'scapes that haunt the boundless
deep,

And force from tender eyes the silent tear;
When Memory to the pensive maid suggests
In full contrast the safe domestic scene
For these resign'd. Beyond the frantic rage
Of conquering heroes brave, the female mind,
When steel'd by love, in Love's most horrid way
Beholds not danger, or, beholding, scorns.
Heaven take my life, but let it crown my love!"

She ceased; and ere his words her fate decreed,
Impatient, watch'd the language of his eye;
There Pity dwelt, and from its tender sphere
Sent looks of love, and faithless hopes inspired.
"Forgive me, generous maid!" the youth re-
turn'd,

"If by thy accents charm'd, thus long I bore
To let such sweetness plead, alas! in vain!
Thy virtue merits more than crowns can yield
Of solid bliss, or happiest love bestow:
But ere from native shores I plough'd the main,
To one dear maid, by virtue, and by charms
Alone endear'd, my plighted vows I gave,
To guard my faith, whatever chance should wait
My warring sword: if conquest, fame, and spoil,
Graced my return, before her feet to pour
The glittering treasure, and the laurel wreath,
Enjoying conquest then, and fame and spoil:
If Fortune frown'd adverse, and Death forbade
The blissful union, with my latest breath
To dwell on Me I way's and Maria's name.
This ardent vow deep-rooted, from my soul
No dangers tore; this vow my bosom fired

To conquer danger, and the spoil enjoy.
Her shall I leave, with fair events elate,
Who crown'd mine humblest fortune with her
love?"

Her shall I leave, who now, perchance, alone
Climbs the proud cliff, and chides my slow return
And shall that vessel, whose approaching sails
Shall swell her breast with ecstasies, convey
Death to her hopes, and anguish to her soul?
No! may the deep my villain corse devour;
If all the wealth Iberian mines conceal,
If all the charms Iberian maids disclose,
If thine, Elvira, thine, untitling all!

Thus far prevail—nor can thy virtuous breast
Demand what honour, faith, and love denies."

"Oh! happy she, (rejoind the pensive maid,)
Who shares thy fan'e, thy virtue, and thy love!
And be she happy! thy distinguish'd choice
Declares her worth, and vindicates her claim.
Farewell my luckless hopes! my flattering dreams
Of rapturous days! my guilty suit, farewell!

Yet fond, howe'er my plea, or deep the wound
That waits my fame, let not the random shaft
Of Censure pierce me with th' Iberian darts;
They love with caution, and with happier stars.
And, oh! by pity moved, restrain the taunts
Of levity, nor brand Elvira's flame;

By merit raised, by gratitude approved,
By hope confirm'd, with artless truth reveal'd,
Let, let me say, but for one matchless maid
Of happier birth, with mutual ardour crown'd."

"These radiant gems, which burnish Happiness
But mock Misfortune, to thy favourite's hand
With care convey; and well may such adorn
Her cheerful front, who finds in thee alone
The source of every transport, but disgrace
My pensive breast; which doom'd to lasting woe,
In thee the source of every bliss resign.

"And now, farewell, thou darling youth! the
gem

Of English merit! Peace, content, and joy,
And tender hopes, and young desire, farewell!
Attend, ye smiling Train! his gallant maid
Back to his native shores; there sweetly smooth
His evening pillow, dance around his groves,
And where he treads with violets paint his way:
But leave Elvira! leave her, now no more
Your frail companion! in the sacred cells
Of some lone cloister let me shroud my shame,
There to the matin bell, obsequious, pour
My constant orisons. The wanton Loves
And gay Desires shall spy the glimmering tower
And wing their flight aloof: but rest confirm'd,
That never shall Elvira's tongue conclude
Her shortest prayer ere Henry's dear success
The warmest accent of her zeal employ."

Thus spoke the weeping fair, whose artless mind
Impartial scorn'd to model her esteem
By native customs, dress, and face, and air,
And manners, less; nor yet resolved in vain.
He, bound by prior love, the solemn vow
Given and received, to soft compassion gave
A tender tear, then with that adieu
Esteem could warrant, weary'd Heaven with
prayers
To shield that tender breast he left forlorn.
He ceased, and to the cloister's pensive scene
Elvira shaped her solitary way.

THE

SCHOOLMISTRESS.

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

Audite voces, vagitus et ingens,
Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo.
IMITATION. Vtrg

And mingled sounds and infant plaints we hear,
That pierce the entrance shrill, and wound the
tender ear.

ADVERTISEMENT.

What Particulars in Spenser were imagined most
proper for the Author's Imitation on this Occasion

are his *Language, his Simplicity, his Manner of Description, and a peculiar Tenderness of Sentiment remarkable throughout his Works.*

I.

AH me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modest worth neglected lies,
While partial Fame doth with her blasts adorn
Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise,
Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise:
Lend me thy clarion, Goddess! let me try
To sound the praise of Merit ere it dies,
Such as I oft have chanced to spy
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

II.

In ev'ry village mark'd with little spire,
Embower'd in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells, in lowly shades and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we schoolmistress name,
Who borsts unruly brats with birch to tame;
They grieve sore, in piteous duran e pent,
Awe'd by the power of this relentless dame,
And oft-times, on vagrants idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task uncom'd, are sorely
shent.

III.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
Which Learning near her little dome did stowe,
Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
Though now so wile its waving branches flow,
And work the simple vassals mickle woe;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
But their limbs shudder'd and their pulse beat
low.
And as they look'd they found their horror grew,
And shaped it into rods, and tinged at the view.

IV.

So have I seen (who has not may conceive)
A lifeless phantom near a garden placed,
So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave
Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast;
They start, they stare, they wheel, they look
Sad servitude! such comfortless annoy, [aghast;
May no hold Briton's riper age e'er taste!
Ne superstition clog his dunc of joy,
Ne vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

V.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gambols do display,
And at the door imprisoning board is seen,
Lest we kly wights of smiler size should stray,
Eager, perille, to bask in sunny day!
The noises intermix'd which thence resound,
Do Learning's little tenement betray,
Where sits the dunc, disguised in look profound,
And eyes her arsy throng, and turns her wheel
around.

VI.

Her cap, fir whiter than the driven snow,
Emblein right meet of decency does yield,
Her apron, dyed in green, as blue, I trow,
As is the harelbell that adorns the field;
And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
Tway birchen sprays, with anxious fear entwined.
With dark distrust and sad repentance fill'd,
And steadfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd,
And fury uncontrol'd, and chastisement unkind.

VII.

Few but have kenn'd, in semblance meet pour-
The childish fairs of old, Eol's train, [tray'd,
Iabs, Notus, Aust, these in towns array'd
How then would fare, or earth, or sky, or main,
Wrote the stern god to give his slaves the rein?
And were not she rebellious breasts to quell,
And were not she her statutes to maintain,
The cot no more, I wene, were deem'd the cell
Where comely Peace of Mind, and decent order
dwelt.

VIII.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown,
A russet kirtle fenced the nipping air,
Twas simple russet, but it was her own;
Twas her own country bred the flock so fair.

Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare;
And, sooth to say, her pupils, ranged around,
Through pious awe did term it passing rare,
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight
on ground.

IX.

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear,
Goody, good woman, gossip, n' aunt, forsooth,
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear; [dear;
Yet these she challenged, these she held right
Ne would esteem him act as mought behoove
Who should not honour'd eld with these revere;
For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

X.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame,
Which ever and anon, impell'd by need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came,
Such favour did her past deportment claim;
And if neglect had lavish'd on the ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same,
For well she knew, and quaintly could expound;
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she
found.

XI.

Herbs, too, she knew, and well of each could
speak,
That in her garden sipp'd the silvery dew,
Where no vain flower disclosed a gaudy streak,
But herbs for use, and physic, not a few,
Of gras renown, within those borders grew;
The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
Fresh balm and marygold of cheerful hue,
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb, [thyme.
And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to

XII.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around,
And pungent radish, biting infant's tongue,
And plaintain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's
wound,
And marj'rum sweet, in shepherd's pose found,
And lavender, whose pikes of azure bloom
Shall be, erewhile, in arid bundles bound,
To lurk amidst the labours of her loom, [fume.
And crown her kerchief clean with mickle rare per-

XIII.

And here trim ro-emarine, that whilom crown'd
The daintiest garden of the proudest peer,
Ere, driven from its env'y'd site, it found
A sacred shelter for its branches here, [pear.
Where edged with gold its glittering skirts ap-
Oh wassel days! O customs meet and well!
Ere this was banish'd from its lofty sphere;
Simplicity then sought this humble cell, [dwell.
Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling

XIV.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent ere,
Hymned such psalms as sternhold forth did mete;
If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave,
But in her garden found a summer seat:
Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat
How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foe-men did a song intreat,
All for the nonce untuning every string, [sing.
Uphung their useless lyres—small heart had they to

XV.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed;
And in those effin' errs would oft deplore
The times when Truth by Popish rage did bleed,
And tortuous death was true Devotion's meed
And simple faith in iron chains did mourn,
That nould on wooden image place her creed;
And twain saints in smouldering flames did burn:
Ah, dearest Lord! forefend thilk days should e'er
return.

XVI.

In elbow chair, like that of Scottish stem,
By the sharp tooth of cawking Eld defaced,
In which, when he receives his thudem,
Our sovereign prince and liefast hege is placed,

The matron sate, and some with rank she graced,
(The source of children's and of courtier's pride!)
Redress'd affronts, for vile affronts there pass'd,
And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dore, whatever them betide.

XVII.

Right well she knew each temper to descry,
To thwart the proud, and the submissive to raise,
Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittance small of praise,
And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays:
E'en absent, she the reins of power doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways;
Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

XVIII.

Lo now with state she utters the command!
Erewhile the urchins to their tasks repair,
Their books, of stature small, they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn secured are,
To save from finger wet the letters fair;
The work so gay, that on their back is seen,
St. George's high achievements does declare,
On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been
Kens the forthcoming roil, unpleasing sight, I ween!

XIX.

Ah! luckless he, and born beneath the beam
Of evil star! it irks me whilst I write!
As erst the bard* by Mulla's silver stream,
Oft as he told of deadly dolorous plight,
Sigh'd as he sung, and did in zeals andie;
For brandishing the rod, she doth begin
To loose the brogues, the strippling's late delight!
And down they drop, appears his dainty skin,
Fair as the furry coat of whitest erminlin.

XX.

O ruthless scene! when from a nook obscure
His little sister doth his peril see,
All playful as she sate she grows demure,
She find's full soon her wonted spirits flee;
She meditates a prayer to set him free;
Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny,
(If gentle pardon could with dame agree)
To her sad grief that swells in either eye,
And wrings her so that all for pity she could die.

XXI.

No longer can she now her shrieks command,
And hardly she forbears, through awful fear,
To rushen forth, and, with presumptuous hand,
To stay harsh justice in its mid career;
On thee she calls, on thee her parent dear!
(Ah! too remote to ward the shameful blow!)
She sees no kind domestic visage near,
And soon a flood of tears begins to flow,
And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.

XXII.

But, ah! what pen his piteous plight may trace?
Or what device his loud laments explain?
The form uncouth of his disguised face!
The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain?
The piteous shower that does his cheek dis-
When he in abject wise implores the dame, [tain
Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain,
Or when from high she levels well her aim,
through the thatch his cries each falling stroke
proclaim.

XXIII.

The other tribe aghast, with sore dismay
Attend, and conn their tasks with mickle care;
By turns, aston'd, every twig survey,
And from their fellows' hateful wounds beware,
Knowing, I wist, how each the same may share;
Till fear has taught them a performance meet,
And to the well known chest the dame repair,
Whence oft with sugar'd eates she doth 'em greet,
And gingerbread y-rare, now, certes, doubly sweet!

XXIV.

See to their seats they hie with merry glee,
And in beswemly order sitten there,
All but the wight of bum y-galled, he
Abhorreth bench and stool, and fourm, and chair,

(This hand in mouth y-fix'd, that rends his hair;) And eke with snubs profound, and heaving breast,
Convulsions intermitting! does declare
His grievous wrong, his dame's unjust behest,
And scorns her offer'd love, and slurs to be caress'd

XXV.

His face hesprent, with liquid crystal shines,
His blooming face, that seems a purple flower;
Which low to earth its drooping head declines,
All smear'd and sulli'd by a vernal shower
O the hard booms of despotic Power!
All, all, but she, the author of his shame,
All, all, but she, regret this mournful hour;
Yet hence the youth, and hence the flower shall
claim,
If so I deem aught, transcending worth and fame.

XXVI.

Behind some door, in melancholy thought,
Mindless of food, he, dreary catiff! pines,
Ne for his fellows' joyance careth aught,
But to the wind all merriment resigns;
And deems it shame if he to peace inclines;
And many a sullen look aslance is sent,
Which for his dame's annoyance he designs;
And still the more to pleasure him she's bent,
The more doth he, perverse, her 'haviour past resent.

XXVII.

Ah me! how much I fear lest pride it be!
But if that pride it be, which thus inspires,
Beware, ye dames! with nice discernment see
Ye quench not, too, the sparks of nobler fires:
Ah! better far than all the Muses' lyres,
All coward arts, is valour's generous heat;
The firm fix'd breast which lit and right requires,
Like Vernon's patriot soul! more justly great
Than craft that pimps for ill, or flowery false deceit.

XXVIII.

Yet, nursed with skill, what dazzling fruits
appear!
Even now sagacious foresight points to show
A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo,
Or bard sublime, if hard may e'er be so,
As Milton, Shakspeare, names that ne'er shall die!
Though now he crawl along the ground so low,
Nor weeting how the Muse should soar on high,
Wisheth, poor starvelling elf! his paper kite may fly.

XXIX.

And this, perhaps, who, censuring the design,
Low lays the house which that of cards doth build,
Shall Dennis be! if rigid Fates incline,
And many an epic to his rage shall yield,
And many a poet qu'it 'Aonian field;
And, sour'd by age, profound he shall appear
As he who now, with 'sdaunful fury thrill'd,
Surveys mine work, and levels many a sneer,
And futs his wrinkly front, and cries, "What stuff
is here!"

XXX.

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle sky,
And Liberty unbirs her prison door,
And like a rushing torrent out they fly,
And now the grassy ardue ham cover'd o'er
With bol-terous revel rout and wild uproar
A thousand ways in wanton ring, they run,
Heaven shield their short-lived pastimes, I im-
plore;
For well may Freedom, erst so dearly won,
App ear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.

XXXI.

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your sportive trade,
And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flowers,
For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid,
For never may ye taste more careless hours
In knightly castles or in ladies' bowers,
O vain to seek delight in earthly thing!
But mo-tin' courts, where proud ambition towers,
Deluded wight who weets fair peace can spring
Beneath the pompous dome of ke-ar or of king.

XXXII.

See in each sprite some various bent appear!
These rudely carol most incon lile lay.
Those sauntering on the green with jocund leer
Salute the stranger passing on his way,

Some building fragile tenements of clay ;
 Some to the standing lake their courses bend,
 With pebbles smooth at duck and drake to play ;
 Think to the huzster's savoury cottage tend,
 In pastry kings and queens th' allotted mite to spend.

XXXIII.

Here, as each season yields a different store,
 Each season's stores in order ranged been,
 Apples with cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er,
 Galling full sore th' unmoney'd wight, are seen,
 And gooseberry, clad in livery red or green ;
 And here of lovely dye the Catherine pear,
 Fine pear ! as lovely for thy juice I ween :
 O may no wight e'er pennyless come there, [care !
 Lest smit with ardent love he pine with hopeless

XXXIV.

See ! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound
 With thread so white in tempting posies tied,
 Scattering like blooming maid their glances round,
 With pimper'd look draw little eyes aside,
 And must be bought, though penury betide ;
 The plum all a'ure, and the nut all brown ;
 And here each season do those cakes abide,
 Whose honour'd name, th' inventive city own,
 Rendering through Britain's isle Salopia's praises
 known.*

* Shrewsbury cakes.

XXXV.

Admired Salopia ! that with venial pride
 Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave
 Famed for her loyal cares in perils tried,
 Her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave :
 Ah ! 'midst the rest, my flowers adorn his grave
 Whose art did first these dulcet cakes display !
 A motive fair to Learning's imps he gave,
 Who cheerless o'er her darkling region stray,
 Till Reason's morn arise and light them on their
 way.

*Inscription for a Medicinal Fountain at
 the Leasowes.*

THOU sacred nymph ! whose pious care
 Pours from thine urn this mineral rill,
 Whose healing draughts, like crystal fair,
 In pleasing murmurs here distil.

Who guid'st the stream, and joy'st to dwell,
 Where murmurs soft with use agree ;
 May Phœbus haunt this hallow'd well,
 And all his Sisters learn of thee

HUDIBRAS,

A Poem.

BY SAMUEL BUTLER.

THE LIFE

OF

SAMUEL BUTLER.

SAMUEL BUTLER was born in the parish of Stronsay, in Worcestershire, in the year 1612. His father, a reputable country farmer, sent him for education to the grammar school at Worcester, where having laid in a good foundation of scholastic learning, he was sent to the university of Cambridge, but for want of money was never made a member of any college. On quitting the university he returned to his native county, and became clerk to one Mr. Jeffries, of Harlestone, a justice of the peace, with whom he lived some years in an easy and reputable service. Here he had sufficient leisure to apply himself to the cultivation of his mind, and his inclination led him chiefly to the study of poetry and history, to which for his amusement, he joined music and painting.

From the family of Mr. Jeffries, Butler removed to that of Elizabeth, Countess of Kent, a settlement where he had the use of an excellent library, and the further advantage of being introduced to the great Selden.

His next employment was in the service of Sir Samuel Luke, a justice of the peace, and colonel in the Parliamentary army. Sir Samuel was in principles a Presbyterian, and distinguished himself by the outrageousness of his zeal against church and kingly government. It has been generally thought that his private and politics suggested to Butler the idea of *Hudibras*; but though the poem of *Hudibras* may have been suggested by the hypocrisy and fanaticism of an individual, it appears clear that Butler, in writing it, had a far more material object in view than merely to expose an individual character to ridicule. The design of his poem was to expose the hypocrisy and wickedness of those who began and carried on the rebellion, under a pretence of promoting religion and godliness, at the same time that they acted against all the precepts of religion and morality; and to show how different the real motives of those who acted the principal parts in the civil war were from their ostensible motives.

How well he executed this design, the applause of his contemporaries, and the admiration of posterity, amply prove. *Hudibras* was no sooner pub-

lished, than it was in the hands of every one at court. Charles II.'s excessive fondness for the poem, and his surprising disregard and neglect of the author, are always coupled together. It would, however, be unfair not to mention, that Butler at one time received from him a gratuity of three hundred pounds; and this honourable circumstance attended the grant, that it passed through all the offices without a fee.

Nor does Butler appear to have been altogether destitute of private patronage. Soon after the restoration, he became secretary to Richard, Earl of Carlisle, Lord President of the Principality of Wales, who made him steward of Ludlow castle, when the court there was resided. About this time he married one Mrs. Herbert, a gentlewoman of a good family, and a competent fortune, but the greater part of it was unfortunately lost, by being put on ill securities.

Butler's most generous friend was Charles, Lord Buckhurst, afterwards Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, who often privately relieved the necessities of our poet, which his modesty would have led him to conceal.

That he had other generous friends, to whom the integrity of his life, the neatness of his wit, and the easiness of his conversation, endeared him, may readily be conceived; yet no fact comes to us more strongly established, than that Butler terminated his days in the utmost indigence and misery, and was indebted for a decent interment to the charity of a friend. He died in the year 1680, and was buried at the charge of his friend Mr. Longueville, in Saint Paul's church-yard.

In 1721, a handsome monument was erected to his memory, in Westminster Abbey, at the expense of Alderman Barber, a printer of eminence.

Of the character of Butler, as an author, it is not easy to speak in terms adequate to his merits. Possessed of a copious original fund of wit and invention, he had improved his talents by the most assiduous cultivation, and was equally skilled in both

and in the knowledge of human life. Hume observes of his Hudibras, that there is not a more learned book to be found in the compass of any language than that poem; and Voltaire says, he never met with so much wit in one single book as in this.

The shortness of verse, and quick returns of rhyme, have been some of the principal means of raising and perpetuating the fame which the poem has acquired; for the turns of wit and satirical sayings being short and pithy, are therefore more tenable by the memory, and this is the reason why Hudibras is more frequently quoted in conversation than the finest pieces of wit in heroic poetry. Our admiration is moved also, by a higher pleasure than the mere jingle of words; the sublimity of wit and pungency of satire claim our regard, and merit our highest applause.

Another merit which may with confidence be ascribed to Butler, is that of originality. Hudibras, except in the general outline, where Cervantes is followed, is an indisputable original; for the poet trod in a path wherein he had no guide, nor has he had many followers. Without any pattern to copy, he had the art to erect himself into a standard elegant and lofty, to which no one yet, in the same walk of poetry, has been able to make more than a distant approach.

The seeming easiness of Butler's method and verse has tempted some to imitate his style, but such imitations have augmented the fame of the original, and evidenced the chiefest excellency in writing to be in Butler, which is the being easy and natural, and yet inimitable.

To the English reader Hudibras will always afford more pleasure than it possibly can to a foreigner, because it touches upon national habits and manners at one of the most interesting and extraordinary periods in our annals; and no one can perfectly relish its beauties who is not possessed of some acquaintance with the times and transactions to which it refers. No opinion can be more erroneous than that, because Butler describes a state of society and manners which now no longer exists, and ridicules follies and absurdities which now are happily exploded, that he ought to be regarded as an obsolete writer, unworthy of perusal. The truth is, that there are very few writers from whom more benefit may be derived than Butler. The picture he draws of the agitation, calamities, and disorder of revolutionary times, cannot fail to attach every one who reads him more closely to the mild, beneficent, and liberal, yet firm and energetic, system of government which we now and, it is to be hoped, we may long, enjoy.

HUDIBRAS.

PART FIRST.—CANTO FIRST.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Sir Hudibras, his passing worth,
The manner how he sally'd forth;
His arms and equipage are shown;
His horse's virtues and his own.
Th' adventure of the Bear and Fiddle
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.*

WHEN civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why;
When hard words, jealousies and fears,
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight like mad or drunk,
For Dame Religion as for punk;
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Tho' not a man of them knew wherefore:
When gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
With long ear'd rout, to battle sounded,
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick;
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a-colonelling.
A wight he was, whose very sight would
Intitle him, Mirrour of Knighthood;
That never bow'd his stubborn knee
To any thing but chivalry;
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right Worshipful on shoulder blade:
Chief of domestic knights and errant,
Either for charlet or for warrant:
Great on the bench, great in the saddle;
That could as well blind o'er as swaddle;
Mighty he was at both of these,
And styled of war, as well as peace.
(So some rats, of amphibious nature,
Are either for the land or water.)
But here our authors make a doubt,
Whether he were more wise or stout.
Some hold the one, and some the other,
But howsoe'er, they make a pother;
The difference was so small, his brain
Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain;
What made some take him for a fool
That knaves do work with, call'd a fool.
For't has been held by many, that
As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
Complains she thought him but an ass,
Much more she would Sir Hudibras,
(For that's the name our valiant Knight
To all his challenges did write.)
But they're mistaken very much,
'Tis plain enough he was no such.
We grant, although he had much wit,
H' was very shy of using it;
As being loath to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about:
Unless on holidays, or so,
As men their best apparel do.
Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pies squeak:
That Lettin was no more difficult,
Than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle.
Being rich in both, he never scanted
His bounty into such as wanted;
But much of either would afford
To many, that had none one word.

For Hebrew roots, although they're found
To flourish most in barren ground,
He had such plenty, as sufficed
To make some think him circumcised
5 And truly so he was, perhaps
Nor as a proselyte, but for claps.
He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skill'd in analytic;
65 He could distinguish and divide
A hair, 'twixt south and south-west side;
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute.
70 He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man's no horse;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl;
75 A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
And rooks committee-men and trustees.
He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with enticement:
20 All this by syllogism, true
In mood and figure he would do.
For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope;
25 And when he happen'd to break off
I' th' middle of his speech or cough,
H' had hard words, ready to show why,
And tell what rules he did it by
30 Else when with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other folk.
For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.
35 But, when he pleased to shew't, his speech
In loqueness of sound was rich;
A Babylonish dialect,
Which learned pudants much affect:
40 It was a party-colour'd dress
Of patch'd and jumbled languages -
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fusian heretofore on sari:
45 It had an odd promiscuous
As if he had talk'd three parts
Which made some think, who dabbled
Th' had heard three labourers of Babel;
50 Or Cerberus himself pronounce
A leach of languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent
As if his stock would ne'er be spent;
And truly to support that charge,
He had supplies as vast and large:
55 For he could coin or counterfeit
New words, with little or no wit;
Words so debased and hard, no stone
Was hard enough to touch them on:
60 And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
The ignorant for current took 'em,
That had the orator, who once
Did fill his mouth with pebble-stones

When he harangu'd, but known his phrase,
He would have used no other ways.

In mathematics he was greater
Than Tycho Brahe, or Erra Pater:
For he, by geometric scale,
Could take the size of pots of ale;
Resolve by sines and tangents, straight,
If bread and butter wanted weight;
And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
The clock does strike, by algebra.
Beside, he was a shrewd philo-sopher,
And had read ev'ry text and gloss over;
Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,
He understood b' implicit faith:

Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
For ev'ry why he had a wherefore:
Knew more than forty of them do,
As far as words and terms could go.
All which he understood by rote,
And, as occasion serv'd, would quote,
No matter whether right or wrong,
They might be either said or sung.
His notions fitted thing, so well,
That which was which he could not tell;
But oftentimes mistook the one
For th' other, as great clerks have done.

He could reduce all things to acts,
And knew their natures by abstracts;
Where enity and quiddity,
The ghosts of defunct bodies, fly,
Where Truth in person does appear,
Like words congeal'd in northern air.
He knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly.

In school divinity as able,
As he th' light, Irrefragable;
A second Thomas, or at once.
To name them all, another Duns:

Profound in all the nominal
And real ways beyond them all:

For he a rope of sand could twist
As tough as leamed Sorbonist;

And weave fine cobwebs, fit for scull
Th'at's empty when the moon is full

Such as take lodgings in a head
Th'at's to be let unfurnished.

He could raise scruples dark and nice,
And after solve 'em in a trice:
As if divinity had catch'd
The itch, on purpose to be scratch'd;

Or, like a mountebank, did wound
And stab herself with doubts profound

Only to show with how small pain
The sores of faith are cur'd again,
Although he scrup' proof were found,
They always leave a scar behind.

He knew the seat of paradise,
Could tell in what degree it lies;

And, as he was dispos'd, could prove it
Below the moon, or else above it.

What Adam dream'd of when his bride
Came from her closet in his side;

Whether the devil tempted her
By a High-Dutch interpreter;

If either of them had a navel;
Who first made music millicable;

Whether the serpent at the fall,
Had claven feet, or none at all;

All this, without a gloss or comment,
He could unriddle in a moment.

In proper terms, such as man smatter,
When they throw out and miss the matter.

For his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit

'Twas Presbyterian true blue,
For he was of that stubborn crew

Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true church-militant

Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of yoke and gun;

Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery;

And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks;

Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
A godly thorough reformation,

Which always must be carry'd on,
And still be doing, never done;

As if religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended.

For nothing else but to be mended.
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies:

In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss.

More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
Than dog distract, or monkey sick;

That with more care keeps holiday
The wrong, than others the right way:

Compound for sins they are inclin'd to,
By damning those they have no mind to.

Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshipp'd God for spite.

The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for:

Free-will they one way disavow
Another, nothing else allow.

All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin.

Rather than fall, they will defy
That which they love most tenderly:

Quarrel with mine'd pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend, plumb-porridge;

Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blasphe'me custard through the nose.

Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
Like Mahomet's, were as and widgeon;

To whom our Knight, by fast instinct
Of wit and temper, was so linkt,

As if hypocrisy and nonsense
Had got th' aduowen of his conscience.

Thus was he gild'd and accout'rd,
We mean on the inside, not the outward.

That next of all we shall discuss:
Then listen, Sirs, it follows thus:

His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wisdom and his face;

In cut and die so like a tile,
A sudden view it would beguile;

The upper part thereof was whey,
The nether orange mix'd with grey.

This hairy meteor did denounce
The fall of scepters and of crowns:

With grisly type did represent
Declining age of government;

And tell with hieroglyphic spade,
Its own grave and the state's were made.

Like Samson's heart-breakers, it grew
In time to make a nation rue;

Though it contributed its own fall,
To wait upon the public downfall.

It was monastic, and did grow
In holy orders by strict vow;

Of rule as sullen and severe,
As that of rapid Cordeliere:

'Twas bound to suffer persecution,
And martyrdom with resolution,

To oppose itself against the hate
And vengeance of th' incensed state:

In whose delance it was worn,
Still ready to be rent and torn,

With red-hot irons to be tortur'd,
Revil'd, and spit upon and martyr'd;

Maugre all which, 'twas to stand fast,
As long as monarchy should last;

But when the state should hap to reel,
'Twas to submit to fatid steel,

And fall, as it was consecrate,
A sacrifice to fall of state;

Whose thread of life the fatal sisters
Did twist together with its whiskers,

And twine so close that time should never,
In life or death, their fortunes sever;

But with his rusty sickle mow
Both down together at a blow.

So learned Taliaotius, from
The brawny part of porter's bum,

Cut supplemental noses, which
Would last as long as parent breech:

But when the date of Noek was out,
Oil dropp'd the sympathetic snout.

His back, or rather burden, show'd,
As if it stoop'd with its own load.

For as Æneas bore his sire
Upon his shoulders through the fire;

Our Knight did bear no less a pack
Of his own buttocks on his back;

Which now had almost got the upper
Hand of his head, for want of crupper.

To poise this equally, he bore
A prunch of the same bulk before;

Which still he had a special care
To keep well cramm'd with thrifty fare

As white pot, butter-milk, and curd,
Such as the country-house affords;

With ether victual, which anon
 We furler or still divide upon,
 When off it goes we come to treat,
 The only food where kept his meat.
 His horse, 't was of sturdy stuff,
 And though not sword, yet cudgel-proof;
 Wholly 't was fitter for his use,
 Wh' o' furd' no blows but such as bruise.
 His breeches were of mixed woolen,
 And had been at the siege of Bullen;
 To o' d' kiaz Harry so well known,
 Some writers hold they were his own.
 Though they were used with many a piece
 Of ar, man, on tread and cleave,
 And fat back-puddings, proper food
 For warriors that delight in blood.
 For, as we said, he always chose
 To curry vittle in his hose,
 That cures tempted rats and mice
 The ammunition to surprise.
 And when he put a hand but in
 The one or t' other magazine,
 They stealthily in defiance o'nt stood,
 An' if from the wounded foe drew blood;
 And till th' were storm'd, and beaten out,
 Ne'er left the fortified redoubt.
 And though knights errant, as some think,
 Of old did never err, there's no desert vast
 Because when thorough deserts vast
 And regions desolate they pass'd,
 Where belly-timber above ground,
 Or under, was not to be found,
 Unless they grazed, there's not one word
 Of their provisions on record;
 Which made some confidently write,
 They had no stomachs but to fight:
 Th' false; for Arthur bore in hull
 Round table like a furnishing,
 On which, with shirt pull'd out behind,
 And eke before, his good knights dined:
 Though 'twas no table, some suppose,
 But a huge pair of round trunk hose;
 In which he carried as much meat
 As he and all the knights could eat,
 When living by their swords and truncheons,
 They took their breakfast on their truncheons.
 But let that pass at present, lest
 We should forget where we digress'd;
 As learned authors use, to whom
 We leave it, and to th' purpose come.
 His puiasant sword upon his side,
 Near his undaunted heart was tied;
 With basket-hilt, that would hold broth,
 And serve for sight and dinner both.
 In it he melted lead for bullets,
 To shoot at foes and sometimes pullets;
 To whom he bore so full a grutch,
 He ne'er gave quarter to any such.
 The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
 For want of fighting was grown rusty,
 And ate into itself, for lack
 Of some body to hew and hack.
 The peaceful scabbard where it dwelt,
 The rancour of its edge had felt;
 For of the lower end two handful
 It had devoured, 't was so manifold,
 And so much scorn'd to lurk in case,
 As if it durst not show its face,
 In many desperate attempts,
 Of warrants, exigents, contempt,
 It had appear'd with courage bolder
 Than Sergeant Dum invading shoulder.
 Oft had it ta'en possession,
 And prisoners too, or made them run
 This sword a dagger had his page,
 That was but little for his ace;
 And therefore waited on him so,
 As dwarfs upon knights errants do.
 It was a serviceable weapon,
 Either for fighting or for drinking.
 When it had stab'd, or broke a head,
 It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread;
 Toast cheese or bacon, though it were
 To bait a mouse-trap, 'twould not care.
 'T would make clean shoes, and in the earth
 Set leeks and onions, and so forth.
 It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
 Where this and more it did endure;
 But left the trade as many more
 Have lately done on the same score.
 In th' holsters at his saddle-bow
 Two aged pistols he did stow,
 Among the surplus of such meat
 As in his hose he could not get.
 These would invade rats with th' scent,
 To forage when the cocks were bent;
 And sometimes catch them with a snap,
 As cleverly as th' ablest trap.
 They were upon hard duty still,
 And every night stood sentinel,
 To guard the magazine of th' hose,
 From two-legg'd and from four-legg'd foes.
 Thus clad and fortified, Sir Knight,
 From peaceful home set forth to fight.
 But first with nimble active force,
 He got on th' outside of his horse,
 For having but one stirrup tied,
 To his saddle on the further side
 It was so short, he had much ado,
 To reach it with his desperate toe,
 But, after many strains and heaves,
 He got up to the saddle eaves;
 From whence he vaulted into th' seat,
 With so much vigour, strength, and heat,
 That he had almost tumbled over,
 With his own weight, but did recover,
 By laying hold on tail and mane,
 Which oft he used instead of rein.
 But now we talk of mounting steed,
 Before we further do proceed,
 It doth behoove us to say something,
 Of that which bore our valliant bumpkin.
 The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,
 With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall;
 I would say ere, for he had but one,
 As most agree, though some say none.
 He was well stay'd, and in his gait,
 Preserved a grave, majestic state.
 At spur or swab he no more he skip'd,
 Or mended pace, than a hind whipp'd;
 And yet so fiery, he would bound,
 As if he griev'd to touch the ground;
 That Caesar's horse, who, as fame goes,
 Had corns upon his feet and toes,
 Was not by half so tender-hoof'd,
 Nor trod upon the ground so soft.
 And as that beast would kneel and stoop,
 (Some write) to take his rider up;
 So Hudieras his, 'tis well known,
 Would often do to set him down.
 We shall not need to say what lack
 Of leather was upon his back;
 For that was hidden under pad,
 And breech of knight gull'd full as bad.
 His strutting ribs on both sides show'd
 Like furrows he himself had plow'd;
 For underneath the skirt of pannel,
 'Twixt every two there was a channel.
 His dragging tail hung in the dirt,
 Which on his rider he should stir,
 Still as his tender side he prick'd
 With arm'd heel, or with unarm'd, kick'd:
 For Hudieras wore but one spur,
 As wisely knowing could he stir
 To active trot one side of 's horse,
 The other would not hang an arse.
 A Squire he had, whose name was Ralph,
 That in th' adventure went his half,
 Though writers, for more stately tone,
 Do call him Italpo, 'tis all one:
 And when we can with metre safe,
 We'll call him so; if not, plain Ralph;
 (For rhyme the rudder is of verse,
 With which, like ships, they steer their courses,
 An equal stock of wit and valour,
 He had laid in, by birth a taylor.
 The mighty Tryan Queen, that gain'd,
 With subtle shreds a track of land,
 Did leave it with a castle fair,
 To his great ancestor, her heir
 From him descended cross-legg'd knights,
 Fann'd for their faith, and warlike fights
 Against the bloody cannibal,
 Whom they destroy'd, both great and small.
 This sturdy Squire, he had, as well
 As the bold Tryan Knight, seen hell,
 Not with a counterfeit pass
 Of golden bough, but true gold-lace.
 His knowledge was not far behind
 The Knight's, but one of another kind,
 And he another way came by:
 Some call it gifts, and some new light:
 A lib'ral art, that costs no pains
 Of study, industry, or brain.

His wit was sent him for a token,
But in the carriage crack'd and broken.
Like commendation ninpence crook'd
With—To and from my love—it look'd.
He ne'er consider'd it, as loath
To look a gift-horse in the mouth;
And very wisely would lay forth
No more upon it than 'twas worth.
But as he got it freely, so
He spent it frank and freely too,
For saints themselves will sometimes be,
Of gifts that cost them nothing, free.
By means of this, with hem and cough,
Prolongers to enlighten'd stuff,
He could deep mysteries unriddle,
As easily as thread a needle.
For as of yore, bounds we say
That they are ne'er beside their way;
Whate'er men speak by this new light,
Still they are sure to be i' th' right.
'Tis a dark lantern of the Spirit,
Which none see by but those that bear it;
A light that falls down from on high,
For spiritual trades to cozen by;
An ignis fatuus, that bewitches,
And leads men into pools or ditches,
To make them dip themselves, and sound
For Christendom in dirty pond;
To dive like wild fowl for salvation,
And ash to such regeneration.
This light inspires and plays upon
The nose of a saint, like a buppie drone,
And sneaks through hollow empty soul,
As through a trunk, or whispering hole,
Such language is no mortal ear
But spiritual eavesdroppers can hear.
So Phabus, or some trimly muse,
Into sin all poets songs infuse;
Which they at second-hand rehearse
Through reed or bagpipe, verse for verse.
Thus Ralph became infallible,
As three or four-legg'd oracle,
The an'cients up, or modern chair;
Spoke truth point-blank, though unaware.
For mystic learning, wondrous able
In magic, cunning and aub, i'
Whose primitive tradition reaches
As far as Adam's first green breeches;
Deep sited in intelligences,
In is, atoms, influences,
And much of *terra incognita*,
Th' intelligible world, could say;
A deep occult philosopher,
As learned as the wild Irish are,
Or Sir Agrippa, for profound
And solid lying much renown'd;
He Anthroposophus and Ploud,
And Jacob Boehmen understood;
Knew many an amulet and charm,
That would do neither good nor harm;
In Rosicrucian lore as learned,
As he that were *adeptus* a word.
He understood the speech of birds,
As well as they themselves do words;
Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
That think and speak contrary clean;
What manner 'tis of whom they talk
When they are ropes, and Walk, knave, walk.
He'd extract numbers out of matter,
And keep them in a glass, like water;
Of foreign pow'r to make men wise;
For dropt in beir, th'ink-slight'd eyes,
They'd make them see in darkest night
Like owls, though purblind in the light.
By help of these, as he profess'd,
He had first murder seen undress'd:
He took for nether all alone
In fore one ring of form was on.
The Chrysos he had described
And seen quite through, or else he fled;
Not that of yest' board, which men shew
For groats, at fair of Barthol mew,
But its great-grandire, first o' th' name
Whence that and Reformation came.
Both coarsen'd rimy, and right able
To inveigle and draw in the rabble.
But Reformation was, some say,
O' th' younger house to puppet play,
He could not tell what's ever was
By consequence to come to pass;
As death, a fair at men, alterations,
Discees, battles, inundations

485 All this without th' eclipse o' th' sun,
Or dreadful comet, he hath done,
By inward light, a way as good,
And easy to be understood;
But with more lucky hit than those
590 That use to make the stars depose,
Like Knights o' th' post, and falsely charge
Upon themselves what others forge;
As if they were consenting to
585 All mischief in the world men do;
Or, like the devil, did tempt and sway 'em
To rogueries, and then betray 'em.
They'll search a planet's house, to know
Who broke and robb'd a house below;
590 Examine Venus and the moon,
Who stole a thimble or a spoon;
And though they nothing will confess,
Yet by their very looks can guess,
595 And tell what guilty aspect bodes,
Who stole, and who receiv'd the goods.
They'll question Mars, and, by his look,
Detect who 'twas that nimm'd a cloak;
505 Make Mercury confess, and 'peach
Those thieves which he himself did teach.
They'll find i' th' phys-ognomies
510 O' th' planets all men's destinies,
Like him that took the doctor's bill,
And swallow'd it instead of th' pill;
Cast the nativity o' th' question,
605 And from positions to be guess'd on,
As sure as if they knew the moment
Of native's birth, tell what will come on't.
They'll feel the pulses of the stars,
To find out agues, coughs, catarrhs;
610 And tell what crisis does divine
The rot in sheep, or mange in swine;
520 In men, what gives or cures the itch;
Whit makes them cuckold, poor or rich;
What gains or loses, hangs or saves;
615 What makes men great, what fools or knaves;
But not what wise; for only of those
525 The stars, they say, cannot dispose,
No more than in the astrologians,
There they say right, and like true Trojans.
This Ralpho knew, and therefore took
530 The other course, of which we spoke.
Thus was th' accomplish'd Squire endur'd
With gifts and knowledge, perilous shrewd.
Never did trusty squire with knight,
625 Or knight with squire, e'er jump more right.
Their arms and equipage did fit,
535 As well as virtues, parts, and wit.
Their valours too were of a rate,
And out they call'd at the gate.
Few miles on horse-back had they jogg'd,
540 But fortune unto them turn'd dogg'd
For they a sad adventure met,
Of which anon we mean to treat;
But ere we venture to unfold
635 Achievements so resolute and bold,
545 We should, as learned poets use,
Invoke th' assistance of some muse;
However craves consent it sillier,
That in jest is talking so familiar.
640 We think 'tis no great matter which
550 We're all alike; yet we shall pitch
On one that fits our purpose most;
Whom therefore thus we do accost:
Thou that with ale, or viler liquors,
645 Didst inspire Withers, Pryn, and Vickers,
555 And force them, though it was in spite
Of nature, and their stars, to write;
Who, as we find, in sullen writs,
And cross grain'd works of modern wits,
650 With vanity, opinion, wit,
The worship of the ignorant,
560 The prizes of the author, penn'd
By himself, or wit-insuring friend;
The itch of picture in the front,
655 With bays and wicked rhyme upon't,
All that is left o' th' forked hill,
To make men a ribble without skill;
660 'Tis not make a poet spite of fate,
And to teach all people to translate,
570 Though out of languages in which
They understand no part of speech;
Assist me but this once, I implore,
And I shall trouble thee no more.
665 In western clime there lies a town,
To those that dwell therein well known;
575 Therefore there needs no more be said here,
We unto them refer our reader;

For brevity is very good
 When w' are, or are not understood.
 To this town people did repair
 On days of market, or of fair;
 And to crack'd fiddle, and hoarse taber,
 In merriment did dudge and labour;
 But now a sport more formidable
 Had rak'd together village-rabble;
 'Twas an old way of recreating,
 Which learned butchers call Bear baiting.
 A bold adventurous exercise,
 With ancient heroes in high prize:
 For authors do affirm it came
 From Isthmian or Nemean game:
 Others derive it from the Bear
 That's fix'd in northern hemisphere,
 And round about the pole does make
 A circle like a bear at stake,
 That at the chain's end wheels about,
 And overturns the rabble rout.
 For after solemn proclamation
 In the bear's name, (as is the fashion,
 According to the law of arms,
 To keep men from inglorious harms,)
 That none presume to come so near,
 As forty foot of stake of bear;
 If any yet be so fool-hardy,
 T' expose themselves to vain jeopardy,
 If they come wounded off, and lame,
 No honour's got by such a main;
 Although the bear gain much, b'ing bound
 In honour to make good his ground,
 When he's engag'd, and take no notice,
 If any press upon him, who 'tis;
 But lets them know, at their own cost,
 That he intends to keep his post,
 This to prevent, and other harms,
 Which always wait on feats of arms,
 (For in the hurry of a fray,
 'Tis hard to keep out of harm's way.)
 Thither the Knight his course did steer,
 To keep the peace 'twixt dog and bear;
 As he believ'd h' was bound to do
 In conscience and commission too;
 And therefore thus bespoke the Squire:
 We that are wisely mounted higher
 Than constables in curule wit,
 When on tribunal bench we sit,
 Like speculators should foresee,
 From Pharo, of authority.
 Portended mischiefs farther than
 Low Proteclarian tything-men.
 And therefore being inform'd by bruit,
 That dog and bear had to dispute;
 For so of late men fighting name,
 Because they often prove the same;
 (For where the first does hap to be,
 The last does coincide.)
Quantum in nobis, have thought good,
 To save th' expense of Christian blood
 And try if we, by mediation
 Of treaty and accommodation,
 Can end the quarrel, and compose
 The bloody duel without blows.
 Are not our liberties, our lives,
 The laws, religion, and our wives,
 Enough at once to lie at stake,
 For cov'nant and the cause's sake?
 But in that quarrel dogs and bears,
 As well as we, must venture theirs?
 This feud by Jesuits invented,
 By evil counsel is fomented;
 There is a Machiavilian plot,
 (Though ev'ry *nave olfact* is not,)
 A deep design in't to divide
 The well affected that confide,
 By setting brother against brother,
 To claw and curry one another.
 Have we not enemies *plus satis*,
 That *cune et angue pifus* hate us?
 And shall we turn our fangs and claws
 Upon our ourselves without cause?
 That some occult design doth lye
 In bloody cynarcomachy,
 Is plain enough to him that knows,
 How saints lead brothers by the nose.
 I wish myself a pseudo-prophet,
 But sure some mischief will come of it;
 Unless by providential wit,
 Or force, we avertuate it.
 For what design, what interest
 Can beast have to encounter beast?

They fight for no espoused cause,
 Frail privilege, fundamental laws,
 Not for a thorough reformation,
 Nor covenant, nor protestation,
 Nor liberty of consciences, 765
 Nor Lords nor Commons ordinances;
 Nor for the church, nor for church-lands,
 To get them in their own no-hands;
 Nor evil counsellors to bring
 To justice, that seduce the King;
 Nor for the worship of us men, 770
 Though we have done as much for them,
 Th' Egyptians worshipp'd dogs, and for
 Their faith made internecine war:
 Others ador'd a rat, and some 775
 For that church suffer'd martyrdom;
 The Indians fought for the truth
 Of th' elephant and monkey's tooth:
 And many, to defend that faith,
 Fought it out *mordicus* to death: 780
 But no beast ever was so slight
 For man, as for his God, to fight.
 They have more wit, alas! and know
 Themselves and us better than so.
 But we, who only do infuse 785
 The rage in them like *boute-feus*;
 'Tis our example that instills
 In them th' infection of our ills.
 For, as some late philosophers
 Have well observ'd, beasts that converse 790
 With man, take after him, as hogs
 Get pigs all th' year, and bitches dogs;
 Just so, by our example, cattle
 Learn to give one another battle.
 We read in Nero's time, the Heathen, 795
 When they destroy'd the Christian brethren,
 They sew'd them in the skins of bears,
 And then set dogs about their ears.
 From thence no doubt th' invention came
 Of this lewd antichristian game. 800
 To this, quoth Ralpho, verily,
 The point seems very plain to me.
 It is an antichristian game,
 Unlawful both in thing and name.
 First, for the name, the word Bear-baiting 805
 Is carnal, and of man's creating
 For certainly there's no such word
 In all the scripture on record,
 Therefore unlawful, and a sin;
 And so is (secondly) the thing, 810
 A vile assembly 'tis, that can
 No more be prov'd by Scripture, than
 Provincial, classic, national,
 Mere human creature cobwebs all. 815
 Thirdly, it is idolatrous;
 For men when men run a-whoring thus
 With their inventions, whatsoe'er
 The thing be, whether dog or bear,
 It is idolatrous and Pagan, 820
 No less than worshipping of Dagon.
 Quoth Hudibras, I smell a rat;
 Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate;
 For though the thesis which thou lay'st
 Be true *ad amussim*, as thou say'st;
 (For that bear-baiting should appear 825
Jure divino law fuller
 Than synods are, thou dost deny,
Totidem verbis, so do I.)
 Yet there's a fallacy in this;
 For if by *sly homocotia*, 830
Tassius pro crepitu, an art
 Under a cough to slur a fact,
 Thou would'st sophistically imply,
 Both are unlawful, I deny. 835
 And I, quoth Ralpho, do not doubt
 But bear-baiting may be made out,
 In gospel-times, as lawful as is
 Provincial or parochial *classes*:
 And that both are so near of kin, 840
 And like in all, as well as sin,
 That put 'em in a bag, and shake 'em,
 Yourself o' the sudden would mistake 'em,
 And not know which is which unless
 You measure by their wickedness:
 For 'tis not hard t' imagine whether 845
 O th' two is worst, though I name neither.
 Quoth Hudibras, Thou offer'st much,
 But art not able to keep touch.
Mira de lente, as 'tis i' th' adage,
Id est, to make a leek a cabbage;
 Thou'lt be at best but such a bull, 850
 Or shear swine, all cry, and no wool;

For what can synods have at all,
 With bear that's analogical?
 Or what relation has debating
 Of church-affairs with bear-baiting?
 A just comparison still is
 Of things *ejusdem generis*.
 And then what *genus* rightly doth
 Include and comprehend them both?
 If animal, both of us may
 As justly pass for bears as they,
 For we are animals no less,
 Although of different specieses.
 But, Ralpho, this is not fit place,
 Nor time to argue out the case:
 For now the field is not far off,
 Where we must give the world a proof
 Of deeds, not words, and such as suit
 Another manner of dispute;
 A controversy that affords
 Actions for arguments, not words:
 Which we must manage at a rate
 Of prowess and conduct adequate
 To what our place and fame doth promise,
 And all the godly expect from us.
 Nor shall they be deceiv'd, unless
 We're sturr'd and outed by success:
 Success, the mark no mortal wit,
 Or surest hand, can always hit.
 For whatsoever we perpetrate,
 We do but row, we're steer'd by Fate,
 Which in success oft disinherits,
 For spurious causes, noblest merits.
 Great actions are not always true sons
 Of great and mighty resolutions,
 Nor do th' boldst attempts bring forth
 Events still equal to their worth
 But sometimes fail, and in their stead
 Fortune and cowardice succeed.

Yet we have no great cause to doubt,
 Our actions still have borne us out:
 Which, though they're known to be so ample,
 We need not copy from example;
 We're not the only persons durst
 Attempt this province, nor the first.
 In northern clime a val'rous knight
 Did whilom kill his bear in fight,
 And wound a fiddler: we have both
 Of these the objects of our worth,
 And equal fame and glory from
 Th' attempt of victory to come.
 'Tis sung, there is a valiant Mamaluke
 In foreign land, slep'd—
 To whom we have been oft compar'd
 For person, parts, address, and beard;
 Both equally reputed stout,
 And in the same cause both have fought;
 He oft in such attempts as these
 Came off with glory and success;
 Nor will we fail in th' execution,
 For want of equal resolution.
 Honour is like a widow, won
 With brisk attempt and putting on,
 With enter'ring manfully, and urging,
 Not slow approaches, like a virgin.
 This said, as yest the Phrygian knight,
 So ours, with rusty steel did smite
 His Trojan horse, and just as much;
 He mended pore upon the touch;
 But from his empty stomach groan'd,
 Just as that hollow beast did sound,
 And angry answer'd from behind,
 With brandish'd tail and blast of wind.
 So have I seen, with armed heel,
 A wight bestride a commonweal;
 While still the more he kick'd and spur'd,
 The less the sullen jade had stir'd.

HUDIBRAS.

PART FIRST.—CANTO SECOND.

THE ARGUMENT

*The catalogue and character
Of th' enemies best men of war.
Whom in a bold harangue, the Knight
Defies, and challenges to fight;
He encounters Talgol, routs the Bear,
And takes that Fiddler prisoner;
Conveys him to enchanted castle,
There shuts him fast in wooden bastille.*

THERE was an ancient sage philosopher,
That had read Alexander Ross over;
And swore the world, as he could prove,
Was made of fighting and of love:
Just so romances are, for what else
Is in them all, but love and battles!
O' th' first of these we've no great matter
To treat of, but a world o' th' latter:
In which to do the injur'd right,
We mean, in what concerns just fight,
Certes our authors are to blame,
For to make some well sounding name
A pattern fit for modern knights
To copy out in frays and fights;
(Like those that a whole street do raze,
To build a palace in the place.)
They never care how many others
They kill, without regard of mothers,
Or wives, or children, so they can
Make up some fierce deed-doing man,
Compos'd of many ingradient valours,
Just like the manhood of runc tailors!
So a wild Tartar, when he spies
A man that's handsome, valiant, wise
If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit,
His wit, his beauty, and his spirit
As if just so much he enjoy'd,
As in another is destroy'd.
For when a giant's slain in fight,
And now'd o'erthwart, or cleft downright;
It is a heavy ease, no doubt,
A man should have his brains beat out,
Because he's tall, and has large bones,
As men kill beavers for their stones.
But as for our part, we shall tell,
The naked truth of what befel;
And as an equal friend to both
The Knight and bear, but more to troth,
With neither faction shall take part,
But give to each his due desert;
And never con a formal lie on't,
To make the Knight o'ercome the giant.
This b'ing profess'd we hope's enough,
And now go on where we left off.
They rode, but authors having not
Determin'd whether pace or trot,
(That is to say, whether tolutation,
As they do term't, or succussion.)
We leave it, and go on, as now
Suppose they did, no matter how
Yet some from subtle hints have got
Mysterious light it was a trot.
But let that pass: they now begun
To spur their living engines on.

For as whupp'd tops, and bandy'd balls, 55
The learned hold are animals;
So horses they affirm to be
Mere engines made by geometry;
5 And were invented first from engines,
As Indian Britons were from Penguins. 60
So let them be as I was saying,
They their live engines ply'd, not staying
Until they reach'd the fatal champaign
10 Which th' enemy did then encamp on;
The dire Pharsalian plain, where battle
Was to be wag'd 'twixt puissant cattle,
And fierce auxiliary men,
That came to aid their brethren;
15 Who now began to take the field,
As knight from ridge of steed beheld;
For as our modern wits behold,
Mounted a pick-back on the old,
Much farther off; much farther he,
20 Rais'd on his aged beast, could see:
Yet not sufficient to descry
All postures of th' enemy;
Wherefore he bids the squire ride further,
T' observe their numbers, and their order.
25 That when their numbers he had known,
He might know how to fit his own.
Meanwhile he stopp'd his willing steed,
To fit himself for martial deed.
30 Both kinds of metal he prepared,
Either to give blows, or to ward;
Courage and steel, both of great force,
Prepar'd for better or for worse.
35 His death-charg'd pistols he did fit well,
Drawn out from life preserving rattle;
These being prim'd, with force he labour'd
To free's sword from retentive scabbard:
40 And after many a painful pluck,
From rusty durance he bail'd ruck.
Then shook himself, to see that prowess
In scabbard of his arms sat loose;
45 And rais'd upon his desprate loof,
On strump-side he gaz'd about.
Portending blood, like blazing star,
The beacon of approaching war.
50 Ralpho rode on with no less speed
Than Hugo in the forest did:
But far more in returning made;
For now the foe he had survey'd,
Rang'd, as to him they did appear,
55 With van main battle, wings and rear.
I' th' head of all this warlike rabble, 12E
Crowdero march'd, expert and able.
Instead of trumpet and of drum,
That makes the warrior's stomach come,

Whose noise whets valour sharp, like beer
By thunder turn'd to vinegar;
(For if a trumpet sound, or drum beat,
Who has not a mouth's mind to combat?)
A squeaking engine he apply'd
Unto his neck, on north-east side,
Just where the hangman does dispose,
To special friends, the knot of noose:
For 'tis great grace, when statesmen strait
Despatch a friend, let others wait.
His warped ear hung o'er the strings,
Which was but souse to chitterlings;
For guts, some write, ere they are sodden,
Are fit for music, or for pudden:
From whence men borrow ev'ry kind
Of minstrelsy, by string or wind.
His grisly beard was long and thick,
With which he strung his fiddle-stuck:
For he to horse-tail scorn'd to owe,
For what on his own chin did grow.
Chiron, the four legg'd bard, had both
A beard and tail of his own growth;
And yet by authors 'tis averr'd,
He made use only of his beard.
In Staffordshire, where virtuous worth
Does raise the minstrelsy, not birth,
Where lulls do choose the boldest king,
And ruler, o'er the men of string;
(As once in Persia, 'tis said,
Kings were proclaim'd by horse that neigh'd;)
He bravely vent'ring at a crown,
By chance of war was beaten down,
And wounded sore his leg then broke,
Had got a deputy of oak;
For when a shin in sight is cropt,
The knee with one of timber's propt:
Esteem'd more hon'rabl' than the other,
And takes place, though the younger brother
Next march'd brave Orsin, famous for
Wise conduct, and success in war;
A skilful leader, stout, severe,
Now marshal to the champion Bear.
With truncheon upt with iron head,
The warrior to the lists he led:
With solemn march, and stately pace,
But far more grave and solemn face;
Grave as the Emperor of Pegu,
Or Spanish potentate, Don Diego.
This leader was of knowledge great,
Either for charge, or for retreat.
He knew when to fall on pell-mell,
To fall back and retreat as well.
So lawyers, lest the Bear defendant,
And plaintiff Dog, should make an end on't,
Do stave and tail with wits of error,
Reverse of judgment, and demurrer,
To let them breath awhile, and then
Cry whoop, and sit them on again.
As Romulus a wolf did rear,
So he was dry-nurs'd by a bear,
That fed him with the purchased prey
Of many a fierce and bloody fray;
Bred up where discipline most rare is,
In military garden, Paris.
As soldiers heretofore did grow
In gardens just as weeds do now;
Until some spav-foot politicians
T' Apollo's off'r'd up petitions,
For licensing a new invention
Th'ad found out an antique engine,
To root out all the weeds that grow
In public gardens at a blow,
And leave th' herbs standing. Quoth Sir Sun,
My friends, that is not to be done.
Not done 'quo' Statesman; yes, an't pleyse ye,
When 'tis once known, you'll say 'tis easy.
Why then let's know it, quoth Apollo.
We'll beat a drum, and they'll all follow.
A drum, quoth Phœbus, troth that's true,
A pretty invention, quaint and new,
But though of voice and instrument
We are th' undoubted president,
We such loud music don't profess;
The Devil's master of that office
Where it must pass, if t be a drum
He'll sign it with Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.
To him apply yourselves, and he
Will soon despatch you for his fee.
They did so; but it prov'd so ill,
Th'ad better let 'em grow there still.
But to resume what we discoursing
Were on before, that is, stout Orsin;

That which so oft by sundry writers
Has been apply'd t' almost all fighters,
More justly may b' ascribed to this,
Than any other warrior, (viz.)
None ever acted both parts bolder,
Both of a chieftain and a soldier.
He was of great descent, and high
For splendour and antiquity,
And from celestial origine
Deriv'd himself in a right line.
Not as the ancient heroes did,
Who, that their base births might be hid,
(Knowing they were of a doubtful gender,
And that they came in at a window,)
Made Jupiter himself and others
O' th' gods, gallants to their own mothers,
To get on them a race of champions,
(Of which old Homer first made lampoons.)
Arcophylax in northern sphere
Was his undoubted ancestor;
From him his great forefathers came,
And in all ages bore his name.
Learned he was in med'c'nal lore;
For by his side a pouch he wore,
Replete with strange hermetic powder,
That wounds nine miles point-blank would soder,
By skilful chemist with great cost
Extracted from a rotten post;
But of a heav'nlier influence
Than that which mountebanks dispense;
Though by Prometheus fire made,
As they do quack that drive that trade.
For as when slovens do amiss
At others' doors, by stool or piss,
The learned write, a red-hot spit
Being prudently apply'd to it,
Will convey mischief from the dung
Unto the part that did the wrong:
So thus did healing, and as sure
As that did mischief, this would cure.
Thus virtuous Orsin was endu'd
With learning, conduct, fortitude
Incomparable; and as the prince
Of poets, Homer, sung long since,
A skilful leech is better far
Than half a hundred men of war;
So he appear'd, and by his skill,
No less than dint of sword, could kill.
The gallant Bruin march'd next him,
With visage formidably grim,
And rugged as a satyr,
Or Turk of Mahomet's own kin:
Clad in a mantle *della guerre*
Of rough, impenetrable fur;
And in his nose, like Indian king,
He wore, for ornament, a ring;
About his neck a threefold gorget,
As rough as trebled leathern target;
Armed, as heralds, cant, and langued,
Or, as the vulgar say, sharp-fanged.
For as the teeth in beasts of prey
Are swords, with which they fight in fray;
So swords, in men of war, are teeth
Which they do eat their vittle with.
He was by birth, some authors write,
A Russian, some a Muscovite;
And 'mong the Cossacks had been bred,
Of whom we in diurnals read,
That serve to fill up pages here,
As with their bodies ditches there:
Serimansky was his cousin-german,
With whom he serv'd, and fed on vermin:
And when these fail'd, he'd suck his claws,
And quarter himself upon his paws.
And though his countrymen, the Huns,
Did stew their meat between their bums
And th' horses backs o'er which they straddle,
And every man ate up his saddle,
He was not half so nice as they,
But as it raw when't came in's way.
He had trac'd countries far and near,
More than Le Blanc the traveller;
Who writes he spous'd in India,
Of noble house, a lady gay,
And got on her a race of worthies
As stout as any upon earth is.
Full many a fight for him between
Talgol and Orsin oft had been;
Each striving to obtain the crown
Of a sav'd citizen; the one
To guard his Bear, the other fought
To aid his Dog, both made more stout,

- By several spurs of neighbourhood,
Church, fellow-membership, and blood;
But Talgol, mortal foe to cows,
Never got ought of him but blows;
Blows, hard and heavy, such as he
Had lent, repaid with usury.
Yet Talgol was of courage stout,
And vanquish'd oft'n'er than he fought;
Inur'd to labour, sweat, and toil,
And, like a champion, shone with oil,
Right many a widow his keen blade,
And many fatherless, had made.
He many a boar and hugh dun cow,
Did, like another Guy, o'erthrow;
But Guy with him in fight compar'd,
Had like the boar and dun cow far'd.
With greater troops of sheep h' had fought,
Than Ajax, or bold Don Quixote;
And many a serpent of full kind,
With wings before, and stings behind,
Subdu'd, as poets say, long ago,
Bold Sir George, St. George, did the dragon.
Nor engine, nor device polemic,
Disease, nor doctor epidemic,
Though stor'd with deleterious med'cines,
(Which whosoever took is dead since,)
E'er sent so vast a colony,
To both the under worlds as he.
For he was of that nolle trade,
That demi-gods and heroes made.
Slaughter and knocking on the head,
The trade on which they all were bred,
And is, like others, glorious when
'Tis great and large, but base if mean.
The former rides in triumph for it,
The latter in a two-wheel'd chariot,
For daring to profane a thing,
So sacred with vile bungling.
- Next these the brave Magnano came,
Magnano! great in mortal fame.
Yet when with Orsin he warr'd fight,
'Tis sung he got but little by't.
Yet he was fierce as forest boar,
Whose spoils upon his back he wore.
As thick as Ajax' seven-fold shield,
Which o'er his brazen arms he held;
But brass was feeble to resist,
The fury of his armed fist:
Nor could the hardest iron hold out
Against his blows, but they would through't.
In magic he was deeply read,
As he that made the brazen head!
Profoundly skill'd in the black art,
As English Merlin for his heart;
But far more skilful in the spheres,
Than he was at the sieve and shears.
He could transform himself in colour,
As like the devil as a collier;
As like as hypocrites in show,
Are to true saints, or crow to crow.
- Of warlike engines he was author,
Devis'd for quick despatch of slaughter:
The cannon, blunderbuss, and skater,
He was th' inventor of and maker;
The trumpet and the kettle-drum,
Did both from his invention come.
He was the first that e'er did teach,
To make, and how to stop a breach.
A lance he bore with iron pike,
Th' one half would thrust, the other strike:
And when their forces he had join'd,
He scorn'd to turn his parts behind.
He Trulla lov'd, Trulla more bright,
Than burnish'd armour of her knight:
A bold virago, stout and tall,
As Joan of France, or English Mall.
Through perils both of wind and limb,
Through thick and thin she follow'd him,
In ev'ry adventure h' undertook,
And never him or it forsook.
At breach of wall, or hedge surprise,
She shar'd i' th' hazard and the prize;
At beating quarters up, or forage,
Behav'd herself with matchless courage,
And laid about in fight more busily,
Than th' Amazonian dame Penthesile.
- And though some critics here cry shame,
And say our authors are to blame,
That (spite of all philosophers)
Who hold no females stout but bears;
And heretofore did so abhor,
That women should pretend to war
- They would not suffer the stoutest dame,
To swear by Hercules's name.)
Make feeble ladies in their works,
To fight like termagants and Turks:
To lay their native arms aside,
Their modesty, and ride astride;
To run a tilt at men, and wield,
Their naked tools in open field.
As stout Armida, bold Thalestris,
And she that would have been the mistress
Of Gundibert; but he had grace,
And rather took a country lass:
They say 'tis false without all sense,
But of pernicious consequence
To government, which they suppose
Can never be upheld in prose;
Scrip Nature naked to the skin,
You'll find about her no such thing.
It may be so; yet what we tell,
Of Trulla that's improbable,
Shall be depos'd by those have seen't,
Or what's as good, produc'd in print:
And if they will not take our word,
We'll prove it true upon record.
- The upright Cerdon next advanc'd,
Of all his race the valiant'st:
Cerdon the Great, renown'd in song,
Like Hercules, for repair of wrong:
He rais'd the low, and fortify'd
The weak against the strongest side:
Ill has he read, that never hit,
On him in Muse's deathless writ.
He had a weapon keen and fierce,
That through a bull-hide shield would pierce,
And cut it in a thousand pieces,
Though tougher than the Knight of Greece has,
With whom his black-thumb'd ancestor,
Was comrade in the ten years' war.
- For when the restless Greeks sat down
So many years, before Troy town,
And were renown'd, as Homer writes,
For well seal'd boots, no less than fights;
They ow'd that glory only to
His ancestor, that made them so.
Fast friend he was to reformation,
Until 'twas worn quite out of fashion
Next rectifier of wry law,
And would make three t' cure one flaw.
Learned he was, and could take note,
Transcribe, collect, translate, and quote.
But preaching was his chiefest talent,
Or argument, in which b'ing valiant,
He us'd to lay about and stickle,
Like ram or bull at controversy:
For disputants, like rams and bulls,
Do fight with arms that spring from skulls.
- Last Colin came, bold man of war,
Destin'd to blows by fatal star,
Right expert in command of horse,
But cruel and without remorse.
That which of Centaur long ago
Was said, and has been wrested to
Some other knights, was true of this,
He and his horse were of a piece.
One spirit did inform them both,
The self-same vigour, fury, wrath:
Yet he was much the rougher part,
And always had a harder heart:
Although the horse had been of those
That fed on man's flesh, as time goes;
Strange food for horse! and yet, alas,
[It may be true; for flesh is grass.]
- Sturdy he was, and no less able
Than Hercules to clean a stable:
As great a drover, and as great
A critic too, in hog or neat.
He ript the womb up of his mother,
Dame Tellus, cause she wanted fodder
And provender wherewith to feed
Himself, and his less cruel steed.
It was a question whether he
Or's horse were of a family
More worshipful till antiquaries,
(After they'd almost por'd out their eyes,)
Did very learnedly decide
The busyness on the horse's side,
And prov'd not only horse, but cows,
Nay pigs were of the elder house:
For beasts, when man was but a piece
Of earth himself, did th' earth possess.
- These worthies were the chief that led
The combatants, each in the head

Of his command, with arms and rage,
Ready and longing to engage.
The num'rous rabble was drawn out
Of sev'ral counties round about,
From villages remote, and shires
Of east and western hemispheres:
From foreign parishes and regions,
Of diff'rent manners, speech, religions,
Came men and mastiffs; some to fight
For fame and honour, some for sight.
And now the field of death, the lists
Were enter'd by antagonists,
And blood was ready to be branch'd,
When Hudibras in haste approach'd,
With Squire and weapons to attack 'em;
But first thus from his horse bespake 'em:
What rage, O citizens! what fury,
Doth you to these dire actions hurry?
What *astrum*, what phrenetic mood
Makes you thus lavish of your blood,
While the proud Vies your trophies boast,
And unreveng'd walks——ghost?
What towns, what garrisons might you
With hazard of this blood subdue,
Which now y're bent to throw away
In vain, untriumphable fray?
Shall saints in civil bloodshed wallow
Of saints, and let the cause lie fallow?
The cause, for which we fought and swore
So boldly, shall we now give o'er?
Then, because quarrels still are seen
With oaths and swearings to begin,
The solemn league and covenant
Will seem a mere God-damn-me-rant;
And we that took it, and have fought
As lewd as drunkards, that fall out:
For as we make war for the king
Against himself, the self-same thing,
Some will not stick to swear we do
For God, and for religion too:
For if bear-baiting we allow,
What good can reformation do?
The blood and treasure that's laid out,
Is thrown away, and goes for nought.
Are these the fruits o' th' protestation,
The prototype or reformation,
Which all the saints, and some, since martyrs,
Wore in their hate like wedding-garters,
When 'twas resolv'd by either house
Six members' quarrel to espouse?
Did they for this draw down the rabble,
With zeal and noises formidable,
And make all cries about the town
Join throats to cry the bishops down?
Who having round begirt the palace,
(As once a month they do the gallows,)
As members gave the sign about,
Set up their throats with hideous shout.
When tinkers baw'd aloud, to settle
Church discipline, for patching kettle:
No sow-gelder did blow his horn
To geld a cat, but cry'd, Reform!
The oyster-women lock'd their fish up,
And trudg'd away, to cry, No Bishop.
The mouse-trap men laid save all by,
And 'gainst Evil Counsellors did cry.
Botchers left old clothes in the lurch,
And fell to turn and pitch the church.
Some cry'd the Covenant, instead
Of pudding pies, and ginger-bread.
And some for brooms, old boots and shoes,
Haw'd out to Purge the Common-house.
Instead of kitchen-tuff, some cry,
A gospel-preaching Ministry:
And some for old suits, coats, or cloak,
No Surplices, nor Service-book.
A strange harmonious inclination
Of all degrees to reformation.
And is this all? is this the end
To which these carr'ings on did tend?
Hath public faith, like a young heir,
For this ta'en up all sorts of ware,
And run int' ev'ry tradesman's book,
Till both turn'd bankrupts and are broke?
Did saints, for this bring in the plate,
And crowd as if they came too late?
For when they thought the cause had need on't,
Happy was he that could get rid on't.
Did they coin piss pots, bowls, and flaggons,
Int' officers of horse and dragoons,
And into pikes and musqueteers
Stamp bankers, cups, and porringers?

A thimble, bodkin, and a spoon,
Did start up living men as soon
As in the furnace they were thrown;
Just like the dragon's teeth b'ing sown.
Then was the cause of gold and plate,
Th' brethren's off'rings, consecrate,
Like th' Hebrew calf, and down before it
The saints fell prostrate to adore it,
So say the wicked—and will you
Make that sarcasm scandal true,
By running after dogs and bears,
Beasts more unclean than calves or steers?
Have pow'ful preachers ply'd their tongues,
And laid themselves out and their lungs,
Us'd all means, both direct and sinister,
I' th' power of gospel-preaching minister?
Have they invented tones to win
The women, and make them draw in
The men, as Indians with a female
Tame elephant inveigle the male?
Have they told Providence what it must do,
Whom to avoid, and whom to trust to?
Discover'd th' enemy's design,
And which way best to countermine?
Prescrib'd what ways it hath to work,
Or it will ne'er advance the kirk?
Told it the news o' th' last express,
And after good or bad success,
Made prayers, not so like petitions,
As overtures and propositions,
(Such as the army did present
To their creator, th' Parliament,)
In which they freely will confess,
They will not, cannot acquiesce,
Unless the work be carry'd on
In the same way they have begun,
By setting church and common-weal
All on a flame, bright as their zeal,
On which the saints were all agog,
And all this for a Bear and Dog!
The Parliament drew up petitions
To 'tself, and sent them, like commissions,
To well-affected persons down,
In ev'ry city and great town;
With pow'r to levy horse and men,
Only to bring them back agen:
For this did many, many a mile,
Ride manfully in rank and file,
With papers in their hats, that show'd
As if they to the pillory rode.
Have all these courses, these efforts,
Been try'd by people of all sorts,
Felix et remiss, omniibus nervis,
And all t' advance the cause's service?
And shall all now be thrown away
In petulant intestine fray?
Shall we that in the covenant swore,
Each man of us to run before,
Another still in reformation,
Give Dogs and Bears a dispensation?
How will dissenting brethren relish it?
What will malignants say? *videlicet,*
That each man swore to do his best,
To damn and perjure all the rest;
And bid the devil take the hindmost,
Who at this race is like to win most.
They'll say our bus'ness to reform
The church and state, is but a worm;
For to subscribe, unsight, unseen,
To an unknown church-discipline,
What is it else, but beforehand
T' engage, and after understand?
For when we swore to carry on
The present reformation,
According to the purest mode
Of churches best reform'd abroad,
What did we else but make a vow
To do we know not what or how?
For no three of us will agree
Where, or what churches these should be;
And is indeed the self-same case
With theirs that swore *et cetera*;
Or the French league, in which men vow'd
To fight to the last drop of blood.
These slanders will be thrown upon
The cause and work we carry on,
If we permit men to run headlong
T' extoribances hit for Hellam
Rather than gospel-walking times,
When slightest sins are greatest crimes.
But we the matter so shall handle,
As to remove that odious scandal:

In name of King and Parliament,
I charge ye all, no more foment
This feud, but keep the peace between
Your brethren and your countrymen:
And to those places straight repair,
Where your respective dwellings are.
But to that purpose first surrender
The Fiddler, as the prime offender,
Th' incendiary vile, as that is chief
Author and engineer of mischief;
That makes division between friends,
For profane and malignant ends,
He and that engine of vile noise,
On which illegally he plays,
Shall, *dictum factum*, both be brought
To condign punishment, as they ought.
This must be done, and I would fain see
Mortal so sturdy as to grinsy:
For then I'll take another course,
And soon reduce ye all by force.
This said, he clapt his hand on sword,
To show he meant to keep his word.
But Talgol, who had long suppress
Inflamed wrath in glowing breast,
Which now began to rage and burn as
Implacable as flame in furnace,
Thus answer'd him: Thou vermin wretched,
As e'er in mealed pork was hatched;
Thou tail of worship, that dost grow
On rump of justice as of cow;
How dar'st thou with that sullen luggage
O' th' self, old ir'n, and other baggage,
With which thy steed of bones and leather
Has broke his wind in halting lither;
How durst th', I say, adventure thus
T' oppose thy lumber against us?
Could thine impertinence find out
No work t' employ itself about,
Where thou, secure from wooden blow,
Thy busy vanity might'st show?
Was no dispute a-foot between
The caterwauling brethren?
No subtle question rais'd among
Those out-o'-their wits, and those i' th' wrong;
No prize between those combatants
O' th' times, the land and water saints;
Where th'u might'st stickle without hazard
Of outrage to thy hide muzzard;
And not for want of bus'ness come
To us to be thus troublesome,
T' interrupt our better sort
Of disputes, and spoil our sport?
Was there no felony, no lard,
Cut-purse, nor burglar abroad?
No stolen pig nor blunder'd goose,
To tie thee up from breaking loose?
No ale unlicens'd, broken hedge,
For which thou statute might'st allege,
To keep thee busy from foul evil,
And shame due to thee from the devil;
Did no committee sit, where he
Might cut out journey-work for thee;
And set th' a task, with subornation,
To sutch up sale and sequestration,
To cheat, with holiness and zeal,
All parties and the common-weal?
Much better had it been for thee,
H' had kept thee where th' art us'd to be;
Or sent th' on bus'ness any whither,
So he had never brought thee hither.
But if th' hadst brain enough in skull
To keep itself in lodging whole,
And not provoke the rage of stones
And cudgels to thy hide and bones;
Tremble, and vanish, while thou may'st,
Which I'll not promise if thou stay'st.
At this the Knight grew high in wrath,
And lifting hands and eyes up both,
Three times he smote on stomach stout,
From whence at last these words broke out:
Was I for this entitled, Sir,
And girt with trusty sword and spur,
For fame and honour to wage battle,
Thus to be bray'd by foe to cattle?
Not all that pride that makes thee swell
As big as thou dost blown up veal;
Nor all thy tricks and sleights to cheat,
And sell thy carrion for good meat;
Nor all thy magic to repair
Decay'd old age in tough lean ware,
Make nat'ral death appear thy work,
And stop the gangrene in stale pork;

Not all that force that makes thee proud,
Because by bullock ne'er withstood;
Though arm'd with all thy cleavers, knives,
And axes made to hew down lives,
Shall save or help thee to evade
The hand of justice, or this blade,
Which I, her sword-bearer, do carry,
For civil deed and military.
Nor shall these words of venom base,
Which thou hast from their native place,
Thy stomach, pump'd to fling on me,
Go unreveng'd, though I am free.
Thou down the same throat shall devour 'em,
Like tainted beef, and pay dear for 'em.
Nor shall it e'er be said, that wight
With gauntlet blue, and bases white,
And round blunt truncheon by his side,
So great a man at arms defy'd
With words far bitterer than wormwood,
That would in Job or Gazel stir mood.
Dogs with their tongues their wounds do heal,
But men with hands, as thou shalt feel.
This said, with hasty rage he snatch'd
His gunshot, that in holsters watch'd;
And bending cock, he levell'd full
Against th' outside of Talgol's skull:
Vowing, that he should ne'er stir further,
Nor henceforth cow or bullock murder.
But Pallas came in shape of rust,
And twist the spring and hammer thrust
Her Gorgon shield, which made the cock
Stand stiff, as 'twere transform'd to stock.
Meanwhile fierce Talgol, gathering might,
With rugged truncheon charg'd the Knight;
But he with Petronel upheav'd,
Instead of shield, the blow received.
The gun recoil'd, as well it might,
Not us'd to such a kind of fight,
And shrunk from its great master's gripe,
Knock'd down and stunn'd with mortal stripe.
Then Hudibras, with furious haste,
Drew out his sword; but not so fast,
But Talgol first with hardy thrack
Twice bruist his head, and twice his back.
But when his nut-brown sword was out,
With stomach huge he laid about,
Imprinting many a wound upon
His mortal foe, the truncheon;
The trusty cudgel did oppose
Itself against dead-doing blows,
To guard its leader from fell bane,
And then reveng'd itself again.
And though the sword, some understood,
In force had much the odds of kill,
This Hudibras observ'd; and fretting,
'Tis as nothing so; both sides were balanc'd
So equal, none knew which was valiant'st:
For wood with honour b'ing engag'd,
Is so implacably enrag'd;
Though iron hew and mangle sore,
Wood wounds and bruises honour more.
And now both knights were out of breath,
Tir'd in the hot pursuit of death;
Whilst all the rest amaz'd stood still,
Expecting which should take or kill.
This Hudibras observ'd; and fretting,
Conquest should be so long a-getting,
He drew up all his force into
One body, and that into one blow.
But Talgol wisely avoided it
By cunning sleight for had it hit,
The upper part of him the blow
Had slit, as sure as that below.
Meanwhile th' incomparable Colon,
To aid his friend, began to fall on:
Him Ralph encounter'd, and straight grew
A dismal combat 'twixt them two;
Th' one arm'd with metal, th' other with wood,
This fit for bruise, and that for blood.
With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard crab-tree and old iron rang;
While none that saw them could divine
To which side conquest would incline,
Until Magnano, who did envy
That two should with so many men vie,
By subtle stratagem of brain
Perform'd what force could ne'er attain;
For he, by foul hap, having found
Where thistles grew on barren ground,
In haste he drew his weapon out,
He clapp'd them underneath the tail
Of steed, with pricks as sharp as nail,

- The angry beast did straight resent
The wrong done to his fundament;
Began to kick, and fling, and wince,
As if he had been beside his sense,
Striving to disengage from thistle
That gall'd him sorely under his tail
Instead of which, he threw the pack
Of Squire and baggage from his back;
And blund'ring still, with smarting rum
He gave the Knight's steed such a thump
As made him reel. The Knight did stoop,
And sat on further side aslope.
This Talgol viewing, who had now
By sleight escap'd the fatal blow,
He rally'd, and again fell to 't;
For catching foe by nearer foot,
He lifted with such might and strength,
As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,
And dash'd his brains (if any) out;
But Mars, that still protects the stout,
In pudding-time came to his aid,
And under him the Bear convey'd;
The Bear upon whose soft fur-gown
The Knight with all his weight fell down.
The friendly rug preserv'd the ground,
And headlong Knight, from bruise or wound: 870
Like feather-bed betwixt a wall,
And heavy brunt of cannon ball.
As Sancho on a blanket fell,
And had no hurt; ours far'd as well
In body, though his mighty spirit,
B'ing heavy, did not so well bear it.
The Bear was in a greater fright,
Beat down and worsted by the Knight.
He roar'd, and rag'd, and slung about,
To shake off bondage from his snout.
His wrath inflam'd, boil'd o'er, and from
His jaws of death he threw the foam;
Fury in stranger postures threw him,
And more than ever herold drew him:
He tore the earth, which he had sav'd
From squelch of Knight, and storm'd and rav'd,
And vex'd the more, because the harms
He felt were 'gainst the law of arms:
For men he always took to be
His friends, and dogs his enemy,
Who never so much hurt had done him,
As his own side did falling on him;
It giv'd him to the guts, that they
For whom he had fought so many a fray,
And serv'd with loss of blood so long,
Should offer such inhuman wrong;
Wrong of unsoldier-like condition,
For which he flung down his commission;
And laid about him, till his nose
From thrall of ring and cord broke loose.
Soon as he felt himself enlarg'd,
Through thickest of his foes he charg'd,
And made way through th' amazed crew;
Some he o'erthrew, and some o'erthrew,
But took none; for by hasty flight
He strove 't escape pursuit of Knight:
From whom he fled with as much haste
And dread, as he the rabble chas'd.
In haste he fled, and so did they,
Each and his fear a sev'ral way.
Crowdiero only kept the field,
Not stirring from the place he held,
Though beaten down, and wounded sore,
I' th' Fiddle, and a leg that bore
One side of him, not that of bone,
But much its better, th' wooden one.
He spying Hudibras he strid
Upon the ground, like log of wood,
With fright of fall, supposed wound,
And loss of urine, in a swoon,
In haste he snatch'd the wooden limb
That hurt in th' ankle lay by him,
And fitting it for sudden fight,
Straight drew it up, 't attack the Knight,
For getting up on stump and huckle,
He with the foe began to buckle,
Vowing to be reveng'd for breach
Of crowd and skin upon the wretch,
Sole author of all detriment.
He and his Fiddle underwent
But Ralpho (who had now begun
T' adventure inurrection
From heavy squelch, and had got up
Upon his legs with sprained crop)
Looking about, beheld pernicious
Approaching Knight from fell musician.
- 845 He snatch'd his whinyard up, that fled
When he was falling off his steed,
(As rats do from a falling house,) 940
To hide itself from rage of blows;
And wing'd with speed and fury flew,
To rescue Knight from black and blue.
Which ere he could achieve, his scone
The leg encounter'd twice and once;
And now 'twas rais'd to smite again, 945
When Ralpho thrust himself between.
He took the blow upon his arm,
To shield the Knight from further harm;
And, joining wrath with force, bestow'd
On th' wooden member such a load, 950
That down it fell, and with it bore
Crowdiero, whom it prompt before
To him the Squire right nimbly run,
And setting conqu'ring foot upon
His trunk, thus spoke: What desprate frenzy 955
Made thee, thou whelp of sin, to fancy
Thyself and all that coward rabble,
T' encounter us in battle able?
How durst th', I say, oppose thy curship,
'Gainst arms, authority, and worship? 960
And Hudibras, or me provoke,
Though all thy limbs were heart of oak,
And th' other half of these as good
To bear out blows, as that of wood?
Could not the whipping-post prail 965
With all its rhet'ric, nor the jail,
To keep from faying scourge thy skin,
And ankle free from iron gins?
Which now thou shalt—but first our care
Must see how Hudibras doth fare. 970
This said, he gently rais'd the Knight,
And set him on his bum upright:
To rouse him from lethargic dump,
He tweak'd his nose, with gentle thump
Knock'd on his breast, as if 't had been
To raise the spirits lodg'd within.
They, waken'd with the noise, did fly
From inward room, to window-eye,
And gently op'ning lid, the casement
Look'd out, but yet with some amazement. 980
This gladdened Ralpho much to see,
Who thus bespoke the Knight: Quoth he,
Tweaking his nose, You are, great Sir,
A self-denying conqueror,
As high, victorious, and great, 985
As e'er sought for the churches yet,
If you will give yourself but leave
To make out what y' already have;
That's victory. The foe for dread
Of your Nine-worthiness, is fled, 990
All, save Crowdiero, for whose sake
You did th' espous'd cause undertake:
And he lies pris'n'r at your feet,
To be dispos'd as you think meet,
Either for life, or death, or sale, 995
The gallows, or perpetual jail.
For one wink of your powerful eye
Must sentence him to live or die.
His Fiddle is your proper purchase,
Won in the service of the churches;
And by your doom must be allow'd 1000
To be, or be no more, a crowd.
For though success did not confer
Just title on the conqueror;
Though dispensations were not strong
Conclusions, whether right or wrong; 1005
Although outgoings did confirm,
And owning were but a mere term;
Yet as the wicked have no right
To th' creature, though usurp'd by might, 1010
The property is in the saint,
From whom th' injuriously detain;
Of him they hold their luxuries,
Their dogs, their horses, whores, and dice,
Their riots, revels, masks, delights, 1015
Pimps, buffoons, fiddlers, parasites,
All which the saints have title to,
And ought t' enjoy, if th' had their due.
What we take from them is no more
Than what was ours by right before: 1020
For we are their true landlords still,
And they our tenants but at will.
At this the Knight began to rouse,
And by degrees grew valorous,
He star'd about, and seeing none 1025
Of all his foes remain, but one,
He snatch'd his weapon that lay near him,
And from the ground began to rear him

Vowing to make Crowdero pay
For all the rest that ran away.
But Ralpho, now in colder blood,
His fury mildly thus withstood:
Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty spirit
Is rais'd too high: this slave does merit
To be the hangman's bus'ness, sooner
Than from your hand to have the honour
Of his destruction: I that am
A nothingness in deed and name,
Did scorn to hurt his forfeit carcase,
Or ill intreat his Fiddle or case:
Will you, great Sir, that glory blot,
In cold blood, which you gain'd in hot?
Will you employ your conqu'ring sword,
To break a Fiddle and your word?
For though I fought and overcame,
And quarter gave, 't was in your name:
For great commanders always own
What's prosperous by the soldier done.
To save, where you have pow'r to kill,
Argues your pow'r above your will.
And that your will and pow'r have less
Than both might have of selfishness.
This pow'r, which now alive, with dread
He trembles at, if he were dead,
Would no more keep the slave in awe,
Than if you were a knight of straw:
For death would then be his conqueror,
Not you, and free him from that terror.
If danger from his life accrue,
Or honour from his death, to you;
'T were policy and honour too,
To do as you resolv'd to do:
But, Sir, 't would wrong your valour much,
To say it needs or fears a crutch.
Great conquerors greater glory gain,
By foes in triumph led, than slain:
The laurels that adorn their brows
Are pull'd from living, not dead boughs,
And living foes the greatest fame
Of cripple-lain can be but lame.
One half of him's already slain,
The other is not worth your pain
Th' honour can but on one side light,
As Worship did when y' were dubb'd Knight.
Wherefore I think it better far,
To keep him prisoner of war;
And let him fast in bonds abide,
At court of justice to be try'd:
Where if he appear so bold or crafty,
There may be danger in his safety:
If any member there dislike
His face, or to his beard have pique;
Or if his death will save or yield,
Revenge or fright, it is reveal'd;
Though he has quarter, ne'ertheless
Y' have pow'r to hang him when you please;
This has been often done by some
Of our great conquerors, you know whom;
And has by most of us been held
Wise justice, and to some reveal'd -
For words and promises, that yoke
The conqueror, are quickly broke:
Like Sam-on's cuffs, though by his own
Direction and advice put on.
For if we should fight for the cause
By rules of military laws,
And only do what they call just,
The cause would quickly fall to dust.
Thus we among ourselves may speak;
But to the wicked or the weak,
We must be cautious to declare
Perfection-truths, such as these are.
This said, the high outrageous mettle
f Knight began to cool and settle.

He lik'd the Squire's advice, and soon
Resolv'd to see th' bus'ness done:
And therefore charg'd him first to bind
Crowdero's hands on rump behind,
And to its former place and use
The wooden member to reduce:
But force it take an oath before,
Ne'er to bear arms against him more.
Ralpho despatch'd with speedy haste,
And having ty'd Crowdero fast,
He gave Sir Knight the end of cord,
To lead the captive of his sword
In triumph, whilst the steeds he caught,
And them to further service brought.
The Squire in state rode on before,
And on his nut-brown whinyard bore
The trophy Fiddle and the case,
Leaning on shoulder like a mace.
The Knight himself did after ride,
Leading Crowdero by his side;
And tow'd him, if he lagg'd behind,
Like boat against the tide and wind.
Thus grave and solemn they march'd on,
Until quite through the town th' had gone;
At further end of which there stands
An ancient castle, that commands
Th' adjacent parts: in all the fabric,
You shall not see one stone, nor a brick,
But all of wood, by powerful spell
Of magic made impregnable:
There's neither iron bar nor gate,
Portcullis, chain, nor bolt, nor grate;
And yet men durance there abide,
In dungeons scarce three inches wide;
With roof so low, that under it
They never stand, but lie or sit;
And yet so foul, that who's in,
Is to the middle leg in prison;
In circle magical confin'd,
With walls of subtle air and wind;
Which none are able to break thorough,
Until they're freed by head of borough
Thither arriv'd, the advent'rous Knight
And bold Squire from their steeds alight,
At th' outward wall, near which there stands
A bastille, built t' imprison hands;
By strange enchantment made to fetter
The lesser parts and free the greater,
For though the body may creep through,
The hands in grate are fast enow:
And when a circle 'bout the wrist
Is made by beadle exorcist,
The body feels the spur and switch,
As if 't were ridden post by witch,
At twenty miles an hour pace,
And yet ne'er stirs out of the place.
On top of this there is a spire,
On which Sir Knight first bids the Squire,
The Fiddle, and its spoils, the case,
In manner of a trophy, place.
That done, they ope the trap-door-gate,
And let Crowdero down therat.
Crowdero making doleful face,
Like hermit poor in pensive place,
To dungeon they the wretch commit,
And the survivor of his feet;
But th' other, that had broke the peace,
And head of knighthood they release,
Though a delinquent false and forged,
Yet b'ing a stranger, he's enlarged;
While his comrade, that did no hurt,
Is clapp'd up fast in prison for t.
So Justice, while she winks at crimes,
Stumbles on innocence sometimes.

HUDIBRAS.

PART FIRST.—CANTO THIRD.

THE ARGUMENT

*The scatter'd rout return and rally,
Surround the place; the Knight does sally,
And is made pris'ner; then they seize
Th' enchanted fort by storm, release
Crondero, put the Squire in 's place;
I should have first said Hudibras.*

AY me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron!
What plaguy mischiefs and mishaps
Do dog him still with after-claps!
For tho' dame Fortune seems to smile,
And leer upon him for awhile,
She'll show after him, in the nick
Of all his glories, a dog trick.
This any man may sing or say,
I' th' ditty call'd, "What if a day?"
For Hudibras, who thought h' had won
The field, as certain as a gun,
And having routed the whole troop,
With victory was cock-a-hoop,
Thinking h' had done enough to purchase
Thanksgiving day among the churches;
Wherein his mettle and brave worth
Might be explain'd by holder-forth;
And register'd by fame eternal,
In deathless pages of diurnal,
Found in few minutes to his cost,
He did but count without his host;
And that a turnstile is more certain
Than, in events of war, dame Fortune.
For now the late faint-hearted rout,
O'erthrown and scatter'd round about,
Chas'd by the horror of their fear,
From bloody fray of Knight and Bear,
(All but the dogs, who in pursuit
Of the Knight's victory stood to 't,
And most ignobly fought, to get
The honour of his blood and sweat,
Seeing the coast was free and clear
O' the conquer'd and the conqueror,
Took heart again, and fac'd about,
As if they meant to stand it out.
For by this time the routed Bear,
Attack'd by th' enemy i' th' rear,
Finding their number grow too great
For him to make a safe retreat,
Like a bold chieftain fac'd about;
But wisely doubting to hold out,
Gave way to fortune, and with haste
Fac'd the proud foe, and fled and fac'd,
Retiring still, until he found
H' had got th' advantage of the ground;
And then as valiantly made head
To check the foe and forthwith fled;
Leaving no art untry'd, nor trick
Of warrior stout and politic
Until, in spite of hot pursuit,
He gain'd a pass to hold dispute
On better terms, and stop the course
Of the proud foe. With all his force
He bravely charg'd, and for a while
Forc'd their whole body to recoil;
But still their numbers so increas'd,
He found himself at length oppress'd,

And all evasions so uncertain
To save himself for better fortune;
That he resolv'd, rather than yield,
To die with honour on the field,
And sell his hide and carcase at
A price as high and desperate
As e'er he could. This resolution
He henceforth put in execution,
And bravely threw himself among
The enemy i' th' greatest throng.
But what could single valour do,
Against so numerous a foe?
Yet much he did, indeed too much
To be believ'd, where th' odds were such.
But one against a multitude,
Is more than mortal can make good;
For while one party he oppos'd,
His rear was suddenly inclos'd,
And no room left him for retreat,
Or fight against a foe so great.
For now the mastiffs, charging home,
To blows and handgripes were come:
While manfully himself he bore,
And setting his right foot before,
He rais'd himself, to show how tall
His person was above them all.
This equal shame and envy stirr'd
I' th' enemy, that one should beard
So many warriors, and so stout,
As he had done, and stav'd it out,
Disdaining to lay down his arms
And yield on honourable terms.
Enrag'd thus, some in the rear
Attack'd him, and some every where,
Till down he fell; yet falling fought,
And, being down, still laid about;
As Widdrington in doleful dumps,
Is said to fight upon his stumps.
But all, alas! had been in vain,
And he inevitably slain,
If Trulla and Cerdon, in the nick,
To rescue him had not been quick:
For Trulla, who was light of foot,
As shafts which long-field Parthians shoot,
(But not so light as to be borne
Upon the ears of standing corn,
Or trip it o'er the water quicker
Than witches, when their staves they liquor,
As some report,) was got among
The foremost of the martial throng;
There pitying the vanquish'd Bear,
She call'd to Cerdon, who stood near,
Viewing the bloody fight: to whom,
Shall we, quoth she, stand still hum-drum
And see stout Bruin all alone
By numbers basely overthrow'n;
Such fents already h' has achiev'd,
In story not to be believ'd;

And 'twould to us be shame enough,
Not to attempt to fetch him off;
I would, quoth he, venture a limb
To second thee, and rescue him:
But then we must about it straight;
Or else our aid will come too late;
Quarter he scorns, he is so stout,
And therefore cannot long hold out
This said, they wav'd their weapons round
About their heads, to clear the ground;
And joining forces, laid about
So fiercely that th' amazed rout
Turn'd tail again, and straight begun,
As if the devil drove, to run.
Meanwhile th' approach'd the place where Bruin
Was now engag'd to mortal ruin:
The conquering foe they soon assail'd,
First Trulla stay'd and Cerdon tail'd,
Until their mustils loos'd their hold:
And yet, alas! do what they could,
The worsted Bear came off with store
Of bloody wounds, but all before.
For as Achilles, dipt in pond,
Was anabaptized free from wound,
Made proof against dead-doing steel
All over, but the Pagan heel:
So did our champion's arms defend
All of him, but the other end.
His head and ears, which in the martial
Encounter lost a leathern parcel.
For as an Austrian archduke once
Had one ear (which in ducatoons
Is half the coin) in battle par'd
Close to his head; so Bruin far'd:
But tugg'd and pull'd on th' other side,
Like scriv'ner newly crucified:
Or like the late corrected leathern
Ears of the circumcised brethren.
But gentle Trulla, into the ring,
He wore in's nose, convey'd a string,
With which she march'd before and led
The warrior to a grassy bed,
As authors write, in a cool shade,
Which eglantine and roses made;
Close by a softly murmur'ing stream,
Where lovers us'd to loit and dream.
There leaving him to his repose,
Secured from pursuit of foes,
And wanting nothing but a song,
And a well-tun'd Theorbo hung
Upon a bough, to ease the pain
His tugg'd ears suffer'd with a strain,
They both drew up, to march in quest
Of his great leader, and the rest.
For Orsin (who was more renown'd
For stout maintaining of his ground
In standing fight, than for pursuit,
As being not so quick of foot)
Was not long able to keep pace
With others that pursu'd the chase;
But found himself left far behind,
Both out of heart and out of wind:
Griev'd to behold his Bear pursu'd
So basely by a multitude;
And like to fall, not by the prowess,
But numbers of his coward foes.
He rag'd and kept as heavy a coil as
Stout Hercules for loss of Hylas;
Forcing the valleys to repeat
The accents of his sad regret.
He beat his breast, and tore his hair,
For loss of his dear crony Bear;
That Echo, from the hollow ground,
His doleful wailings did resound
More wistfully, by many times,
Than in small poets splay-foot rhymes,
That make her, in their rueful stories,
To answer to interrogatories,
And most unconscionably depose
To things of which she nothing knows;
And when she has said all she can say,
'Tis wrested to the lover's fancy.
Quoth he, O whither, wicked Bruin,
Art thou fled to try—Echo, Ruin!
I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a step
For fear. Quoth Echo, Marry Guep.
Am I not here to take thy part?
Then what has quell'd thy stubborn heart?
Have these bones rattled, and this head
So often in that quarrel bled?
Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,
For thy dear sake. Quoth she, Mum Budget:

Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i' th' dish
Thou turn'st thy back? Quoth Echo, Pish. 210
To run from those th' hadst overcome
Thus cowardly? Quoth Echo, Mum.
But what a vengeance makes thee fly
From me too, as thine enemy?
Or if thou hast no thought of me,
Nor what I have endur'd for thee, 215
Yet shame and honour might prevail
To keep thee thus from turning tail:
For who would grudge to spend his blood in
His honour's cause? Quoth she, A Puddin.
This said, his grief to anger turn'd,
Which in his manly stomach burn'd;
Thirst of revenge, and wrath, in place
Of sorrow, now began to blaze.
He vow'd the authors of his wo
Should equal vengeance undergo;
And with their bones and flesh pay dear
For what he suffer'd, and his Bear.
This being resolv'd with equal speed
And rage he hasted to proceed 230
To action straight, and giving o'er
To search for Bruin any more,
He went in quest of Hudibras,
To find him out where-e'er he was;
And, if he were above ground, vow'd
He'd ferret him, lurk where he would 235
But scarce had he a furlong on
This resolute adventure gone,
When he encounter'd with that crew
Whom Hudibras did late subdue:
Honour, revenge, contempt, and shame,
Did equally their breasts inflame.
'Mong these the fierce Magmano was,
And Talgol, foe to Hudibras:
Corden, and Colon, warriors stout,
And resolute as ever fought; 245
Whom furious Orsin thus bespoke -
Shall we, quoth he, thus basely brook
The vile affront that paltry ass
And feeble scoundrel, Hudibras,
With that more paltry ragamuffin,
Ralpho, with vapouring and huffing,
Have put upon us, like tame cattle,
As if th' 'ad routed us in battle? 255
For my part, it shall ne'er be said,
I for th' washing gave my head;
Nor did I turn my back for fear
O' th' rascals, but loss of my Bear,
Which now I'm like to undergo:
For whether those fell wounds, or no,
He has receiv'd in fight are mortal,
Is more than all my skill can foretell;
Nor do I know what is become 260
Of him more than the Pope of Rome.
But if I can but find them out
That caus'd it, (as I shall no doubt,
Where-e'er th' in hugger-mugger lurk,)
I'll make them rue their handy-work;
And wish that they had rather dar'd
To pull the devil by the beard.
Quoth Cerdon, Noble Orsin, th' hast
Great reason to do as thou say'st,
And so has ev'ry body here,
As well as thou hast, or thy Bear.
Others may do as they see good; 275
But if this twig be made of wood
That will hold tack, I'll make the fur
Fly 'bout the ears of that old cur;
And t'other mungrel vermin, Ralph,
That brav'd us all in his behalf,
The Bear is safe, and out of peril,
Tho' lugg'd indeed, and wounded very ill:
Myself and Trulla made a shift
To lift him out at a dead lift;
And having brought him bravely off,
Have left him where he's safe enough:
There let him rest, for if we stay,
The slaves may hap to get away.
This said, they all engag'd to join
Their forces in the same design:
And forthwith put themselves in search
Of Hudibras upon their march,
Where leave we them a while to tell
What the victorious Knight befel;
For such, Crowdero being fast
In dungeon shut, we left him last.
Triumphant laurels seem'd to grow
No where so great as on his brow:
Laden with which, as well as tir'd
With conqu'ring toil, he now retir'd 300

Onto a net h'ring cast'e by,
 To rest his body, and to ply
 Fit me'l'ies to each glorious bruise
 He got in his, reds, blacks, and blues,
 To mollify the smarting pang,
 Of every honourable bang,
 Which b'ing by skilful midwife drest,
 He laid him down to take his rest.
 But all in vain. He'd got a hurt
 On th' inside, of a deadlier sort,
 By Cupid made, who took his stand
 Upon a widow's jointure-land :
 (For he in all his am'rous battles,
 No advantage finds like goods and chattels,)
 Drew home his bow, and aiming right,
 Let fly an arrow at the Knight ;
 The shaft against a ribbid glance,
 And gall'd him in the purtana cre.
 But time had somewhat 'surg'd his pain,
 After he found his suit in vain,
 For that proud dame, for whom his soul
 Was burnt in's belly like a coal,
 (That belly that so oft did ake,
 And suffer griping for her sake ;
 Till purging comfits and ant's eggs
 Had almost brought him off his legs,)
 Us'd him so like a base rascallion,
 That old Pyg—(what d' y' call him)—malion
 That cut his mistress out of stone,
 Had not so hard a hearted one.
 She had a thousand jadish tricks,
 Worse than a mule that flings and kicks ;
 'Mong which one cross-grain'd freak she had,
 As insolent as strange and mad :
 She could love none but only such
 As scorn'd and hated her as much.
 'Twas a strange riddle of a lady,
 Not love, if any lov'd her : hey day !
 So cowards never use their might,
 But against such as will not fight.
 So some diseases have been found
 Only to seize upon the sound.
 He that gets her by heart must say her
 The back-way, like a witch's prayer.
 Meanwhile the Knight had no small task,
 To compass what he durst not ask ;
 He loves, but dares not make the motion :
 Her ignorance is his devotion :
 Like caltiff vile, that for misdeed
 Rides with his face to rump of steed ;
 Or rowing scull, he's fain to love,
 Look one way, and another move :
 Or like a tumbler, that doth play
 His game, and look another way,
 Until he seize upon the coneys ;
 Just so does he by matrimony.
 But all in vain, her subtle snout
 Did quickly wind his meaning out ;
 Which she return'd with too much scorn,
 To be by men of honour borne.
 Yet much he bore, until the distress
 He suffer'd from his spiteful mistress,
 Did stir his stomach, and the pun
 He had endur'd from her disdun,
 Turn'd to regret, so resolute
 That he resolv'd to ware his suit,
 And either to renounce her quite,
 Or for a while play levst in fight.
 This resolution b'ing put on,
 He kept it some months, and more had done ;
 But being brought so nigh by fate,
 The victory he achiev'd so late
 Did sat his thoughts again, and ope
 A door to discontinu'd hope,
 That seem'd to promise he might win
 His dame, too, now his hand was in,
 And that his valour, and the honour
 H' had newly gain'd might work upon her ;
 These reasons made his mouth to water
 With am'rous longings, to be at her.
 Quoth he unto himself, Who knows
 But this brave conquest o'er my foes
 May reach her heart, and make that stoop,
 As I but now have forc'd the troop ?
 If nothing can enchain love,
 And virtue envious ways can prove,
 What may not he confide to do
 That brings both love and virtue too
 But thou bring'st valour too and wit,
 Two things that seldom fail to hit :
 Valour's a mou'-o'-trap, wit a gin,
 Which women oft are taken in.

Then Hudibras, why should'st thou fear
 To be, thou art a conqueror ?
 Fortune th' audacious doth jure,
 But lets the timidous miscarry.
 Then while the honour thou hast got
 Is spick and span new, piping hot,
 Strike her up bravely thou had'st best,
 And trust thy fortune with the rest.
 Such thoughts as these the Knight did keep,
 More than his bangs, or fleas, from sleep.
 And as an owl that in a barn
 Sees a mouse creeping in the corn,
 Sits still, and shuts his round blue eyes,
 As if he slept, until he spies
 The little beast within his reach,
 Then starts and seizes on the wretch :
 So from his couch the Knight did start,
 To seize upon the widow's heart,
 Crying with hasty tone, and hoarse,
 Ralpho, despatch ; to horse, to horse !
 And 'twas but time ; for now the rout
 We left engag'd to seek him out,
 By speedy marches were advanc'd
 Up to the fort where he ensconc'd ;
 And all th' avenues had possess'd
 About the place, from east to west.
 That done, a while they made a halt,
 To view the ground, and where t' assault ;
 Then call'd a council, which was best,
 By siege or onslaught, to invest
 The enemy, and 'twas agreed,
 By storm and onslaught to proceed.
 This b'ing resolv'd, in comely sort
 They now drew up t' attack the fort :
 When Hudibras, about to enter
 Upon another-gaines adventure,
 To Ralpho call'd aloud to arm,
 Not dreaming of approaching storm.
 Whether dame Fortune, or the care
 Of angel bad, or tutel'ar
 Did arm, or thrust him on a danger,
 To which he was an utter stranger ;
 That foresight might, or might not blot
 The glory he had newly got ;
 Or to his shame it might be said,
 They took him napping in his bed :
 To them we leave it to expound,
 That deal in sciences profound.
 His courser scarce he had bestrid,
 And Ralpho that on which he rid,
 When setting ope the postern gate,
 Which they thought best to sally at,
 The foe appear'd, drawn up and drill'd,
 Ready to charge them in the field.
 This somewhat startled the bold Knight,
 Surpris'd with th' unexpected sight :
 The bruises of his bones and flesh
 He thought began to smart afresh ;
 Till recollecting wonted courage,
 His fear was soon convert'd to rage,
 And thus he spoke : The coward foe,
 Whom we but now gave quarter to,
 Look, reader's rally'd, and appears
 As if they had outrun their fears.
 The glory we did lately get,
 The Fates command us to repeat ;
 And to their wills we much surcumb,
Quocunq;e trahunt, 'tis our doom.
 This is the same numeric crew
 Which we so lately did subdue ;
 The self-same individuals, that
 Did run, as mice do from a cat,
 When we courageously did wield
 Our martial weapons in the field,
 To tug for victory, and when
 We shall our shining blades again
 Brandish in terror o'er our heads,
 They'll straight resume their wonted dreads :
 Fear is an ague, that forsakes
 And haunts by fits those whom it takes :
 And they'll opine they feel the pain
 And blows they felt to-day, again.
 Then let us boldly charge them home,
 And make no doubt to overcome.
 This said, his courage to inflame,
 He call'd upon his mistress' name.
 His pistol next he cock'd a-new,
 And out his nut-brown whinny drew :
 And, placing Ralpho in the front,
 Resolv'd himself to bear the brunt,
 As expert warriors use : then ply'd
 With iron heel his courser's side,

Conveying sympathetic speed
From head of Knight to head of steed.
Meanwhile the foe, with equal rage
And speed, advancing to engage,
Both parties now were drawn so close,
Almost to come to handy blows.
When Orsin first let fly a stone
At Ralpho: not so huge a one
As that which Blomd did fling
Jheas on the hum withal;
Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd,
To have sent him to another world,
Whether above ground or below,
Which saints twice dpt are destin'd to.
The danger startled the bold Squire,
And made him some few steps retire;
But Hudibras advanc'd to his aid,
And rous'd his spirits half-dismay'd.
He wisely doubting lest the shot
Of th' enemy, now growing hot,
Might at a distance gall, press'd close,
To come pell-mell to handy blows;
And that he might their aim decline,
Advanc'd still in an oblique line,
But prudently forbore to fire,
Till breast to breast he had got nigher:
As expert warriors use to do,
When hand to hand they charge their foe.
This order the adventurous Knight,
Most soldier-like, observ'd in fight;
When Fortune, as she's wont, turn'd sickle,
And for the foe began to sickle.
The more alive for her goodlyship
To give some or a friend the slip,
For Colon choosing out a stone,
Levell'd so right, it thump'd upon
His manly paunch, with such a force,
As almost beat him off his horse.
He lost his whinyard, and the rein
But laying fast hold of the mane,
Preserv'd his seat; and as a goose
In death contracts his talons close;
So did the Knight, and with one claw
The tracker of his pistol drew.
The gun went off; and as it was
Still fatal to stout Hudibras,
In all his feats of arms, when least
He dream'd of it, to proper best;
So now he tur'd; the shot let fly
At random 'mong the enemy,
Pierc'd Talgol's girdline, and grazing
Upon his shoulder in the pissing,
Ledg'd in Magnano's brass habergeon
Who straight, A Surge on cry'd, a Surgeon.
He tumbled down, and as he fell,
Did Murder, murder, murder, yell.
This startled their whole body so,
That if the Knight had not let go
His arms, but been in warlike plight,
If had won, the second time, the fight;
As, if the Squire had but fall'n on,
He had inevitably done:
But he, diverted with the care
Of Hudibras his hurt, forbore
To press th' advantage of his fortune,
While danger did the rest dishearten.
For he with Cerdon being engag'd
In close encounter, they both wag'd
The fight so well, 'twas hard to say
Which side was like to get the day.
And now the busy work of death
Had tur'd them so, th' agreed to breathe,
Preparing to renew the fight;
When the disaster of the Knight
And th' other party did divert
Their fell intent, and forc'd them part.
Ralpho press'd up to Hudibras,
And Cerdon whor'd Magnano was;
Each striving to confirm his party
With stout encouragements, and hearty.
Quoth Ralpho, Courage, vallant Sir,
And let revenge and honour stir
Your spirits up, once more fall on,
The shatter'd foe begins to run;
For if but half so well you knew
To use your victory as subdue,
They durst not, after such a blow
As you have giv'n them, face us now;
But from so formidable a soldier
Had fled, like crows when they smell powder.
Thrice have they seen your sword aloft,
War'd o'er their heads, and fled as oft.

485 But if you let them recollect
Their splints, now dismay'd and check'd,
You'll have a harder game to play
Than yet y' have had, to get the day. 560
Thus spoke the stout Squire, but was heard
By Hudibras with small regard.
His thoughts were fuller of the bang
He lately took, than Ralph's harangue;
To which he answer'd, Crut feto 565
Tells me thy counsel comes too late.
The clotted blood within my hose,
That from my wounded body flows,
With mortal crisis doth portend 590
My days to appropriate an end.
I am for action now unfit,
Either of fortitude or wit.
Fortune, my foe, begins to frown,
Resolv'd to pull my stomach down.
I am not apt, upon a wound 595
Or trivial basting to despond:
Yet I'd be loath my days to curtail;
For if I thought my wounds not mortal,
Or that we'd time enough as yet
To make an honourable retreat,
'Twere the best course; but if they find 600
We fly, and leave our arms behind.
For them to seize on, the dishonour,
And danger too, is such, I'll sooner
Stand to it boldly, and take quarter,
To let them see I am no starter. 605
To all the trade of war, no feat
Is nobler than a brave retreat.
For those that run away, and fly,
Take place, at least, o' th' enemy.
This said, the Squire with active speed 610
Dismounted from his bony steed,
To seize the arms which by mischance
Fell from the bold Knight in a trance.
These being found out, and restor'd
To Hudibras, their nat'r'l lord, 615
As a man may say, with might and main
He hasted to get up again.
Thrice he essay'd to mount aloft,
But, by his weighty bum, as oft
He was pull'd back, till having found 620
Th' advantage of the rising ground,
Thither he led his warlike steed,
And having plac'd him right, with speed
Prepar'd again to scale the beast: 625
When Orsin, who had newly drest
The bloody scar upon the shoulder
Of Talgol, with Promethian powder,
And now was marching for the shot
That had Magnano on the spot, 630
Beheld the sturdy Squire aforesaid
Preparing to climb up his horse-side:
He left his cure, and laying hold
Upon his arms, with courage bold,
Cry'd out, 'Tis now no time to dally,
The enemy begin to rally.
Let us that are unhurt and whole, 635
Fall on, and happy may we dote.
This said, like to a thunderbolt
He flew with fury to th' assault,
Striving th' enemy to attack.
Before he reach'd his horse's back, 640
Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten
O'erthwart his beast with a nimb vaulting,
Wriggling his body to recover
His seat, and cast his right leg over;
When Orsin rushing in, bestow'd 645
On horse and man so heavy a load,
The beast was startl'd, and begun
To kick and fling like mad, and run
Bearing the tough Squire like a sack,
Or stout King Richard on his back: 650
Till stumbling, he threw him down,
Sore bruis'd, and cast into a swoon.
Meanwhile the Knight began to rouse
The sparkles of his wonted prowess:
He thrust his hand into his hose, 655
And found both by his eyes and nose,
'Twas only choler, and not blood,
That from his wounded body flow'd.
This, with the hazard of the Squire,
Inflam'd him with despiteful ire: 660
Courageously he far'd about,
And drew his other pistol out;
And now had half way bent the cock,
When Cerdon gave so fierce a shock,
With sturdy truncheon, thwart his arm, 665
That down it fell, and did no harm:

Then stoutly p'rs'ing on with speed,
 E-say'd to pull him off his steed.
 The Knight his sword had only left,
 With which he Cerdon's head had cleft,
 Or at the least cropt off a limb,
 But Orsin came, and rescu'd him.
 He with his lance attack'd the Knight
 Upon his quarters opposite:
 But as a bark, that in foul weather,
 Jostl'd by two adverse winds together,
 Is bruist and beaten to and fro,
 And knows not which to turn him to:
 So far'd the Knight between two foes,
 And knew not which of them to oppose;
 Till Orsin, charging with his lance
 At Hudibras, by spiteful chance,
 Hit Cerdon such a bang, as stunn'd
 And laid him flat upon the ground.
 At this the Knight began to cheer up,
 And raising up himself on stirrup,
 Cry'd out, *Victoria*, lie thou there,
 And I shall straight despatch another
 To bear thee company in death,
 But first I'll halt a while, and breathe.
 As well he might: for Orsin, griev'd
 At th' wound that Cerdon had receiv'd,
 Ran to relieve him with his lore,
 And cure the hurt he gave before.
 Meanwhile the Knight had wheel'd about,
 To breathe himself, and next find out
 Th' advantage of the ground, where best
 He might the ruffled foe-infest.
 This being resolv'd, he spur'd his steed
 To run at Orsin with full speed,
 While he was busy in the care
 Of Cerdon's wound, and unaware:
 But he was quick, and had already
 Unto the part apply'd remedy:
 And seeing th' enemy prepar'd,
 Drew up, and stood upon his guard.
 Then like a warrior right expert
 And skilful in the martial art,
 The subtle Knight straight made a halt,
 And judg'd it best to stay th' assault,
 Until he had reliev'd the Squire,
 And then, in order, to retire:
 Or, as occasion should invite,
 With forces join'd renew the fight.
 Ralpho by this time disentranc'd
 Upon his bum himself advanc'd,
 Though sorely bruist: his limbs all o'er,
 With ruthless bangs were stiff and sore:
 Right fain he would have got upon
 His feet again, to get him gone;
 When Hudibras to aid him came.
 Quoth he, and call'd him by his name,
 Courage, the day at length is ours,
 And we once more as conquerors
 Have both the field and honour won;
 The foe is profligate and run;
 I mean all such as can, for some
 This hand has sent to their long home:
 And some lie sprawling on the ground,
 With many a gash and bloody wound.
 Cæsar himself could never say
 He got two victories in a day;
 As I have done, that can say, Twice I
 In one day, *veni, vidi, vici*.
 The foe's so numerous, that we
 Cannot so often *vincere*,
 As they *perire*, and yet enow
 Be left to strike an after-blow,
 Then lest they rally, and once more
 Put us to fight the bus'ness o'er,
 Get up and mount thy steed, despatch,
 And let us both their motions watch.
 Quoth Ralpho, I should not, if I were
 In case for action, now be here:
 Nor have I turn'd my back, or hang'd
 An axe, for fear of being hang'd.
 It was for you I got these horns,
 Advent'ring to fetch off your arms.
 The blows and drubs I have receiv'd,
 Have bruist my body and bereav'd
 My limbs of strength, unless you stoop,
 And reach your hand to pull me up,
 I shall lie here, and be a prey
 To those who now are run away.
 That thou shalt not, quoth Hudibras;
 We read the ancients held it was
 More honourable far, *servare*
Civem, than slay an adversary;

670 The one we oft to-day have done;
 The other shall despatch anon:
 And though th' art of a different church,
 I will not leave thee in the lurch.
 763 This said, he jogg'd his good steed nigher
 And steer'd him gently tow'rd the Squire,
 675 Then bowing down his body, stretch'd
 His hands out, and at Ralpho reach'd;
 When Trulla, whom he did not mind,
 770 Charg'd him like lightning behind,
 She had been long in search about
 Magnano's wound to find it out;
 680 But could find none, nor where the shot
 That had so startled him, was got;
 But having found the worst was past,
 775 She fell to her own work at last,
 685 The pillage of the prisoners,
 Which in all foats of arms were hers;
 And now to plunder Ralph she flew,
 When Hudibras his hard fate drew
 780 To succour him; for, as he bow'd
 To help him up, she laid a load
 Of blows so heavy, and plac'd so well,
 690 On t' other side, that down he fell.
 Yield, scoundrel base, (quoth she), or die;
 785 Thy life is mine, and liberty;
 695 But if thou think'st I took thee tardy,
 And dar'st presume to be so hardy,
 To try thy fortune o'er afresh,
 790 I'll wave my title to thy flesh,
 Thy arms and baggage now my right:
 700 And if thou hast the heart to try 't,
 I'll lend thee back thyself a while,
 And once more for thy carcass vile
 Fight upon tick.—Quoth Hudibras,
 705 Thou offer'st nobly, valiant lass,
 And I shall take thee at thy word.
 First let me rise, and take my sword:
 That sword which has so oft this day
 800 Through squadrons of my foes made way,
 And to other worlds despatch'd,
 710 Now with a feeble spinster match'd,
 Will blush with blood ignoble stain'd
 By which no honour 's to be gain'd.
 But if thou 'lt take m' advice in this,
 805 Consider whilst thou may'st, what 'tis
 715 To interrupt a victor's course,
 B' opposing such a trivial force:
 For if with conquest I come off,
 810 (And that I shall do sure enough),
 720 Quarter thou canst not have, nor grace
 By law of arms in such a case;
 Both which I now do offer freely.
 I scorn, quoth she, thou coxcomb silly,
 815 (Clapping her hand upon her breech,
 To show how much she priz'd his speech),
 725 Quarter, or counsel from a foe:
 If thou canst force me to it, do.
 But lest it should again be said,
 When I have once more won thy head,
 820 I took thee napping, unprepar'd,
 730 Arm, and betake thee to thy guard.
 This said, she to her tackle fell,
 And on the Knight let fall a peal
 825 Of blows so fierce, and press'd so home,
 That he retir'd, and follow'd 's bum.
 735 Stand to 't, quoth she, or yield to mercy;
 It is not fighting arse-verse
 Shall serve thy turn.—This stirr'd his spleen
 830 More than the danger he was in:
 The blows he felt, or was to feel,
 740 Although th' already made him reel;
 Honour, despite, revenge and shame,
 At once into his stomach came;
 835 Which fir'd it so, he rais'd his arm
 Above his head, and rain'd a storm
 745 Of blows so terrible and thick,
 As if he meant to hash her quick,
 But she upon her truncheon took them,
 And by oblique diversion broke them,
 840 Waiting an opportunity
 50 To pay all back with usury;
 Which long she fail'd not of: for now
 The Knight with one dead-doeing blow
 845 Resolving to decide the fight,
 And she with quick and cunning sleight
 755 Avoiding it, the force and weight
 He charg'd upon it was so great,
 As almost sway'd him to the ground.
 No sooner she th' advantage found,
 850 But in she flew; and seconding
 760 With home-made thrust the heavy twing,

- She laid him flat upon his side;
 And moun'ing on his trunk astride,
 Quoth she, I told thee what would come
 Of all thy vapouring, base scum.
 Say, wilt the law of arms allow
 I may have grace and quarter now?
 Or wilt thou rather break thy word,
 And stain thine honour, than thy sword?
 A man of war to damn his soul,
 In basely breaking his parole;
 And when before the fight th' had'st vow'd
 To give no quarter in cold blood;
 Now thou hast got me for a Tartar,
 To make me 'gainst my will take quarter.
 Why dost not put me to the sword,
 But cowardly fly from thy word?
 Quoth Hudibras, The day's thine own;
 Thou and thy stars have cast me down:
 My laurels are transplanted now,
 And flourish on thy conqu'ring brow:
 My loss of honour 's great enough,
 Thou need'st not brand it with a scoff:
 Sarcasms may eclipse thine own,
 But cannot blur my lost renown:
 I am not now in Fortune's pow'r;
 He that is down can fall no lower.
 The ancient heroes were illustrious
 For being benign, and not blustrous,
 Against a vanquish'd foe; thy swords
 Were sharp and trenchant, not their words;
 And did in fight but cut work out
 T' employ their courtesies about.
 Quoth she, Although thou hast deserv'd
 Base slubberdergullion, to be serv'd
 As thou did'st vow to deal with me,
 If thou had'st got the victory;
 Yet I shall rather act a part
 That suits my fame than thy desert.
 Thy arms, thy liberty, beside
 All that 's on th' outside of thy hide,
 Are mine by military law,
 Of which I will not bate one straw:
 The rest, thy life and limbs once more,
 Though doubly forfeit, I restore.
 Quoth Hudibras, It is too late
 For me to treat or stipulate;
 What thou command'st I must obey.
 Yet these whom I expung'd to-day
 Of thine own party, I let go,
 And gave them life and freedom too;
 Both Dogs and Bear, upon their parole,
 Whom I took pris'ners in this quarrel.
 Quoth Trulla, Whether thou or they
 Let one another run away,
 Concerns not me; but was 't not thou
 That gave Crowdero quarter too?
 Crowdero, whom in fons bound,
 Thou basely throw'st into Lob's pound,
 Where still he lies, and with regret
 His gen'rous bowels rage and fret:
 But now thy carcass shall redeem,
 And serve to be exchang'd for him.
 This said, the Knight did straight submit,
 And laid his weapons at her feet,
 Next he disrob'd his gaberdine,
 And with it did himself resign.
 She took it, and forthwith divesting
 The mantle that she wore, said, jesting,
 Take that, and wear it for my sake;
 Then threw it o'er his sturdy back,
 And as the French we conquer'd once,
 Now give us laws for pantaloons,
 The length of breeches, and the gathers,
 Port-canons, petiwigs, and feathers:
 Just so the proud insulting lass
 Array'd and dight'd Hudibras.
 Meanwhile the other champions, yerst
 In hurry of the fight dispers'd,
 Arriv'd, when Trulla won the day,
 To share 't th' honour and the prey,
 And out of Hudibras his hide
 With vengeance to be satisfy'd,
 Which now they were about to pour
 Upon him in a wooden show'r.
 But Trulla thrust herself between,
 And striding o'er his back again,
 She brandish'd o'er her head his sword,
 And vow'd they should not break her word;
 Sh' had giv'n him quarter, and her blood
 Or theirs should make that quarter good,
 For she was bound by law of arms
 To see him safe from further harms.
- In dungeon deep Crowdero cast
 By Hudibras as yet lay fast;
 Where, to the hard and ruthless stones,
 His great heart made perpetual moans:
 Him she resolv'd that Hudibras
 Should ransom, and supply his place.
 This stopp'd their fury and the basting
 Which towards Hudibras was hasting.
 They thought it was but just and right
 That what she had achiev'd in fight
 She should dispose of how she pleas'd
 Crowdero ought to be releas'd.
 Nor could that any way be done
 So well as this she pitch'd upon
 For who a better could imagine?
 This therefore they resolv'd t' engage in.
 The Knight and Squire first they made
 Rise from the ground where they were laid.
 Then mounted both upon their horses,
 But with their faces to their arses,
 Orsin led Hudibras' bear.
 And 'Isalgot that which 'Isalpo prest:
 Whom stout Magnano, valiant Cerdon,
 And Colon waited as a guard on;
 All ush'ring Trulla in the rear,
 With the arms of either prisoner.
 In this proud order and array
 They put themselves upon their way,
 Striving to reach th' enchanted castle,
 Where stout Crowdero in durance lay still.
 Thither with greater speed, than shows
 And triumphs over conquer'd foes
 Do use t' allow; or than the bears,
 Or pageants borne before lord mayors
 Are wont to use, they soon arriv'd
 In order soldier-like contriv'd;
 Still marching in a warlike posture,
 As fit for battle as for muster,
 The Knight and Squire they first unhorse,
 And bending 'gainst the fort their force,
 They all advanc'd, and round about
 Begirt the magical redoubt.
 Magnan' led up in this adventure,
 And made way for the rest to enter.
 For he was skilful in black art
 No less than he that built the fort:
 And with an iron mace laid flat
 A breach, which strait all enter'd at;
 And in the wooden dungeon found
 Crowdero laid upon the ground.
 Him they release from durance base,
 Restor'd t' his Fiddle and his case,
 And liberty, his thirsty rage
 With luscious vengeance to assuage:
 For he no sooner was at large,
 But Trulla straight brought on the charge,
 And in the self-same limbo put
 The knight and Squire, where he was shut,
 Where leaving them in Hockley-i'-th'-hole,
 Their bangs and durance to condole,
 Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow
 Enchanted mansion to know sorrow;
 In the same order and array
 Which they advanc'd they march'd away.
 But Hudibras, who scorn'd to stoop
 To fortune, or be said to droop,
 Cheer'd up himself with ends of verse,
 And sayings of philosophers.
 Quoth he, Th' one half of man, his mind,
 Is, *sui juris*, unconfin'd,
 And cannot be laid by the heels,
 Whate'er the other moiety feels.
 'Tis not restraint or liberty,
 That makes men prisoners or free;
 But perturbations that possess
 The mind, or equanimities.
 The whole world was not half so wide
 To Alexander when he cry'd,
 Because he had but one to subdue,
 As was a paltry narrow tub to
 Diogenes: who is not said
 (For ought that ever I could read)
 To whine, put finger i' th' eye, and sob,
 Because he had ne'er another tub.
 The ancients make two sev'ral kinds
 Of prowess in heroic minds,
 The active and the passive valiant,
 Both which are *pari fibra* gallant:
 For both to give blows, and to carry,
 In fights are equal-necessary;
 But in defeats, the passive stout
 Are always found to stand it out

- Most desperately, and to outdo
 He active 'gainst a conqu'ring foe.
 Tho' we with blacks and blues are suggill'd,
 Or, as the vulgar say, are cudgell'd;
 He that is val'ant, and dares fight,
 Though drubb'd, can lose no honour by't.
 Honour's a lense for lives to come,
 And cannot be extended from
 The legal tenant: 'tis a chattel
 Not to be forfeited in battle.
 If he that in the field is slain,
 Be in the bed of honour lain;
 Ife that is beaten may be said
 To lie in Honour's truckle-bed.
 For as we see th' eclipsed sun
 By mortals is more gaz'd upon,
 Than when, adorn'd with all his light,
 He shines in serene sky most bright;
 So valour in a low estate,
 Is most admir'd and wonder'd at.
 Quoth Ralpho, How great I do not know
 We may by being beaten grow;
 But none that see how here we sit,
 Will judge us overgrown with wit.
 As gifted brethren, preaching by
 A carnal hour-glass do imply
 Illumination can convey
 Into them what they have to say,
 But not how much; so well enough
 Know you to charge, but not draw off;
 For who without a cap and bauble,
 Having subdu'd a bear and rabble,
 And might with honour have come off,
 Would put it to a second proof?
 A politic exploit right fit
 For Presbyterian zeal and wit.
 Quoth Hudibras, That cuckoo's tone,
 Ralpho, thou always harp'st upon:
 When thou at any thing wouldst rail,
 Thou mak'st Presbytery thy scale
 To take the height on't, and explain
 To what degree it is profane;
 What's ever will not with (thy what d'ye call)
 Thy light jump right, thou call'st *synodical*.
 As if Presbytery were a standard,
 To seize what's ever 's to be slander'd.
 Do'st not remember how this day
 Thou to my beard was bold to say,
 That thou couldst prove bear-baiting equal
 With synods, orthodox and legal;
 Do, if thou canst; for I deny't.
 And dare thee to't with all thy light.
 Quoth Ralpho, Truly that is no
 Hard matter for a man to do,
 That has but any guts in 's brains,
 And could believe it worth his pains;
 But since you dare and urge me to it,
 You'll find I've light enough to do it.
 Synods are mystical bear-gardens,
 Where elders, deputies, church-wardens,
 And other members of the court,
 Manage the Babylonish sport.
 Do differ only in a mere word;
 Both are but sev'ral synagogues
 Of carnal men, and bears and dogs;
 Both antichristian assemblies,
 To mischief bent as far's in them lies;
 Both stave and tail, with fierce contests,
 The one with men, the other beasts.
 The diff'rence is, the one fights with
 The tongue, the other with the teeth;
 And that they bait but bears in this,
 In t' other souls and consciences;
 Where saints themselves are brought to stake
 For gospel-light and conscience sake;
 Expos'd to scribes and Presbyters,
 Instead of mastive dogs and curs;
 Than whom th' have less humanity,
 For these at souls of men will fly.
 This to the prophet did appear,
 Who in a vision saw a bear,
 Prefiguring the beastly rage
 Of church-rule in this latter age:
 As is demonstrated at full
 By him that baited the Pope's bull.
 Bears nat'rally are beasts of prey,
 That live by rapine; so do they.
 What are their orders, constitutions,
 Church-censures, curses, absolutions?
 But sev'ral mystic chains they make,
 To tie poor Christians to the stake;
- And then set heathen officers,
 Instead of dogs, about their ears:
 For to prohibit and dispense,
 To find out or to make offence;
 Of Hell and Heaven to dispense,
 To play with souls at fast and loose;
 To set what characters they please,
 And mulcts on sin or godliness;
 Reduce the church to gospel order,
 By rapine, sacrilege, and murder.
 To make Presbytery supreme,
 And kings themselves submit to them:
 And force all people, tho' against
 Their consciences, to turn saints;
 Must prove a pretty thriving trade,
 When saints monopolists are made.
 When pious frauds and holy shifts
 Are dispensations and gifts,
 Their godliness becomes mere war,
 And ev'ry synod but a fair.
 Synods are whelps of th' inquisition,
 A mongrel breed of like pernition,
 And growing up, became the sires
 Of scribes, commissioners, and triers;
 Whose business is by cunning sleight,
 To cast a figure for men's light;
 To find in lines of beard and face,
 The physiognomy of grace;
 And by the sound and twang of nose,
 If all be sound within, disclose;
 Free from a crack or flaw of sinning,
 As men try pipkins by the ringing;
 By black caps underlaid with white,
 Give certain guess at inward light,
 Which sergeants at the gospel wear,
 To make the spiritual calling clear.
 The handkerchief about the neck
 (Canonical cravat of Smeck,
 From whom the institution came,
 When church and state they set on flame,
 And worn by them as badges then
 Of spiritual warfaring men.)
 Judge rightly if regeneration
 Be of the newest cut in fashion;
 Sure 'tis an orthodox opinion,
 That grace is founded in dominion;
 Great piety consists in pride;
 To rule is to be sanctified;
 To domineer, and to control,
 Both o'er the body and the soul,
 Is the most perfect discipline
 Of church-rule, and by right divine.
 Bell and the Dragon's chaplains were
 More moderate than these by far:
 For they, poor knaves, were glad to cheat,
 To get their wives and children meat;
 But these will not be fobbd off so,
 They must have wealth and power too;
 Or else with blood and desolation
 They'll tear it out o' th' heart o' th' nation.
 Sure these themselves from primitive
 And heathen priesthood do derive,
 When butchers were the only clerks,
 Elders, and Presbyters of kirks,
 Whose directory was to kill;
 And some believe it is so still.
 The only diff'rence is, that then
 They slaughter'd only beasts, now men.
 For then to sacrifice a bullock,
 Or now and then a child to Moloch,
 They count a vile abomination,
 But not to slaughter a whole nation.
 Presbytery does but translate
 The papacy to a free state:
 A commonwealth of popery,
 Where ev'ry village is a see
 As well as Rome, and must maintain
 A pig the metropolitan;
 Where ev'ry Presbyter and deacon
 Commands the keys for cheese and bacon;
 And ev'ry hamlet's governed
 By's Holiness, the church's head;
 More haughty and severe in's place,
 Than Gregory or Boniface.
 Such church must surely be a monster
 With many heads; for if we conster
 What in th' Apocalypse we find,
 According to th' Apostle's mind,
 'Tis that the whore of Babylon
 With many heads did ride upon;
 Which heads denote the sinful tribe
 Of deacon, priest, lay-elder, scribe.

- Lay-elder, Simeon to Levi,
Whose little finger is as heavy
As lions of patriarchs, prince-prelate,
And bishop-secular. This zealot
Is of a mongrel, diverse kind,
Cleric before, and lay behind;
A lawless linscy-woolsey brother,
Half of one order, half another;
A creature of amphibious nature,
On land a beast, a fish in water;
That always preys on grace or sin;
A sheep without, a wolf within.
This fierce inquisitor has chief
Dominion o'er men's belief
And manners; can pronounce a saint
Idolatrous, or ignorant,
When superciliously he sifts
Thro' coarsest boulder others' gifts.
For all men live and judge amiss,
Whose talents jump not just with his.
He'll lay on gifts with hands, and place
On dullest noddle light and grace,
The manufacture of the kirk
Those pastors are but th' handy-work
Of his mechanic paws, instilling
Divinity in them by feeling;
From whence they start up chosen vessels,
Made by contact, as men get measles.
So cardinals, they say, do grope
At t' other end the new-made Pope.
Hold, hold, quoth Hudibras, suit fire,
They say, does make sweet malt. Good Squire,
Festina lente, not too fast;
For haste, the proverb says, makes waste.
The quirks and cavils thou dost make
Are false, and built upon mistake;
And I shall bring you with your pack
Of fallacies, t' Elenchus back;
And put your arguments in mood
And figure to be understood.
I'll force you by right ratiocination
To leave your vituperation,
And make you keep to the question close,
And argue *dialecico*.
The question then to state it first,
Is which is better, or which worst,
Synods or bears? bears I avow
To be the worst, and synods thou.
But to make good th' assertion,
Thou say'st th' are really all one.
If so, not worst; for if th' are *idem*,
Why then *tandemdem dat tandemdem*.
For if they are the same, by course
Neither is better, neither worse.
But I deny they are the same,
More than a maggot and I am.
That both are *animalia*.
I grant, but not *rationalia*:
For though they do agree in kind,
Specific difference we find;
And can no more make bears of these,
Than prove my horse is Socrates.
That synods are bear-gardens too,
Thou do'st affirm; but I say, no;
And thus I prove it, in a word;
Whate'er assembly's not empower'd
To censure, curse, absolve, and ordain,
Can be no synod; but bear-garden
Has no such pow'r; *ergo*, 'tis none:
And so thy sophistry's o'erthrown.
But yet we are beside the question,
Which thou didst raise the first contest on:
For that was, Whether bears were better
Than synod-men? I say, *negatur*.
That bears are beasts, and synods men,
Is held by all; they're better then:
For bears and dogs on four legs go,
As beasts; but synod-men on two.
'Tis true they all have teeth and nails,
But prove that synod-men have tails;
Or that a rugged, shagged fur
Grows o'er the hide of Presbyter;
- Or that his snout or spacious ears
Do hold proportion with a bear's.
A bear's a savage beast, of all
Most ugly and unnatural;
Whelp'd without form, until the dam
Has lick'd it into shape and frame.
But all thy light can ne'er evict,
That ever synod-man was lick'd,
Or brought to any other fashion,
Than his own will and inclination.
But thou do'st further yet in this
Oppugn thyself and sense; that is,
Thou wouldst have Presbyters to go
For bears and dogs, and bear-wards too.
A strange chumera of beasts and men,
Made up of pieces heterogene;
Such as in nature never met
In eodem subjecto yet.
Thy other arguments are all
Suppo-sures by pothetical,
That do but beg, and we may choose
Either to grant them, or refuse;
Much thou hast said, which I know when
And where thou stol'st from other men,
(Whereby 't is plain thy light and gifts
Are all but plaguary shifts.)
And is the same that ranter said,
Who, arguing with me, broke my head,
And tore a handful of my beard,
The self-same cavils then I heard,
When b'ing in hot dispute about
This controversy, we fell out;
And what thou know'st I answer'd then,
Will serve to answer thee again.
Quoth Ralpho, Nothing but th' abuse
Of human learning you produce;
Learning, that cobweb of the brain,
Profane, erroneous, and vain;
A trade of knowledge, as replete
As others are with fraud and cheat;
And art t' encumber gifts and wit,
And render both for nothing fit;
Makes light inactive, dull and troubled,
Like little David in Saul's doublet;
A cheat that scholar's put upon
Other men's reason and their own;
A sort of error, to ensconce
Absurdity and ignorance,
That renders all the avenues
To truth, impervious and abstruse.
By making plain things, in debate,
By art perplex'd and intricate.
For nothing goes for sense or light,
That will not with old rules jump right;
As if rules were not in the schools
Deriv'd from truth, but truth from rules.
This Pagon, heathenish invention
Is good for nothing but contention.
For us, in sword-and-buckler fight,
All blows do on the target light.
So when men argue, the greatest part
O' th' contest falls on terms of art,
Until the sustan stuff be spent,
And then they fall to the argument.
Quoth Hudibras, Friend Ralph, thou hast
Outrun the constable at last:
For thou art fallen on a new
Dispute, as senseless as untrue,
But to the former opposite,
And contrary as black to white.
Mere *diapirata*, that concerning
Presbytery, this human learning;
Two things s' averse, they never yet
But in the rambling fancy met.
But I shall take a fit occasion
T' evince thee by ratiocination
Some other time and place more proper
Than this w' are in; therefore let us stop here,
And rest our wearied bones a while,
Already thr'd with other toil.

HUDIBRAS.

PART SECOND.—CANTO FIRST.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Knight, by damnable Magician
Being cast illegally in prison ;
Love brings his action on the case,
And lays it upon Hudibras.
How he receives the Lady's visit,
And cunningly solicits his suit,
Which she defers ; yet on parole,
Redeems him from th' enchanted hole.*

BUT now, t' observe romantic method, Let bloody steel a while be sheathed ; And all those harsh and rugged sounds Of bastinadoes, cuts, and wounds, Exchang'd to Love's more gentle style, To let our reader breathe a while : In which, that we may be as brief as Is possible, by way of preface, Is 't not enough to make one strange, That some men's fancies should ne'er change, But make all people do and say The same things still the self-same way ? Some writers make all ladies purloin'd, And knights pursuing like a whirlwind : Others make all their knights in fits Of jealousy to lose their wits : Till drawing blood o' th' dames, like witches Th' are forthwith cur'd of their caprices. Some always thrive in their amours, By pulling plaisters off their sores ; As cripples do to get an alms, Just so do they, and win their dames. Some force old regions, in despite O' geography to change their site : Make former times shake hands with latter, And that which was before, come after. But those that write in rhyme, still make The one verse for the other's sake ; For one for sense, and one for rhyme, I think 's sufficient at one time. But we forgot in what sad plight We whilom left the captive Knight, And pensive Squire, both bruiz'd in body, And conjur'd into safe custody : Tir'd with dispute, and speaking Latin, As well as basting and bear-baiting, And desperate of any course, To free himself by wit or force : His only solace was, that now His dogs-bolt fortune was so low, That either it must quickly end, Or turn about again and mend : In which he found th' event, no less Than other times, beside his guess. There is a tall long-sided dame, (But wonderous light,) y'clep'd <i>Fame</i> , That like a thin chameleon boards Herself on air, and eats her words : Upon her shoulders wings she wears Like hanging-sleeves, lin'd thro' with ears, And eyes, and tongues, as poets list, Made good by deep mythologist : With these she thro' the welkin flies, And sometimes carries truth, oft lies,	5 10 15 20 25 30 35 40 45 50	With letters hung like eastern pigeons, And Mercuries of farthest regions ; Diurnals writ for regulation Of lying, to inform the nation ; And by their public use to bring down The rate of whetstones in the kingdom. About her neck a packet-mall, Fraught with advice, some fresh, some stale, Of men that walk'd when they were dead, And crows of monsters brought to bed ; Of hailstones big as pullets' eggs, And puppies whelp'd with twice two legs. A blazing star seen in the west, By six or seven men at least. Two trumpets she does sound at once, But both of clean contrary tones ; But whether both of the same wind, Or one before, and one behind, We know not, only this can tell, The one sounds vilely, th' other well ; And therefore vulgar authors name The one <i>good</i> , t' other <i>evil fame</i> . This tattling gossip knew too well, What mischief Hudibras befel ; And straight the spiteful tidings bears Of all, to th' unkind widow's ears. Democritus ne'er laugh'd so loud, To see bawds carted through the crowd, Or funerals with stately pomp, March slowly on in solemn dump, As she laugh'd out, until her back, As well as sides, was like to crack. She vow'd she would go see the sight, And visit the distressed Knight, To do the office of a neighbour, And be a gossip at his labour ; And from his wooden jail, the stocks, To set at large his fetter-locks, And by exchange, parole, or ransom, To free him from th' enchanted mansion. This b'ing resolv'd, she call'd for hood And usher, implements abroad Which ladies wear, besides a slender Young damsel waiting to attend her. All which appearing, on she went, To find the Knight in Limbo pent. And 't was not long before she found Him and his stout Squire, in the pound, Both coupl'd in enchanted tetter, By farther leg behind together : For as he sat upon his rump, His head like one in doleful dump, Between his knees, his hands apply'd Unto his ears on either side ;	55 60 65 70 75 80 85 90 95 100 105
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And by him, in another hoie,
Afflicted Ralpho, check by jole;
She came upon him in L's wooden
Magician's circle, on the sudden,
As spirits do t' a conjurer,
When in their dreadful shapes th' appear.
No sooner did the Knight perceive her,
But straight he fell into a fever,
Inflam'd all over with disgrace,
To be seen by her in such a place;
Which made him hang his head, and scowl.
And wink, and goggle like an owl,
He felt his brains begin to swim,
When thus the dame accosted him:

This place, quoth she, they say 's enchanted,
And with delinquent spirits haunted,
That here are ty'd in chains, and scourg'd
Until their guilty crimes be purg'd:
Look, there are two of them appear,
Like persons I have seen somewhere.
Some have mistaken blocks and posts
For spectres, apparitions, ghosts,
With saucer-eyes, and horns: and some
Have heard the devil beat a drum:
But if our eyes are not false glasses,
That give a wrong account of faces;
That beard and I should be acquainted,
Before 't was conjur'd and enlanted;
For though it be disfigured somewhat,
As if 't had lately been in combat,
It did belong to a worthy Knight,
Howe'er this goblin is come by't.

When Hudibras the Lady heard,
Discoursing thus upon his beard,
And speak with such respect and honour,
Both of the beard, and the beard's owner;
He thought it best to set as good
A face upon it as he could.
And thus he spoke: Lady, your bright
And radiant eyes are in the right:
The beard's th' identical beard you knew,
The same numerically true:
Nor is it worn by fiend or elf,
But it's proprietor himself.

O heav'ns! quoth she, can that be true:
I do begin to fear 't is you!
Not by your individual whiskers,
But by your dialect and discourse,
That never spoke to man or beast
In notions vulgarly express'd.
But what malignant star, alas!
Has brought you both to this sad pass?

Quoth he, the fortune of the war,
Which I am less afflicted for,
Than to be seen with beard and face
By you in such a homely case.

Quoth she, those need not be ashamed
For being honourably maim'd;
If he that is in battle conquer'd,
Have any title to his own beard,
'Tho' yours be sorely lugg'd and torn,
It does your visage more adorn,
Than if 't were prun'd, and starch'd, and lander'd,
And cut square by the Russian standard;
A torn beard's like a better'd ensign,
That's bravest which there are most rents in.
That petticoat about your shoulders,
Does not so well become a soldier's;
And I'm afraid they are worse handled;
Altho' I th' rear, your beard the van led:
And those unseemly bruises make
My heart for company to ache,
To see so worshipful a friend
I' th' pillory set, at the wrong end.

Quoth Hudibras, This thing call'd pain
Is (as the learned Stoics maintain)
Not bad *simpliciter*, not good;
But merely as 't is understood.
Sense is deceitful, and may feign,
As well in counterfeiting pain
As other gross phenomena,
In which it oft mistakes the case,
But since th' immortal intellect
(That's free from error and defect,
Whose objects still persist the same)
Is free from outward bruise or maim,
Which nought external can expose
To gross material bangs or blows;
It follows, we can ne'er be sure
Whether we pain or not endure;
And just so far are sore and griev'd,
As by the fancy is believ'd.

110 Some have been wounded with conceit,
And dy'd of mere opinion straight;
Others, tho' wounded sore in reason,
Felt no contusion, nor discretion.
A Saxon duke did grow so fat,
205 That mice, as histories relate,
Ate grots and labyrinths to dwell in
His postic parts, without his feeling:
Then how is 't possible a kick
Should e'er reach that way to the quick?

115 Quoth she, I grant it is in vain
For one that 's basted to feel pain,
Because the pangs his bones endure,
Contribute nothing to the cure:
Yet honour hurt is wont to rage
210 With pain no medicine can assuage.

120 Quoth he, That honour 's very squeamish,
That takes a basting for a blemish;
For what 's more honourable than scars,
Or skin to tatters rent in wars?
Some have been beaten till they know
215 What wood a cudgel 's of by th' blow;
Some kick'd, until they can feel whether
A shoe be Spanish or near's leather:
And yet have met, after long running,
With some whom they have taught that cunning,

130 The farthest way about t' o'ercome,
I' th' end does prove the nearest home,
By laws of learned duellists,
They that are bruise'd with wood or fists,
And think one beating may for once
220 Suffice, are cowards and poltroons:
But if they dare engage t' a second,
They're stout and gallant fellows reckon'd.

135 Th' old Romans freedom did bestow,
Our princes worship, with a blow;
King Pyrrhus cur'd his splenetic
And testy courtiers with a kick.
The Negus, when some mighty lord
Or potentate's to be restor'd
225 And pardon'd for some great offence,
With which he's willing to dispense;
First has him laid upon his belly,
Then beaten back and side, t' a jelly:
That done, he rises, humbly bows,
And gives thanks for the princely blows,
230 Departs not meanly proud and boasting
Of his magnificent rib-roasting.

140 The beaten soldier proves most manful,
That, like his sword, endures the anvil;
And justly 's held more formidable,
The more his valour 's malleable;
But he that fears a bastinado,
Will run away from his own shadow:
235 And tho' I'm now in durance fast,
By our own party basely cast,
Ransom, exchange, parole refus'd,
And worse than by the cn'm's us'd,
In close *calatras* shut, past hope

145 Of wit or valour, to elope:
As beards the nearer that they tend
To th' earth, still grow more reverend;
And cannons shoot the higher pitches,
The lower we let down their breeches:
I'll make this low dejected fate
240 Advance me to a greater height.

150 Quoth she, Y' have almost made m' in love
With that which did my pity move.
Great wits, and valours, like great states,
Do sometimes sink with their own weights:
Th' extremes of glory and of shame,
245 Like east and west, become the same:
No Indian prince has to his palace
More followers than a thief to th' gallows.
But if a beating seem so brave,
What glories must a whipping have?

155 Such great achievements cannot fall
To cast salt on a woman's tail:
For if I thought your nat'ral talent
Of passive courage were so gallant
As you strain hard to have it thought,
I could grow *anxious*, and dote.

160 When Hudibras this language heard,
He prick'd up 's ears, and strok'd his beard.
Thought he, this is the lucky hour;
Wine's work when vines are in the flow'r:
250 This crisis then I'll set my rest on,
And put her boldly to the question.

165 Madam, what you would seem to doubt,
Shall be to all the world made out:
How I've been drubb'd, and with what spirit
And magnanimity I bear it;

170 And dy'd of mere opinion straight;
Others, tho' wounded sore in reason,
Felt no contusion, nor discretion.
A Saxon duke did grow so fat,
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They that are bruise'd with wood or fists,
And think one beating may for once
220 Suffice, are cowards and poltroons:
But if they dare engage t' a second,
They're stout and gallant fellows reckon'd.

And if you doubt it to be true,
I'll stake myself down against you
And if I fail in love or troth,
Be you the winner, and take both.
Quoth she, I've heard old cunning stagers
Say, fools for arguments use wagers;
And tho' I prais'd your valour, yet
I did not mean to baulk your wit;
Which if you have, you must needs know
What I have told you before now,
And you b' experiment have prov'd,
I cannot love where I'm belov'd.
Quoth Hudibras, 'Tis a caprich,
Beyond th' infliction of a witch;
So cheats to play with those still aim,
That do not understand the game.
Love in your heart as idly burns,
As fire in antique Roman urns,
To warm the dead, and vainly light
Those only that see nothing by 't.
Have you not pow'r to entertain,
And render love for love again?
As no man can draw in his breath
At once, and force out air beneath?
Or do you love yourself so much,
To bear all rivals else a grutch?
What fate can lay a greater curse
Than you upon yourself would force;
For wedlock without love, some say,
Is but a lock without a key:
It is a kind of rape to marry
One that neglects, or cares not for ye:
For what does make it ravishment,
But b'ing against the mind's consent?
A rape that is the more inhuman,
For being acted by a woman.
Why are you fair but to entice us,
To love you that you may despise us?
But though you cannot love, you say,
Out of your own fanatic way,
Why should you not at least allow
Those that love you to do so too;
For as you fly me, and pursue
Love more averse, so I do you:
And am by your own doctrine taught
To practise what you call a fault.
Quoth she, if what you say is true,
You must fly me as I do you:
But 't is not what we do, but say,
In love and preaching, that must sway.
Quoth he, To bid me not to love,
Is to forbid my pulse to move,
My beard to grow, my ears to prick up,
Or, when I 'm in a fit, to hiccup:
Command me to piss out the moon,
And 't will as easily be done.
Love's pow'r 's too great to be withstood
By feeble human flesh and blood:
'T was he that brought upon his knees
The hec't'ring kill-cow Hercules;
Transform'd his leager-lion's skin
To a petticoat, and make him spin;
Seiz'd on his club, and made it dwindle
To a feeble distaff and a spindle.
'T was he that made emperors gallants
To their own sisters, and their aunts;
Set popes and cardinals agog,
To play with pages at leap-frog.
'T was he that gave our senate purges,
And flur'd the House of many a burgess;
Made those that represent the nation,
Submit, and suffer amputation;
And all the grandes of th' cabal
Adjourn to tubs, at spring and fall.
He mounted synod-men, and rode 'em
To Dirty-lane and Little Sodom;
Made 'em cur'et, like Spanish jennets,
And take the ring at Madam ———'s;
'T was he that made St. Francis do
More than the devil could tempt him to;
In cold and frosty weather grow
Enamour'd of a wife of snow;
And though she were of rigid temper,
With melting flames accost and tempt her;
Which after in enjoyment quenching,
He hung a garland on his engine.
Quoth she, If love have these effects,
Why is it not forbid our sex?
Why is 't not damn'd, and interdicted
For diabolical and wicked?
And sung, as out of tune, against,
As Turk and Pope are by the saints?

I find I've greater reason for it
Than I believ'd before, t' abhor it.
Quoth Hudibras, These sad effects
Spring from your heathenish neglects
Of love's great pow'r, which he returns
Upon yourselves with equal scorn;
And those who worthy lovers slight,
Plagues with preposterous appetite.
This made the beautiful Queen of Crete
So take a town-bull for her sweet,
And from her greatness stoop so low,
To be the rival of a cow:
Others to prostitute their great hearts,
To be baboons' and monkeys' sweethearts;
Some with the dev'l himself in a league grow
By 's representative, a negro.
'T was this made vestal maids love-sick,
And venture to be buried quick:
Some by their fathers, and their brothers,
To be made mistresses and mothers.
'Tis this that proudest dames enamours
Of lacqueys, and valets des chambres;
Their haughty stomachs overcome,
And make them stoop to dirty grooms;
To sleight the world, and to disparage
Claps, issues, infamy, and marriage.
Quoth she, These judgments are severe,
Yet such as I should rather bear,
Than trust men with their oaths, or prove
Their faith and secrecy in love.
Says he, There is a weighty reason
For secrecy in love, as treason.
Love is a burglar, a felon,
That in the window-eye does steal in
To rob the heart, and with his prey
Steals out again a closer way;
Which whosoever can discover,
He 's sure (as he deserves) to suffer.
Love is a fire, that burns and sparkles
In men as nat'rally as in charcoals,
Which sooty chemists stop in holes,
When out of wood they extract coals;
So lovers should their passions choke,
That though they burn they may not smoke.
'Tis like that sturdy thief that stole
And dragg'd beasts backwards into 's hole:
So Love does lovers, and us men
Draws by the tail into his den;
That no impression may discover,
And trace to 's cave the wary lover.
But if you doubt I should reveal
What you intrust me under seal,
I'll prove myself as close and virtuous
As your own secretary, Albert.
Quoth she, I grant you may be close
In hiding what your aims propose;
Love-passions are like parables,
By which men still mean something else:
Though love be all the world's pretence,
Money 's the mythologic sense,
The real substance of the shadow,
Which all address and courtship 's made to.
Thought he, I understand your play,
And how to quit you your own way:
He that will win his dame, must do
As Love does, when he bends his bow;
With one hand thrust the lady from,
And with the other pull her home.
I grant, quoth he, wealth is a great
Provocative to am'rous heat,
It is all philtres, and high diet,
That makes love rampant, and to fly out:
'Tis beauty always in the flower,
That buds and blossoms at fourscore:
'Tis that by which the sun and moon
At their own weapons are undone:
That makes knights-errant fall in trarces,
And lay about them in romances:
'Tis virtue, wit, and worthy, and all
That men divine and sacred call:
For what is worth in any thing,
But so much money as 't will bring?
Or what but riches is there known,
Which man can solely call his own,
In which no creature goes his half,
Unless it be to squint and laugh?
I do confess, with goods and land,
I'd have a wife at second-hand?
And such you are: nor is 't your person
My stomach 's set so sharp and fierce on;
But 'tis (your better part) your riches,
That my enamour'd heart bewitches;

- Let me your fortune but possess,
And set, to your person how to please,
Or make it o'er in trust to th' devil.
You'll find me reasonable and . . .
Quoth she, I like this plainness better
Than false mock-passion, speech, or letter,
Or any seat of qualm or swooning,
But hanging of yourself, or drowning:
Your only way with me to break
Your mind, is breaking of your neck;
For as when merchants break, o'erthrown
Like nine-pins, they strike others down;
So that would break my heart, which done,
My tempting fortune is your own.
These are but trifles: ev'ry lover
Will damn himself, over and over,
And greater matters undertake
For a less worthy mistress' sake:
Yet they're the only ways to prove
Th' unfeign'd realities of love;
For he that hangs, or beats out 's brains,
The devil's in him af he fears.
Quoth Hudibras, The way's too rough
For mere experiment and proof;
It is no jesting, trivial matter,
To swing i' th' air, or dounce in water.
And, like a water-witch, try love;
That's to destroy, and not to prove:
As if a man should be dissected,
To find what part is diseased.
Your better way is to make over
In trust, your fortune to your lover:
That is a trick; if it break,
'Tis not so desperate as a neck:
Beside, th' experiment 's more certain;
Men venture necks to gain a fortune:
The soldier does it ev'ry day
(Eight to the week) for six-pence pay:
Your pettifoggers damn their souls,
To share with knaves in cheating tools:
And merchants, venturing through the main,
Slight pirates, rocks, and storms, for gain.
This is the way I 'dvice you to;
Trust me, and see what I will do.
Quoth she, I should be loath to run
Myself all th' hazard, and you none:
Which must be done, unless some deed
Of yours aforesaid do precede:
Give but yourself one gentle swing
For trial, and I'll cut the string;
Or give that rev'rend head a maul,
Or two, or three, against a wall;
To show you are a man of mettle,
And I'll engage myself to settle.
Quoth he, My head's not made of brass,
As Fanny Bacon's noddle was;
Nor (like the Indian's skull) so tough,
That, authors say, 'twas musket-proof:
As it had need to be, to enter
As yet on any new adventure:
You see what bangs it hath endur'd,
That would, before new feats, be cur'd;
But if that's all you stand upon,
Here strike me luck, it shall be done.
Quoth she, The matter's not so far gone
As you suppose; two words to a bargain;
That may be done, and time enough,
When you have given downright proof:
And yet 'tis no fantastic pique
I have to love, nor coy dislike:
'Tis no implicit, nice aversion
Th' your conversation, mien, or person;
But a just fear, lest you should prove
False and perfidious in love:
For if I thought you could be true,
I could love twice as much as you.
Quoth he, My faith is adamantine
As chains of destiny, I'll maintain;
True as Apollo ever spoke,
Or oracle from heart of oak:
And if you'll give my flame but vent,
Now in close hugger-mugger pent,
And shune upon me but benignly,
With that one, and that other, pigsney,
The sun and day shall sooner part,
Than love or you shake off my heart;
The sun, that shall no more dispense
His own, but your bright influence,
I'll carve your name on barks of trees,
With true love's knots and flourishes,
That shall infuse eternal spring;
And everlasting flourishing;
- Drink ev'ry letter on't in stum,
And make it bright champagne become.
Where'er you tread, your foot shall set
The primrose and the violet;
All spices, perfumes, and sweet powders,
Shall borrow from your breath their odours;
Nature her charter shall renew,
And take all lives of things from you;
The world depend upon your eye,
And when you frown upon it, die;
Only our love shall still survive,
New worlds and natures to outlive;
And like to heralds' moons, remain
All crescents, without change or wane.
Hold, hold, quoth she, no more of this,
Sir Knight, you take your aim amiss:
For you will find it a hard chapter
To catch me with poetic rapture,
In which your mastery of art
Doth show itself, and not your heart;
Nor will you raise in mine combustion,
By dint of high heroic fustian,
She that with poetry is won,
Is but a desk to write upon;
And what men say of her, they mean
No more than on the thing they lean.
Some with Arabian spices strive
To embalm her cruelly alive;
Or season her, as French cooks use
Their haut-gouts, bouillies, and ragous;
Use her so barbarously ill,
To grind her lips upon a mill,
Unto the facet doublet doth
Fit their rhymes rather than her mouth;
Her mouth compar'd to an oyster's, with
A row of pearl in't 'stead of teeth.
Others make poses of her cheeks,
Where red and whitest colours mix;
In which the lily and the rose
For Indian lake and ceruse goes.
The sun and moon by her bright eyes
Eclips'd and darken'd in the skies,
Are but black patches, which she wears
Cut into suns, and moons, and stars.
By which astrologers, as well
As those in heav'n above, can tell
What strange events they do foreshew
Unto her under world below.
Her voice, the music of the spheres,
So loud it deafens mortal's ears;
As wise philosophers have thought;
And that's the cause we hear it not.
This has been done by some, who those
Th' ador'd in rhyme, would kick in prose
And in those ribands would have hung,
Of which melodiously they sung:
That have the hard fate to write best
Of those still that deserve it least;
It matters not how false, or forg'd,
So the best things be said o' th' worst
It goes for nothing when 't is said,
Only the arrow 's drawn to th' head,
Whether it be a swan or goose
They level at: so shepherds use
To set the same mark on the hip
Both of their sound and rotten sheep.
For wits that carry low or wide,
Must be aim'd higher, or beside
The mark, which else they ne'er come nigh,
But when they take their aim awry.
But I do wonder you should choose
This way to attack me with your muse,
As one cut out to pass your tricks on
With fulhams of poetic fiction
I rather hop'd I should no more
Hear from you o' th' gallanting score:
For hard dry bastings us'd to prove
The readiest remedies of love.
Next a dry diet; but if those fail,
Yet this uneasy loop-hold jail,
In which y' are hamper'd by the fetlock,
Cannot but put y' in mind of wedlock;
Wedlock, that's worse than any hole here,
If that may serve you for a cooler,
To allay your mettle all agog
Upon a wife, the heavier clog:
Nor rather thank your gentler fate,
That for a braus'd or broken pate,
Has freed you from those knots that grow
Much harder on the marry'd brow.
But if no dread can cool your courage,
From vent'ring on that dragon, marriage;

- Yet give me quarter, and advance
To nobler aims your puissance:
I level at beauty, and at wit;
The fairest mark is easiest hit.
Quoth Hudibras, I'm beforehand
In that already, with your command;
For where does beauty and high wit
But in your constellation meet?
Quoth she, What does a match imply,
But likeness and equality?
I know you cannot think me fit
To be th' yoke-fellow of your wit:
Nor take one of so mean deserts,
To be the partner of your parts;
A grace, which if I could believe,
I've not the conscience to receive.
That conscience, quoth Hudibras,
Is misinform'd. I'll state the case:
A man may be a legal donor
Of any thing whereof he's owner;
And may confer it where he lists,
I' th' judgment of all casuists:
Then wit and parts, and valour, may
Be all'nate, and made away,
By those that are proprietors,
As I may give or sell my horse.
Quoth she, I grant the case is true,
And proper 'twixt your horse and you;
But whether I may take, as well
As you may give away, or sell.
Buyers, you know, are bid beware,
And worse than thieves receivers are.
How shall I answer hue and cry,
For a roan gelding twelve hands high,
All spur'd and switch'd, a lock on 's hoof,
A sorrel mane? Can I bring proof
Where, when, by whom, and what y' were sold for,
And in the open market toll'd for;
And should I take you for a stray,
You must be kept a year and day,
(Ere I can own you) here i' th' pound,
Where, if y' are sought, you may be found:
And in the mean time I must pay
For all your provender and hay.
Quoth he, It stands me much upon
To enervate this objection,
And prove myself by topic clear,
No gelding, as you would infer.
Loss of virility's averr'd
To be the cause of loss of beard,
That does (like embryo in the womb)
Abortive on the chin become.
This first a woman did invent,
In envy of man's ornament,
Semiramis of Babylon,
Who first of all cut men o' the stone,
To mar their beards, and laid foundation
Of sow-gelding operation.
Look on this beard, and tell me whether
Eunuchs wear such, or geldings either;
Next it appears I am no horse,
That I can argue and discourse;
Have but two legs, and ne'er a tail.
Quoth she, That nothing will avail;
For some philosophers of late here
Write, men have four legs by nature,
And that 't is custom makes them go
Erroneously upon but two;
As 't was in Germany made good
By a boy that lost himself in a wood,
And growing down t' a man, was wont
With wolves upon all four to hunt.
As for your reasons drawn from tails,
We cannot say they're true or false,
Till you explain yourself, and show,
By experiment 't is so or no.
Quoth he, If you 'll join issue on 't,
I 'll give you satisfact'ry account;
So you will promise, if you lose,
To settle all, and be my spouse.
That never shall be done, quoth she,
To one that wants a tail, by me,
For tails by nature sure were meant,
As well as beards, for ornament;
And though the vulgar count them homely,
In man or beast they are so comely,
So genteel, alarode, and handsome,
I 'll never marry one that wants one.
And till you can demonstrate plain,
You have one equal to your mane,
I 'll be torn piece-meal by a horse,
Ere I 'll take you for better or worse.
- The Prince of Cambay's dally food
Is asp, and basilisk, and toad;
Which makes him have so strong a breath,
Each night he stinks a queen to death;
Yet I shall rather lie in 's arms
Than your's, on any other terms.
Quoth he, What nature can afford,
I shall produce, upon my word;
And if she ever gave that boon
To man, I 'll prove that I have one;
I mean by postulate illation,
When you shall offer just occasion.
But since y' have yet denied to give
My heart, your prisoner, a reprieve,
But made it sink down to my heel,
Let that at least your pity feel;
And for the sufferings of your martyr,
Give its poor entertainer quarter;
And by discharge, or main-prize, grant
Delivery from this base restraint.
Quoth she, I grieve to see your leg
Stuck in a hole which way to do 't,
(Your honour safe,) I 'd let you out
That dames by jail-delivery
Of errant knight have been set free,
When by enchantment they have been,
And sometimes for it too, laid in;
Is that which knights are bound to do
By order, oath, and honour too?
For what are they renown'd and famous else,
But aiding of distressed demoiselles?
But for a lady no wife errant,
To free a knight, we have no warrant
In any authentic romance,
(Or classic author yet of France;
And I 'd be loath to have you break
An ancient custom for a freak,
Or innovation introduce
In place of things of antique use:
To free your heels by any course
That might be unwholesome to your spurs.
Which if I should consent unto,
It is not in my power to do;
For 't is a service must be done ye,
With solemn previous ceremony;
Which always has been us'd to untie
The charms of those who here do lie:
For as the ancients heretofore
To Honour's temple had no door,
But that which through Virtue's lay;
So from this dungeon there 's no way
To honour'd freedom, but by passing
That other virtuous school of lashing,
Where knights are kept in narrow lists,
With wooden lockets 'bout their wrists;
In which they for a while are tenants,
And for their ladies suffer penance:
Whipping, that 's Virtue's governess,
Tut'ress of arts and sciences;
That mends the gross mistakes of Nature,
And puts new life into dull matter;
That lays foundation for renown,
And all the honours of the gown.
This suffer'd, they are set at large,
And freed with honourable discharge:
Then in the robes, the penitentials
Are straight presented with credentials,
And in their way attended on
By magistrates of every town;
And all respect and charges paid,
They're to their ancient seats convey'd.
Now, if you 'll venture, for my sake,
To try the toughness of your back,
And suffer (as the rest have done)
The laying of a whipping on;
(And may you prosper in your suit,
As you with equal virtue do 't);
I here engage myself to loose ye,
And free your heel from caperdevsie.
But since our sex's modesty
Will not allow I should be by,
Bring me, on oath, a fair account,
And honour too, when you have done 't;
And I 'll admit you to the place
You claim as due in my good grace.
If matrimony and hanging go
By destiny, why not whipping too?
What medicine else can cure the fits
Of lovers, when they lose their wits?
Love is a boy by poets styl'd,
Then spare the rod, and spoil the child.

- A Persian emperor whipp'd his grannam, 845
 The sea, his mother Venus came on ;
 And hence some rev'rend men approve,
 Of rosemary in making love.
 As skilful coopers hoop their tubs
 With Lydian and with Phrygian dubs ; 850
 Why may not whipping have as good
 A grace, perform'd in time and mood,
 With comely movements, and by art,
 Raise passion in a lady's heart ?
 It is an easier way to make
 Love by, than that which many take.
 Who would not rather suffer whipping,
 Than swallow toasts of bits of ribbin ?
 Make wicked verses, treats, and faces,
 And spell names over with bear-glasses ?
 Be under vows to hang and die
 Love's sacrifice, and all a lie ?
 With China oranges and tarts,
 And whining plays lay baits for hearts ?
 Bribe chambermaids with love and money,
 To break no rogulsh jests upon ye ?
 For lilies limn'd on cheeks and roses,
 With painted perfumes, hazard noses ?
 Or vent'ring to be brisk and wanton,
 Do penance in a paper lantern ?
 All this you may compound for now
 By suff'ring what I offer you :
 Which is no more than has been done
 By knights for ladies long ago :
 Did not the great La Mancha do so
 For the infanta Del Tobova ?
 Did not th' illustrious Bassa make
 Himself a slave for Missa's sake ?
 And with bull's pizzle, for her love,
 Was tawn'd as gentle as a glove ?
 Was not young Florio sent (to cool
 His flame for Biancasore) to school,
 Where pedant made his pathetic bum
 For her sake suffer martyrdom ?
- Did not a certain lady whip 885
 Of late her husband's own lordship ?
 And tho' a grandee of the house,
 Claw'd him with fundamental blows ;
 Tied him stark-naked to a bed-post,
 And fir'd his hide, as if sh' had rid post ; 890
 And after in the sessions-court,
 Where whipping 's judg'd, had honour for 't ?
 This swear you will perform, and then
 I 'll set you from th' enchanted den,
 And the magician's circle, clear. 895
 Quoth he, I do profess and swear ;
 And will perform what you enjoin,
 Or may I never see you mine.
 Amen, quoth, she, then turn'd about,
 And bid her squire let him out, 900
 But ere an artist could be found
 T' undo the charms another bound,
 The sun grew low, and left the skies,
 Put down, some write, by ladies' eyes ;
 The moon pull'd off her veil of light,
 That hides her face by day from sight,
 (Mysterious veil, of brightness made,
 That's both her lustre and her shade,) 905
 And in the lantern of the night,
 With shining horns hung out her light ;
 For darkness is the proper sphere,
 Where all false glories use t' appear.
 The twinkling stars began to muster,
 And glitter with their borrow'd lustre ;
 While sleep the weary'd world reliev'd,
 By counterfeiting death reviv'd, 915
 His whipping penance till the morn,
 Our vot'ry thought it best t' adjourn,
 And not to carry on a work
 Of such importance in the dark, 920
 With erring haste, but rather stay,
 And do 't in th' open face of day ;
 And, in the mean time, go in quest
 Of next retreat to take his rest.

HUDIBRAS

PART SECOND.—CANTO SECOND.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Knight and Squire in hot dispute
Within an ace of falling out,
Are parted with a sudden fright
Of strange alarm, and stranger sight;
With which adventuring to stickle,
They 're sent away in hasty pickle.*

'TIS strange how some men's tempers suit
(Like bawd and brandy) with dispute,
That for their own opinions stand fast
Only to have them claw'd and canvass'd,
That keep their consciences in cases,
As fiddlers do their crowds and bases;
Ne'er to be us'd but when they 're bent
To play a fit for argument:
Make true and false, unjust and just,
Of no use but to be discuss'd
Dispute, and set a paradox,
Like a straight boot, upon the stocks,
And stretch it more unmercifully,
Than Helmont, Montaigne, White or Lully.
So th' ancient Stoics in their porch,
With fierce dispute maintain'd their church,
Beat out their brains in fight and study,
To prove that virtue is a body;
That *bonum* is an animal,
Made good with stout polemic brawl:
In which some hundred on the place
Were slain outright, and many a face
Retrench'd of nose, and eyes, and beard,
To maintain what their sect averr'd,
All which the Knight and Squire in wrath
Had like to have suffer'd for their faith.
Each striving to make good his own,
As by the sequel shall be shown.

The sun had long since, in the lap
Of Thetis, taken out his nap;
And like a lobster boil'd, the morn,
From black to red began to turn,
When Hudibras, whom thoughts and aking,
Twixt sleeping kept all night, and waking,
Began to rub his drowsy eyes,
And from his couch prepar'd to rise,
Resolving to despatch the deed
He vow'd to do with trusty speed.
But first, with knocking loud, and bawling,
He rous'd the Squire, in trickle lolli g-
And, after many circumstances,
Which vulgar authors in romances
Do use to spend their time and wits on,
To make impertinent description,
They got, with much ado, to horse,
And to the castle bent their course,
In which he to the dame before
To suffer whipping duly swore:
Where now arriv'd, and half unharnest,
To carry on the work in earnest,
He stopp'd, and paus'd upon the sudden,
And with a serious forehead plodding,
Sprung a new scruple in his head,
Which first he scratch'd, and after said;
Whether it be direct infringing
An oath, if I should ware this swinging,
And what I 've sworn to bear, forbear,
And so be equivocation swear:

Or whether 't be a lesser sin
To be forsworn, than act the thing,
Are deep and subtle points which must,
'I inform my conscience, be discuss'd;
In which to err a title may
To errors infinite make way:
And therefore I desire to know
Thy judgment, ere we further go.
Quoth Italpo, Since you do enjoin 't,
I shall enlarge upon the point;
And for my own part, do not doubt
Th' affirmative may be made out.
But first, to state the case aright,
For best advantage of our light;
And thus 't is, Whether 't be a sin
To claw and curry your own skin,
Greater, or less, than to forbear,
And that you are forsworn, forswear.
But first o' th' first: the inward man,
And outward like a clan and clan,
Have always been at dagger-drawing,
And one another clapper-clawing:
Not that they really cuff, or fence,
But in a spiritual mystic sense;
Which to mistake, and make 'em squabble,
In literal fray's abominable:
'Tis heathenish, in frequent use
With Pagans and apostate Jews,
To offer sacrifice of Bridewells,
Like modern Indians, to their idols:
And mongrel Christians of our times,
That expiate less with greater crimes,
And call the foul abomination
Contrition, and mortification.
Is 't not enough we 're bruise'd and kicked,
With sinful members of the wicked;
Our vessels that are sanctify'd,
Profan'd and curry'd back and side;
But we must claw ourselves with shameful
And heathen stripes, by their example?
Which (were there nothing to forbid it)
Is impious, because they did it;
This therefore may be justly reckon'd
A heinous sin. Now to the second,
That saints may claim a dispensation
To swear and forswear, on occasion,
I doubt not but it will appear
With pregnant light. The point is clear.
Oaths are but words, and words but wind
Too feeble implements to bind:
And hold with deeds proportion, so
As shadows to a substance do.
Then, when they strive for place, 't is fit
The weaker vessel should submit:
Altho' your church be opposite
To ours, as Black Friars are to White,
In rule and order: yet I grant
You are a reformed saint;

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And 'twould to us be shame enough,
Not to attempt to fetch him off;
I would, quoth he, venture a limb
To second thee, and rescue him;
But if we must about it straitly,
Or else our aid will come too late;
Quarrel he scorn'd, he is so stout,
And therefore cannot long hold out
This said, they ward their wayward brand
About their heads, to clear the ground;
And joining forces, laid about
So fiercely that th' amazed rout
Turn'd tail again, and straight begun,
As if the devil drove, to run.
Meanwhile th' approach'd the place where Bruin
Was now engag'd to mortal ruin:
The conquering foe then seen assail'd,
First Trulla stay'd and Cerdon tail'd,
Until their mastiffs leav'd their hold;
And yet, alas! I do what they could,
The worsted Bear came off with store
Of bloody wounds, but all before.
For as Achille, dy'd in pond,
Was amaz'd, free from wound,
Made proof against dead-dead steel
All over, but the Pagan heel
So did our champion's arms defend
All of him, but the other end.
His head and ears, which in the martial
Encounter lost a leathern parcel.
For as an Austrian archduke once
Had one ear which in dustoons
Is half the coin in battle pay'd
Close to his head; so Bruin far'd;
But tug'd and pull'd on th' other side,
Like scrivener newly crucified.
To like the late corrected leathern
Ears of the circumcised brethren.
But gentle Trulla, into th' ring
He wore in's nose, convey'd a string,
With which she march'd before and led
The warrior to a gray bed.
As authors write, in a cool shade,
Which eglantine and roses made;
Close by a softly murm'ring stream,
Where lovers us'd to loil and dream.
There leaving him to his repose,
Secured from pursuit of foes,
And wanting nothing but a song,
And a well-tun'd Theorbo hung
Upon a bough, to ease the pain
His tug'd ears suffer'd with a strain,
They both drew up, to march in quest
Of his great leader, and the rest.
For Urin (who was more renown'd
For stout maintaining of his ground
In standing fight, than for pursuit,
As being not so quick of foot)
Was not long able to keep pace
With others that pursu'd the chase;
But found himself left far behind.
Both out of heart and out of wind:
Griev'd to behold his Bear pursu'd
So basely by a multitude;
And like to fall, not by the prowess,
But numbers of his coward foes.
He run'd and kept as heavy a coll as
Stout Hercules for loss of Hylas;
Forcing the valley to repeat
The accents of his sad regret.
He beat his breast, and tore his hair,
For loss of his dear crony Bear;
That Echo, from the hollow ground,
His doleful wailings did resound
More wistfully, by many times,
Than in small poets play-foot rhymes,
That make her, in their rueful stories,
To answer to in'terrogatories;
And most unconsciously depose
To things of which she nothing knows;
And when she has said all she can say,
'Tis wrested to the lover's fancy.
Quoth he, O wretched, sick'd Bruin,
Art thou fled to my—Echo, I trow!
I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a step
For fear. Quoth Echo, Marry Guelp.
Am I not here to take thy part?
Then what has quell'd thy stubborn heart?
Have these bones rattled, and this head
So often in that quarrel bled?
Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,
For thy dear wife, Quoth she, Mum Budget

Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i' th' dish
Thou turn'st thy back? Quoth Echo, Pish.
To run from those th' hadst overcome
Thus cowardly? Quoth Echo, Mum.
But what a vengeance makes thee fly
From me too, as thine enemy?
Or if thou hast no thought of me,
Nor want I have endur'd for thee,
Yet shame and honour might prevail
To keep thee thus from turning tail:
For who would grudge to spend his blood in
His honour's cause? Quoth she, A Puddin'.
This said, his grit to anger turn'd,
Which in his manly stomach burn'd;
Thirst of revenge, and wrath, in place
Of sorrow, now began to blaze.
He vow'd the authors of his wo
Should equal vengeance undergo;
And with their bones and flesh pay dear
For what he suffer'd, and his Bear.
This being resolv'd with equal speed
And rage he hasted to proceed
To action straight, and giving o'er
To search for Bruin any more,
He went in quest of Huidibras,
To find him out where-e'er he was;
And, if he were above ground, vow'd
He'd ferret him, lurk where he would.
But scarce had he a furlong on
This resolute adventure gone,
When he encounter'd with that crew
Whom Huidibras did late subdue:
Honour, revenge, contempt, and shame,
Did equally their breasts inflame.
Among these the fierce Magiano was,
And Talgo, foe to Huidibras;
Cerdon, and Colon, warriors stout,
And resolute as ever fought;
Whom furious Orin thus bespoke:
Shall we, quoth he, thus basely brook
The vile affront that paltry ass
And feeble scoundrel, Huidibras,
With that mere paltry ragamuffin,
Ralpho, with vapouring and luffing,
Have put upon us, like tame cattle,
As if th' 'ad routed us in battle?
For my part, it shall ne'er be said,
I for th' washing gave my head;
Nor did I turn my back for fear
Of th' rascals, but loss of my Bear,
Which now I'm like to undergo.
For whether those fell wounds, or no,
He has receiv'd in fight are mortal,
Is more than all my skill can foretell;
Nor do I know what is become
Of him more than the Pope of Rome.
But if I can but find them out
That caus'd it, (as I shall no doubt,
Where-e'er th' in hugger-mugger lurk,)
I'll make them rue their handi-work;
And wish that they had rather dar'd
To pull the devil by the beard.
Quoth Cerdon, Noble Orin, th' hast
Great reason to do as thou say'st,
And so has e'er'y body here,
As well as thou hast, or thy Bear.
Others may do as they see good;
But if this twig be made of wood
That will hold tack, I'll make the fur
Fly 'bout the ears of that old cur.
And 't'other mungrel vermin, Ralpho,
That brav'd us all in his behalf,
The Bear is safe, and out of peril,
Tho' Iugg'd indeed, and wound'd very ill:
Myself and Trulla made a shift
To lift him out at a dead lift;
And having brought him bravely off,
Have left him where he's safe enough:
There let him rest, for if we stay,
The slaves may hap to get away.
This said, they all engag'd to join
Their forces in the same design;
And forthwith put themselves in search
Of Huidibras upon their march.
Where leave we them a while to tell
What the victorious Knight befel;
For such, Crowdero being fast
In dungeon shut, we left him last.
Triumphant laurels seem'd to grow
No where so great as on his brow:
Laden with which, as well as th' d'
With conqu'ring toil, he now retir'd

Is 't fit should be subordinate
To ev'ry petty court i' th' state,
And have less power than the lesser,
To deal with perjury at pleasure?
Have its proceedings disallow'd, or
Allow'd, at fancy of pie-powder?
Tell all it does, or does not know,
For swearing *ex officio*!
Be forc'd t' impeach a broken hedge,
And pigs unring'd at *Vis. Franc. Pledge*!
Discover thieves, and bawds, recusants,
Priests, witches, eves droppers, and nuisance;
Tell who did play at games unlawful,
And who fill'd pots of ale but half-full:
And have no power at all, nor shift,
To help itself at a dead lift?
Why should not conscience have vacation
As well as other courts o' th' nation;
Have equal power to adjourn,
Appoint appearance and return;
And make as nice distinction serve
To split a case, as those that carve,
Invoking cuckolds' names, hit joints,
Why should not tricks as slight do points?
Is not th' high court of justice sworn
To judge that law that serves their turn?
Make their own jealousies high treason,
And fix 'em whomso'er they please on?
Cannot the learned council there
Make laws in any shape appear?
Mould 'em as witches do their clay,
When they make pictures to destroy?
And vex 'em into any form
That fits their purposes to do harm?
Rack 'em until they do confess,
Impeach of treason whom they please,
And most perfidiously condemn
Those that engag'd their lives for them?
And yet do nothing in their own sense,
But what they ought by oath and conscience?
Can they not juggle, and with slight
Conveyance play with wrong and right;
And sell their blasts of wind as dear
As Lapland witches bottled air?
Will not fear, favour, bribe, and grudge,
The same case sev'ral ways adjudge?
As seamen with the self-same gale,
Will sev'ral different courses sail;
As when the sea breaks o'er its bounds,
And overflows the level grounds,
Those banks and dams that like a screen
Did keep it out, now keep it in:
So when tyrannic usurpation
Invades the freedom of a nation,
The laws o' th' land that were intended
To keep it out, are made defend it.
Does not in Chanc'ry ev'ry man swear
What makes best for him in his answer?
Is not the winding up witnesses
A nicking more than half the bus'ness?
For witnesses, like watches, go
Just as they're set, too fast or slow;
And where in conscience they're strait-lac'd,
'T is ten to one that side is cast.
Do not your juries give their verdict,
As if they felt the cause, not heard it?
And, as they please, make matter of fact
Run all on one side, as they are pack'd?
Nature has made man's breast no windows,
To publish what he does within doors;
Nor what dark secrets there inhabit,
Unless his own rash folly blab it,
If oaths can do a man no good
In his own bus'ness, why they should
In other matters do him hurt,
I think there's little reason for 't.
He that imposes an oath makes it;
Not he that for convenience takes it:
Then how can any man be said
To break an oath he never made?
These reasons may perhaps look oddly
To th' wicked, tho' th' evince the godly;
But if they will not serve to clear
My honour, I am ne'er the near.
Honour is like the glassy bubble,
That finds philosophers such trouble,
Whose least part crack'd, the whole does fly,
And wits are crack'd to find out why.
Quoth Ralphe, Honour's but a word
To swear by, only in a lord:
In other men 't is but a huff,
To vapour with, instead of proof,

That like a wen, looks big and swells,
Is senseless, and just nothing else.
Let it, quoth he, be what it will,
It has the world's opinion still.
But as men are not wise that run
The slightest hazard they may shun;
There may a medium be found out
To clear to all the world the doubt;
And that is, if a man may do 't,
By proxy whipt, or substitute.
Though nice and dark the point appear.
Quoth Ralphe, It may hold up and clear.
That sinners may supply the place
Of suffering saints, is a plain case.
Justice gives sentence many times
On one man for another's crimes.
Our brethren of new-England use
Choice malefactors to excuse,
And hang the guiltless in their stead,
Of whom the churches have less need;
As lately 't happen'd. In a town
There lived a cobbler and but one,
That out of doctrine could cut use,
And mend men's lives as well as shoes.
This precious brother having slain,
In times of peace, an Indian,
(Not out of malice, but mere zeal,
Because he was an infidel,)
The mighty Tottipottemoy
Sent to our elders an envoy;
Complaining sorely of the breach
Of league held forth by brother Patch,
Against the articles in force
Between both churches, his and ours,
For which he crav'd the saints to render
Into his hand, or hang th' offender!
But they maturely having weigh'd
They had no more but him o' th' trade,
(A man that served them in a double
Capacity, to teach and cobbler,)
Resolv'd to spare him; yet to do
The Indian Hoghgan Morhgan too
Impartial justice in his stead
Hang an old weaver that was bed-rid.
Then wherefore may you not be skip'd,
And in your room another whipp'd?
For all philosophers, but the sceptic,
Hold whipping may be sympathetic.
It is enough, quoth Hudibras,
Thou hast resolv'd and clear'd the case;
And canst in conscience not refuse,
From thy own doctrine to raise use,
I know thou wilt not, for my sake,
Be tender-conscienc'd of thy back:
Then strip thee of thy carnal jerkin,
And give thy outward fellow a flogging;
For when thy vessel is new hoop'd
All leaks of sinning will be stopp'd.
Quoth Ralphe, You mistake the matter:
For in all scruples of this nature,
No man includes himself, nor turns
The point upon his own concerns.
As no man of his own-self catches
The itch, or amorous French aches;
So no man does himself convince,
By his own doctrine, of his sins:
And tho' all cry down self, none means
His own-self in a lit'ral sense;
Beside, it is not only foppish,
But vile, idolatrous, and popish,
For one man, out of his own skin,
To firk and whip another's sin;
As pedants out of school boy's breeches
Do claw and curry their own itches.
But in this case it is profane,
And sinful too, because in vain;
For we must take our oaths upon it.
You did the deed, when I have done it.
Quoth Hudibras, That's answer'd soon:
Give us the whip, we'll lay it on.
Quoth Ralphe, That we may swear true,
'T were proper that I whipp'd you
For when with your consent 't is done,
The act is really your own.
Quoth Hudibras, It is in vain,
I see, to argue 'gainst the grain;
Or, like the stars, incline men to
What they're averse themselves to do;
For when disputes are weary'd out,
'Tis interest still resolves the doubt:
But since no reason can confute ye,
I'll try to force ye to your duty;

For so it is, how'er you mince it,
As ere we part we shall evince it;
And curry, if you stand out, whether
You will or no, your stubborn leather.
Canst thou refuse to bear thy part
I' th' public work, base as thou art?
To higgie thus, for a few blows,
To gain thy knight an op'lent spouse;
Whose wealth his bowels yearn to purchase,
Merely for th' interest of the churches?
And when he has it in his claws,
Will not be hide-bound to the cause?
Nor shalt thou find him a curmudgin,
If thou despatch it without grudging.
If not, resolve before we go,
That you and I must pull a crow.
Y' had best, quoth Ralpho, as the ancients
Say wisely, Have a care o' th' main chance,
And look before you ere you leap;
For as you sow, y' are like to reap:
And were y' as good as George a Green,
I shall make bold to turn again;
No am I doubtful of the issue
In a just quarrel, and mine is so.
Is't fitting for a man of honour
To whip the saints like Bishop Bonner?
A knight t' usurp the beads'le's office,
For which y' are like to raise brave trophies:
But I advise you not for fear,
But for your own sake, to forbear;
And for the churches, which may chance
From hence to spring a variance;
And raise among themselves new scruples,
Whom common danger hardly couples.
Remember how in arms and politics,
We still have worsted all your holy tricks:
Trepann'd your party with intrigue,
And took your grandees down a peg;
New-model'd the army and cashier'd
All that to legion Smock adher'd!
Made a mere utensil o' your church,
And after left it in the lurch.
A scaffold to build up our own,
And when w' had done with 't pull'd it down;
Capoch'd your rabbins of the synod,
And snap't their canons with a why-not.
(Grave synod-men that were rever'd
For solid face and depth of beard.)
Their classic model prov'd a maggot,
Their directory an Indian pegod;
And drown'd their discipline like a kitten,
On which th' had been so long a fitting.
Decry'd it as a holy cheat
Grown out of date and obsolete,
And all the saints of the first grass,
As casting foals of Balaam's ass.
At this the Knight grew high in chafe,
And staring furiously on Ralpho,
He trembled, and look'd pale with ire,
Like ashes first, then red as fire.
Have I, quoth he, been taken in fight,
And for so many moons laid by 't!
And when all other means did fail,
Have been exchang'd for tubs of ale?
Not but they thought me worth a ransom
Much more consid'able and handsome,
But for their own sakes, and for fear
They were not safe when I was there;
Now to be baffled by a scoundrel,
An upstart sect'ry, and a mongrel!
Such as breed out of peccant humours
Of our own church, like wens or tumours,
And like a maggot in a sore,
Would that which gave it life devour;
It never shall be done or said:
With that he seiz'd upon his blade;
And Ralpho too, as quick and bold,
Upon his basket-hilt laid hold,
With equal readiness prepar'd
To draw and stand upon his guard;
When both were parted on the sudden,
With hideous clamour, and a loud one,
As if all sorts of noise had been
Contracted into one loud din,
Or that some member to be chosen,
Had got the odds above a thousand,
And by the greatness of his noise,
Prov'd fittest for his country's choice.
This strange surprisal put the Knight
And wrathful Squire into a fright;
And tho' they stood prepar'd with fatal
Impetuous rancour to join battle,

485 Both thought it was the wisest course
To wave the fight, and mount to horse,
And to secure, by swift retreating,
Themselves from danger of worse beating . 580
Yet neither of them would disparage
By utt'ring of his mind, his courage;
Which made 'em stoutly keep their ground,
With horror and disdain wind-bound.
And now the cause of all their fear 585
By slow degrees approach'd so near,
They might distinguish different noise
Of horns, and pans, and dogs, and boys,
And kettle-drums, whose sullen dub 590
Sounds like the hooping of a tub,
But when the fight appear'd in view,
They found it was an antique shew:
A triumph, that for pomp and state,
Did proudest Romans emulate;
For as the aldermen of Rome, 595
Their foes at training evercome,
And not enlarging territory,
(As some mistaken write in story,)
Being mounted in their best array,
Upon a car, and who but they? 600
And follow'd with a world of tall lads,
That merry ditties troll'd and ballads,
Did ride with many a good morrow,
Crying, *Hey for our town*, thro' the borough;
So when this triumph drew so nigh, 605
They might particulars descry,
They never saw two things so pat,
In all respects as this and that.
First, he that led the cavalcade,
Wore a sow-gelder's flagellate, 610
On which he blew as strong a levet,
As well-fed'd lawyer on his breviolate
When over one another's heads
They charge, three ranks at once, like Swedes.
Next pans, and kettles of all keys, 615
From trebles down to double base;
And after them, upon a nag,
That might pass for a forehead stag,
A cornet rode, and on his staff
A smock display'd did proudly wave; 620
Then bagpipes of the loudest drones
With shuffling broken-winded tones,
Whose blasts of air, in pockets shut,
Sound fitcher than from the gut,
And make a viler noise than swine, 625
In windy weather, when they whine.
Next, one upon a pair of panniers,
Full fraught with that which, for good manner,
Shall here be nameless, mix'd with grains,
Which he dispens'd among the swains, 630
And busily upon the crowd
At random round about bestow'd.
Then mounted on a horned horse,
One bore a gauntlet and gilt spurs,
Tied to the pommel of a long sword
He held revers'd, the point turn'd downward;
Next after, on a raw-bon'd steed 635
The conqueror's standard-bearer rid,
And bore aloft before the champion
A petticoat display'd and rampant;
Near whom the Amazon triumphant
Bestrid her beast, and on the rump on 't 640
Set face to tail, and bum to bum,
The warrior whilom overcome
Arm'd with a spindle and a staff,
Which as he rode, she made him twist off;
And when he loiter'd, o'er her shoulder
Chastis'd the reformedo soldier.
Before the dame, and round about, 645
March'd whiffles, and staffers on foot,
With lackies, grooms, valets, and pages,
In fit and proper equipages;
Of whom some torches bore, some links,
Before the proud virago mix'd, 655
That was both Madam and a Don,
Like Nero's Sporus, or Pope Joan;
And at fit periods the whole rout
Set up their throats with clamorous shout.
The Knight transported, and the Squire,
Put up their weapons and their ire;
And Huidhras, who us'd to ponder 660
On such sights with judicious wonder,
Could hold no longer to impart
His an'madversions for his heart.
Quoth he, In all my life till now 665
I ne'er saw so profane a show.
It is a Paganish invention,
Which H-athen writers often mention

And he who made it had read Godwin,
Or Ross, or Calius Rodigine,
With all the Grecian Speeds and Stows,
That best describe those ancient shows;
And has observ'd all fit decorums
We find describ'd by old historians:
For as the Roman conqueror
That put an end to foreign war,
Entr'ing the town in triumph for it,
Bore a slave with him in his chariot;
So this insulting female brave
Carries behind her here a slave;
And as the ancients long ago,
When they in field defy'd the foe,
Hung out their mantles *della guerre*:
So her proud standard-bearer here
Waves on his spear, in dreadful manner,
A Tyrian petticoat for a banner.
Next links, and torches, heretofore
Still borne before the emperor;
And as, in antique triumph, eggs
Were borne for mortal antiquities;
There's one in triumph, like a ladder,
That carries eggs too, fresh or addle;
And still at random as he goes,
Among the rabble-roust bestows.
Quoth Ralpho, You mistake the matter;
For all th' antiquity you smatter
Is but a riding, us'd of course,
When the gray mare's the better horse;
When o'er the breeches greedy women
Fight, to extend their vast dominion;
And in the cause impatient Grizel
Has drubb'd her husband with bull's pizzle.
And brought him under covert-haron,
To turn her rascal with a murrain;
When wives their sexes shift like hares,
And ride their husbands like night-mares,
And they in mortal battle vanquish'd,
Are of their charter disenfranchis'd,
And by their right of war, like gills,
Condemn'd to distaff, horns, and wheels:
For when men by their wives are cow'd,
Their horns of course are understood.
Quoth Hudibras, Thou still giv'st sentence
Impertinently, and against sense.
'T is not the least disparagement,
To be defeated by th' event,
Nor to be beaten by main force
That does not make a man the worse,
Altho' is shoulders with battoon
Be claw'd and cudgell'd to some tune;
A tailor's prentice has no hard
Measure, that's bang'd with a true yard.
But to turn tail, or run away,
And without blows give up the day;
Or to surrender ere th' assault,
That's no man's fortune, but his fault;
And renders men of honour less
Than all th' adversity of success:
And only unto such this show
Of horns and petticoats is due.
There is a lesser profanation,
Like that the Romans call'd *ovation*:
For as *ovation* was allow'd
For conquest purchas'd without blood;
So men decree those lesser shows,
For vict'ry gotten without blows,
By dint of sharp hard words, which some
Give battle with, and overcome;
These mounted in a chair-curule,
Which moderns call a cuckling-stool,
March proudly to the river's side,
And o'er th' waves in triumph ride;
Like dukes of Venice, who are said
The Adriatic to wade;
And have a gentler wife than those
For whom the state decrees those shows.
But both are heathenish, and come
From th' whores of Babylon and Rome;
And by the saints should be withstood,
As antichristian and lewd;
And we, as such, should now contribute
Our utmost strugglings to prohibit.
This said, they both advanc'd, and rode
A dog-trot through the bawling crowd,
Till they approach'd him breast to breast.
Then Hudibras, with face and hand,
Made signs for silence; which obtain'd.
What means, quoth he, this devil's procession
With men of orthodox profession?

'T is ethnic and idolstrous,
From heathenism deriv'd to us,
Does not the whore of Babylon ride
Upon her horned beast astride,
Like this proud dame, who either is
A type of her, or she of this?
Are things of superstitious function
Fit to be us'd in gospel sun-shine?
It is an antichristian opera
Much us'd in midnight times of popery;
Of running after self-inventions
Of wicked and profane intentions:
To scandalize that sex for scolding,
To whom the saints are so beholden,
Women, who were our first apostles,
Without whose aid w' had all been lost else;
Women, that left no stone unturn'd,
In which the cause might be concern'd,
Brought in their children's spoons and whistles,
To purchase swords, carbines, and pistols;
Their husband's cullies and sweet-hearts,
To take the saints and churches' parts;
Drew several gifted brethren in,
That for the bishops would have been,
And fix'd 'em constant to the party,
With motives powerful and hearty:
Their husbands robb'd, and made hard shifts
T' administer unto their gifts
All they could rap, and rend, and pilfer,
To scraps and ends of gold and silver;
Rubb'd down the teachers, tir'd and spent
With holding forth for parliament;
Pamper'd and edify'd their zeal
With marrow puddings many a meal:
Enabled them, with store of meat,
On controverted points to eat;
And cramm'd 'em, till their guts did ache,
With cawdle, custard, and plum-cake;
What have they done, or what left undone,
That might advance the cause at London?
March'd rank and file, with drum and ensign,
T' entrench the city for defence in?
Rais'd rampiers with their own soft hands,
To put the enemy to stands;
From ladies down to oyster-wench
Labour'd like pioneers in trenches;
Fell to their pickaxes and tools,
And help'd the men to dig like moles?
Have not the handmaids of the city
Chose of their members a committee,
For raising of a common purse
Out of their wages, to raise horse?
And do they not as triers sit,
To judge what officers are fit?
Have they —? At that an egg let fly,
Hit him directly o'er the eye,
And running down his cheek, besmeard
With orange-tawney slime his beard;
But beard and slime being of one hue,
The wound the less appear'd in view.
Then he that on the panniers rode,
Let fly on th' other side a load;
And quickly charg'd again, gave fully
In Ralpho's face another volley.
The Knight was startled with the smell,
And for his sword began to feel:
And Ralpho, smother'd with the stink,
Grasp'd his; when one that bore a link,
O' th' sudden clapp'd his flaming cudgel,
Like linstock, to th' horse's touch-hole;
And straight another, with his flambeaux,
Gave Ralpho o'er the eyes a damn'd blow.
The beasts began to kick and fling,
And forc'd the rout to make a ring;
Through which they quickly broke their way,
And brought them off from further fray.
And though disorder'd in retreat,
Each of them stoutly kept his seat;
For quitting both their swords and reins,
They grasp'd with all their strength the manes;
And to avoid the foe's pursuit,
With spurring put their cattle to 't;
And till all four were out of wind,
And danger too, ne'er look'd behind.
After th' had paus'd a while, suppling
Their spirits spent with fight and flying,
And Hudibras recruited force
Of lungs for action or discourse:
Quoth he, That man is sure to lose,
That fouls his hands with dirty foes.
For where no honour 's to be gain'd,
'T is thrown away in b'ing maintain'd.

'T was ill for us we had to do
 With so dishonourable a foe:
 For though the law of arms doth bar
 The use of venom'd shot in war;
 Yet by the nauscou's smell, and noisome,
 Their case-shot savours strong of poison;
 And doubtless have been chew'd with teeth
 Of some that had a stinking breath;
 Else when we put it to the push,
 They had not giv'n us such a brush:
 But as those poltroons that fling dirt,
 Do but defile, but cannot hurt,
 So all the honour they have won,
 Or we have lost, is much at one.
 'T was well we made so resolute
 A brave retreat, without pursuit;
 For if we had not, we had sped
 Much worse, to be in triumph led;

That which the ancients held no state
 Of man's life more unfortunate.
 855 But if this bold adventure e'er
 Do chance to reach the widow's ear,
 It may, being destin'd to assert
 Her sex's honour, reach her heart. 875
 And as such homely treats they say,
 Portend good fortune, so this may,
 860 Vespasian being daub'd with dirt
 Was destin'd to the empire for 't;
 And from a scavenger did come 880
 To be a mighty prince in Rome;
 And why may not this foul address
 865 Presage in love the same success:
 Then let us straight to cleanse our wounds, 885
 Advance in quest of nearest ponds;
 And after, as we first design'd,
 870 Swear I 've perform'd what she enjoin'd.

HUDIBRAS.

PART SECOND.—CANTO THIRD.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Knight, with doubts possess'd,
To win the Lady goes in quest
Of Sidrophel the Rastrelucian,
To know the Dest'nies' resolution;
With whom being met, they both chop logic,
About the science astrologic;
Till falling from dispute to fight,
The Conj'rer's worsted by the Knight.*

DOUBTLESS the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat;
As lookers-on feel most delight,
That least perceive a juggler's sleight;
And still the less they understand,
The more th' admire his sleight of hand.
Some with a noise, and greasy light;
Are snapt, as men catch larks by night;
Ensnar'd and hamper'd by the soul,
As nooses by the legs catch fowl.
Some with a med'cine and receipt,
Are drawn to nibble at the bait;
And tho' it be a two-foot trout,
'T is with a single hair pull'd out.
Others believe no voice t' an organ
So sweet as lawyer's in his bar-gown;
Until with subtle cobweb-cheats,
Th' are catch'd in knotted law, like nets;
In which, when once they are imbrangled,
The more they stir, the more they 're tangled;
And while their purses can dispute,
There 's no end of th' immortal suit.
Others still gape t' anticipate
The cabinet-designs of Fate:
Apply to wizzards, to foresee,
What shall, and what shall never be.
And as those vultures do forebode,
Believe events prove bad or good.
A flam more senseless than the rog'ry
Of old aruspicy or aug'ry,
That out of garbages of cattle
Presag'd th' events of truce or battle;
From flight of birds, or chickens pecking,
Success of great'st attempts would reckon:
Tho' cheats yet more intelligible,
Than those that with the stars do fribble.
This Hudibras by proof found true,
As in due time and place we'll show:
For he with beard and face made clean,
B'ing mounted on his steed again;
(And Ralpho got a cock-horse too)
Upon his beast, with much ado;
Advanc'd on for the widow's house,
T' acquit himself, and pay his vows;
When various thoughts began to bustle,
And with his inward man to juggle,
He thought what danger might accrue,
If she should find he swore untrue:
Or if his Squire or he should fail,
And not be punctual in their tale;
It might at once the ruin prove
Both of his honour, faith, and love.
But if he should forbear to go,
She might conclude h' had broke his vow;

And that he durst not now for shame
Appear in court, to try his claim.
This was the pen'n' worth of his thought,
To pass time, and uneasy trot.
5 Quoth he, In all my past adventures,
I ne'er was set so on the tenters;
Or taken tardy with dilemma,
That every way I turn does hem me;
And with inextricable doubt,
Besets my puzzled wits about;
10 For though the dame has been my bail,
To free me from enchanted jail;
Yet as a dog, committed close
For some offence, by chance breaks loose,
And quits his clog; but all in vain,
15 He still draws after him his chain:
So though my ankle she has quitted,
My heart continues still committed:
And like a bail'd or mainpris'd lover,
20 Altho' at large, I am bound over.
And when I shall appear in court,
To plead my cause, and answer for 't,
Unless the judge do partial prove,
What will become of me and love?
25 For if in our account we vary,
Or but in circumstance miscarry;
Or if she put me to strict proof,
And make me pull my doublet off,
To show, by evident record,
30 Writ on my skin, I've kept my word,
How can I e'er expect to have her,
Having demurr'd into her favour?
But faith, and love, and honour lost,
Shall be reduc'd to a Knight o' the post!
35 Beside the stripping may prevent
What I 'm to prove by argument;
And justify I have a tail,
And that way too my proof may fail.
Oh! that I could enucleate,
40 And solve the problems of my fate;
Or find by necromantic art,
How far the Dest'nies take my part!
For if I were not more than certain
To win, and wear her, and her fortune,
I'd go no farther in this courtship,
45 To hazard soul, estate, and worship;
For tho' an oath obliges not,
Where any thing is to be got,
(As thou hast prov'd,) yet 't is profane,
50 And sinful when men swear in vain.
Quoth Ralph, Not far from hence doth dwell 105
A cunning man hight Sidrophel,
That deals in Destiny's dark counsels,
And sage opinions of the moon sells:

- To whom all people, far and near,
On deep importances repair;
When brass and pewter hap to stray,
And linen slinks out of the way:
When geese and pullets are seduc'd,
And sows of suckling pigs are chous'd;
When cattle feel indisposition,
And need th' opinion of physician,
When murrain reigns in hogs or sheep,
And chickens languish of the pip;
When yeast and outward means do fail,
And have no power to work on ale;
When butter does refuse to come,
And love proves cross and humoursome,
To him with questions, and with urine,
They for discov'ry flock, or curing.
Quoth Hudibras, This Sidrophel
I've heard of; and should like it well,
If thou can'st prove the saints hath freedom
To go to sorcerers when they need 'em.
Says Ralpho, There's no doubt of that;
Those principles I quoted late,
Prove that the devil may allege
For any thing their privilege;
And to the dev'l himself may go,
If they have motives thereunto.
For as there is a war between
The dev'l and them, it is no sin,
If they by subtle stratagem
Make use of him, as he does them.
Has not this present Parliament
A ledger to the devil sent,
Fully empower'd to treat about
Finding revolted witches out;
And has not he, within a year,
Hang'd threescore of 'em in one shire?
Some only for not being drown'd,
And some for sitting above ground,
Whole days and nights, upon their breeches,
And feeling pain, were hang'd for witches;
And some for putting knavish tricks
Upon green geese, and turkey-chicks,
Or pigs that suddenly deceas'd
Of griefs unnatural, as he guess'd;
Who after prov'd himself a witch,
And made a rod for his own breech.
Did not the devil appear to Martin
Luther in Germany for certain;
And would have gull'd him with a trick,
But Mart. was too too politic?
Did he not help the Dutch to purge,
At Antwerp, their cathedral church?
Sing catches to the saints at Mascon,
And tell them all they came to ask him?
Appear in divers shapes to Kelly,
And speak i' th' nun of Loudon's belly,
Meet with the Parliament's committee,
At Woodstock on a pers'nal treaty?
At Sarum take a cavalier
I' th' cause's service prisoner?
As Withers in immortal rhyme
Has registr'd to after-time.
Do not our great reformers use
This Sidrophel to forbode news;
To write of victories next year,
And castles taken yet i' th' air?
Of battles fought at sea, and ships
Sunk two years hence, the last eclipse?
A total o'erthrow giv'n the King
In Cornwall, horse and foot, next spring?
And has not he point-blank foretold
What's e'er the close committee would?
Made Mars and Saturn for the cause,
The moon for fundamental laws;
The Ram, the Bull, and Goat declare
Against the book of Common-pray'r;
The Scorpion take the protestation,
And Bear engage for reformation,
Made all the royal stars recant,
Compound and take the covenant?
Quoth Hudibras, The case is clear,
The saints may 'mplot a conjurer;
As thou hast prov'd it by their practice;
No argument like matter of fact is.
And we are best of all led to
Men's principles, by what they do.
Then let us straight advance in quest
Of this profound gymnosophist;
And is the Fate, and he advise,
Pursue, or wave this enterprise.
This said, he turn'd about his steel,
And eddies on th' adventure red;
- Where leave we him and Ralph a while,
And to the conj'r turn our style,
To let our reader understand
What's useful of him before hand.
He had been long t'wards mathematics,
Optics, philosophy, and statics,
Magic, horoscopy, astrology,
And was old dog at physiology;
But, as a dog that turns the spit,
Bestirs himself, and plies his feet
To climb the wheel, but all in vain,
His own weight brings him down again
And still he's in the self-same place
Where at his setting out he was:
So in the circle of the arts
Did he advance his nat'ral parts;
Till falling back still, for retreat,
He fell to juggle, cant, and cheat:
For as those fowls that live in water
Are never wet, he did but snatter;
Whate'er he labour'd to appear,
His understanding still was clear.
Yet none a deeper knowledge boasted,
Since old Hog Bacon and Bob Grosted.
Th' intelligible world he knew,
And all men dream on 't, to be true:
That in this world there's not a wart
That has not there a counterpart:
For can there on the face of ground
An individual beard be found?
That has not, in a foreign nation,
A fellow of the self-same fashion;
So cut, so colour'd, and so cur'd,
As those are in th' inferior world?
H' had read Dee's Prefaces before
The Devil, and Euclid, o'er and o'er;
And all th' intrigue 'twixt him and Kelly,
Lescus and th' Emperor, would tell ye:
But with the moon was more familiar
Than o'er was almanac well willer;
Her secrets understood so clear,
That some believ'd he had been there:
Knew when she was in fittest mood,
For cutting corns or letting blood,
When for anointing scabs or itches,
Or to the bum applying leeches;
When sores and hitches may be spay'd,
And in what sign best cyder's made.
Whether the wane be, or increase,
Best to set garlick, or sow pease:
Who first found out th' man i' th' moon,
If the moon shines at full or no;
That would, as soon as e'er she shone, straight
Whether 't were day or night demonstrate,
Tell what her di'meter to an inch is,
And prove that she's not made of green cheese.
It would demonstrate, that the man in
The moon's a sea Mediterranean,
And that it is no dog or bitch,
That stands behind him at his breech,
But a huge Caspian sea, or lake,
With arms which men for legs mistake.
How large a gulf his tail compose,
And what a goodly hay his nose is
How many German leagues by the scale
Cape Snout's from promontory Tail.
He made a planetary gin,
Which rats would run their own heads in,
And come on purpose to be taken,
Without th' expense of cheese or bacon:
With lute-strings he would counterfeit
Maggots that crawl on dish or meat;
Quote moles and spots on any place
O' th' body by the index face;
Detect lost maidenheads by sneezing,
Or breaking wind of dimes, or pusses;
Cure warts or corns, with application
Of medicines to the imagination;
Fright agues into dogs, and scare
With rhymes the tooth-ach and catarrh;
Chase evil spirits away by dint
Of sickle, horse-shoe, hollow flint;

- Spit fire out of a walnut-shell,
Which made the Roman slaves rebel;
And fire a mine in China here,
With sympathetic gunpowder,
He knew what's ever 's to be known;
But much more than he knew would own;
What med'cine 't was that Paracelsus
Could make a man with, as he tells us;
What figur'd slates are best to make
On wat'ry surface duck or drake;
What bowling-stones, in running race
Upon a board, have swift pace;
Whether a pulse beat in the black
List of a dappled louse's back:
If systole or diastole move
Quickest when he 's in wrath or love:
When two of them do run a race,
Whether they gallop, trot, or pace;
How many scores a flea will jump,
Of his own 'length, from head to rump;
Which Socrates and Churephon
In vain essay'd so long ago:
Whether his snout a perfect nose is,
And not an elephant's proboscis;
How many different species
Of maggots breed in rotten cheese;
And which are next of kin to those
Engender'd in a chandler's nose;
Or those not seen, but understood,
That live in vinegar and wood.
A paltry wretch he had, half-starv'd,
That him in place of Zany serv'd,
Hight Whachum, bred to dash and draw,
Not wine, but more unwholesome law;
To make twist words and limes huge gaps,
Wide as meridians in maps;
To squander paper and spare ink,
Or cheat me of their words, some think.
From this, by merited degrees,
He 'd to more high advancement rise;
To be an under-conjuror,
Or journeyman astrologer:
His bus'ness was to pimp and wheedle,
And men with their own keys unridle,
To make them to themselves give answers,
For which they pay the necromancers:
To fetch and carry intelligence,
Of whom, and what, and where, and whence,
And all discoveries disperse.
Among the whole pack of conjurers;
What cut-purses have left with them,
For the right owners to redeem:
And what they dare not vent, find out,
To gain themselves and th' art repute,
Draw figures, schemes, and horoscopes,
Of Newgate, Bridewell, brokers' shops,
Of thieves ascendant in the cart;
And find out all by rules of art:
Which way a serving man, that 's run
With clothes and money away, is gone.
Who pick'd a fob at holding forth,
And where a watch for half the worth,
May be redeem'd; or stolen plate
Restor'd at conscionable rate.
Beside all this, he serv'd his master
In quality of poetaster:
And rhymes appropriate could make
To ev'ry month i' th' almanac;
When terms begin and end could tell,
With their returns, in doggerel
When the Exchequer opes and shuts,
And sowgelder with safety cuts:
When men may eat and drink their fill,
And when be temp'rate if they will;
When use, and when abstain from vice,
Figs, grapes, phlebotomy, and spice.
And as in prison mean rogues beat
Hemp for the service of the great,
So Whachum beat his dirty brains
T' advance his master's fame and graces;
And, like the devil's oracles,
Put into dogg'rel rhymes his spells;
Which, over ev'ry month's blank page
I' th' almanac, strange bulks presage.
He would an elegy compose
On maggots squeeze'd out of his nose;
In lyric numbers write an ode on
His mistress eating a black-pudding;
And when imprison'd air escap'd her,
It puff'd him with poetic rapture.
His sonnets charm'd th' attentive crowd,
By wide-mouth'd mortal troll'd aloud,
That, circled with his long-eard guests,
Like Orpheus look'd among the beasts;
A carman's horse could not pass by,
But stood tied up to poetry;
No porter's burden pass'd along,
But serv'd for burden to the song.
Each window like a pill'ry appears,
With heads thrust through, nail'd by the ears;
All trades run in, as to the sight
Of monsters, or their dear delight.
The gallow's tree, when cutting purse
Breeds bus'ness for heroic verse,
Which none does hear, but would have hung
T' have been the theme of such a song.
These two together long had liv'd,
In mansion prudently contriv'd;
Where neither tree nor house could bar
The free detection of a star;
And nigh an ancient obelisk
Was rais'd by him, found out by Fisk,
On which was written, not in words,
But hieroglyphic mute of birds,
Many rare pithy saws concerning
The worth of astrologic learning:
From top of this there hung a rope,
To which he fasten'd telescope;
The spectacles with which the stars
He reads in smallest characters.
It happen'd as a boy, one night,
Did fly his tarsel of a kite;
The strangest long-wing'd hawk that flies,
That, like a bird of paradise,
Or herald's marlet, has no legs,
Nor hatches young ones, nor lays eggs;
His train was six yards long, milk-white,
At the end of which there hung a light,
Inclos'd in lantern made of paper,
That, far off, like a star did appear.
This Sidrophel by chance espy'd,
And with amazement staring wide,
Bless us! quoth he, What dreadful wonder
Is that appears in heaven yonder?
A comet, and without a beard,
Or star that ne'er before appear'd?
I 'm certain 'tis not in the scroll
Of all those beasts, and fish, and fowl,
With which, like Indian plantations,
The learned stock the constellations;
Nor those that drawn for signs have been,
To th' houses where the planets inn.
It must be supernatural,
Unless it be the cannon-ball,
That, shot i' th' air point-blank upright,
Was borne to that prodigious height,
That learn'd philosophers maintain,
It ne'er came backwards down again:
But, in the airy region yet,
Hangs like the body of Mahomet;
For if it be above the shade
That by the earth's round bulk is made,
'T is probable it may from far
Appear no bullet, but a star.
This said, he to his engine flew,
Plac'd near at hand in open view,
And rais'd it till it levell'd right
Against the glow-worm tail of kite.
Then peeping through, Bless us! quoth he,
It is a planet now I see;
And, if I err not, by his proper
Figure, that's like a tobacco-stopper,
It should be Saturn: yes, 't is clear
'T is Saturn; but what makes him there?
He 's got between the dragon's tail,
And farther leg behind the whale:
Pray heaven divert the fatal omen,
For 't is a prodigy not common;
And can no less than the world's end,
Or nature's funeral portend.
With that he fell again to pry
Through perspective more wistfully;
When by mischance the fatal string
That kept the tow'ring fowl on wing,
Breaking, down fell the star: Well shot,
Quoth Whachum, who right wisely thought
H' had levell'd at a star, and hit it.
But Sidrophel, more subtle witted,
Cry'd out, What horrible and fearful
Portent is this, to see a star fall!
It threatens nature, and the doom
Will not be long before it come!
When stars do fall, 't is plain enough
The day of judgment's not far off.

- As lately 't was reveal'd to Sedgwick,
And some of us find out by magic.
Then since the time we have to live
In this world 's shorten'd, let us strive
To make our best advantage of it,
And pay our losses with our profit.
This feat fell out not long before
The Knight, upon the fore-nam'd score,
In quest of Sidrophel advancing,
Was now in prospect of the mansion:
Whom he discovering, turn'd his glass,
And found far off 't was Hudibras.
Whachum, quoth he, look yonder, some
To try or use our art are come:
The one 's the learned Knight; seek out
And pump 'em what they come about.
Whachum advanc'd with all submissness
T' accost 'em, but much more their bus'ness:
He held a stirrup, while the Knight
From leathern bare-bones did alight
And taking from his hand the bridle,
Approach'd the dark Squire to unriddle:
He gave him first the time o' th' day,
And welcom'd him, as he might say:
He ask'd him whence they came, and whither
Their bus'ness lay? Quoth Ralpho, Hither.
Did not you lose?—Quoth Ralpho, Nay;—
Quoth Whachum, Sir, I meant your way.
Your Knight—Quoth Ralpho, is a lover,
And pangs intolerable doth suffer:
For lovers' hearts are not their own hearts,
Nor lights, nor lungs, and so forth downwards.
What time?—Quoth Ralpho, Sir, too long,
Three years it off and on has hung—
Quoth he, I mean, what time o' th' day 't is?
Quoth Ralpho, Between seven and eight 't is.
Why then, quoth Whachum, My small art
Tells me the dame has a hard heart,
Or great estate.—Quoth Ralph, A jointure,
Which makes him have so hot a mand' t' her.
Meanwhile the Knight was making water,
Before he fell upon the matter.
Which having done, the wizard steps in,
To give him suitable reception;
But kept his bus'ness at a bay,
Till Whachum put him in the way;
Who, having now, by Ralpho's light,
Expounded th' errand of the Knight,
And what he came to know, drew near,
To whisper in the conjurer's ear:
Which he pretended thus: What was 't,
Quoth he, that I was saying last,
Before these gentlemen arriv'd?
Quoth Whachum, Venus you retriev'd,
In opposition with Mars,
And no benign and-friendly stars
T' allay th' effect. Quoth Wizard, So!
In Virgo, ha! Quoth Whachum, No:
Has Saturn nothing to do in it?
One tenth of 's circle to a minute.
'T is well, quoth he. Sir, you 'll excuse
This rudeness I am forc'd to use;
It is a scheme and face of heaven,
As th' aspects are dispos'd this even,
I was contemplating upon.
When you arriv'd but now I 've done.
Quoth Hudibras, If I appear
Unseasonable in coming here,
At such a time to interrupt
Your speculations, which I hop'd
Assistance from, and come to use,
'T is fit that I ask your excuse.
By no means, Sir, quoth Sidrophel,
The stars your coming did foretell;
I did expect you here, and knew,
Before you spake, your bus'ness too.
Quoth Hudibras, Make that appear,
And I shall credit whatsoe'er
You tell me after on your word,
Howe'er unlikely or absurd.
You are in love, Sir, with a widow,
Quoth he, that does not greatly heed you,
And for three years has rid your wit
And passion, without drawing bit:
And now your bus'ness is to know
If you shall carry her or no.
Quoth Hudibras, You 're in the right:
But how the devil you came by 't
I can't imagine: for the stars,
I'm sure, can tell no more than a horse;
Nor can their aspects, though you pore
Your eyes out on 'em, tell you more
Than th' oracle of sieve and shears,
That turns as certain as the spheres:
But if the devil 's of your council,
Much may be done, my noble Donzel
And 't is on this account I come
To know from you my fatal doom.
Quoth Sidrophel, If you suppose,
Sir Knight, that I am one of those,
I might suspect, and take th' alarm,
Your bus'ness is but to inform;
But if it be, 't is ne'er the near
You have a wrong sow by the ear;
For I assure you, for my part,
I only deal by rules of art;
Such as are lawful, and judge by
Conclusions of astrology.
But for the dev'l, know nothing by him,
But only this, that I defy him.
Quoth he, Whatever others deem ye,
I understand your metonymy:
Your word of second-hand intention,
When things by wrongful names ye mention;
The mystic sense of all your terms,
That are, indeed, but magic charms
To raise the devil and mean one thing,
And that is, downright conjuring;
And in itself more warrantable
Than cheat, or canting to a rabble,
Or putting tricks upon the moon,
Which by confederacy are done.
Your ancient conjurers were wont
To make her from her sphere dismount,
And to their incantations stoop—
They scorn'd to pore through telescope,
Or idly play at bo-peep with her,
To find out cloudy or fair weather,
Which ev'ry almanac can tell
Perhaps as learely and well
As you yourself.—Then, friend, I doubt
You go the farthest way about.
Your modern Indian magician
Makes but a hole in th' earth to piss in,
And straight resolves all questions by 't,
And seldom fails to be 't th' right.
The Rosicrucian way 's more sure
To bring the devil to the lure;
Each of 'em has a sev'ral gin,
To catch intelligences in.
Some by the nose with fumes trepan 'em,
As Dunstan did the devil's grannam;
Others with characters and words
Catch 'em, as men in nets do birds,
And some with symbols, signs, and tricks,
Engrav'd in planetary nickers,
With their own influences will fetch 'em;
Down from their orbs, arrest, and catch 'em;
Make 'em dispose, and answer to
All questions ere they let them go,
Bumbastus kept a devil's bird
Shut in the pommel of his sword,
That taught him all the cunning pranks
Of past and future mountebanks.
Kelly did all his feats upon
The devil's looking glass, a stone;
Where, playing with him at bo-peep,
He solv'd all problems ne'er so deep.
Agrippa kept a Stygian pug:
I' th' garb and habit of a dog,
That was his tutor, and the cur
Read to th' occult philosopher,
And taught him subtly to maintain
All other sciences are vain.
To this, quoth Sidrophel, Oh! Sir,
Agrippa was no conjurer,
Nor Paracelsus, no, nor Behmen;
Nor was the dog a Cacodemon,
But a true dog that would show tricks
For th' emperor, and leap o'er stucks;
Would fetch and carry, was more civil
Than other dogs, but yet no devil:
And whatsoe'er he 's said to do,
He went the self-same way we go.
As for the Rosy Cross philosophers,
Whom you will have to be but sorcerers,
What they pretend to is no more
Than Trismegistus did before,
Pythagoras, old Zoroaster,
And Apolonius, their master;
To whom they do confess they owe
All that they do, and all they know.
Quoth Hudibras, Alas! what is 't us,
Whether 't were said by Trismegistus,

- If it be nonsense, false or mystic,
Or not intelligible, or sophistic?
'Tis not antiquity, nor author,
That makes truth truth, although Time's daughter;
'Twas he that put her in the pit,
Before he pull'd her out of it;
And as he eats his sons, just so
He feeds upon his daughters too:
Nor does it follow, 'cause a herald
Can make a gentleman, scarce a year old,
'To be descended of a race
Of ancient kings, in a small space,
That we should all opinions hold
Authentic, that we can make old.
- 665 Quoth Sidrophel, It is no part
Of prudence to cry down an art,
And what it may perform, deny,
Because you understand not why.
(As Averrhois play'd but a mean trick,
To damn our whole art for eccentric.)
For who knows all that knowledge contains?
Men dwell not on the tops of mountains,
But on their sides, or rising's seat;
So 't is with knowledge's vast height.
Do not the hist'ries of all ages
Relate miraculous presages
Of strange turns in the world's affairs,
Foreseen b' astrologers, sooth-sayers,
Chaldeans, learn'd genethiliacs,
And some that have writ almanacs?
The Median emp'r'or dream'd his daughter
Had piss'd all Asia under water
And that a sprung from her haunches,
O'erspread his empire with its branches:
And did not soothsayers expound it?
As after by th' event he found it;
When Cæsar, in the senate fell,
Did not the sun eclips'd foretell,
And in resentment of his slaughter,
Look pale for almost a year after?
Augustus having b' oversight
Put on his left shoe 'fore his right,
Had like to have been slain that day
By soldiers mutin'ing for pay.
Are there not myriads of this sort,
Which stories of all times report?
Is it not om'nous in all countries,
When crows and ravens croak upon trees?
The Roman senate, when within
The city-walls an owl was seen,
Did cause their clergy, with lustrations,
(Our synod calls humiliations),
The round-fac'd prodigy t' avert,
From doing town and country hurt.
And if an owl have so much power,
Why should not planets have much more,
That in a region far above
Inferior fowls of the air move,
And should see farther, and foreknow
More than their augury below?
Though that once serv'd the polity
Of mighty states to govern by;
And this is what we take in hand
By pow'rful art to understand;
Which how we have perform'd, all ages
Can speak th' events of our pre-ages.
Have we not lately, in the moon,
Found a new world, to th' old unknown?
Discover'd sea and land, Columbus
And Magellan could never compass?
Made mountains with our tubes appear,
And cattle grazing on 'em there?
Quoth Hudibras, You lie so ope,
That I, without a telescope,
Can find your tricks out, and descry
Where you tell truth and where you lie;
For Anaxagoras long ago
Saw hills, as well as you i' th' moon:
And held the sun was but a piece
Of red-hot iron as big as Greece;
Believ'd the heav'ns were made of stone,
Because the sun had voided one,
And, rather than he would recant,
Th' opinion, suffer'd banishment.
- 745 But what, alas! as it is us,
Whether i' th' moon men thus or thus
Do eat their porridge, cut their corn,
Or whether they have tails or horns?
What trade from hence can you advance,
But what we nearer have from France?
What can our travellers bring home,
That is not to be learn'd at Rome?
- What politics, or strange opinions,
That are not in our own dominions?
What science can be brought from thence,
In which we do not here commence?
What revelations, or religion?
That are not in our native regions?
Are sweaty lanterns, or screen fans,
Made better there, than they 're in France?
Or do they teach to sing or play
O' th' guitar there a newer way?
Can they make plays there that shall fit
The public humour, with less wit?
Write wittier dances, quainter shows,
Or fight with more ingenious blows?
Or does the man i' th' moon look big,
And wear a huger periwig?
Show in his gait, or face, more tricks
Than our own native lunatics?
But if w' outdo him here at home,
What good of your design can come?
As wind i' th' hypocondres pent
Is but a blast if downward sent;
But if it upward chance to fly,
Becomes new light and prophecy:
So when your speculations tend
Above their just and useful end,
Although they promise strange and great
Discoveries of things far fet,
They are but idle dreams and fancies,
And savour strongly of the ganzas.
Tell me but what 's the nat'ral cause,
Why on a sign no painter draws
The full moon ever, but the half?
Resolve that with your Jacob's staff;
Or why wolves raise a hubbub at her,
And dogs howl when she shines in water:
And I shall freely give my vote,
You may know something more remote?
At this deep Sidrophel look'd wise,
And staring round with owl-like eyes,
He put his face into a posture
Of apience, and began to bluster:
So having three times shook his head
To stir his wit up, this he said,
Art has no mortal enemies,
Next ignorance, but owls and geese;
Those consecrated geese in orders,
That to the capitol were warders:
And being then upon patrolle,
With noise alone beat off the Gaul:
Or these Athenian sceptic owls,
That will not credit their own souls;
Or any science understand,
Beyond the reach of eye or hand:
But meas'ring all things by their own
Knowledge, hold nothing 's to be known.
Those wholesale critics, that in coffee-
Houses, cry down all philosophy,
And will not know upon what ground
In nature we our doctrine found;
Although with pregnant evidence
We can demonstrate it to sense,
As I just now have done to you,
Foretelling what you came to know,
Were the stars only for to light
Robbers and burglars by night;
To wait on drunkards, thieves, gold-finders,
And lovers solacing behind doors,
Or giving one another pledges
Of matrimony under hedges?
Or witches simpling, and on gibbets
Cutting from the malefactors snippets;
Or from the pill'ry tips of ears
Of rebel saints and perjurers?
Only to stand by, and look on,
But not know what is said or done?
Is there a constellation there,
That was not born and bred up here?
And therefore cannot be to learn
In any inferior concern.
Were they not, during all their lives,
Most of 'em pirates, whores, and thieves?
And is it like they have not still
In their old practices some skill?
Is there a planet that by birth
Does not derive its house from earth?
And therefore probably must know
What is and hath been done below:
Who made the balance, or whence came
The Bull, the Lion, and the Ram?
Did not we here the Argos ship,
Make Berenice's periwig?

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That makes truth truth, although Time's daughter;
'Twas he that put her in the pit,
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And that a vine, sprung from her haunches,
Overspread his empire with its branches:
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The city-walls an owl was seen,
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The round-face'd prodigy t' avert,
From doing town and country hurt.
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Show in his gait, or face, more tricks
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They are but idle dreams and fancies,
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The full moon ever, but the half?
Resolve that with your Jacob's staff;
Or why wolves raise a hubbub at her,
And dogs howl when she shines in water:
And I shall freely give my vote,
You may know something more remote?
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Beyond the reach of eye or hand:
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Houses, cry down all philosophy,
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In nature we our doctrine found;
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Most of 'em pirates, whores, and thiers?
And is it like they have not skill
In their old practices some skill?
Is there a planet that by birth
Does not derive its house from earth?
And therefore probably must know
What is and hath been done below:
Who made the balance, or whence came
The Bull, the Lion, and the Ram?
Did not we here the Argo rig,
Make Erenice's perwig?

- Quoth Sidrophel, I do not doubt
To find friends that will bear me out:
Nor have I hazarded my art,
And neck so long on the state's part,
To be expos'd i' th' end to suffer,
By such a bragandocia huffier.
- Huffier! quoth Hudibras, This sword
Shall down thy false throat cram that word.
Ralpho, make haste, and call an officer,
T' apprehend this Stygian sophister:
Meanwhile I'll hold 'em at a bay,
Lest he and Whachum run away.
- But Sidrophel, who from th' aspect
Of Hudibras, did now erect
A figure, worse portending far
Than that of most malignant star,
Believ'd it now the fittest moment
To shun the danger that might come on 't,
While Hudibras was all alone,
And he and Whachum, two to one:
This b'ing resolv'd, he spy'd by chance
Behind the door, an iron lance,
That many a sturdy limb had gor'd,
And legs, and loins, and shoulders bor'd;
He snatch'd it up, and made a pass
To make his way through Hudibras.
Whachum had got a fire-fork,
With which he vow'd to do his work.
But Hudibras was well pre-arr'd,
And stoutly stood upon his guard:
He put by Sidrophelo's thrust,
And in right manfully he rusht;
The weapon from his gripe he wrung,
And laid him on the earth along.
Whachum his sea-coal prong threw by,
And basely turn'd his back to fly,
But Hudibras gave him a twitch
As quick as lightning in the breech;
Just in the place where honour's lodg'd,
As wise philosophers have judg'd;
Because a kick in that place, more
Hurts honour, than deep wounds before.
- Quoth Hudibras, Tho' stars determin'd
You are my prisoners, base vermin!
Could they not tell you so as well
As what I came to know foretell?
By this what cheats you are we find,
That in your own concerns are blind.
Your lives are now at my dispose,
To be redeem'd by fine or blows:
But who his honour would defile,
'To take, or sell, two lives so vile?
I'll give you quarter; but your pillage
The conquering warrior's crop and tillage,
Which with his sword he reaps and plows,
That 's mine, the law of arms allows.
- This said, in haste, in haste he fell
To rummaging of Sidrophel;
First, he expounded both his pockets,
And found a watch, with rings and lockets,
Which had been left with him t' erect
A figure for, and so detect;
A copper-plate, with almanacs
Engrav'd upon 't, with other knacks,
Of Hooker's, Lilly's, Sarah Jimmers,
And blank schemes, to discover nummers:
A moon-dial, with Napier's bones,
And sev'ral constellation stones,
Engrav'd in planetary hours,
That over mortals had strange pow'rs,
To make 'em thrive in law or trade,
And stab or poison to evade;
In wit or wisdom to improve,
And be victorious in love.
- Whachum had neither cross nor pile,
His plunder was not worth the while;
All which the conqueror did discount,
To pay for curing of his rump.
- But Sidrophel, as full of tricks
As rotten-men of politics,
Straight cast about to over-reach
Th' unwary conqueror with a fetch,
- And make him glad (at least) to quit
His victory, and fly the pit,
Before the secular prince of darkness
Arriv'd to seize upon his carcase;
And as a fox, with hot pursuit
Chas'd thro' a warren, casts about
To save his credit, and among
Dead vermin on a gallows hung;
And while the dogs run underneath,
Escap'd, by counterfeiting death,
Not out of cunning, hut a train
Of atoms justling in his brain,
As learned philosophers give out:
So Sidrophelo cast about,
And fell t' his wonted trade again,
To feign himself in earnest slain:
First stretch'd out one leg, then another
And seeming in his breast to smother
A broken sigh; quoth he, Where am I,
Alive or dead, which way came I
Thro' so immense a space so soon?
But now I thought myself i' th' moon;
And that a monster with huge whiskers,
More formidable than a Switzer's,
My body thro' and thro' had drill'd;
And Whachum by my side had kill'd;
Had cross-examin'd both our hose,
And plunder'd all we had to lose;
Look, there he is, I see him now,
And feel the place I am run thro':
And there lies Whachum by my side
Stone dead, and in his own blood dy'd:
Oh! oh!—With that he fetch'd a groan,
And fell again into a swoon,
Shut both his eyes, and stop't his breath,
And to the life out-acted death:
That Hudibras, to all appearing,
Believ'd him to be dead as herring.
He held it now no longer safe
To carry the return of Ralph,
But rather leave him in the lurch:
Thought he, he has abus'd our church,
Refus'd to give himself one firr,
To carry on the public work;
Despu'd our synod men like dirt,
And made their discipline his sport;
Dirulg'd the secrets of their classes,
And their conventions prov'd high places:
Disparag'd their tythe-pigs as Pagan,
And set at nought their cheese and bacon;
Rat'd at their covenant, and jeer'd
Their rev'rend parsons to my beard;
For all which scandals, to be quit
At once, this juncture falls out fit:
I'll make him henceforth to beware,
And tempt my fury if he dare;
He must at least hold up his hand,
By twelve freeholders to be scann'd;
Who by their skill in palmistry,
Will quickly read his destiny,
And make him glad to read his lesson,
Or take a turn for 't at the session:
Unless his light and gift prove truer
Than ever yet they did, I'm sure;
For if he scape with whipping now,
'Tis more than he can hope to do;
And that will disengage my conscience
O' th' obligation in his own sense;
I'll make him now by force abide
What he by gentle means deny'd,
To give my honour satisfaction,
And right the brethren in the action.
This being resolv'd, with equal speed
And conduct he approach'd his steed,
And with activity unwont,
Essay'd the lofty beast to mount;
Which once achieved, he spur'd his palfry,
To get from th' enemy, and Ralph, free:
Left dangers, fears, and foes behind,
And beat, at least three lengths, the wind.

HEROICAL EPISTLE

OF

HUDIBRAS TO SIDROPHEL.

Eccc iterum Crispinus.

WELL, Sidrophel, though 't is in vain
To tamper with your crazy brain,
Without trepanning of your skull
As often as the moon 's at full;
'T is not amiss, ere 's are giv'n o'er,
To try one desperate medicine more;
For where your cure can be no worse,
The danger 't is the worst course
Is 't possible that you, whose ears
Are of the tribe of Issachar's,
And might, with equal reason, either
For merit, or extent of leather,
With William Prym's, before they were
Retrench'd, and crucify'd, compare,
Should yet be deaf against a noise
So roaring as the public voice?
That speaks your virtue free and loud,
And openly in ev'ry crowd,
As loud as one that sings his part
To a wheel-barrow, or turnip-cart,
Or your new nick-nam'd old invention
To cry green hatlings with an engine;
(As if the volume had stunn'd,
And torn your drum-heads with the sound.)
And 'cause your folly 's now no news,
But overgrown, and out of use,
Persuade yourself, there 's no such matter,
But that 't is vanisht out of nature;
When folly, as it grows in years,
The more extravagant appears:
For who but you could be possest
With so much ignorance, and beast,
That neither all men's scorn and hate,
Nor benign laugh'd and pointed at,
Nor bray'd so often in a mortar,
Can teach you whole some sense and nurture:
But (like a reprobate) what course
Soever 's us'd, grow worse and worse?
Can no transfusion of the blood,
That makes fowls rattle, do you good?
Nor putting pigs 'n lurch to nurse,
To turn them into mongrel curs;
Put you into a way, at least
To make yourself a better beast?
Can all your critical intrigues
Of trying sound for rotten eggs?
Your several new-found remedies
Of curing wounds and scabs in trees;
Your arts of fluxing them for claps,
And purging their infect'd saps;
Recovering shankers, crystallines,
And nodes and botches in the rinds,
Have no effect to operate
Upon the duller block, your pate?
But still it must be Jewdly bent
To tempt your own due punishment;
And like your whimsy'd chariots, draw
The boys to course you without law;
As if the art you have so long
Profess'd, of making old dogs young,
In you, hid virtue to renew
Not only youth, but childhood too.
Can you, that understand all hooks,
By judging, only with your looks,
Resolve all problems with your face,
As others do with B's and A's;

Unriddle all that mankind knows
With solid bending of your brows:
All arts and sciences advance,
With screwing of your countenance;
And, with a penetrating eye,
Into th' abstrusest learning pry;
Know more of any trade b' a hint,
Than those that have been bred up in 't;
And yet have no art, true or false,
To help your own bad natural?
But still the more you strive 't appear,
Are found to be the wretchelier;
For fools are known by looking wise,
As men find woodcocks by their eyes.
Hence 't is that 'cause y' have gain'd o' th' college
A quarter share (at most) of knowledge,
And brought in none, but spent repulse,
Y' assume a pow'r as absolute
To judge, and censure, and control,
As if you were the sole Sir Pol.;
And saucily pretend to know
More than your dividend comes to
You 'll find the thing will not be done
With ignorance and face alone
No, though y' have purchas'd to your name
In history so great a fame;
That now your talent 's so well known,
For having all belief out-grow'n,
That ev'ry strange prodigious tale
Is measur'd by your German scale—
By which the virtuous try
The magnitude of ev'ry lie,
Fast up to what it does amount,
And place the biggest to your account:
That all those stories that are laid
Too truly to you, and those made,
Are now still charg'd upon your score,
And lesser authors nam'd no more.
Alas! that faculty betrays
Those soonest it designs to raise!
And all your vain renown will spoil,
As guns o'ercharg'd the more recoil:
Though he that has but impudence,
To all things has a fair pretence;
And put among his wants but shame,
To all the world may lay his claim:
Though you have try'd that nothing 's borne
With greater ease than public scorn,
That all affronts do still give place
To your impenetrable face;
That makes your way through all affairs,
As pigs through hedges creep with theirs;
Yet as 't is counterfeit and brass,
You must not think 't will always pass;
For all impostors, when they 're known,
Are past their labour and undone.
And all the best that can befall
An artificial natural,
Is that which madmen find, as soon
As once they 're broke loose from the moon,
And, proof against her influence,
Relapse to e'er so little sense,
To turn stark fools, and subjects fit
For sport of boys and rabble wit.

HUDIBRAS.

PART THIRD.—CANTO FIRST.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Knight and Squire resolve at once,
The one the other to renounce;
They both approach the Lady's bower,
The Squire t' inform, the Knight to woo her,
She treats them with a masquerade,
By furies and hobgoblins made;
From which the Squire conveys the Knight,
And steals him from himself by night.*

<p>'TIS true, no lover has that pow'r, T' enforce a desperate amour, As he that hath two strings to 's bow, And burns for love and money too, For then he 's brave and resolute, Disdains to render in his suit, Has all his flames and raptures double, And hings, or drowns, with half the trouble; While those who silly pursue The simple, downright way and true, Make as unlucky applications, And steer against the stream, their passions: Some forge their mistresses of stars, And when the ladies prove averse, And more untoward to be won, Than by Calgula the moon, Cry out upon the stars for doing Ill-offices, to cross their wooing; When only by themselves they 're hind'ed, For trusting those they made her kindred; And still, the harsher and hide-bonder The damsels prove, become the fonder, For what mad lover ever died To gain a soft and gentle bride; Or for a lady tender-hearted, In purling streams or hemp departed? Leap'd headlong int' Elysium, Thro' th' windows of a dazzling room? But for some cross, ill-natur'd dame, The am'rous fly burnt in his flame. This to the Knight could be no news, With all mankind so much in use; Who therefore took the wiser course To make the most of his amours, Resolv'd to try all sorts of ways, As follows in due time and place. No sooner was the bloody fight Between the Wizard and the Knight, With all th' appurtenances, over, But he relaps'd again t' a lover: As he was always wont to do When he had discomfited a foe And us'd the only antique philtres, Deriv'd from old heroic tilts. But now triumphant and victorious, He held th' achievement was too glorious For such a conqueror to meddle With petty constable or beadle; Or fly for refuge to the hostess Of th' inns of court and chancery, Justice; Who might, perhaps, reduce his cause To th' ordeal trial of the laws; Where none escape, but such as branded With red-hot irons have pass'd bare handed.</p>	<p>And if they cannot read one verse I' th' Psalms, must sing it, and that 's worse He therefore judging it below him, To tempt a shame the devil might owe him, Resolv'd to leave the Squire for bail And mainprise for him, to the jail, To answer, with his vessel, all That might disastrously befall; And thought it now the fittest juncture To give the lady a rencounter, T' acquaint her with his expedition, And conquest o'er the fierce Magician; Describe the manner of the fray, And show the spoils he brought away, His bloody scourging aggravate, The number of the blows, and weight, All which might probably succeed, And gain belief h' had done the deed. Which he resolv'd t' enforce, and spare, No pawning of his soul to swear; But rather than produce his back To set his conscience on the rack; And in pursuance of his urging Of articles perform'd, and scourging, And all things else upon his part, Demand delivery of her heart, Her goods and chattels, and good graces, And person, up to his embraces. Thought he, the ancient errant-knights Won all their ladies' hearts in fights; And cut whole giants into fritters, And put them into am'rous twitters; Whose stubborn bowels scor'd to yield, Until their gallants were half kill'd: But when their bones were drubb'd so sore, They durst not woo one combat more, The ladies' hearts began to melt, Subdu'd by blows their lovers felt. So Spanish heroes with their lances, At once wound bulls and ladies' fancies; And he acquires the noblest spouse That widows greatest herds of cows; Then what may I expect to do, Who 're quell'd so vast a buffalo? Meanwhile the Squire was on his way, The Knight's late order to obey; Who sent him for a strong detachment Of beadles, constables, and watchmen, T' attack the cunning man, for plunder Committed safely on his lumber; When he who had so lately sack'd The enemy, had done the fact, Had rifled all his pokes and fobs, Of gimcracks, whims, and jiggumbobs.</p>	<p>55 60 65 70 75 80 85 90 95 100 105</p>
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And by him, in another hole,
Afflicted Ralpho, cheek by Jole;
She came upon him in *his* wooden
Magielan's circle, on the sudden,
As *spid* do *t*'s a conjurer,
When in their dreadful shapes th' appear.
No sooner did the Knight perceive her,
But straight he fell into a fever,
Inflam'd all over with disgrace,
To be seen by her in such a place;
Which made him hang his head, and scowl,
And wink, and goggle like an owl,
He felt his brains begin to swim.

When thus the dame accosted him:
This place, quoth she, they say 's enchanted,
And with delinquent spirits haunted,
That here are ty'd in chains, and scourg'd
Until their guilty crimes be purg'd:
Look, there are two of them appear,
Like persons I have seen somewhere.
Some have mistaken blocks and posts
For spectres, apparitions, ghosts,
With saucer-eyes, and horns; and some
Have heard the devil beat a drum;
But if our eyes are not false senses,
That give a wrong account of faces;
That beard and I should be acquainted,
Before 't was conjur'd and enchanted;
For though it be figur'd somewhat,
As if 't had lately been in combat,
It did belong to a worthy Knight,
Hence'er this phobia is come by 't.

When Hudibras the Lady heard,
Discreting thus upon his beard,
And speak with such respect and honour,
He thought it best to set as good
A face upon it as he could,
And thus he spoke: Lady, your bright
And radiant eyes are in the right;
The beard's th' identity beard you knew,
The same numerically true;
Nor is it worn by fiend or elf,
But 's proprietor himself.

O heavens! quoth she, can that be true:
I do begin to fear 't is you!
Not by your individual whiskers,
But by your dialect and manners,
That never spoke to man or beast
In notions vulgarly express'd.
But what malignant star, alas!
Has brought you both to this sad pass?
Quoth he, the fortune of the war,
Which I am less afflicted for,
Than to be seen with beard and face
By you in such a homely case.

Quoth she, those need not be ashamed
For being honourably main'd;
If he that is in battle conquer'd,
Have any title to his own beard.
Tho' yours be sorely flogg'd and torn,
It does your visage more adorn,
Than if 't were prun'd, and starch'd, and lender'd,
And cut square by the Russian standard;
A torn beard's like a veter'd ensign,
That's bravest, which there are most rents in.
That petticoat about your shoulders,
Does not so well become a soldier's;
And I'm afraid they are worse handled;
Altho' I th' roar, your beard the van led:
And those unsex'd bruises make
My heart for company to ache.

To see so warlike a friend
I th' gallery set, at the wrong end,
Quoth Hudibras, This thing could pain
Is in the learned *Sto* (name)
Not bad *simpliciter*, not good;
But merely as 't is understood.
Sense is deceitful, and may feign,
As well in countenancing pain
As other gross phenomena;
In which it oft mistakes the case,
But since th' immortal intellect
'Tis free from error and defect,
Whose objects still present the same
Is free from outward bruise or main,
Which nought external can expose;
To gross material bangs or blows;
It follows, we can never be pain'd,
Whether we pain or not endure;
And just so far are sore and grief'd,
As by the fancy is believ'd.

Some have been wounded with conceit,
And dy'd of mere opinion straight;
Others, tho' wounded sore in reason,
Felt no contusion, nor discretion.

A Saxon duke did grow so fat,
That mice, as histories relate,
Ate grots and labyrinth to dwell in
His pectic parts, without his feeling:
Then how is 't possible a kick
Should e'er reach that way to the quick?

Quoth she, I grant it is in vain
For one that 's baited to feel pain,
Because the pang's his honest endurance,
Contribute nothing to the cure:
Yet honour hurt is wont to rage
With pain to medicine can manage.

Quoth he, That honour 's very squeamish,
That takes a basting for a blemish,
For what 's more honourable than scars,
Or skin to fatters rent in wars?

Some have been beaten till they know
What wood a cudgel 's of by th' blow;
Some kick'd, until they can feel whether
A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather;
And yet have met, after long running,
With some whom they have taught that running,

The farthest way about 't o'ercome,
I th' end does prove the nearest home.
I laws of learned drollery,
They that are bruised with wood or fists,
And think one beating may for once
Suffice, are rewards and poisons.

But if they dare engage 't a second,
They're stout and gallant fellows reckon'd.
Th' old Roman's freedom did bestow,
Our princes warship, with a blow;
King Pyrrhus cur'd his splenic
And testy counten with a kick.

The Negro, when some mighty lord
Or potentate's to be restor'd,
And pardon'd for some great offence,
With which he's willing to dispense,
First has him laid upon his belly,
Then beaten back and end, 't 's jelly;

That done, he rises, humbly bows,
And gives thanks for the princely blows,
Departs not meekly proud and boasting
Of his magnificence rib-roasting.
The beaten soldier proves most thankful,
That, like his sword, endures the scull;

And justly 's held more formidable,
The more his valour 's malleable;
But he that fears a bastinado,
Will run away from his own shadow;
And tho' I'm now in distance fast,
By our own party basely cast.

Handcuff, exchange, parole refus'd,
And worse than by the enemy us'd,
In close *cafes* shut, past hope
Of wit or valour, to elope:
As beads the nearer that they tend
To th' earth, still grow more reverend;

And cannon shoot the higher pitches,
The lower we let down their breeches:
I'll make this low dejected fate
Advance me to a greater height.

Quoth she, I have almost made m' in love
With that which did my pity move.
Great wits, and valours, like great states,
Do sometimes sink with their own weights:
Th' extremes of glory and of shame,
Like east and west, become the same;

No Indian prince has to his palace
More followers than a thief to th' gallows.
But if a beating seem so brave,
What glories must a whipping have?

Such great achievements cannot fall
To cast salt on a woman's tail:
For if I thought your nat'ral talent
Of passive courage were so palliant,
As you strain hard to have it thought,
I could grow at crows, and do.

When Hudibras this language heard,
He prick'd up 's ears, and strook'd his beard.
Thought he, this is the lucky hour;
Wines work, when wine are in the flow'r;

This crisis then I'll set my rest on,
And put her boldly to the question.
Adam, what you would seem to doubt,
Shall be to all the world made out:

How I've been drobb'd, and with what spirit
And magnanimity I bear it;

- Laid hold on him ; but he broke loose,
And turn'd himself into a goose.
Div'd under water in a pond,
To hide himself from being found.
In vain I sought him, but as soon
As I perceiv'd him fled and gone,
Prepar'd with equal haste and rage,
His under-sorc'rer to engage ;
But bravely scorning to defile
My sword with feeble blood and vile,
I judg'd it better from a quick-
Set hedge to cut a knotted stick.
With which I furiously laid on ;
Till in a harsh and doleful tone
It roar'd, O ! hold for pity, Sir :
I am too great a sufferer.
Abus'd, as you have been, b' a witch,
But conjur'd in't a worse caprich :
Who sends me out on many a jaunt,
Old houses in the night to haunt,
For opportunities to improve
Designs of thievery or love ;
With drugs convey'd in drink or meat
All feats of witches counterfeited,
Kill pigs and geese with powder'd glass,
And make it for enchantment pass ;
With cow-itch meagre like a leper,
And choke with fumes of Guinea pepper :
Make lechers and their punks with dewtry
Commit fantastical adrovery :
Bewitch hermetic men to run
Stark staring mad with manicon ;
Believe mechanic virtuosi
Can raise 'em mountains in Potosi,
And sillier than the antic fools,
Take treasure for a heap of coals ;
Seek out for plants with signatures,
To quack of universal cures ;
With figures ground on panes of glass,
Make people on their heads to pass.
And mighty heaps of coin increase,
Reflected from a single piece :
To draw in fools whose nat'ral itches
Incline perpetually to witches ;
And keep me in continual fears,
And danger of my neck and ears :
When less delinquents have been scourg'd
And hamp on wooden anvils forg'd,
Which others for cravats have worn
About their necks and took a turn.
I pity'd the sad punishment
The wretched calf underwent,
And held my drubbing of his bones
Too great an honour for poltroons ;
For knights are bound to feel no blows
From paltry and unequal foes
Who, when they slash and cut to pieces,
Do all with civilst addresses :
Their horses never give a blow,
But when they make a leg and bow.
I therefore spar'd his flesh, and press'd him
About the witch with many a question.
Quoth he, For many years he drove
A kind of broken trade in love ;
Employ'd in all th' intrigues and trust
Of feeble speculative lust ;
Procurer to th' extravagancy
And crazy ribaldry of fancy,
By those the devil had forsook,
As things below him to provoke,
But b'ing a virtuosi, able
To smatter, quack, and cant, and dabble,
He held his talent most adroit,
For any mystical exploit ;
As others of his tribe had done,
And rais'd their prices three to one.
For one predicting pimp has th' odds
Of chauldrons of plain downright bawds.
But as an elf (the devil's valet)
Is not so slight a thing to get ;
For those that do his bus'ness best,
In hell are us'd the ruggedest :
Before so meriting a person
Cou'd get a grant, but in reversion,
He serv'd two 'prenticeships, and longer,
I' th' myst'ry of a lady-monger.
For (as some write) a witch's ghost,
As soon as from the body loos'd,
Becomes a puny imp itself,
And is another witch's elf.
He, after searching far and near,
At length found one in Lancashire,
- With whom he bargain'd beforehand,
And, after hanging, entertain'd.
295 Since which h' has play'd a thousand feats,
And practis'd all mechanic cheats :
Transform'd himself to th' ugly shapes
Of wolves and bears, baboons and apes ;
300 Which he has vary'd more than witches,
Or Pharaoh's wizards, could their switches,
And all with whom h' has had to do,
Turn'd to as monstrous figures too.
Witness myself, whom h' has abus'd,
305 And to this beastly shape reduc'd,
By feeding me on beans and pease
He crams in nasty crevices,
And turns to comfits by his arts,
To make me relish for desserts,
400 And one by one, with shame and fear,
L'ck up the candy'd provender.
Beside ——— But as h' was running on,
To tell what other feats h' had done,
The lady stopt his full career,
405 And told him now 't was time to hear.
If all those things, said she, be true ———
They're all, quoth he, I swear by you.
Why then, said she, that Sidrophel
Has damn'd himself to th' pit of hell ;
410 Who, mounted on a broom, the nag
And hackney of a Lapland hag,
In quest of you came hither post,
Within an hour, I'm sure, at most ;
Who told me all you swear and say,
415 Quite contrary another way,
Vow'd that you came to him to know
If you should carry me or no ;
And would have hir'd him and his imps,
To be your match-makers, and pimps,
420 T' engage the devil on your side,
And steal (like Proserpine) your bride.
But he ds'dauning to embrace
So filthy a design and base,
425 You fell to vapouring and huffing,
And drew upon him like a ruffin,
Surpris'd him meanly unprepar'd,
Before h' had time to mount his guard :
And left him dead upon the ground,
430 With many a bruise and desperate wound ;
Swore you had broke, and robb'd his house,
And stole his talismanique louse,
And all his new-found old inventions,
With flat felonious intentions,
435 Which he could bring out, where he had,
And what he bought them for, and paid ;
His flea, his morpion, and pumese,
H' had gotten for his proper ease,
And all in perfect minutes made,
440 By th' ablest artist of the trade ;
Which (he could prove it) since he lost,
He has been eaten up almost ;
And altogether might amount
To many hundreds on account :
44 For which h' had gotten sufficient warrant
To seize the malefactor-errant,
Without capacity of bail,
455 But of a cart or horse's tail
And did not doubt to bring the wretches,
To serve for pendulums to watches,
Which modern virtuosi say
Incline to hanging ev'ry way.
460 Beside he swore, and swore 't was true,
That ere he went in quest of you,
He set a figure to discover
If you were fled to Rye or Dover ;
And found it clear, that, to betray
Yourself and me, you fled this way ;
465 To take you somewhere hereabout.
He vow'd he had intelligence
Of all that pass'd before and since ;
And found, that ere you came to him,
Y' had been engaging life and limb,
470 About a case of tender conscience,
Where both abounded in your own sense ;
Till Ralpho, by his light and grace,
Had clear'd all scruples in the case ;
And prov'd that you might swear and own
475 Whatever's by the wicked done.
For which, most basely to requite
The service of his gift and light,
You strove t' oblige him by main force,
To scourge his ribs instead of yours ;
480 But that he stood upon his guard,
And all your vapouring out-dar'd :

- For which, between you both, the feat
Has never been perform'd as yet.
While thus the Lady talk'd, the Knight
Turn'd the outside of his eyes to white, 480
(As men of inward light are wont
To turn their optics in upon 't.)
He wonder'd how she came to know
What he had done, and meant to do;
Held up his affidavit-hand,
As if h' had been to be arraign'd:
Cast towards the door a ghastly look,
In dread of Sidrophel, and spoke:
Madam, if but one word be true
Of all the wizard has told you, 490
Or but one single circumstance
In all th' apocryphal romance,
May dreadful earthquakes swallow down
This vessel, that is all your own;
Or may the heavens fall, and cover
These relics of your constant lover.
You have provided well, quoth she,
(I thank you,) for yourself and me;
And shown your Presbyterian wits
Jump punctual with the Jesuits.
A most compendious way, and civil,
At once to cheat the world, the devil,
And heav'n and hell, yourselves and those
On whom you vainly think t' impose.
Why then, quoth he, may hell surprise— 505
That trick, said she, will not pass twice:
I've learn'd how far I'm to believe
Your punning onths upon your sleeve.
But there's a better way of clearing
What you would prove, than downright swearing, 511
For if you have perform'd the feat,
The blows are visible as yet,
Enough to serve for satisfaction
Of nicest scruples in the action.
And if you can produce those knobs,
Altho' they're but the witch's drubs,
I'll pass them all upon account,
As if your nat'ral self had done 't;
Provided that they pass the opinion
Of able juries of old women;
Who, us'd to judge of matter of facts
For bellies, may do so for backs.
Madam, quoth he, your love's a million:
To do is less than to be willing,
As I am, were it in my power
T' obey, what you command, and more.
But for performing what you bid,
I thank you as much as if I did.
You know I ought to have a care
To keep my wounds from taking air;
For wounds, in those that are all heart,
Are dangerous in any part.
I find, quoth she, my goods and chattels
Are like to prove but mere drawn battles:
For still the longer we contend,
We are but farther off the end.
But granting now we should agree,
What is it you expect from me?
Your plighted faith, quoth he, and word
You pass'd in heaven on record,
Where all contracts, to have and t' hold,
Are everlastingly enroll'd.
And if 't is counted treason here
To raze records, 'tis much more there.
Quoth she, There are no bargains driv'n,
Nor marriages clapp'd up in heav'n;
And that's the reason, as some guess,
There is no heav'n in marriages;
Two things that naturally press
Too narrowly, to be at ease.
Their bus'ness there is only love,
Which marriage is not like t' improve.
Love that's too gen'rous to abide
To be against its nature tick'd:
For where 't is of itself inclin'd,
It breaks loose where it is confin'd:
And like the soul, its harbourer,
Debarr'd the freedom of the air,
Disdains against its will to stay,
But struggles out, and flies away:
And therefore never can comply
T' endure the matrimonial tie,
That binds the female and the male,
Where the one is but the other's bail;
Like Roman gaolers, when they slept,
Chain'd to the prisoners they kept;
Of which the true and faithfull'st lover
Gives best security, to suffer.
- Marriage is but a beast, some say,
That carries double in foul way;
And therefore 't is not to b' admir'd
It should so suddenly be tir'd:
A bargain at a venture made,
Between two partners in a trade,
(For what's infer'd by t' have and t' hold,
But something past away, and sold?) 575
That as it makes but one of two,
Reduces all things else as low:
And at the best is but a mart
Between the one and th' other part,
That on the marriage-day is paid,
Or hour of death, the bet is laid;
And all the rest of better or worse,
Both are but losers out of purse.
For when upon their ungot heirs
Th' entail themselves, and all that's theirs,
What blinder bargain e'er was driv'n,
Or wager laid at six and seven?
To pass themselves away, and turn
Their children's tenants ere they're born? 590
Beg one another idiot
To guardians, ere they're begot:
Or ever shall perhaps by th' one,
Who's bound to vouch 'em for his own,
'Tho' got b' implicit generation, 595
And gen'ral club of all the nation;
For which she's forty'd no less
Than all the island with four seas;
Exact the tribute of her dow'r,
In ready insolence and pow'r;
And makes him pass away, to have
And hold, to her, himself, her slave,
More wretched than an ancient villain,
Condemn'd to drudgery and tilling;
While all he does upon the by,
She is not bound to justify, 606
Nor at the proper cost and charge
Maintain the feats he does at large.
Such hideous sots were those obedient
Old vassals to their ladies regent;
To give the cheats the eldest hand
In foul play, by the laws o' th' land;
For which so many a legal cuckold
Has been run down in courts, and truckled.
A law that most unjustly yokes
All Johns of Stiles to Johns of Nokes,
Without distinction of degree,
Condition, age, or quality,
Admits no pow'r of revocation,
Nor valuable consideration, 620
Nor writ of error, nor reverse
Of judgment past, for better or worse:
Will not allow the privileges
That beggars challenge under hedges,
Who, when they're griev'd, can make dead horses
Their spiritual judges of divorces,
While nothing else but *rem in re*
Can set the proudest wretches free;
A slavery beyond enduring,
But that 't is of their own procuring:
As spiders never seek the fly,
But leave him of himself t' apply;
So men are by themselves employ'd
To quit the freedom they enjoy'd,
And run their necks into a noose
They'd break 'em after to get loose. 630
As some whom death would not depart,
Have done the feat themselves by art;
Like Indian widows, gone to bed
In flaming curtains of the dead;
And men as often dangled for 't,
And yet will never leave the sport.
Nor do the ladies want excuse
For all the stratagems they use,
To gain th' advantage of the set,
And lurch the am'rous rook and cheat. 645
For as the Pythagorean soul
Runs through all beasts, and fish and fowl,
And has a smack of ev'ry one;
So love does, and has ever done.
And therefore, tho' 't is never so fond,
Takes strangely to the vagabond;
'T is but an agree that's reverse,
Whose hot fit takes the patient first,
That after burns with cold as much
As iron in Greenland does the touch;
Melts in the furnace of desire,
Like glass, that's but the ice of fire;
And when his heat of fancy's over,
Becomes as hard and trail a lover. 660

- For when he's with love-powder laden,
And prind and cock'd by Miss, or Madam,
The smallest sparkle of an eye
Gives fire to his artillery;
And off the loud oath go, but while
They're in the very act, recoil.
Hence 't is, so few dare take their chance
Without a separate maintenance:
And widows, who have try'd one lover,
Trust none again, till th' have made over;
Or if they do, before they marry,
The foxes weigh the geese they carry,
And ere they venture on a stream,
Know how to size themselves and them.
Whence wittiest ladies always choose
To undertake the heaviest goose.
For now the world is grown so wary,
That few of either sex dare marry,
But rather trust on tick t' amours,
The cross and pile for bett'r or worse:
A mode that is held honourable,
As well as French, and fashionable,
For when it falls out for the best,
Where both are incommode least,
In soul and body two unite,
To make up one hermaphrodite:
Still amorous, and fond, and billing,
Like Philip and Mary on a shilling,
Th' have more punctilios and caprices
Between the petticoat and breeches,
More petulant extravagancies,
Than poets make 'em in romances;
Though when their heroes spouse the dames,
We hear no more of charms and flames:
For then their late attracts decline,
And turn as eager as prick'd wine;
And all their caterwauling tricks,
In earnest to as jealous jukes:
Which the ancients wisely signify'd,
By th' yellow mantuas of the bride:
For jealousy is but a kind
Of clap and erincum of the mind,
The nat'ral effects of love,
As other flames and aches prove:
But all the mischief is, the doubt
On whose account they first broke out.
For though Chinese go to bed,
And lie in, in their ladies' stead,
And for the pains they took before,
Are nurs'd and pamper'd to do more;
Our green men do it worse, when th' hap
To fall in labour with a clap:
Both lay the child to one another:
But who's the father, who the mother,
'T is hard to say in multitudes,
Or who imported the French goods.
But health and sickness b'ing all one,
Which both before engag'd to own,
And are not with their bodies bound
To worship only when they're sound,
Both give and take their equal shares
Of all they suffer by false wares;
A fate no lover can divert.
With all his caution, wit, and art.
For 't is in vain to think to guess
A woman by appearances;
That paint and patch their imperfections
Of intellectual complexions;
And daub their tempers o'er with washes
As artificial as their faces;
Wear, under rizzor-masks, their talents
And mother wits, before their gallants,
Until they're hamper'd in the noose,
Too fast to dream of breaking loose:
When all the flaws they strove to hide
Are made unready, with the bride,
That with her wedding-clothes undresses
Her complaisance and gentleness
Tries all her arts, to take upon her
The government from th' easy owner:
Until the wretch is glad to wave
His lawful rights, and turn her slave,
Find all his having and his holding,
Reduc'd t' eternal noise and scolding;
The conjugal petard, that tears
Down all portcullises of ears,
And makes the voyage of the tongue
For all their leathern shields too strong;
When only arm'd with noise and nails,
The female silk-worms ride the males,
Transform'd 'em in'o rams and goats,
Like Sirens with their charming notes;
Sweet as a screech-owl's serenade,
Or those enchanting murmurs made
By the husband mandrake and the wife,
Both bury'd (like themselves) alive.
753
Quoth he, These reasons are but straits
Of wanton, over-heated brains,
Which ralliers in their wit or drink,
Do rather wheedle with, than think.
760
Man was not man in Paradise,
Until he was crested twice,
And had his better half, his bride,
Carry'd from th' original, his side,
T' amend his natural defects,
And perfect his recruited sex;
765
Enlarge his breed, at once, and lessen
The pains and labour of increasing,
By changing them for other cares,
As by his dry'd up paps appears.
770
His body, that stupendous frame,
Of all the world the anagram,
Is of two equal parts compact,
In shape and symmetry exact,
775
Of which the left and female side
Is to the manly right a bride.
885
Both join'd together with such art,
That nothing else but death can part.
Those heav'nly attracts of yours, your eyes,
And face, that all the world surprise,
780
That dazzle all that look upon ye,
And scorch all other ladies tawny;
Those ravishing and charming graces,
Are all made up of two half-faces,
785
That in a mathematic line,
Like those in other heavens, join.
Of which, if either grew alone,
'T would fright as much to look upon:
And so would that sweet bud, your lip,
Without the other's fellowship.
790
Our noblest senses act by pairs,
Two eyes to see, to hear two ears;
Th' intelligencers of the mind,
To wait upon the soul design'd;
795
But those that serve the body alone,
Are single, and confin'd to one.
The world is but two parts, that meet,
And close at the equinoctial sit;
And so are all the works of nature
Stamp'd with her signature on matter:
800
Which all her creatures, to a leaf,
Or smallest blade of grass, receive.
All which sufficiently declare
How 'tireless marriage is her care,
The only method that she uses,
In all the wonders she produces.
715
And those that take their rules from her,
Can never be deceiv'd, nor err.
For what secures the civil life
But pawns of children, and a wife?
810
That lie, like hostages, at stake,
To pay for all men undertake;
To whom it is as necessary,
As to be born and breathe, to marry;
815
So universal, all mankind
In nothing else is of one mind.
For in what stupid age, or nation,
Was marriage ever out of fashion?
820
Unless among the Amazons,
Or cloister'd friars, and vestal nuns;
Or stoics, who, to bar the freaks
And loose excesses of the sex,
Prepost'rously would have all women
Turn'd up to all the world in common.
825
Though men would find such mortal feuds
In sharing of their public goods,
'T would put them to more charge of lives,
Than they're supply'd with now by wives:
830
Until they graze, and wear their clothes,
As beasts do, of their native growths;
For simple wearing of their horns,
Will not suffice to serve their turns.
For what can we pretend t' inherit,
Unless the marriage-deed will bear it?
835
Could claim no right to lands or rents,
But for our parents' settlements;
Had been but younger sons of the earth,
Debar'd it all, but for our birth;
840
What honours, or estates, of peers
Could be preserv'd, but by their heirs;
And what security maintains
Their right and title, but the banes?
750
What crowns could be hereditary,
If greatest monarchs did not marry,

And with their concerts consummate
 Their weightiest interest of state;
 For all the amours of princes are
 But guarantees of peace or war.
 Or what but marriage has a charm
 The rage of empires to disarm?
 Make blood and desolation cease,
 And fire and sword unite in peace,
 When all their fierce contests for forage
 Conclude in articles of marriage?
 Nor does the genial bed provide
 Less for the interests of the bride;
 Who else had not the least pretence
 T'as much as due benevolence;
 Could no more title take upon her
 To virtue, quality, and honour,
 Than ladies-errant, unconfin'd,
 And feme-coverts to all mankind.
 All women would be of one piece,
 The virtuous matron, and the miss;
 The nymphs of chaste Diana's train,
 The same with those of Lewkner's lane,
 But for the difference marriage makes
 Twixt wives, and ladies of the lakes:
 Besides, the joys of place and birth,
 The sex's paradise on earth;
 A privilege so sacred held,
 That none will to their mothers yield;
 But rather than not go before,
 Abandon heaven at the door.
 And if th' indulgent law allows
 A greater freedom to the spouse;
 The reason is, because the wife
 Runs greater hazards of her life;
 Is trusted with the form and matter
 Of all mankind, by careful Nature.
 Where man brings nothing but the stuff
 She frames the wondrous fabric of—
 Who, therefore, in a strait, may freely
 Demand the clergy of her belly
 And make it save her the same way.
 It seldom misses to betray:
 Unless both parties wisely enter
 Into the liturgy, and incense.
 And though some fits of small contest
 Sometimes fall out among the best;
 That is no more than every lover
 Does from his hackney-lady suffer:
 That makes no breach of faith and love,
 But rather (sometimes) serves t' improve.
 For as, in running, ev'ry space
 Is but betwixt two legs a race,
 In which both do their uttermost
 To get before and win the post:
 Yet when they're at the race's ends,
 They're still as kind and constant friends,
 And to relieve their weariness,
 By turns give one another ease:
 So all these false alarms of strife
 Between the husband and the wife,
 And little quarrels, often prove
 To be but new recruits of love:
 When those wh' are always kind or cny,
 In time must either tire or cloy.
 Nor are their loudest clamours more,
 Than as they're relish'd, sweet or sour:
 Like music that proves bad or good,
 According as 't is understood.
 In all amours a lover burns,
 With frowns, as well as smiles, by turns,
 And hearts have been as oft with sullen
 As charming looks, surpriz'd and stolen
 Then why should more bewitching clamour,
 Some lovers not as much enamour;
 For discords make the sweetest airs,
 And curses are a kind of prayers:
 Too slight alloys for all those grand
 Felicities by marriage gain'd.
 For nothing else has pow'r to settle
 Th' interests of love perpetual;
 An act and deed, that makes one heart
 Become another's counterpart,
 And passes fines on faith and love,
 Inroll'd and register'd above,
 To seal the slippery knots of rows,
 Which nothing else but death can loose,
 And what security's too strong,
 To guard that gentle heart from wrong,
 That to his friend is glad to pass
 Itself away, and all it has;
 And, like an anchorite, gives over
 This world, for th' heaven of a lover?

845 I grant, quoth she, there are some few
 Who take that course, and find it true;
 But millions whom the same does sentence
 To Heaven b' another way, repentance. 940
 Love's arrows are but shot at rovers,
 Though all they hit they turn to lovers:
 And all the wighty consequences
 Depend upon more blind events,
 Than gamblers, when they play a set 945
 With greatest cunning at piquet,
 Put out with caution, but take in
 They know not what, unsight, unseen.
 For what do lovers, when they're fast
 In one another's arms embrac'd,
 But strive to plunder, and convey 950
 Each other, like a prize, away?
 To change the property of selves,
 As sucking children are by elves?
 And if they use their persons so,
 What will they to their fortunes do? 955
 Their fortunes, the perpetual mis
 Of all their ecstasies and flames.
 For when the money's on the book,
 And, all my worldly goods—but spoke 960
 (The formal livery and seisin
 That puts a lover in possession,)
 That all alone the bridegroom's wedded,
 The bride a flame, that's superseeded,
 To that their faith is still made good, 965
 And all the oaths for us they vow'd,
 For when we once resign our pow'rs,
 We have nothing left we can call ours.
 Our money's now become the mis 970
 Of all your lives and services;
 And we forsaken and postpou'd,
 But bawds to what before we own'd;
 Which as it made y' at first gallant us,
 So now hires others to supplant us,
 Until 'tis all turn'd out of doors, 975
 (As we have been) for new amours,
 For what did ever heiress yet,
 By being born to lordship get?
 When the more lady she's of manors,
 She's but expos'd to more trepanners,
 Pay for their projects and designs,
 And for her own destruction fines; 980
 And does but tempt them with her riches
 To use them as the devil does witches:
 Who takes it for a special grace,
 To be their cully for a space,
 That, when the time's expir'd, the drazels 985
 For ever may become his vassals;
 So she bewitch'd by rooks, and spirits,
 Betrays herself, and all sh' inherits;
 Is bought and sold, like stolen goods, 990
 By pimps, and match-makers, and bawds;
 Until they force her to convey,
 And steal the thief himself away.
 These are the everlasting fruits
 Of all your passionate love-suits,
 Th' effects of all your am'rous fancies,
 To portions and inheritances;
 Your love-sick rapture for fruition 995
 Of dowry, jointure, and tuition;
 To which you make address in courtship,
 And with your bodies strive to worship,
 That th' infant's fortunes may partake
 Of love too for the mother's sake. 1000
 For these you play at purposes,
 And love your loves with A's and B's,
 For these at beste and l'ombre woo,
 And play for love and money too;
 Strive who shall be the ablest man 1005
 At right gallantry of a fan;
 And who the most genteely bred
 At sucking of a vior head;
 How best t' accost us in all quarters,
 T' our question-and-command new garters;
 And solidly discourse upon 1010
 All sorts of dresses pro and con.
 For there's no mystery nor trade,
 But in the art of love is made.
 And when you have more debts to pay,
 Than Michaelmas and Lady-day,
 And no way possible to do 't, 1015
 But love, and oaths, and restless suit,
 To us y' apply to pay the scores
 Of all your culled past amours:
 Act o'er your flames and darts again,
 And charge us with your wounds and pain, 1020
 Which others' influences long since
 Have charm'd your noses with, and shine,

- For which the surgeon is unpaid,
And like to be, without our aid.
Lord! what an am'rous thing is want!
How debts and mortgages enchant!
What graces must that lady have,
That can from execution save!
What charms, that can reverse extent,
And null decree and exigent!
What magical attracts and graces,
That can redeem from *scire facias*!
From bonds and statutes can discharge,
And from contempts of courts enlarge!
These are the highest excellences
Of all your true or false pretences.
And you would damn yourselves, and swear
As much t' an hostess-dowager,
Grown fat and purfy by retail
Of pots of beer and bottled ale;
And find her sifter for your turn,
For fat is wondrous apt to burn;
Who at your flames would soon take fire,
Relent, and melt to your desire,
And, like a candle in a socket,
Dissolve her graces int' your pocket.
By this time 't was grown dark and late,
When th' heard a knocking at the gate,
Laid on in haste with such a powder,
The blows grew louder still and louder:
Which Hudibras, as if th' had been
Bestow'd as freely on his skin,
Expounding by his inward light,
Or rather more prophetic fright,
To be the wizard, come to search
And take him napping in the lurch,
Turn'd pale as ashes, or a clout,
But why, or wherefore, is a doubt.
For men will tremble and turn paler,
With too much or too little valour.
His heart laid on, as if it tried
To force a passage through his side.
Impatient, as he wou'd, to wait 'em,
But in a fury to fly at 'em:
And therefore beat, and laid about,
To find a cranny to creep out.
But she, who saw in what a taking
The Knight was by his furious quaking,
Undaunted cried, Courage, Sir Knight,
Know, I'm resolv'd to break no right
Of hospitality t' a stranger,
But, to secure you out of danger,
Will here myself stand sentinel,
To guard this pass 'gainst Sidrophel.
Women, you know, do seldom fail
To make the stoutest men turn tail;
And bravely scorn to turn their backs
Upon the despicable attacks.
At this the Knight grew resolute
As Ironside, or Hardicnute;
His fortitude began to rally,
And out he cried aloud, to sally.
But she besought him to convey
His courage rather out o' th' way,
And lodge in ambush on the floor,
Or fortified behind a door:
That if the enemy should enter,
He might relieve her in th' adventure.
Mean while, they knock'd against the door, 1095
As fierce as at the gate before,
Which made the renegade Knight
Relapse again t' his former fight.
He thought it desperate to stay
Till the enemy had forc'd his way,
But rather post himself to serve
The lady for a fresh reserve.
His duty was not to dispute,
But what sh' had order'd, execute:
Which he resolv'd in haste t' obey,
And therefore stoutly march'd away;
And all h' encounter'd fell upon,
Though in the dark, and all alone;
Till fear, that braver feats performs,
Than ever courage dar'd in arms,
Had drawn him up before a pass,
To stand upon his guard, and face:
This he courageously invaded,
And having enter'd, barricad'd;
Ensconced himself as formidable
As could be underneath a table;
Where he lay down in ambush close,
T' expect th' arrival of his foes.
Few minutes he had lain perdue,
To guard his desperate avenue, 1100
- Before he heard a dreadful shout,
As loud as putting to the rout;
With which impatiently alarm'd
He fancied th' enemy had storm'd;
And after enter'ing, Sidrophel 1125
Was fall'n upon the guards pell-mell.
He therefore sent out all his senses,
To bring him in intelligences,
Which vulgar, out of ignorance,
Mistake for falling in a trance; 1150
But those that trade in geomancy,
Affirm to be the strength of fancy:
In which the Lapland Magi deal,
And things incredible reveal.
Mean while, the foe beat up his quarters,
And storm'd the outworks of his fortress. 1155
And as another of the same
Degree and party, in arms and fame,
And in the same cause had engag'd,
And war with equal conduct wag'd,
But vent'ring only but to thrust
His head a span beyond his post,
B' a gen'ral of the Cavaliers
Was dragg'd through a window by the ears;
So he was serv'd in his redoubt, 1145
And by the other end pull'd out.
Soon as they had him at their mercy,
They put him to the cudgel fiercely,
As if they scorn'd to trade or barter,
By giving or by taking quarter: 1150
They stoutly on his quarters laid,
Until his scouts came in t' his aid.
For when a man is past his sense,
There's no way to reduce him thence,
But twinging him by th' ears and nose,
Or laying on of heavy blows;
And if that will not do the deed,
To burning with hot irons proceed.
No sooner was he come t' himself,
But on his neck a sturdy elf
Clapt in a trice a cloven hoof, 1160
And thus attack'd him with reproof:
Mortal, thou art betray'd to us
B' our friend, thy evil genius,
Who, for thy horrid perjuries,
Thy breach of faith, and turning lies, 1165
The brethren's privilege (against
The wicked) on themselves, the saints,
Has here thy wretched carcass sent,
For just revenge and punishment;
Which thou hast now no way to lessen,
But by an open free confession:
For if we catch thee falling once,
'Twill fall the heavier on thy bones.
What made thee venture to betray 1175
And fitch the lady's heart away?
To spirit her to matrimony?
That which contracts all matches, money.
It was the enchantment of her riches,
That made us apply t' your croney witches; 1180
That in return would pay th' expense,
The wear-and-tear of conscience;
Which I could have patch'd up and turn'd
For the hundredth part of what I earn'd.
Durst thou not love her then? speak true— 1185
No more, quoth he, than I love you.
How would'st th' have us'd her and her money?
First turn'd her up to alimony;
And laid her dow'ry out in law,
To null her jointure with a flaw, 1190
Which I beforehand had agreed
T' have put on, on purpose, in the deed;
And bar her widow's making over
T' a friend in trust, or private lover.
What made thee pick and choose her out 1195
T' employ your sorceries about?
That which makes gamblers play with those
Who have least wit, and most to lose.
But didst thou scourge thy vessel thus,
As thou hast damn'd thyself to us? 1200
I see you take me for an ass.
'Tis true, I thought the trick would pass
Upon a woman well enough,
As 't has been often found by proof;
Whose humours are not to be won 1205
But when they are impos'd upon:
For Love approves of all they do
That stand for candidates, and woo.
Why didst thou forge these shameful lies,
Of bears and witches in disguise? 1210
That is no more than authors give
The rabble credit to believe; 1120

- A trick of following their leaders,
To entertain their gentle readers;
And we have now no other way
Of passing all we do or say;
Which, when 't is natural and true,
Will be believ'd b' a very few;
Beside the danger of offence,
The fatal enemy of sense,
Why didst thou choose that cursed sin,
Hypocrisy, to set up in ?
Because 't is the thriving'st calling,
The only saints-bell that rings all in;
In which all churches are concern'd,
And is the easiest to be learn'd:
For no degrees, unless th' employ 't,
Can ever gain much, or enjoy 't:
A gift that is not only able
To domineer among the rabble,
But by the laws empower'd to rout,
And awe the greatest that stand out:
Which few hold forth against, for fear
Their hands should slip, and come too near:
For no sin else among the saints
Is taught so tenderly against.
What made thee break thy plighted vows ?
That which makes others break a house,
And hang, and scorn ye all, before
Endure the plague of being poor.
Quoth he, I see you have more tricks
Than all your doating politicians,
That are grown old, and out of fashion,
Compar'd with your new reformation.
That we must come to school to you,
To learn your more refin'd, and new.
Quoth he, If you will give me leave
To tell you what I now perceive,
You'll find yourself an arrant chouse,
If y' were but a meeting house.
'Tis true, quoth he, we ne'er come there,
Because we have let 'em out by th' ear.
Truly, quoth he, you can't imagine
What wondrous things they will engage in:
That as your fellow-friends in hell
Were angels all before they fell,
So are you like to be again
Compar'd with th' angels of us men.
Quoth he, I am resolv'd to be
Thy scholar in this mystery;
And therefore do desire to know
Some principles on which you go.
What makes a knave a child of God,
And one of us ?—A livelihoood,
What renders beating out of brains,
And murder, godliness ?—Great gains.
What 's tender conscience ?—'Tis a botch
That will not bear the gentlest touch;
But breaking out, despatches more
Than the epidemical'st plague sore.
What makes y' enroach upon our trade,
And damn all others ?—To be paid.
What 's orthodox and true believing
Against a conscience ?—A good living.
What makes rebelling against kings
A good old cause ?—Administ'ring.
What makes all doctrines plain and clear ?—
About two hundred pounds a year.
And that which w's prov'd true before,
Prove false again ?—Two hundred more.
What makes the breaking of all oaths
A holy duty ?—Food and clothes.
What laws and freedom persecution ?
B'ing out of pow'r, and contribution.
What makes a church a den of thieves ?—
A dean a chapter, and white sleeves.
And what would serve, if those were gone,
To make it orthodox ?—Our own.
What makes morality a crime,
The most notorious of the time;
Morality, which both the saints
And wicked do cry out against ?
'Cause grace and virtue are within
Prohibited degrees of kin:
And therefore no true saint allows
They shall be suffer'd to espouse
For saints can need no conscience,
That with morality dispense:
As virtue 's impious when 't is rooted
In nature only, and not imputed;
But why the wicked should do so,
We neither know, nor care to do.
What's liberty of conscience,
I' th' natural and genuine sense ?
'Tis to restore, with more security,
Rebellion to its ancient purity;
And Christian purity reduce
To th' elder practice of the Jews.
For a large conscience is all one,
And signifies the same with none.
It is enough, quoth he, for once,
And has retriev'd thy forfeit bones;
Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick,
(Tho' he gives name to our old Nick,)
But was below the least of these,
That pass'd i' th' world for holiness.
Thus said, the furies and the light
I' th' instant vanish'd out of sight;
And left him in the dark alone,
With stinks of brimstone and his own.
The Queen of Night, whose large command
Rules all the sea and half the land,
And over moist and crazy brains,
In high spring-tides, at midnight reigns,
Was now declining to the west
To go to bed, and take her rest;
When Hudibras, whose stubborn blows
Deny'd his bones that soft repose,
Lay still expecting worse and more,
Stretch'd out at length upon the floor.
And tho' he shut his eyes as fast
As if h' had been to sleep his last,
Saw all the shapes that fear or wizards
Do make the devil wear for vizards,
And pricking up his ears, to hark
If he could hear too in the dark;
Was first invaded with a groan,
And after, in a feeble tone,
These trembling words: Unhappy wretch,
What hast thou gotten by this fetch;
Or all thy tricks in this new trade,
Thy holy brotherhood of the blade ?
By saunt'ring still on some adventure,
And growing to thy horse a centaur,
To stuff thy skin with swelling knobs
Of cruel and hard-wooded drubs ?
For still th' hast had the worst on 't yet,
As well in conquest as defeat:
Night is the sabbath of mankind,
To rest the bod'y and the mind,
Which now thou art deny'd to keep,
And cure thy labour'd corpse with sleep.
The Knight, who heard the words, explain'd
As meant to him this reprimand,
Because the character did hit
Point-blank upon his case so fit;
Believ'd it was some drolling spright
That staid upon the guard that night.
And one of those h' had seen and felt
The drubs he had so freely dealt.
When, after a short pause and groan,
The doleful spirit thus went on:
This 't is t' engage with dogs and bears
Pelt-mell together by the ears,
And after painful bangs and knocks,
To lie in limbo in the stocks,
And from the pinnacle of glory
Fall headlong into purgatory.
(Thought he, this devil 's full of malice,
That on my late disasters rallies.)
Condemn'd to whipping, but declin'd it,
By being more heroic minded;
And at a riding handled worse,
With treats more slovenly and coarse:
Engag'd with fiends in stubborn wars,
And hot disputes with conjurers
And when th' had st bravely won the day,
Was fain to steal thyself away.
(I see, thought he, this shameless elf
Would fain steal me too from myself,
That impudently dares to own
What I have suffer'd for and done.)
And now by vent'ring to betray,
Had met with vengeance the same way.
Thought he, How does the devil know
What 't was that I design'd to do ?
His office of intelligence,
His oracles, are ceas'd long since;
And he knows nothing of the saints,
But what some treach'rous spy acquaints.
This is some pettefogging fiend,
Some under-door-keeper's friend's friend,
That undertakes to understand,
And juggles at the second hand;
And now would pass for spirit Po,
And all men's dark concerns foreknow.

I think I need not fear him for 't;
These rallying devils do no hurt.
With that he rous'd his drooping heart,
And hastily cry'd out, What art?
A wretch, quoth he, whom want of grace
Has brought to this unhappy place.

I do believe thee, quoth the Knight,
Thus far I 'm sure th' art in the right;
And know what 't is that troubles thee,
Better than thou hast guess'd of me:
Thou art some paltry black-guard spright,
Condemn'd to drudge 'ry in the night:
Thou hast no work to do i' th' house,
Nor halfpenny to drop in shoes;
Without the raising of which sum,
You dare not be so troublesome,
To pinch the slatterns black and blue,
For leaving you their work to do.
This is your bus'ness, good pug Robin,
And your diversion, dull dry-bobbing,
T' entice fanatics in the dirt,
And wash them clean in ditches for 't.
Of which conceit you are so proud,
At every jest you laugh aloud.
As now you would have done by me,
But that I barr'd your railway.

Sir, quoth the Voice, 't are no such sophi
As you would have the world judge of ye.
If you design to weigh our talents
I' th' standard of your own false balance,
Or think it possible to know
Us ghosts, as well as we do you:
We who have been the everlasting
Companions of your drubs and basting,
And never left you in contest,
With male or female, man or beast,
But provid' as true t' ye and entire.
In all adventures, as your Squire.
Quoth he, That may be said as true
By th' idlest pug of all your crew.
For none could have betray'd us worse
Than those allies of ours and yours.
But I have sent him for a token
To your low country, Hogen-mogen,
To whose infernal shores I hope
He 'll swing like skippers in a rope:
And if y' have been more just to me
(As I am apt to think) than he,
I am afraid it is as true,
What th' ill-affect'd say of you.

Y' have 'spous'd the covenant and cause,
By holding up your cloven paws.
Sir, quoth the Voice, 'tis true, I grant,
We made and took the covenant;
But that no more concerns the cause,
Than other perjuries do the laws;
Which when they 're proved in open court,
Wear wooden peccadillos for 't.
And that 's the reason cov'nanters
Hold up their hands, like rogues at bars.

I see, quoth Hudibras, from whence
These scandals of the sunts commence,
That are but natural effects
Of Satan's malice, and his sect's,
Those spider-saints that hang by threads
Spun out o' th' entrails of the r heads.

Sir, quoth the Voice, that may as true
And properly be said of you:
Whose talents may compare with either,
Or both the other put together;
For all the Independents do,
Is only what you forc'd 'em to.
You, who are not content alone
With tricks to put the devil down,
But must have armies rais'd to back
The gospel-work you undertake;
As if artillery and edge tools
Were th' only engines to save souls.
While th' poor devil, has no pow'r
By force to run down and devour:
Has ne'er a classis, cannot sentence
To stools, or poundage of repentance;
Is tied up only to design,
T' entice, and tempt, and undermine:
In which you all his arts outdo,
And prove yourselves his betters too.
Hence 't is possessions do less evil
Than mere temptations of the devil,
Which all the horrid'st actions done,
Are charg'd in courts of law upon;
Because, unless they help the elf,
He can do little of himself;

And therefore where he 's best posset,
Acts most against his interest: 1:
Surprises none but those w' have priests
To turn him out, and exorcists,
1400 Supply'd with spiritual provision,
And magazines of ammunition,
With crosses, relics, crucifixes, 1:
Heads, pictures, rosaries, and pixes;
1405 The tools of working-out salvation
By mere mechanic operation;
With holy water like a sluice,
To overflow all avenues. 1:
But those wh' are utterly unarm'd,
1410 T' oppose his entrance if he storm'd,
He never offers to surprise,
Altho' his falsest enemies;
But is content to be their drudge,
1505 And on their errands glad to trudge;
For where are all your forfeitures
1415 Intrusted in false hands, but ours?
Who are but jailors of the holes
And dungeons, where you clap up souls:
1510 Like under-keepers, turn the keys
1420 T' your mittimus anathemas,
And never boggle to restore
The members you deliver o'er
1515 Upon demand, with fairer justice
Than all your covenanting trustees;
1425 Unless to punish them for worse,
You put them in the sec'lar pow'rs:
And pass their souls, as some demise
The same estate in mortgage twice:
1520 When to a legal utigation
1430 You turn your excommunication,
And for a groat unpaid that 's due,
Distrain on soul and body too.
1525 Thought he, 't is no mean part of civil
State prudence, to cajole the devil;
And not to handle him too rough,
1435 When he 's us in his cloven hoof.
'Tis true, quoth he, that intercourse
Has pass'd between your friends and ours,
1530 That as you trust us, in our way,
1440 To raise your members, and to lay,
We send you others of our own,
Denounc'd to hang themselves or drown,
Or frighted with our oratory,
1535 To lead down headlong many a story;
1445 Have us'd all means to propagate
Your mighty interests of state,
Laid out our spiritual gifts to further
Your great designs of rage and murder.
1540 For if the saints are nam'd from blood,
1450 We onl' have made that title good;
And if 't were but in our pow'r
We should not scruple to do more,
1545 And not be half a soul behind
Of all dissenters of mankind.
1455 Right, quoth the Voice, and as I scorn
To be ungrateful in return
Of all those kind good offices,
1550 I 'll free you out of this distress;
And set you down in safety, where
1460 It is no time to tell you here.
The cock crows, and the morn grows on,
When 't is decreed I must be gone:
1555 And if I leave you here till day,
You 'll find it hard to get away.
1465 With that the spirit grupp'd about,
To find th' enchanted hero out,
And try'd with haste to lift him up,
But found his forlorn hope, his crup,
1560 Unserviceable with kicks and blows
1470 Receiv'd from harden'd hearted foes.
He thought to drag him by the heels,
Like Gresham carts, with legs for wheels;
1565 But Fear, that soonest cures these sores,
In danger of relapse to worse,
1475 Came in to assist him with its aid,
And up his sinking vessel weigh'd.
No sooner was he fit to trudge,
But both made ready to dislodge:
1570 The spirit hors'd him like a sack,
1480 Upon the vehicle, his back;
And bore him headlong into th' hall,
With some few rubs upon the wall;
1575 Where finding out the postern lock'd,
And th' avenues as strongly block'd,
1485 H' attack'd the window, storm'd the glass,
And in a moment gain'd the pass;
Thro' which he dragg'd the worsted soldier's
Fore-quarters out by th' head and shoulders; 1580

Canto I.]

And cautiously began to scout,
To find the r'ellow-cattle out.
Nor was it half a minute's quest,
Ere he retriev'd the champion's beast,
Tied to a pale instead of a rack,
But ne'er a saddle on his back,
Nor pistols at the saddle-bow,
Convey'd away the Lord knows how.
He thought it was no time to stay,
And let the night too steal away;
But in a trice advanc'd the Knight
Upon the bare ridge belt upright,
And groping out for Ralpho's jade,
He found the saddle too was stray'd.

HUDIBRAS.

51

	And in the place a lump of soap, On which he speedily leapt up; And turning to the gate the rein, He kick'd and cudgell'd on amain,	1503
1555	While Hudibras with equal haste, On both sides laid about as fast, And spurr'd, as jockies use, to break, Or paddlers, to secure a neck.	1500
1590	Where let us leave 'em for a time, And to their churches turn our rhyme, To hold forth their declining state, Which now comes near an even rate.	1655

HUDIBRAS.

PART THIRD.—CANTO SECOND.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The saints engage in fierce contests
About their carnal interests ;
To share their sacrilegious preys
According to their rates of grace ;
Their various frenzies to reform,
When Cromwell left them in a storm ;
Till in the effigies of Rumpys, the rabble
Burn all their grandees of the Cabal.*

THE learned write, an insect breeze
Is but a mongrel prince of bees,
That falls, before a storm, on cows,
And stings the founders of his house ;
From whose corrupted flesh that breed
Of vermin did at first proceed.
So, ere the storm of war broke out,
Religion spawn'd a various rout
Of petulant, capricious sects,
The maggots of corrupted texts,
That first run all religion down,
And after ev'ry swarm its own.
For as the Persian Magi once
Upon their mother got their sons,
Who were incapable to enjoy
That empire any other way :
So Presbyter begot the other
Upon the good old cause, his mother,
Then bore them like the devil's dam,
Whose son and husband are the same :
And yet no nat'ral tie of blood,
Nor int'rest for the common good,
Could, when the prophets interfer'd,
Get quarters for each other's beard.
For when they thriv'd, they never fadg'd,
But only by the ears engag'd ;
Like dogs that snarl about a bone,
And play together when they're none,
As by their truest characters,
Their constant actions, plainly appears.
Rebellion now began, for lack
Of zeal and plunder, to grow slack ;
The cause and covenant to lessen,
And Providence to b' out of season :
For now there was no more to purchase
O' th' king's revenue and the church's ;
But all divided, shar'd, and gone,
That us'd to urge the brethren on,
Which forc'd the stubborn't for the cause,
To cross the ruggels to the laws,
That what by breaking them th' had gain'd,
By their support might be maintain'd ;
Like thieves that in a hemp-plot lie,
Secur'd against the hue-and cry.
For Presbyter and independent
Were now turn'd plaintiff and defendant ;
Laid out their apostolic functions,
On carnal orders and injunctions :
And all their precious gifts and graces
On outlaws and *sore facies* ;
At Michael's term had many a trial,
Worse than the dragon and St. Michael,
Where thousands fell, in slay'e of fees,
Into the bottomles abyss,

For when, like brethren, and like friends,
They came to share their dividends,
And ev'ry partner to possess
His church and state joint-purchases,
In which the ablest saint and best,
Was nam'd in trust by all the rest,
To pay their money, and instead
Of ev'ry brother, pass the deed ;
He straight converted all his gifts
To pious frauds and holy shifts :
And settled all the other shares
Upon his outward man and 's heirs :
Held all they claim'd as forfeit lands,
Deliver'd up into his hands,
And pass'd upon his conscience
By pre-entail of Providence :
Impeach'd the rest for reprobates,
That had no titles to estates,
But by their spiritual attainments
Degraded from the right of saints,
This b'ing reveal'd, they now begun
With law and conscience to fall on ;
And laid about as hot and brain-sick
As th' utter barrister of Swanswick ;
Engag'd with money-bags, as bold
As men with sand-lugs did of old ;
That brought the lawyers in more fees
Than all unsanctify'd trustees :
Till he who had no more to show
I' the cause, receiv'd the overthrow ;
Or both sides having had the worst,
They parted as they met at first.
Poor Presbyter was now reduc'd,
Secluded, and cashier'd, and chous'd ;
Turn'd out, and excommunicate
From all affairs of church and state ;
Reform'd t' a reformato samt,
And glad to turn tuerant,
To stroll and teach from town to town,
And those he had taught up, teach down,
And make those uses serve again
Against the new-enlighten'd men ;
As fit as when at first they were
Reveal'd against the Cavalier :
Damn Anabaptist and fanatic,
As pat as Popish and prelatie ;
And with as little variation,
To serve for any sect i' th' nation.
The good old cause, which some believe
To be the devil that tempted Eve
With knowledge, and does still invite
The world to mischief with new light,
Had store of money in her purse,
When he took her for bett'r or worse ;

- But was now grown deform'd and poor,
And fit to be turn'd out of door.
The Independents (whose first station
Was in the rear of reformation,
A mongrel kind of church-dragoons.
That serv'd for horse and foot at once:
And in the saddle of one steed
The Saracen and Christian rid;
Were free of ev'ry spiritual order,
To preach, and fight, and pray, and murder)
No sooner got the start to lurch
Both disciplines, of war and church,
And Providence enough to run
The chief commanders of 'em down,
But carry'd on the war against
The common enemies o' th' saints,
And in a while prevail'd so far
To win of them the game of war,
And be at liberty once more
T' attack themselves as th' had done before.
For now there was no foe in arms,
T' unite their factions with alarms,
But all reduc'd and overcome,
Except their worst, themselves at home,
W' had compass'd all they pray'd and swore,
And fought, and preach'd, and plunder'd for,
Subdu'd the nation, church and state,
And all things but their laws and hate.
But when they came to treat and transact,
And share the spoil of all th' had ransack'd,
To botch up what th' had torn and rent,
Religion and the government,
They met no sooner, but prepar'd
To pull down all the war had spar'd:
Agreed in nothing but t' abolish,
Subvert, extirpate and demolish:
For knaves and fools b'ing near of kin,
As Dutch boors are to a sootierkin,
Both parties join'd to do their best,
To damn their public interest.
And heretofore only in convuls,
To put by one another's bolts;
T' out-cant the Babylonian lab'ers,
And all their dialects of jabberers,
And tug at both ends of the saw,
To tear down government and law.
For as two cheats that play one game,
Are both defeated in their aim;
So those who play a game of state,
And only cavil in debate,
Altho' there's nothing lost nor won,
The public business is undone,
Which still the longer 't is in doing,
Becomes the surer way to ruin.
This, when the Royalists perceiv'd,
(Who to their faith as firmly cleav'd,
And own'd the right they had paid down
So dearly for, the church and crown,)
Th' united constanter, and sided
The more, the more their foes divided,
For tho' outnumber'd, overthrown,
And by the fate of war run down;
Their duty never was defeated,
Nor from their oaths and faith retreated;
For loyalty is still the same
Whether it win or lose the game:
True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shin'd upon.
But when these brethren in evil,
Their adversaries, and the devil,
Began once more to show them play,
And hopes, at least, to have a day;
They rally'd in parades of woods,
And unfrequented solitudes;
Convent'd at midnight in outhouses,
T' appoint new rising rendezvous,
And with a pertinace, unmatch'd,
For new recruits of danger watch'd.
No sooner was one blow diverted,
But up another party started:
And, as if Nature, too in haste
To furnish out supplies as fast,
Before her time had turn'd destruction
T' a new and num'rous production;
No sooner those were overcome,
But up rose others in their room,
That, like the Christian faith increas'd
The more, the more they were suppress'd:
Whom neither chains, nor transportation,
Proscription, sale or confiscation,
Nor all the desperate events
Of former try'd experiments,
- 110 Nor wounds, could terrify, nor mangling,
To leave off Loyalty and dangling,
Nor Death (with all his bones) affright
From vent'ring to maintain the right;
From staking life and fortune down
205 'Gainst all together, for the crown;
But kept the title of their cause
From forfeiture, like claims in laws:
And prov'd no prosperous usurpation
Can ever settle on the nation
210 Until, in spite of force and treason,
They put their loy'ty in possession;
And, by their constancy and faith,
Destroy'd the mighty men of Gath.
Toss'd in a furious hurricane,
215 Did Oliver give up his reign;
And was believ'd, as well by saints,
As moral men and miscreants,
To founder in the Stygian ferry;
Until he was retriev'd by Sterry,
220 Who in a false, erroneous dream
Mistook the new Jerusalem,
Profanely for the apocryphal
False Heaven at the end o' the hall;
Whither it was decreed by Fate
225 The precious reliques to translate.
So Romulus was seen before
B' an orthodox a senator,
From whose divine illumination
He stole the Pagan revelation.
230 Next him his son and heir-apparent
Succeeded, though a lame vicegerent;
Who first laid by the Parliament,
The only crutch on which he leant;
And then sunk underneath the state,
235 That rode him above horseman's weight.
And now the saints began their reign,
For which th' had yearn'd so long in vain,
And felt such howl hankerings,
To see an empire all of kings;
240 Deliver'd from the Egyptian awe
Of justice, government, and law,
And free t' erect what spiritual cantons
Should be reveal'd, or gospel Hans-towns,
To edify upon the ruins
245 Of John of Leyden's old out goings;
Who for a weather-cock hung up,
Upon their mother church's top,
Was made a type, by providence,
Of all their revelations since:
250 And now fulfill'd by his successors,
Who equally mistook their measures;
For when they came to shape the model,
Not one could fit another's noddle:
But found their light and guts more wide
255 From fadging than the unsanctify'd;
While every individual brother
Strove hand to fist against another,
And still the maddest, and most crack'd,
Were found the busiest to transact.
260 For tho' most hands despatch apace,
And make light work, (the proverb says,)
Yet many diff'rent intellects
Are found t' have contrary effects;
And many heads t' obstruct intrigues,
265 As slowest insects have most legs.
Some were for setting up a king,
But all the rest for no such thing,
Unless, King Jesus; others tamper'd
For Fleetwood, Desborough, and Lambert;
270 Some for the Rump: and some, more crafty,
For agitators, and the safety;
Some for the gospel, and massacres
Of spiritual affidavit makers,
That swore to any human regence,
275 Oaths of suprem'cy and allegiance;
Yea, tho' the ablest swearing saint,
That vouch'd the bulls o' th' covenant:
Other for pulling down th' high places
Of synods and provincial classes,
280 That us'd to make such hostile inroads
Upon the saints, like bloody Nimrods:
Some for fulfilling prophecies,
And th' extirpation of the excise!
And some against th' Egyptian bondage
285 Of holy days, and paying poundage:
Some for the cutting down of groves,
And rectifying bakers' ovens;
And some for finding out expedients
Against the slavery of obedience
290 Some were for gospel-ministers,
And some for red-coat seculars,

- As men most fit t' hold forth the word,
And wield the one and th' other sword.
Some were for carrying on the work
Against the Pope, and some the Turk :
Some for engagin', to suppress
The camisado of surplises,
That gifts and dispensations hinder'd,
And turn'd to the outward man the inward ;
More proper for the cloudy night
Of Popery, than gospel-light.
Others were for abolishing
That tool of matrimony, a ring,
With which th' unsanctify'd bridegroom
Is married only to a thumb ;
(As wise as ringing of a pig,
That us'd to break up ground, and dig ;)
The bride to nothing but her will,
That nulls the after-marriage still.
Some were for th' utter extirpation
Of linsey-woolsey in the nation ;
And some against all idolizing
The cross in shop-books, or baptizing ;
Others to make all things recant
The Christian or surname of saint ;
And force all churches, streets, and towns,
The holy title to renounce.
Some 'gainst a third estate of souls,
And bringing down the price of coals :
Some for abolishing black-pudding,
And eating nothing with the blood-in :
To abrogate them root and branches :
While others were for eating haunches
Of warriors, and now and then
The flesh of kings and mighty men :
And some for brekening of their bones
With rods of iron by secret ones :
For thrashing mountains, and with spells
For hallowing carrier's packs and bells :
Things that the legend never heard of,
But made the wicked sore afraid of.
The quacks of government (who sat
At th' unregarded helm of state,
And understood this wild confusion
Of fatal madness and delusion,
Must, sooner than a prodigy,
Portend destruction to be nigh)
Consider'd timely how t' withdraw,
And save their windpipes from the law :
For one rencounter at the bar
Was worse than all th' had 'scap'd in war :
And therefore met in consultation
To cant and quack upon the nation :
Not for the sickly patient's sake,
Nor what to give, but what to take :
To feel the pulses of their fees,
More wise than fumbling arteries :
Prolong the snuff of life in pain,
And from the grave recover — gain.
'Mong these there was a politician,
With more heads than a beast in vision,
And more intrigues in ev'ry one
Than all the whores of Babylon ;
So politic, as if one eye
Upon the other were a spy,
That to trepan the one to think
The other blind, both strove to blink :
And in his dark, pragmatic way,
As busy as a child at play.
H' had seen three governments run down,
And had a hand in ev'ry one ;
Was for 'em and against 'em all,
But barb'rous when they came to fall ;
For by trepanning th' old to ruin,
He made his intrust with the new one ;
Play'd true and faithful, though against
His conscience, and was still advanced
For by the witchcraft of rebellion
Transform'd to a feeble state camelion,
By giving aim to either side,
He never fail'd to save his tide,
But got the start of ev'ry state,
And at a change ne'er came too late :
Could turn his word, and oath, and faith,
As many ways as in a lathe :
By turning, wriggle, like a screw,
Int' highest trust, and out, for new.
For when h' had happily incur'd,
Instead of hemp, to be preferr'd,
And pass'd upon a government,
He play'd his trick, and out he went :
But being out, and out of hopes
To mount his ladder (more) of ropes,
Would strive to raise himself upon
The public ruin, and his own.
So little did he understand
The desperate feats he took in hand.
For when h' had got himself a name
For fraud and tricks, he spoil'd his game ;
Had forc'd his neck into a noose,
To show his play at fast and loose :
And when he chanc'd t' escape, mistook
For art and subtlety his luck.
So right his judgment was cut fit,
And made a tally to his wit,
And both together most profound,
At deeds of darkness under ground :
As th' earth is easiest undermin'd
By vermin impotent and blind.
By all these arts, and many more,
H' had practis'd long and much before,
Our state artificer foresaw
Which way the world began to draw.
For as old sinners have all points
O' th' compass in their bones and joints ;
Can by their pangs and aches find
All turns and changes of the wind,
And better than by Napier's bones,
Feel in their own the age of moons :
So guilty sinners in a state
Can by their crimes prognosticate,
And in their consciences feel pain
Some days before a show'r of rain ;
He therefore wisely cast about
All ways he could t' insure his throat :
And hither came t' observe and smoke
What courses other raskers took ;
And to the utmost do his best
To save himself, and hang the rest.
To match this sune, there was another,
As busy and perverse a brother ;
A haberdasher of small wares,
In politics and state affairs ;
More Jew than Rabbi Achitophel,
And better gifted to rebel ;
For when h' had taught his tribe to 'sponse
The cause aloft upon one house,
He scorn'd to set his own in order,
But tried another, and went further
So suddenly addicted still
To 's only principle, his will,
That howsoever it chanc'd to prove,
No force of argument could move ;
Nor law, nor cavalcade of Ho'b'orn,
Could render half a grain less stubborn.
For he at any time would hang
For th' opportunity to harangue ;
And rather on a gibbet dangle,
Than miss his dear delight, to wrangle ;
In which his parts were so accomplish'd,
That, right or wrong, he ne'er was nonplust'd ;
But still his tongue ran on, the less
Of weight he bore, with greater ease ;
And with its everlasting clack,
Set all men's ears upon the rack.
No sooner could a hint appear,
But up he started to piqueur,
And made the stoutest yield to mercy,
When he engag'd in controversy ;
Not by the force of carnal reason,
But indefatigable teasing ;
With volleys of eternal babble,
And clamour more unanswerable.
For though his topics, frail and weak,
Could ne'er amount above a freak,
He still maintain'd 'em, like his faults,
Against the desperate assaults ;
And back'd their feeble want of sense,
With greater heat and confidence,
As bones of Hectors, when they differ,
The more they 're cudgell'd grow the stiffer.
Yet when his profit moderated,
The fury of his heat abated :
For nothing but his interest
Could lay his devil of contest :
It was his choice, or chance, or curse,
T' espouse the cause for bett'r or worse,
And with his worldly goods and wit,
And soul, and body, worshipp'd it ;
But when he found the sullen traps,
Possess'd with the devil, worms, and claps ;
The Trojan mare in foal with Greeks,
Not half so full of jadish tricks :
Though squeamish in her outward woman,
As loose and rampant as Dol Common ;

- He still resolv'd to mend the matter,
 T' adhere and cleave the obstinate;
 And still the skittish and looser
 Her freaks appear'd, to sit the closer,
 For fools are stubborn in their way,
 As coins are harden'd by th' alloy:
 And obstinacy 's ne'er so stiff,
 As when 't is in a wrong belief.
 These two, with others, being met,
 And close in consultation set,
 After a discontented pause,
 And not without sufficient cause,
 The orator we nam'd of late,
 Less troubled with the pangs of state,
 Than with his own impatience
 To give himself first audience
 After he had a while look'd wise,
 At last broke silence, and the ice.
 Quoth he, There 's nothing makes me doubt 495
 Our last outgoings brought about,
 More than to see the characters
 Of real jealousies and fears;
 Not feign'd, as once, but sadly horrid,
 Scor'd upon ev'ry member's forehead;
 Who, 'cause the clouds are drawn together,
 And threaten sudden change of weather,
 Feel pangs and aches of state turns,
 And revolutions in their coms;
 And since our workings-out are cross'd,
 Throw up the cause before 't is lost.
 Was it to run away we meant,
 When taking of the covenant,
 The lamest cripples of the brothers,
 Took oaths to run before all others;
 But in their own sense only swore
 To strive to run away before,
 And now would prove, that words and oath
 Engage us to renounce them both?
 'T is true, the cause is in the lurch,
 Between a right and mongrel church,
 The Presbyter and Independent,
 That stickle which shall make an end on 't,
 As 't was made out to us the last
 Expedient—(I mean Marj'ret's fast);
 When Providence had been suborn'd,
 What answer was to be return'd.
 Else why would tumults fright us now,
 We have so many times gone through,
 And understand as well to tame,
 As, when they serve our turns, t' inflame?
 Have prov'd how inconsiderable
 Are all engagements of the rabble,
 Whose frenzies must be reconcil'd
 With drums and rattles, like a child,
 But never prov'd so prosperous,
 As when they were led on by us:
 For all our scourging of religion
 Began with tumult and sedition,
 When hurricanes of fierce commotion
 Became strong motives to devotion;
 (As carnal seamen, in a storm,
 Turn pious converts and reform.)
 When rusty weapons, with chalk'd edges,
 Maintain'd our feeble privileges,
 And brown-bills, levied in the city,
 Made bills to pass the grand committee;
 When zeal with aged clubs and gleaves,
 Gave chase to rochets and white sleeves,
 And made the church, and state, and laws,
 Submit t' old iron, and the cause.
 And as we thriv'd by tumults then,
 So might we better now again.
 If we knew how, as then we did,
 To use them rightly in our need;
 Tumults, by which the mutinous
 Betray themselves instead of us;
 The hollow-hearted, disaffected,
 And close malignants are detected;
 Who lay their lives and fortunes down
 For pledges to secure their own,
 And freely sacrifice their ears
 T' appease our jealousies and fears.
 And yet for all these providences
 We are offer'd, if we had our senses,
 We idly sit like stupid blockheads,
 Our hands committed to our pockets,
 And nothing but our tongues at large,
 To get the wretches a discharge.
 Like men condemn'd to thunderbolts,
 Who ere the blow, became mere dolts
 Or fools besotted with their crimes,
 That know not how to shift betimes,
- And neither have the hearts to stay,
 Nor wit enough to run away;
 Who, if we could resolve on either,
 Might stand or fall at least together;
 No mean or trivial solaces,
 To partners in extreme distress;
 Who use to lessen their despair,
 By parting them int' equal shares;
 As if the more they were to bear,
 They felt the weight the easier;
 And ev'ry one the gentler hung,
 The more he took his turn among.
 But 't is not come to that as yet,
 If we had courage left, or wit;
 Who, when our fate can be no worse,
 Are fitted for the bravest course;
 Have time to rally, and prepare
 Our last and best defence, despair;
 Despair, by which the gallant st feats
 Have been achiev'd in greatest straits,
 And horrid'st dangers safely wav'd,
 By being courageously outbrav'd;
 As wounds by wider wounds are heal'd,
 And poisons by themselves expell'd;
 And so they might be now again,
 If we were, what we should be, men;
 And not so dully desperate,
 To side against ourselves with fate:
 As criminals condemn'd to suffer,
 Are blinded first, and then turn'd over.
 This comes of breaking covenants,
 And setting up exams of saints,
 That fine, like aldermen, for grace,
 To be excus'd the efficacy.
 For spiritual men are too transcendent,
 That mount their banks, for Independent,
 To hang like Mahomet in th' air,
 Or St. Ignatius at his pray'r,
 By pure geometry, and hate
 Dependence upon church or state:
 Disdain the pedantry o' th' letter,
 And since obedience is better
 (The Scripture says) than sacrifice,
 Presume the less on 't will suffice;
 And scorn to have the moderat'st stints
 Prescrib'd their peremptory hints,
 Or any opinion, true or false,
 Declar'd as such, in doctrinals;
 But left at large to make their best on,
 Without b'ing call'd t' account or question:
 Interpret all the spleen reveals,
 As Whittington explain'd the bells;
 And bid themselves turn back again
 Lord-may'rs of New Jerusalem.
 But look so big and overgrown,
 They scorn their editors t' own,
 Who taught them all their sprinkling lessons;
 Their tones, and sanctified expressions;
 Bestow'd their gifts upon a saint,
 Like charity on those that want,
 And learn'd the apocryphal bigots
 T' inspire themselves with short-hand notes
 For which they scorn and hate them worse
 Than dogs and cats do sow-gelders.
 For who first bred them up to pray,
 And teach, the House of Commons' way?
 Where had they all their gifted phrases,
 But from our Calanys and Cases?
 Without whose sprinkling and sowing,
 Who e'er had heard of Nye or Owen?
 Their dispensations had been stifled,
 But for our Adoniram Byfield.
 And had they not begun the war,
 Th' had ne'er been sainted as they are.
 For aints in peace degenerate,
 And dwindle down to reprobate;
 Their zeal corrupts, like standing-water,
 In th' intervals of war and slaughter;
 Abates the sharpness of its edge,
 Without the pow'r of sacrifice.
 And though they 're tricks to cast their sins,
 As easy as serpents do their skins,
 That in a while grow out again;
 In years they turn mere carnal men,
 And from the most refin'd of saints,
 As nat'rally grow miscreants,
 As barnacles turn solan geese
 I' th' islands of the Orcaades.
 Their dispensation 's but a ticket,
 For their conforming to the wicked;
 With whom the greatest difference
 Lies more in words and show, than sense.

For as the Pope, that keeps the gate
Of heaven, wears three crowns of state;
So he that keeps the gate of hell,
Proud Cerb'rus, wears three heads as well:
And, if the world has any troth,
Some have been canoniz'd in both.
But that which does them greatest harm,
Their spiritual gizzards, are too warm,
Which puts the over-heated sets
In fevers still, like other poets:
For though the whore lends heretics
With flames of fire, like crooked sticks;
Our schismatics so vastly differ,
Th' hotter th' are, th' grow the stiffer;
Still setting off their spiritual goods,
With fierce and pertinacious fouds;
For Zeal 's a dreadful termagant,
That teaches saints to tear and rant,
And Independents to profess
The doctrine of dependencies;
Turns neck, and secret, sneaking ones,
To raw-heads fierce, and bloody bones,
And not content with endless quarrels
Against the wicked, and their morals,
The Gibellines, for want of Guelf,
Divert their rage upon themselves.
For now the war is not between
The brethren, and the men of sin;
But saint and saint, to spill the blood
Of one another's brotherhood;
Where neither side can lay pretence
To liberty of conscience,
Of zealous suffering for the cause,
To gain one groat's worth of applause:
For though outward with resolution,
T' will ne'er amount to persecution.
Shall precious saints, and secret ones,
Break one another's outward bones,
And eat the flesh of brethren,
Instead of kings, and mighty men?
When fiends agree among themselves,
Shall they be found the greater elves?
When Hell 's at union with the Dragon,
And Bad-Poor friends with Dagon,
When savage bears agree with bears,
Shall secret ones lug snouts by th' ears,
And not atone their fatal wrath,
When common danger threatens, both?
Shall mastiffs, by the collars pull'd,
Engag'd with bulls let go their hold?
And saints, whose necks are pawn'd at stake,
No notice of the danger take?
But though no power of heaven or hell
Can pacify fanatic zeal;
Who would not guess there might be hopes
The fear of gallows and ropes,
Before their eyes, might reconcile
Their animosities a while?
At least until th' had a clear stage,
And equal freedom, to engage
Without the danger of surprise
By both our common enemies.
This none but we alone could doubt,
Who understand their workings-out;
And knew 'em both in soul and conscience,
Giv'n up t' as reprobate a nonsense
As spiritual outlaws, whom the pow'r
Of miracle can ne'er restore
We, whom at first they set up under,
In revelation only of plunder,
Who since have had so many trials
Of their encroaching self-denials,
That rook'd upon us with design
To out-reform and undermine;
Took all our interests and commands
Perfidiously out of our hands
Involv'd us in the guilt of blood,
Without the motive-gain allow'd:
And made us serve as ministerial,
Like younger sons of father Babel,
And yet for all th' inhuman wrong
Th' had done us, and the cause so long,
We never fail'd to carry on
The work still, as we had begun:
But true and faithfully obey'd,
And neither preach'd them hurt, nor pray'd;
Nor troubled them to row our ears,
Nor hang us like the Cavaliers,
Nor put them to the charge of grols,
To find us pul'ries and cart-tails.
Or hangman's wages, which the state
Was forc'd (before them) to be at;

That cut, like tallies, to the stumps,
Our ears for keeping true accounts,
And burn our vessels like a new
Scal'd peck or bushel, for b'ing true;
But hand in hand, like faithful brothers,
Held for the cause against all others,
Disdaining equally to yield
One syllable of what we held.
And though we differ'd now and then
'Bout outward things, and outward men;
Our inward man, and constant frame
Of spirit, still were near the same.
And till they first began to cant,
And sprinkle down the covenant,
We ne'er had call in any place,
Nor dream'd of teaching down free grace;
But join'd our gifts perpetually
Against the common enemy.
Although 't was our and their opinion,
Each other's church was but a Mimmon:
And yet for all this gospel-union,
And outward show of church-communion,
They 'll ne'er admit us to our shares,
Of ruling church or state-affairs;
Nor give us leave t' absolve or sentence
T' our own conditions of repentance;
But shar'd our dividend o' th' crown,
We had so painfully preach'd down;
And forc'd us, though against the grain,
T' have calls to teach it up again;
For 't was but justice to restore
The wrongs we had receiv'd before;
And when 't was held forth in our way,
W' had been ungrateful not to pay;
Who for the right w' have done the nation,
Have earn'd our temporal salvation,
And put our vessels in a way
Once more to come again in play.
For if the turning of us out
Has brought this providence about;
And that our only suffering
Is able to bring in the King;
What would our actions not have done,
Had we been suffer'd to go on?
And therefore may pretend t' a share,
At least in carrying on th' affair.
But whether that be so or not,
We have done enough to have it thought;
And that 's as good as if w' had done 't,
And easier pass'd upon account:
For if it be but half denied,
'T is half as good as justified.
The world is nat'rally averse
To all the truth it sees or hears,
But swallows nonsense, and a lie,
With greediness and gluttony;
And though it have the pique, and long,
'T is still for something in the wrong:
As women long, when they 're with child,
For things extravagant and wild;
For means ridiculous and fulsome,
But seldom any thing that 's wholesome;
And, like the world, men's jobbernoles
Turn round about their ears, the poles
And what they 're confidently told,
By no sense else can be controll'd.
And this, perhaps, may prove the means
Once more to hedge in Providence.
For as relapses make diseases
More desperate than their first access;
If we but get again in pow'r,
Our work is easier than before;
And we more ready and expert
I' th' mystery to do our part.
We, who did rather undertake
The first war to create, than make;
And when of nothing 't was begun,
Rais'd funds as strange to carry 't on;
Trepann'd the state, and fac'd it down,
With plots and projects of our own:
And if we did such feats at first,
What can we now be better vers'd;
Who have a freer latitude
Than sinners give themselves, allow'd?
And therefore likeliest to bring in,
On farrest terms, our discipline;
To which it was reveal'd long since,
We were ordain'd by Providence.
When three saints' ears, our predecessors,
B'ing crucify'd, the nation stood
In just so many years of blood,

- That, multiply'd by six, express
The perfect number of the beast,
And prov'd that we must be the men
To bring this work about again;
And those who bid the first foundation,
Complete the thorough reformation;
For who have gifts to carry on
So great a work, but we alone;
What churches have such able pastors,
And precious, powerful, preaching masters?
Possess'd with absolute dominions
O'er brethren's purses and opinions?
And trusted with the double keys
Of Heaven, and their warehouses;
Who, when the cause is in distress,
Can furnish out what suits they please,
That brooding lie in bankers' hands,
To be dispos'd at their commands;
And daily increase and multiply,
With doctrine, use, and usury:
Can fetch in parties (as in war
All other heads of cattle are),
From th' enemy of all religions,
As well as high and low conditions;
And share them, from blue ribbands, down
To all illu aprons in the town;
From ladies hurried in calchees,
With cor'nets at their footman's breeches,
To bawds as fat as mother Nab;
All guts and belly, like a crab.
Our party's great, and better tied
With oaths, and trade, than any side:
Has one considerable improvement,
To double fortify the covenant:
I mean our covenants to purchase
Delinquents' titles and the churches:
That pass in sale from hand to hand,
Among ourselves, for current land;
And rise or fall, like Indian actions,
According to the rate of factions;
Our best reserve for reformation.
When new outgoings give occasion:
That keeps the loins of brethren girt,
The covenant (their creed) I assert:
And when th' have pack'd a parliament,
Will once more try th' expedient:
Who can already muster friends,
To serve for members to our ends,
That represent no part o' th' nation,
But Fisher's Folly-congregation;
Are only tools to our intrigues,
And sit, like geese, to hatch our eggs:
Who, by their precedents of wit,
T' out-fast, out-loiter, and out-fit,
Can order matters underhand,
To put all bus'ness to a stand:
Lay public bills aside for private,
And make 'em one another drive out:
Divert the great and necessary,
With trifles to contest and vary;
And make the nation represent
And serve for us in parliament;
Cut out more work than can be done
In Plato's year, but finished none;
Unless it be the pulls of Lenthal,
That always pass'd for fundamental;
Can set up grandee against grandee,
To squander time away and bandy;
Make lords and commoners lay sieges
To one another's privileges;
And rather than compound the quarrel,
Engage, to th' inevitable peril,
Of both their ruins, th' only scope
And consolation of our hope:
Who tho' we do not play the game,
Assist as much by giving aim.
Can introduce our ancient arts,
For heads of factions 't act their parts;
Know what a leading voice is worth
A seconding, a third, or fourth;
How much a casting voice comes to,
That turns up trump of Ay or No;
And by adjusting all at th' end,
Share every one his dividend.
An art that so much study cost,
And now 's in danger to be lost,
Unless our ancient virtuosos,
That found it out, get into th' Houses.
These are the courses that we took
To carry things by hook or crook:
And practis'd down from forty-four,
Until they turn'd us out of door,
- 845 Besides the herds of *boute-feus*
We set on work without the house;
When ev'ry knight and citizen
Keeps legislative journeymen,
To bring them in intelligence
From all points of the rabble's sense;
850 And fill the lobbies of both Houses
With politic important buzzes:
Set up committees of cabals,
To pack designs without the walls;
855 Examine and draw up all news,
And fit it to our present use.
Agree upon the plot o' th' farce,
And ev'ry one his part rehearse.
860 Make q's of answers, to waylay
What th' other party's like to say;
What repartees, and smart reflections,
Shall be return'd to all objections,
865 And who shall break the master jest,
And what, and how, upon the rest:
Help pamphlets out, with false editions,
Of proper slanders and seditions;
And treason for a token send
By letter to a country-friend:
870 Disperse lampoons, the only wit
That men, like burglary, commit;
Wit fals'er than a padder's face,
That all his owner d'es, betrays;
875 Who therefore dares not trust it, when
He 's in his calling to be seen.
Disperse the dung on barren earth,
To bring new weeds of discord forth;
Be sure to keep up congregations,
In spite of laws and proclamations,
880 For charlatans can do no good,
Until they 're mounted in a crowd,
And when they 're punish'd, all the hurt
Is but to fare the better for 't:
885 As long as confessors are sure
Of double pay for all th' endure;
And what they earn in persecution,
Are paid t' a groat in contribution.
Whence some tub-holders-forth have made
In pow'dring tubs their richest trade;
890 And, while they keep their shops in prison,
Have found their prices strangely risen,
Disdain to own the least regret
For all the Christian blood w' have let;
895 'T will save our credit, and maintain
Our title to do so again:
That needs not cost one dram of sense,
But pertinacious immudency.
Our constancy t' our principles,
In time wear out all things else:
900 Like marble statues, rubb'd in pieces,
With gallantry of pilgrim's kisses.
While those who turn and wind their oaths,
Have swell'd and sunk, like other froths:
905 Prevail'd a while, but 't was not long
Before from world to world they swung:
As they had turn'd from side to side,
And as the changelings liv'd, they died.
Thus said, th' impatient states-monger
Could now contain himself no longer;
910 Who had not spar'd to show his piques
Against th' haranguer's politics,
With smart remarks, of learning faces,
And annotations of grimaces,
After h' had minister'd a dose
Of snuff-mundungus to his nose,
915 And powder'd th' inside of his skull,
Instead of th' outward jobbernoie,
He shook it, with a scornful look,
On th' adversary, and thus he spoke:
1010 In dressing a call's head, altho'
The tongue and brains together go,
920 Both keep so great a distance here,
'T is strange if ever they come near;
For who did ever play his gambols,
With such insufferable rambles;
925 To make the bringing in the King,
And keeping of him out, one thing?
Which none could do, but those that swore
T' as point-blank nonsense heretofore:
930 That to defend, was to invade,
And to assassinate, to aid:
Unless, because you drove him out,
(And that was never made a doubt),
No power is able to restore
And bring him in, but on your score:
935 A spiritual doctrine, that conduces
Most properly to all your uses.

- 'T is true, a scorpion's oil is said
To cure the wounds the vermin made;
And weapons, drest with salves, restore
And heal the hurts they gave before:
But whether Presbyterians have
So much good nature as the salve,
Or virtue in them as the vermin,
Those who have tried them can determine.
Indeed, 'tis pity you should miss
Th' arrears of all your services,
And for th' eternal obligation
Y' have laid upon th' ungrateful nation,
Be us'd so unconscionably hard,
As not to find a just reward,
For letting Rapine loose, and Murther
To rage just so far, but no further;
And setting all the land on fire,
To burn t' a scantling, but no higher;
For venturing to assassinate,
And cut the throats of church and state;
And not b' allow'd the fittest men
To take the charge of both again,
Especially that have the grace
Of self-denying, gifted face;
Who, when your projects have miscarry'd,
Can lay them, with undaunted forehead,
On those you painfully trepann'd,
And sprinkled in at second hand;
As we have been, to share the guilt
Of Christian blood devoutly spilt;
For so our ignorance was flamm'd
To damn ourselves, t' avoid b'ing damn'd;
Till finding your old foe, the hangman,
Was like to lurch you at backgammon,
And win your necks upon the set,
As well as ours, who did but bet;
(For he had drawn your ears before,
And nick'd them on the self-same score;) 1050
We threw the box and dice away,
Before y' had lost us, at foul play;
And brought you down to rook, and lle,
And fancy only, on the by;
Redeem'd your forfeit jobbernoles,
From perching upon lofty poles;
And rescu'd all your outward traitors
From hanging up like alligators;
For which ingeniously y' have show'd
Your Presbyterian gratitude;
Would freely have paid us home in kind,
And not have been one rope behind.
Those were your motives to divide,
And scruple on the other side,
To turn your zealous frauds, and force,
To fits of conscience and remorse:
To be convinc'd they were in vain,
And face about for new again.
For truth no more unveil'd your eyes,
Than maggots when they turn to flies:
And therefore all your lights and calls
Are but apocryphal, and false,
To charge us with the consequences
Of all your native insolencies;
That to your own imperious wills
Laid law and gospel neck and heels:
Corrupted the Old Testament,
To serve the New for precedent:
T' amend its errors and defects,
With murther and rebellion-texts;
Of which there is not any one
In all the book to sow upon;
And therefore (from your tribe) the Jews
Held Christian doctrine forth in use;
As Mahomet, your chief, began
To mix them in the Alcoran;
Denounc'd and pray'd with fierce devotion,
And bended elbows on the cushion;
Stole from the beggars all your tones,
And gifted mortifying groans;
Had lights where better eyes were blind,
As pigs are said to see the wind:
Fill'd Bedlam with predestination,
And Knightsbridge with illumination:
Made children, with your tones, to run for 't
As bad at Blood-bones or Lunsford;
While women great with child miscarry'd,
For being to malignants marry'd.
Transform'd all wives to Dalilahs,
Whose husbands were not for the cause;
And turn'd the men to ten-horn'd cattle,
Because they came not out to battle;
Made tailors' 'prentices turn heroes,
For fear of being transform'd to Mezoze 1055
- And rather forfeit their indentures,
Than not espouse the saints' adventures;
Could transubstantiate, metamorphose,
And charm whole herds of beasts like Orpheus; 1125
Enchant the king's and church's lands,
'T obey and follow their commands;
And settle on a new freehold,
As Marclay-hill had done of old.
Could turn th' cov'nant, and translate
The gospel into spoons and plate; 1150
Expound upon all merchants' cashes,
And open th' intricate places;
Could catechise a money-box,
And prove all pouches orthodox;
Until the cause became a Damon,
And Pythia the wicked Mammon. 1155
And yet, in spite of all your charms,
To conjure Legion up in arms;
And raise more devils in the rout
Than e'er y' were able to cast out,
Y' have been reduc'd, and by these fools,
Bred up, you say, in your own schools;
Who, tho' but gifted at your feet,
Have made it plain they have more wit;
By whom y' have been so oft trepann'd,
And held forth out of all command;
Out-gifted, out-impuls'd, out-done,
And out-reveal'd at carryings-on:
Of all your dispensations warn'd,
Out-providenc'd, and out-reform'd; 1150
Ejected out of church and state,
And all things but the people's hate;
And spirited out of th' enjoyments
Of precious, edifying employments,
By those who lodg'd their gifts and graces,
Like better howlers, in your places; 1155
All which you bore with resolution,
Charg'd on th' account of persecution:
And tho' most righteously oppress'd,
Against your wills, still acquiesc'd;
And never humm'd and hau'd sedition,
Nor sniffled treason nor misprison:
That is, because you never durst;
For had you preach'd and pray'd your worst,
Alas! you were no longer able
To raise your posse of the rabble: 1165
One single red-coat sentinel
Out-charm'd the magic of the spell;
And with his squirt fire, could disperse
Whole troops, with chapter rais'd, and verse. 1170
We know too well those tricks of yours,
To leave it ever in your pow'rs;
Or trust our safeties, or undoings,
To your disposing of out-goings;
Or to your ord'ring Providence, 1175
One farthing's worth of consequence.
For had you power to undermine,
Or wit to carry a design,
Or correspondence to trepan,
Inveigle, or betray one man;
There's nothing else that intervenes,
And bars your zeal to use the means;
And therefore vondrous like, no doubt,
To bring in kings, or keep them out:
Brave undertakers to restore, 1185
That could not keep yourselves in pow'r;
T' advance the int'rests of the crown,
That wanted wit to keep your own.
'T is true, you have (for I'd be loth
To wrong ye) done your parts in both, 1190
To keep him out, and bring him in,
As grace is introduc'd by sin.
For 't was your zealous want of sense,
And sanctify'd impertinence,
Your carrying bus'ness in a huddle,
That forc'd our rulers to new model;
Oblig'd the state to tack about,
And turn you root and branch, all out,
To reformado, one and all,
T' your great Croysado general, 1200
Your greedy slav'ring to devout,
Before 't was in your clutches' pow'r.
That sprung the game you were to set,
Before y' had time to draw the net;
Your spite to see the church's lands
Divided into others' hands, 1205
And all your sacrilegious ventures
Laid out in tickets and debentures:
Your envy to be sprinkled down,
By under-churches in the town; 1210
And no course us'd to stop their mouths,
Nor the Independent's spreading growths.

All which consider'd, 't is most true
None bring him in so much as you;
Who have prevail'd beyond the plots,
The midnight juntos, and seal'd knots;
That thrive more by your zealous piques,
Than all their own rash politics.
And this way you may claim a share
In carrying (as you brag) th' affair;
Else frogs and toads, that croak'd the Jews
From Pharaoh, and his brick-kilns, loose;
And flies and manges, that set them free
From task-masters and slavery,
Were likelier to do the feat,
In an indiff'rent man's conceit:
For who e'er heard of restoration,
Until your thorough reformation?
That is, the king's and church's lands
Were sequester'd int' other hands;
For only then, and not before,
Your eyes were open'd to restore;
And when the work was carrying on,
Who cross'd it, but yourselves alone?
As by a world of hunts appears,
All plain and extant, as your ears.
But first o' th' first: The isle of Wight
Will rise up, if you should deny 't;
Where Henderson, and th' other Masses,
Were sent to cap texts, and put cases;
To pass for deep and learned scholars,
Altho' but paltry Ob and Sollers:
As if th' unseasonable fools
Had been a coursing in the schools;
Until th' had prov'd 't a devil author
O' th' covenant, and the cause his daughter.
For when they charg'd him with the guilt
Of all the blood that had been spilt;
Th' did not mean he wrought th' effusion
In person like Sir Pride or Hrwson;
But only those who first begun
The quarrel, were by him set on;
And who could those be but the saints,
Those reformation-termagants?
But ere this pass'd, the wise debate
Spent so much time, it grew too late:
For Oliver had gotten ground,
T' enclose him with his warriors round;
Had brought his providence about,
And turn'd th' untimely sophists out.
Nor had the Uxbridge buv'ness, less
Of nonsense in 't, or sottishness;
When from a scoundrel holder forth,
The scum, as well as son o' t' earth,
Your mighty senators took law,
At his command were forc'd t' withdraw,
And sacrifice the peace o' th' nation
To doctrine, use, and application.
So when the Scots, your constant cronies,
Th' espousers of your cause and monies,
Who had so often in your aid,
So many ways been soundly paid,
Came in at last for better ends,
To prove themselves your trusty friends;
You basely left them, and the church
They train'd you up to, in the lurch.
And suffer'd your own tribe of Christians
To fall before, as true Philistines.
This shows what utensils y' have been,
To bring the king's concerns in;
Which is so far from being true,
That none but he can bring in you;
And if he take you into trust,
Will find you most exactly just;
Such as will punctually repay
With double interest, and betray.
Not that I think these pantomimes,
Who vary actions with the times,
Are less ingenious in their art,
Than those who duly act one part;
Or those who turn from side to side,
More guilty than the wind and tide.
All countries are a wise man's home,
And so are governments to some,
Who change them for the same intrigues
That statesmen use in breaking leagues.
While others in old faiths and troths,
Look odd, as out-of-fashion'd clothes;
And nastier in an old opinion,
Than those who never shift their linen.
For true and faithful 's sure to lose,
Which way soever the game goes:
And whether parties lose or win,
Is always nick'd, or else hedg'd in.

While pow'r usurp'd, like stol'n delight,
Is more bewitching than the right,
And when the times begin to alter,
None rise so high as from the halter,
And so may we, if w' have but sense
To use the necessary means;
And not your usual stratagems
On one another, lights and dreams:
To stand on terms, as positive,
As if we did not take, but give;
Set up the covenant on crutches,
'Gainst those who have us in their clutches,
And dream of pulling churches down,
Before we are sure to prop our own
Your constant method of proceeding,
Without the carnal means of breeding:
Who, 'twixt your inward sense and outward,
Are worse, than if y' had none, accoutred.
I grant all courses are in vain,
Unless we can get in again;
The only way that's left us now,
But all the difficulty's, how?
'Tis true w' have money, the only power
That all mankind falls down before:
Money, that, like the sword of kings,
Is the last reason of all things;
And therefore need not doubt our play
Has all advantages that way:
As long as men have faith to sell,
And meet with those that can pay well;
Whose half-starv'd pride and avarice,
One church and state will not suffice,
T' expose to sale, beside the wages
Of stoning plagues to after-ages,
Nor is our money less our own,
Than 't was before we laid it down,
For 't will return, and turn t' account,
If we are brought in play upon 't:
Or but, by casting knaves, get in,
What pow'r can hinder us to win?
We know the arts we us'd before,
In peace and war, and something more;
And by th' unfortunate events,
Can mend our next experiments.
For when we are taken into trust,
How easy are the wisest chous'd?
Who see but th' outsides of our feats,
And not their secret springs and weights:
And while they're busy at their ease,
Can carry what designs we please:
How easy 's 't to serve for agents,
To prosecute our old engagements?
To keep the good old cause on foot,
And prevent pow'r from taking root;
Inflame them both with false alarms
Of plots, and parties taking arms,
To keep the nation's wounds too wide
From healing up of side to side;
Profess the passionat'st concerns,
For both their interests by turns.
The only way t' improve our own,
By dealing faithfully with none:
(As bowls run true, by being made
On purpose false, and to be sway'd.)
For if we should be true to either,
'T would turn us out of both together:
And therefore have no other means
To stand upon our own defence.
But keeping up our ancient party
In vigour, confident and hearty:
To reconcile our late dissenters,
Our brethren, tho' by other venters:
Unite them, and their diff'rent maggots,
As long and short sticks are in faggots,
And make them join again as close,
As when they first began t' espouse:
Erect them into separate
New Jewish tribes, in church and state:
To join in marriage and commerce,
And only 'mong themselves converse,
And all that are not of their mind,
Make enemies to all mankind:
Take all religions in, and stuckle
From conclave down to conventicle:
Agreeing still, or disagreeing,
According to the light in being,
Sometimes for liberty of conscience,
And spiritual misrule in one sense:
But in another quite contrary,
As dispensations chance to vary:
And stand for, as the times will bear it,
All contradictions of the spirit:

- Protect their emissaries, empow'r'd
To preach sedition, and the word :
And when they 're hamper'd by the laws,
Release the lab'rs for the cause ;
And turn the persecution back
On those that made the first attack,
To keep them equally in awe,
From breaking or maintaining law ;
And when they have their fits too soon,
Before the full tides of the moon ;
Put off their zeal t' a fitter season,
For sowing faction in, and treason ;
And keep them hooded, and their churches,
Like hawks from baiting on their perches :
That when the blessed time shall come
Of quitting Babylon and Rome,
They may be ready to restore
Their own fifth monarchy once more.
Meanwhile be better arm'd to fence
Against revolts of Providence,
By watching narrowly, and snapping
All blind sides of it, as they happen :
For if success could make us saints,
Our ruin turn'd us miscreants :
A scandal that would fall too hard
Upon a few, and unprepar'd.
These are the courses we must run,
Spite of our hearts, or be undone :
And not to stand on terms and freaks,
Before we have secur'd our necks ;
But do our work, as out of sight,
As stars by day, and ens by night :
All license of the people own,
In opposition to the crown :
And from the crown as fiercely side,
The head and body to divide :
The end of all we first design'd,
And all that yet remains behind :
Be sure to spare no public rapine,
On all emergencies that happen ;
For 't is as easy to supplant
Authority, as men in want :
As some of us, in trusts, have made
The one hand with the other trade :
Gain'd sassy by their joint endeavour,
The right a thief, the left receiver :
And what the one, by tricks, forestall'd,
The other, by a sly, retail'd.
For gain has wonderful effects
T' improve the factory of sects
The rule of faith in all professions,
And great Diana of th' Ephesians ;
Whence turning of religion 's made
The means to turn and wind a trade.
And tho' some change it for the worse,
They put themselves into a course ;
And draw in store of customers,
To thrive the better in commerce :
For all religions flock together,
Like tame and wild fowls of a feather ;
To nab the itches of their sects,
As jades do one another's necks,
Hence 't is hypocrisy as well
Will serve t' improve a church as zeal ;
As execution or promotion,
Do equally advance devotion.
Let bus'ness, like ill watches, go
Sometimes too fast, sometimes too slow ;
For things in order are put out
So easy, ease itself will do 't :
But when the fate 's design'd and meant,
What miracle can bar th' event ?
For 't is more easy to betray,
Than ruin any other way.
All possible occasions start,
The weightiest matters to divert ;
Obstruct, perplex, distract, entangle,
And lay perpetual trains to wrangle.
But in affairs of less import,
That neither do us good nor hurt ;
And they receive as little by,
Out-fawn as much, and out-comply ;
And seem as scrupulously just,
To bait our hooks for greater trust
But still be careful to cry down
All public actions, tho' our own :
The least miscarriage aggravate,
And charge it all upon the state :
Express the horrid'st detestation,
And pity the distracted nation.
Tell stories scandalous and false,
I' th' proper language of cabals,
Where all a subtle statesman says,
Is half in words, and half in face :
(As Spaniards talk in dialogues
Of heads and shoulders, nods and shrugs :)
Instruct it under solemn vows
Of mum, and silence, and the rose,
To be retail'd again in whispers,
For th' easy credulous to disperse.
Thus far the statesman—when a shout,
Heard at a distance, put him out ;
And straight another, all aghast,
Rush'd in with equal fear and haste :
Who star'd about as pale as death,
And, for a while, as out of breath ;
Till having gather'd up his wits,
He thus began his tale by fits :
That beastly rabble that came down
From all the garrets—in the town
And stalls, and shop-boards,—in vast swarms,
With new chalk'd bills—and rusty arms,
To cry the cause—up, heretofore,
And bawl the bishops—out of door :
Are now drawn up—in greater shoals,
To roast—and broil us on the coals,
And all the grandees—of our members,
Are carbonading—on the embers
Knights, citizens, and burgeses—
Held forth by rumps—of pigs and geese,
That serve for characters—and badges
To represent their personages :
Each bonfire is a fun'ral pile,
In which they roast—and scorch, and broil,
And ev'ry representative
Have vow'd to roast—and broil alive :
And 't is a miracle we are not
Already sacrific'd incarnate.
For while we wrangle here, and jar,
We're grill'd all at Temple-bar ;
Some on the sign-post of an ale house
Hang, in effigy, on the gallows.
Made up of rums, to personate
Respective officers of state ;
That henceforth they may stand reputed,
Proscrib'd in law, and executed,
And while the work was carrying on,
Be ready listed under Dun,
That worthy patriot, once the bellows
And tinder-box of all his fellows,
The activ'st member of the five,
As well as the most primitive
Who, for his faithful service then,
Is chosen for a fifth again :
(For since the state has made a quint
Of generals, he's listed in't :
This worthy, as the world will say,
Is paid in specie, his own way :
For, moulded to the life in clouts,
Th' have pick'd 'd from dunghills hereabouts,
He 's mounted on a hazel bavin,
A cropt, malignant baker gave him :
And to the largest bonfire riding,
They 're roasted Cook already, and Pride in.
On whom, in equipage and state,
His scare-crow fellow-members wait,
And march in order, two and two,
As at thanksgivings th' us'd to do ;
Each in a tatter'd talisman,
Like vermin in effigy slain.
But what's more dreadful than the rest,
Those rumps are but the tail o' th' beast,
Set up by Popish engineers,
As by the crackers plainly appears ;
For none but Jesuits have a mission
To preach the faith with ammunition,
And propagate the church with powder ;
Their founder was a blown-up soldier.
These spiritual pioneers of the shores
That have the charge of all her stores,
Since first they fail'd in their designs,
To take in heav'n by springing mines,
And with unanswerable barrels
Of gun-powder, dispute their quarrels ;
Now take a course more practicable,
By laying trains to fire the rabble,
And blow us up in th' open streets,
Disguis'd in Rumps, like Sambenters ;
More like to ruin and confound,
Than all their doctrines under ground.
Nor have they chosen rumps amiss,
For symbols of state-mysteries ;
Tho' some suppose 't was but to show
How much they scorn'd the saints, the few ;

Who, 'cause they 're wasted to the stump), Are represented best by rumps. But Jesuits have deeper reaches In all their politic far-fetches; And from their coptic priest, Kircherus, Found out this mystic way to jeer us. For as th' Egyptians us'd by bees T' express their antique Ptolemies, And by their stings the swords they wore, Held for authority and power; Because these subtle animals Bear all their interest in their tails; And when they 're once impal'd in that, Are banish'd their well-order'd state; They thought all governments were best By hieroglyphic rump, exprest. For as in bodies natural, The rump 's the fundament of all, So, in a commonwealth, or realm, The government is call'd the <i>helm</i> ; With which, like vessels under sail, They 're turn'd and winded by the tail, The tail which birds and fishes steer Their courses with, through sea and air: To whom the rudder of the rump is The same thing with the stern and compass. This shows how perfectly the rump And commonwealth in nature jump, For as a fly that goes to bed, Rests with his tail above his head; So, in this mongrel state of ours, The rabble are the supreme pow'rs, That hors'd us on their backs, to show us A jadish trick at last, and throw us. The learned Rabbins of the Jews Write there 's a bone, which they call <i>luez</i> , I' th' rump of man, of such a virtue, No force in nature can do hurt to; And therefore, at the last great day, All th' other members shall, they say, Spring out of this, as from a seed All sorts of vegetables proceed; From whence the learned sons of art <i>Os sacrum</i> justly style that part. Then what can better represent, Than this rump bone, the Parliament, That, after sev'ral rude ejections, And as prodigious resurrections, With new reversions of nine lives, Starts up, and, like a cat, revives? But now, alas! they 're all expir'd, And th' House, as well as members, fir'd. Consum'd in kennels by the rout, With which the other fires put out; Condemn'd t' ungoverning distress, And paltry, private wretchedness;	Worse than the devil, to privation, Beyond all hopes of restoration; And parted like the body and soul, From all dominion and control. 1585 We, who could lately with a look Enact, establish, or revoke; Whose arbitrary nod, gave law, And frowns kept multitudes in awe; Before the bluster of whose huff, All hats, as in a storm, flew off; 1590 Ador'd and bow'd to by the great, Down to the footman and valet: Had more bent knees than chapel mats, And prayers, than the crowns of hats; 1595 Shall now be scorn'd as wretchedly For ruin 's just as low as high; Which might be suffer'd, were it all The horror that attends our fall; For some of us have scores more large 1600 Than heads and quarters can discharge And others, who, by restless scraping, With public frauds, and private rapine, Have mighty heaps of wealth amass'd, Would gladly lay all down at last: 1605 And to be but undone, entail Their vessels on perpetual jail; And bless the dev'l to make them farms Of forfeit souls on no worse terms. This said, a near and louder shout 1610 Put all th' assembly to the rout: Who now began to outrun their fear, As horses do from those they bear; But crowded on with so much haste, Until th' had block'd the passage fast, 1615 And barricado'd it with haunches Of outward men, and bulks and paunches, And with their shoulders strove to squeeze And rather save a crippled piece Of all their crush'd and broken members, 1620 Than have them gnaw'd on the embers; Still pressing on with heavy packs Of one another on their backs; The vanguard could no longer bear The charges of the forlorn rear; 1625 But, borne down headlong by the rout, Were trampled sorely under foot; Yet nothing provid'd so formidable, As th' horrid cook'ry of the rabble: And fear, that keeps all feeling out, 1630 As lesser pains are by the gonn Reliev'd 'em with a fresh supply Of rallied force, enough to fly, And beat a Tuscan running horse, Whose jockey rider, is all spurs. 1635	1640 1645 1650 1655 1660 1665 1670 1675 1680 1685 1690
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HUDIBRAS.

PART THIRD.—CANTO THIRD.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Knight and Squire's prodigious flight
To quit th' enchanted bow'r by night;
He plods to turn his a-m'rous suit
T' a plea in law, and prosecute
Repairs to counsel to advise
'Bout managing the enterprise;
But first resolves to try by letter,
And one more fair address, to get her.*

WHO would believe what strange bugbears
Mankind creates itself, of fears,
That spring, like fern, that insect weed,
Equivocally without seed,
And have no possible foundation,
But merely in th' imagination!
And yet can do more dreadful feats
Than hags, with all their imps and teats;
Make more bewitch and haunt themselves,
Than all their nurseries of elves.
For fear does things so like a witch,
'T is hard t' unriddle which is which:
Sets up communities of senses,
To chop and change intelligences;
As Rosicrucian virtuosos
Can see with ears, and hear with noses;
And when they neither see nor hear,
Have more than both supplied by fear;
That makes them in the dark see visions,
And hag themselves with apparitions;
And when their eyes discover least,
Discern the subtlest objects best:
Do things, not contrary alone,
To th' course of nature, but its own;
The courage of the bravest daunt,
And turn *poltrons* onas valiant:
For men as resolute appear,
With too much as too little fear;
And when they 're out of hopes of flying,
Will run away from death by dying;
Or turn again to stand it out,
And those they fed, like lions, rout.
This Hudibras had prov'd too true,
Who, by the furies left perdue,
And haunted, with detachments sent
From Marshal Legion's regiment,
Was by a fiend, as counterfeit,
Reliev'd and rescu'd with a cheat;
When nothing but himself, and fear,
Was both the imps and conjurer;
As, by th' rules o' th' virtuosos,
It follows in due form of poesy.
Disguis'd in all the mask of night,
We left our champion on his flight,
At blind-man's buff, to grope his way,
In equal fear of night and day;
Who took his dark and desperate course,
He knew no better than his horse;
And by an unknown devil led,
(He knew as little whither) fled.
He never was in greater need,
Nor less capacity of speed;
Disabled, both in man and beast,
To fly and run away his best:

To keep the enemy, and fear, 55
From equal falling on his rear,
And though with kicks and bangs he plied
The further and the nearer side;
(As seamen ride with all their force, 60
And tug as if they row'd the horse;
Ann. when the hackney sails most swift,
Believe they lag, or run adrift!)
So, though he posted e'er so fast,
10 His fear was greater than his haste:
For fear, though fleetest than the wind,
Believes 't is always left behind.
But when the morn began t' appear,
And shift t' another scene his fear;
15 He found his new officious shade,
That came so timely to his aid,
And forc'd him from the foe t' escape,
Had turn'd itself to Ralpho's shape,
So like in person, garb, and pitch,
20 'T was hard t' interpret which was which.
For Ralpho had no sooner told
The lady all he had t' unfold,
But she convey'd him out of sight,
To entertain th' approaching Knight
25 And while he gave himself diversion,
T' accommodate his beast and person,
And put his beard into a posture
At best advantage to accost her;
She order'd th' antimasquerade
30 (For his reception) adoresaid!
But when the ceremony was done,
The lights put out, and furies gone;
And Hudibras, among the rest,
Convey'd away, as Ralpho guess'd;
55 The wretched caltiff all alone
(As he believ'd) began to moan,
And tell his story to himself,
The Knight mistook him for an elf;
And did so still, till he began
40 To scruple at Ralph's outward man:
And thought, because they oft agreed
T' appear in one another's stead,
And act the saint's and devil's part,
With undistinguishable art,
45 They might have done so now, perhaps,
And put on one another's shapes;
And therefore, to resolve the doubt,
He stard upon him, and cried out,
What art? my Squire, or that bold spright
50 That took his place and shape last night;
Some busy, independent pug,
Retainer to his synagogue?
Alas! quoth he, I 'm none of those,
Your bosom-friends, as you suppose;

- But Ralph himself, your trusty Squire,
Who has dragg'd your Donship out o' th' mire, 110
And from th' enchantments of a widow,
Wh' had turn'd you into a beast, have freed you;
And, though a prisoner of war,
Have brought you safe where now you are;
Which you would gratefully repay,
Your constant Presbyterian way. 115
That's stranger, quoth the Knight, and stranger:
Who gave thee notice of my danger?
Quoth he, Th' infernal conjurer
Purs'd and took me prisoner; 120
And knowing you were hereabout,
Brought me along to find you out.
Where I in hugger-mugger hid,
Have noted all they said or did.
And though they lay to him the pageant, 125
I did not see him, nor his agent;
Who play'd their sorceries out of sight,
T' avoid a fiercer second fight.
But didst thou see no devils then?
Not one, quoth he, but carnal men,
A little worse than fiends in hell,
And that she-devil, Jezebel;
That laugh'd and tee-hee'd with derision,
To see them take your deposition.
What then, quoth Hudibras, was he
That play'd the devil t' examine me? 135
A rallying weaver in the town,
That did it in a parson's gown:
Whom all the parish takes for gifted,
But, for my part, I ne'er believ'd it:
In which you told them all your feats,
Your conscientious frauds and cheats:
Denied your whipping, and confess'd
The naked truth of all the rest. 140
More plainly than the rev'rend writer,
That to our churches veil'd his mitre,
All which they took in black and white,
And cudgell'd me to underwrite.
What made thee, when they all were gone,
And none but thou and I alone, 150
To act the devil, and forbear
To rid me of my helish fear?
Quoth he, I knew your constant rate,
And frame of spr't, too obstinate,
To be by me prevail'd upon,
With any motives of my own:
And therefore strove to counterfeit
The devil a while, to nick your wit:
The dev'l, that is your constant crony,
That only can prevail upon ye:
Else we might still have been disputing,
And they with weighty drubs confuting.
The Knight, who now began to find
Th' had left th' enemy behind,
And saw no further hav'n remain,
But feeble weariness and pain:
Perceiv'd, by losing, if their way,
Th' had gain'd th' advantage of the day,
And by declining of the road,
They had, by chance, their rear made good; 170
He ventur'd to dismiss his fear,
That's parting's wont to rent and tear,
And gave the desperat'st attack
To danger still behind his back.
For having paus'd to recollect,
And on his past success reflect,
T' examine and consider why,
And whence, and how he came to fly,
And when no devil had appear'd,
What else, it could be said, he fear'd;
It put him in so fierce a rage,
He once resolv'd to re-engage;
Toss'd like a foot ball back again,
With shame, and vengeance, and disdain. 185
Quoth he, It was thy cowardice
That made me from this leaguer rise;
And when I'd half reduc'd the place,
To quit it infamously base.
Was better cover'd by the new
Arriv'd detachment, than I knew:
To slight my new acquiesce, and run
Victoriously from battles won:
And reck'ning all I gain'd or lost,
To sell them cheaper than they cost;
To make me put myself to flight,
And conq'ring, run away by night:
To drag me out, which th' haughty foe
Durst never have presum'd to do:
To mount me in the dark by force,
Upon the bare ridge of my horse, 200
Expos'd in quерpo to their rage,
Without my arms, and equipage;
Lest, if they ventur'd to pursue,
I might th' unequal fight renew:
I might preserve thy outward man,
Assum'd my place, and led the van. 205
All this, quoth Ralph, I did, 't is true,
Not to preserve myself, but you.
You, who were damn'd to baser drubs
Than wretches feel in powd'ring tubs,
To mount two-wheel'd carroches, worse
Than managing a wooden horse:
Dragg'd out through straighter holes by th' ears,
Eras'd or coupd' for perjurers. 215
Who, though th' attempt had prov'd in vain,
Had had no reason to complain;
But since it prosper'd, 't is unhandsome
To blame the hand that paid your ransom,
And rescu'd your obnoxious bones
From unavoidable batons. 220
The enemy was reinforce'd,
And we disabled and unhors'd,
Disarm'd, unqualified for fight,
And no way left but hasty flight,
Which though 't was desperate in th' attempt, 225
Has giv'n you freedom to condemn 't.
But were your bones in fit condition
To reinforce the expedition,
'T is unseasonable and vain,
To think of falling on again. 230
No martial project to surprise,
Can ever be attempted twice;
Nor cast design serve afterwards,
As gamesters tear their losing cards:
Besides, our bangs of man and beast,
Are fit for nothing now but rest, 235
And for a while will not be able
To rally and prove serviceable;
And therefore I, with reason, chose
This stratagem, t' annul our foes,
To make an honourable retreat,
And wave a total, sure defeat. 240
For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.
Hence timely running's no mean part
Of conduct in the martial art: 245
By which some glorious feats achieve,
As citizens, by breaking, th' rise;
And cannons conquer armies, while
They seem to draw off and recoil. 250
'T is held the gallant'st course, and bravest,
To great exploits, as well as safest,
That spares th' expense of time and pains,
And dang'rous beating out of brains;
And in the end prevails as certain 255
As those that never trust to fortune;
To make their fear do execution
Beyond the stoutest resolution:
As earthquakes kill without a blow,
And, only trembling, overthrow. 260
If th' ancients crown'd their bravest men,
That only sav'd a citizen,
What victory could e'er be won,
If e'er'y one would save but one?
Or fight endanger'd to be lost, 265
Where all resolve to save the most?
By this means, when a battle's won
The war's as far from being done:
For those that save themselves and fly,
Go halves, at least, i' th' victory, 270
And sometimes, when the loss is small,
And danger great, they challenge all:
Print new additions to their feats,
And emendations in gazettes:
And when, for furious haste to run,
They durst not stay to fire a gun, 275
Have done 't with bonfires, and at home
Made squibs and crackers overcome:
To set the rabble on a flame,
And keep their governors from blame, 280
Disperse the news the pulpit-tells,
Confirm'd with fireworks, and with bells;
And though reduc'd to that extreme,
They have been forc'd to sing *Te Deum*;
Yet, with religious blasphemy, 285
By flat'ring Heaven with a lie;
And for their beating giving thanks,
They've rais'd recruits, and fill'd their ranks.
For those who run from th' enemy,
Engage them equally to fly. 290
And when the fight becomes a chase,
Those win the day, that win the race;

- And that which would not pass in fights,
Has done the feats with easy flights,
Recover'd many a desperate campaign;
With Bourdeaux, Burgundy, and Champagne; 295
Restor'd the fainting high and mighty
With brandy-wine and aqua vitæ;
And made 'em stoutly overcome
With bacraack, hoccamore, and mum; 300
Whom th' uncontroll'd degrees of Fate
To victory necessitate;
With which, although they run or burn,
They unavoidably return;
Or else their sultan populates 305
Still strangle all their routed bassas.
Quoth Hudibras, I understand
What fights thou mean'st at sea and land,
And who those were that run away,
And yet gave out th' had won the day:
Although the rabble sows'd them for 't,
O'er head and ears in mud and dirt.
'T is true, our modern way of war
Is grown more politic by far,
But not so resolute and bold, 310
Nor tied to honour, as the old.
For now they laugh at giving battle,
Unless it be to herds of cattle;
Or fighting convoys of provision,
The whole design of th' expedition;
And not with downright blows to rout
The enemy, but eat them out:
As fighting in all beasts of prey,
And eating are perform'd one way;
To give defiance to their teeth,
And fight their stubborn guts to death;
And those achieve the high'st renown,
That bring the other's stomach down.
There 's now no fear of wounds, nor maiming, 315
All dangers are reduc'd to famine;
And feats of arms, to plot, design,
Surprise, and stratagem, and mine:
But have no need nor use of courage,
Unless it be for glory, or forage:
For if they fight, 't is but by chance,
When one side, vent'ring to advance,
And come uncivilly too near,
Are charg'd unmercifully i' th' rear;
And forc'd with terrible resistance,
To keep hereafter at a distance,
To pick out ground i' encamp upon
Where store of largest rivers run,
That serve, instead of peaceful barriers,
To part th' engagements of their warriors;
Where both from side to side may skip
And only encounter at bo-peep:
For men are found the stouter-hearted,
The certainer they 're to be parted;
And therefore post themselves in bogs,
As th' ancient mice attack'd the frogs;
And made their mortal enemy,
The water-rat, their strict ally.
For 't is not now, who 's stout and bold,
But, who bears hunger best, and cold;
And he 's approv'd the most deserving,
Who longest can hold out at starving
And he that routs most pigs and cows,
The formidablest man at prowess.
So th' Emperor Caligula,
That triumph'd o'er the British sea,
Took crabs and oysters prisoners,
And lobsters, 'stead of cuirassiers;
Engag'd his legions in fierce bustles,
With periwinkles, prawns, and muscles.
And led his troops with furious gallops,
To charge whole regiments of scallops:
Not like their ancient way of war,
To wait on his triumphal car;
But when he went to dine or sup,
More bravely ate his captives up,
And left all war, by his example,
Reduc'd to vict'ling of a camp well.
Quoth Ralph, By all that you have said,
And twice as much that I could add,
'T is plain you cannot now do worse,
Than take this out-of-fashion'd course;
To hope, by stratagem, to woo her,
Or waging battle, to subdue her;
Though some have done it in romances,
And bang'd them into am'rous fancies;
At those who win the Amazons,
By wanton drubbing of their bones;
And stout Rinaldo gain'd his bride,
By courting of her back and side.
- But since those times and feats are over, 385
They are not for a modern lover;
When mistresses are too cross-grain'd
By such addresses to be gain'd;
And if they were, would have it out,
With many other kind of bout.
Therefore I hold no course 's infeasible,
As this of force to win the Jezebel;
To storm her heart by th' antic charms
Of ladies-errant, force of arms;
But rather strive by law to win her, 390
And try the title you have in her.
Your case is clear, you have her word,
And me to witness the accord;
Besides two more of her retinue
To testify what pass'd between you;
More probable, and like to hold, 400
Than hand, or seal, or breaking gold;
For which so many, that renounc'd
Their plighted contracts, have been trounc'd,
And bills upon record been found,
That forc'd the ladies to compound;
And that, unless I miss the matter,
Is all the bus'ness you look after:
Besides, encounters at the bar
Are braver now than those in war,
In which the law does execution
With less disorder and confusion;
Has more of honour in 't, some hold
Not like the new way, but the old;
When those the pen had drawn together,
Decided quarrels with the feather,
And winged arrows kill'd as dead,
Nay, more than bullets now of lead:
So all the combats now, as then,
Are manag'd chiefly by the pen; 420
That does the feat, with braver vigours
In words at length, as well as figures;
Is judge of all the world performs
In voluntary feats of arms;
And whoso'er 's achiev'd in fight,
Determines which is wrong or right:
For whether you prevail or lose,
All must be tried there in the close;
And therefore 't is not wise to shun
What you must trust to, ere y' have done.
The law, that settles all you do,
And marries where you did but woo;
That makes the most perfidious lover
A lady, that 's as false, recover:
And if it judge upon your side, 435
Will soon extend her for your bride;
And put her person, goods, or lands,
Or, which you like best, int' your hands.
For law 's the wisdom of all ages,
And manag'd by the ablest sages;
Who, though their bus'ness at the bar
Be but a kind of civil war,
In which th' engage with fiercer dudgeons,
Than e'er the Grecians did, and Trojans,
They never manage the contest
T' impair their public interest; 445
Or by their controversies lessen
The dignity of their profession:
Not like us brethren, who divide
Our commonwealth, the cause, and side:
And though w' are all as near of kindred
As th' outward man is to the inward,
W' agree in nothing, but to wrangle
About the slightest single-fangle;
While lawyers have more sober sense,
Than t' argue at their own expense, 455
But make their best advantages
Of others' quarrels, like the Swies:
And out of foreign controversies,
By aiding both sides, fill their purses;
But have no int'rest in the cause
For which th' engage, and wage the laws;
Nor further prospect than their pay,
Whether they lose or win the day.
And though th' abound'd in all ages,
With sundry learned clerks and sages, 465
Though all their business be dispute,
Which way they canvass ev'ry suit;
Th' have no disputes about their art,
Nor in polemics controvert:
While all professions else are found
With nothing but disputes t' abound:
Divines of all sorts, and physicians,
Philosophers, mathematicians;
The Galenist and Paracelsian, 475
Condemn the way each other deals in;

Atonement does not atone for
 Two cut the ~~same~~ cut work out to wangles
 Actions done to their detriment
 That to the detriment of all times
 And he that will who goes who
 He comes at his own cost
 His favour is not a nation
 To come to the table and partitions
 Or to the lower table judges
 Of all the people's; set at grace
 And he that comes to the table
 The whole problem is sure to pay
 Not to gain in water, but in cost
 Give an inkling to the fish and fowl
 When in all of a sudden
 The water is not to be drawn
 For what it is not ever draw
 Returned to the water in law
 Or could it be? If this, by revelation
 An answer to a question?
 He says that the water is their task
 Will cut it in two, if they're fools
 And if you follow their advice
 In this, no answer, and reply;
 They'll write a law-letter in chancery
 And then they'll come to answer ye
 As I soon reduce it to your will
 Or make her weary of her life.
 "The King's" who will with tricks and
 To edify by Richard's wife.
 He is an answer to a question down
 To make them better seen his own
 (All players' constant course
 Of making, when they take a purse,
 He is to follow his advice
 And then they'll come to answer ye
 And after still on contrivance
 To counter his own conviction
 And by transition fall upon
 The resolution as his own
 And he, who is the answer, thou a listest
 Is of all others the unwisest
 For if I think by law to gain her
 There is not time either nor value
 'Tis but to have my patience
 To act against my will, and traverse
 My suit and sile to her favours
 And if she should, which Heaven forbid,
 Deny me all as the fiddler did
 And after come to the table
 'Tis not losing all I have at stake
 He that with injury is grieved,
 And goes to law to be relieved,
 Is stiller than a scotch chaise
 And he that comes to the table
 Applies himself to cunning men
 To help him to his goods again;
 When all he can expect to gain
 Is but to squander more in vain.
 But I will not go away
 But is as difficult to pay
 For to reduce her by main force,
 Is now in vain; by fair means, worse.
 But worse of all to give her over,
 Which is as difficult to pay
 For bad games are thrown up too soon,
 Until they're never to be won.
 But since I have no other course
 But as best I attempt, or worse;
 But that I cannot do, I will
 Be of his own opinion still;
 Which he may be there to, yet known
 For reasons to himself best known,
 But is not to be added now,
 For Rhodolph's desires to me
 Whom I must answer, or begin
 Inevitably first with him
 For I've received advertisement
 His times enough of his intent
 And he knows, that he complains
 The advantage of the business gains
 For courts of justice understand
 The plaintiff to be eldest hand;
 And he has been so many years
 The other nothing till he was
 Is freely admitted to all grace
 And lawful favour by his place;
 And for his bringing custom in,
 He is admitted to all grace
 I, who resolve to oversee
 No lucky opportunity,

	Will go to counsel to advise	
	What a way to encounter or surprise,	570
497	And after long calculations,	
	Have found it out now to fill th' occasions	
	Most apt for what I have to do,	
	As for counsel or advice, I have no need,	
	And truly say, no doubt he was,	575
	A lawyer fit for such a case.	
498	An old dull set, who take the clock	
	For many years at this well-kept hall,	
	And Westminster and other halls,	
	And hence decern'd plenty in all;	580
	Where in all courts men sit at times,	
499	If he had been both first and last to counsel,	
	And odd to equal words of cunning	
	He would have found out many a thing:	
	To many a whore gave privilege,	585
	And whipt for want of quarters;	
500	Cart-loads of birds to prison sent,	
	For being behind a church's rent	
	And cur a cruel and cruel enemy	
	To husband-land for want of money.	590
	Enrag'd the crav'ls to tears	
501	All those that would not bite the peeces;	
	Nor gave him back his own foul words,	
	That sometimes came out of his mouth,	
	And kept 'em from his ears of course,	595
	For being sober at all hours,	
502	That in the morning he might free,	
	Or land them out of their fees.	
	Was an order, and a very proper play,	
	For leave to practise in their ways;	600
	Far'd out all the ways, and went a shute	
510	With th' in thorough and overture;	
	And made the dirt th' streets compound	
	For dirt up to the eaves and chimney	
	To the north, and the king's highway	605
	For being unnoted, pry	
15	Let on the sticks, and a hipping post,	
	And eyes, to those they gave him most	
	Impud' a tax on all that pass'd by,	
	And for false weights, on chardlers;	610
	Made victuals, and victuals time	
520	For arbitrary and unkind	
	But was a kind and considerate friend	
	To all that respect all that respect	
	As for lentils, and lentils,	615
	And tokens that receive such goods;	
525	That chest in lentils' matter,	
	And pry church-bellies, and his fees	
	And his impiety, and his impiety	
	To all that interpret and hawk'd	620
	To this brave man the Knight repair,	
530	For counsel in his law affairs;	
	And found him mounted in his pew,	
	With books and many books for show,	
	Like new-comes, to new clients try	625
	And for his tale opinion pry	
535	To whom the Knight, with comely grace,	
	Put off his hat, to put his ear	
	Which he as usually and kind	
	As the other courteously arriv'd	630
	And, to assure him 't was not that	
540	He look'd for, bid him put on 't hat.	
	Quoth he, There is one Sadrupel,	
	Which I have known to be a very well	
	And now he brings it here to bat me—	635
	Better and better still, quoth he,	
545	And vows to stick me to a wall,	
	Where ever he meets me—list of all.	
	To this the Knight, with comely grace,	
	That I rob'd him—Well done, in troth.	640
	When 't has confess'd he stole my cloak,	
550	And pick'd my fish, and what he look'd	
	Which was the cause that made me hang him,	
	And take my money, and my money	
	Now, whether I should beforehand	645
	Swear he rob'd me?—I understand.	
555	Or bring my action of conversion,	
	And trower for my good—Ah! whoreson.	
	He is better than I am.	
	And bring him to his trial—Right.	650
	Prevent what he designs to do,	
560	And swear for th' state against him—True.	
	Or whether he that is defendant,	
	In an ev'ry best he has to say 'em;	
	Who putting in a new cross bill,	655
	May traverse th' action—Better still.	
565	Then there 's a lady too—Ay, marry.	
	That 's easily proved necessary;	
	A widow, who, by solemn vows,	
	Contracted to me, for my spouse,	660

- Combl'n'd with him to break her word,
 And has abetted all.—Good Lord!
 Suborn'd th' aforesaid Sidrophel,
 To tamper with the dev'l of hell;
 Who put me into a horrid fear,
 Fear of my life.—Make that appear.
 Made an assault with fiends and men
 Upon my body.—Good again.
 And kept me in a deadly fright,
 And false imprisonment, all night;
 Meanwhile they robb'd me, and my horse,
 And stole my saddle.—Worse and worse.
 And made me mount upon the bare ridge,
 T' avoid a wretched miscarriage.
 Sir, quoth the lawyer, not to flatter ye,
 You have as good and fair a battery
 As heart can wish, and need not shame
 The proudest man alive to claim.
 For if they 've us'd you as you say,
 Harry, quoth I, God give you joy;
 I would it were my case, I'd give
 More than I'll say, or you'll believe:
 I would so trounce her, and her purse,
 I'd make her kneel for better or worse;
 For matrimony and hanging here,
 Both go by destiny so clear,
 That you as sure may pick and choose,
 As cross I win, and pile you lose:
 And if I durst I would advance
 As much in ready maintenance,
 As upon any case I 've known.
 But we that practise dare not own.
 The law severely contrabands
 Our taking business of men's hands;
 'Tis common baretry, that bears
 Point-blank an action 'gainst our ears,
 And crops them till there is no leather,
 To stick a pin in, left of either;
 For which some do the summer-fault,
 And o'er the bar, like tumblers, vault,
 But you may swear, at any rate,
 Things not in nature, for the state;
 For in all courts of justice here
 A witness is not said to swear,
 But make oath; that is, in plain terms,
 To forge whatever he affirms.
 (I thank you, quoth the Knight, for that,
 Because 't is to my purpose pat)—
 For Justice, tho' she's painted blind,
 Is to the weaker side inclin'd
 Like charity; else right and wrong
 Could never hold it out so long,
 And, like blind Fortune, with a sleight
 Convey men's interest and right,
 From Stile's pocket into Nokes's,
 As easily as *hocus pocus*;
 Plays fast and loose, makes men obnoxious,
 And clear again, like *hiccus doccius*.
 Then, whether you would take her life,
 Or but recover her for your wife;
 Or be content with what she has,
 And let all other matters pass;
 The bus'ness to the law 's all one,
 The proof is all it looks upon;
- And you can want no witnesses
 To swear to any thing you please,
 That hardly get their mere expenses
 By th' labour of their consciences;
 Or letting out to hire their ears
 To affidavit customers,
 At inconsiderable values,
 To serve for jury-men or tales,
 Altho' retained in the hardest matters,
 Of trustees and administrators.
 For that, quoth he, let me alone;
 W' have store of such, and all our own;
 Dred up, and tutor'd by our teachers,
 The ablest of conscience-stretchers.
 That 's well, quoth he: but I should guess,
 By weighing all advantages,
 Your surest way is first to pitch
 On Bongey, for a water-witch;
 And when y' have hang'd the conjurer,
 Y' have time enough to deal with her
 If th' int'rim, spare for no trepans
 To draw her neck into the bans;
 Ply her with love-letters, and billets,
 And bait them well, for quirks and quillets,
 With trains to inveigle, and surprise
 Her heedless answers and replies;
 And if she miss the mouse-trap lines,
 They 'll serve for other by-designs;
 And make an artist understand
 To copy out her seal and hand;
 Or find void places in the paper
 To steal in something to entrap her:
 Till with her worldly goods and body,
 Spite of her heart, she has endow'd ye;
 Retain all sorts of witnesses,
 That ply it th' Temple, under trees;
 Or walk the round, with knights o' th' posts,
 About the cross-legg'd knights, their hosts;
 Or wait for customers between
 The pillar-rows in Lincoln's Inn;
 Where vouchers, forgers, common-bail,
 And affidavit-men, ne'er fail
 T' expose to sale all sorts of oaths,
 According to their ears and clothes,
 Their only necessary tools,
 Besides the gospel, and their souls.
 And when y' are furnish'd with all purveys,
 I shall be ready at your service.
 I would not give, quoth Hudibras,
 A straw to understand a case,
 Without the admirable skill
 To wind and manage it at will:
 To veer, and tack, and steer a cause,
 Against the weather-gage of laws;
 And ring the changes upon cases,
 As plain as noses upon faces,
 As you have well instructed me,
 For which you 've earn'd (here 't is) your fee;
 I long to practise your advice,
 And try the subtle artifice,
 To bait a letter as you bid:
 As not long after, thus he did:
 For having pump'd up all his wit,
 And humm'd upon it, thus he writ.

HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY.

I WHO was once as great as Cmsar,
Am now reduc'd to Nebuchadnezzar;
And from as fam'd a conqueror
As ever took degree in war,
Or did his exercise in battle,
By you turn'd out to graze with cattle;
For since I am deny'd access
To all my earthly happiness,
Am fallen from the paradise
Of your good graces, and fair eyes;
Lost to the world, and you, I 'm sent
To everlasting banishment:
Where all the hopes I had t' have won
Your heart, b'ing dash'd, will break my own.
Yet if you were not so severe
To pass your doom before you hear,
You 'll find, upon my just defence,
How much y' have wrong'd my innocence.
That once I made a vow to you,
Which yet is unperform'd, 't is true;
But not because it is unpaid,
'T is violated, tho' delay'd:
Or, if it were, it is no fault,
So heinous as you'd have it thought;
To undergo the loss of ears,
Like vulgar hackney perjurers:
For there 's a diff'rence in the case,
Between the noble and the base;
Who always are observ'd t' have done 't
Upon as different account;
The one for great and weighty cause,
To save, in honour, ugly flaws;
For none are like to do it sooner
Than those who 're nicest of their honour:
The other, for base gain and pay,
Forswear and perjure by the day;
And make th' exposing and retailing
Their souls and consciences, a calling.
It is no scandal, nor aspersion,
Upon a great and noble person,
To say he nat'rally abhorr'd
Th' old fashion'd trick, to keep his word;
Tho' 'tis perfidiousness and shame
In meaner men to do the same:
For to be able to forget,
Is found more useful to the great,
Than gout, or deafness, or bad eyes,
To make 'em pass for wondrous wise.
But tho' the law, on perjurers,
Inflicts the forfeiture of ears;
It is not just that does exempt
The guilty, and punish th' innocent:
To make the ears repair the wrong
Committed by th' ungovern'd tongue;
And when one member is forsworn,
Another to be cropt or torn.
And if you should, as you design,
By course of law, recover mine,
You 're like, if you consider right,
To gain but little honour by 't;
For he that for his lady's sake
Lays down his life or limbs at stake,
Does not so much deserve her favour,
As he that pawns his soul to have her,
T' is y' have acknowledg'd I have done,
Altho' you now disdain to own;

But sentence what you rather ought
T' esteem good service, than a fault.
" Beside, oaths are not bound to bear
That lit'ral sense the words infer;
But by the practice of the age,
Are to be judg'd how far th' engage.
And where the sense by custom 's check'd,
Are found void, and of none effect.
For no man takes or keeps a vow,
But just as he sees others do;
Nor are th' oblig'd to be so brittle,
As not to yield and bow a little:
For as best temper'd blades are found,
Before they break, to bend quite round:
So truest oaths are still most tough,
And tho' they bow, are breaking proof."
Then wherefore should they not b' allow'd
In love a greater latitude?
For as the law of arms approves
All ways to conquest, so should Love's:
And not be tied to true or false,
But make that justest that prevails:
For how can that which is above
All empire, high and mighty Love,
Submit its great prerogative
To any other pow'r alive?
Shall Love, that to no crown gives place,
Become the subject of a case?
The fundamental law of nature
Be over-ru'd by those made after?
Commit the censure of its cause
To any, but its own great laws?
Love, that 's the world's preservative,
That keeps all souls of things alive;
Contro's the mighty pow'r of fate,
And gives mankind a longer date;
The life of nature, that restores,
As fast as time and death devours;
To whose free gift the world does owe,
Not only earth, but heaven too:
For love 's the only trade that 's driven,
The interest of state in heaven,
Which nothing but the soul of man
Is capable to entertain.
For what can earth produce, but love,
To represent the joys above?
Or who, but lovers, can converse,
Like angels, by the eye-discourse?
Address and compliment by vision,
Make love and court by intuition?
And burn in am'rous flames as fierce
As those celestial ministers?
Then how can any thing offend,
In order to so great an end?
Or Heaven itself a sin resent,
That for its own supply was meant:
That merits, in a kind mistake,
A pardon for th' offence's sake.
Or if it did not, but the cause
Were left to th' injury of laws,
What tyranny can disapprove
There should be equity in love?
For laws that are inanimate,
And feel no sense of love, or hate;
That have no passion of their own,
Nor pity to be wrought upon;

- Are only proper to inflict
Revenge on criminals as strict.
But to have power to forgive,
Is empire and prerogative:
And, 'tis in crowns a nobler gem,
To grant a pardon, than condemn.
Then since so few do what they ought,
'T is great 't indulge a well-meant fault;
For why should he who made address,
All humble ways without success,
And meet with nothing in return,
But insolence, affronts, and scorn,
Not strive by wit to countermine,
And bravely carry his design?
He who was us'd so unlike a soldier,
Blown up with philtres of love-powder;
And after letting blood, and purging,
Condemn'd to voluntary scourging;
Alarm'd with many a horrid fright,
And claw'd by goblins in the night;
Insulted on, revild, and jeerd,
With rude invasion of his beard;
And when your sex was foully scandal'd
As foully by the rabble handled;
Attack'd by despicable foes,
And drubb'd with mean and vulgar blows;
And after all to be debarr'd
So much as standing on his guard
When horses being spur'd and prick'd,
Have leave to kick for being kick'd.
Or, why should you, whose mother wits
Are furnish'd with all perquisites;
That with your breeding teeth begin,
And nursing babies that lie in;
Be allow'd to put all tricks upon
Our cully sex, and we use none?
We who have nothing but frail rows
Against your stratagems 't oppose,
Or oaths more feeble than your own,
By which we are no less put down;
You wound, like Parthians, while you fly,
And kill with a retreating eye:
Retire the more, the more we press,
To draw us 'nto ambushes:
As pirates all false colours wear
'T intrap th' unwary mariner;
So women, to surprise us, spread
The borrowed flags of white and red;
Display 'em thicker on their cheeks,
Than their old grandmothers, the Facts.
And raise more devils with their looks,
Than conjurers' less subtle books;
Lay trains of amorous intrigues,
In tow'rs, and curls, and periwigs,
With greater art and cunning rear'd,
Than Philip Nye's thanksgiving beard:
Prepost'rously 't entice, and gain
Those 't adore 'em they disdain;
And only draw 'em in to clog,
With idle names, a catalogue.
A lover is, the more he's brave,
'T his mistress but the more a slave;
And whatsoever she commands,
Becomes a favour from her hands;
Which he's oblig'd 't obey, and must,
Whether it be unjust or just.
Then, when he is compell'd by her,
'T adventures he would else forbear,
Who, with his honour, can withstand,
Since force is greater than command!
And when necessity's obey'd,
Nothing can be unjust or bad:
And therefore when the mighty pow'rs
Of love, our great ally, and yours,
Join'd forces not to be withstood
By frail enamour'd flesh and blood;
All I have done, unjust or ill,
Was in obedience to your will,
And all the blame that can be due,
Falls to your cruelty and you.
Nor are those scandals I confess,
Against my will and interest,
More than is daily done of course,
By all men, when they're under force:
Whence some upon the rack confess
What the hangmen and their prompters please:
But are no sooner out of pain,
Than they deny it all again,
But when the devil turns confessor,
Truth is a crime, he takes no pleasure
To hear, or pardon, like the founder
Of liars, whom they all claim under;
- And therefore, when I told him none,
I think it was the wiser done.
Nor am I without precedent,
The first that on th' adventure went:
All mankind ever did of course,
And daily does the same, or worse;
For what romance can show a lover,
That had a lady to recover,
And did not steer a nearer course,
To fall aboard in his amours?
And what at first was held a crime,
Has turn'd to honourable in time.
To what a height did infant Rome,
By ravishing of women, come!
When men upon their spouses seiz'd,
And freely marry'd whom they pleas'd:
They ne'er forswore themselves, nor lied,
Nor in the mind they were in died;
Nor took the pains 't address and sue,
Nor play'd the masquerade to woo:
Disdain'd to stay for friends' consents,
Nor juggl'd about settlements:
Did need no license, nor no priest,
Nor friends, nor kindred, to assist;
Nor lawyers, to join laws and money
In th' holy state of matrimony
Before they settled hands and hearts,
Till alimony or death them parts:
Nor would endure to stay until
Th' had got the very bride's good will,
But took a wise and shorter course
To win the ladies, downright force;
And justly made 'em prisoners then,
As they have often since, us men;
With acting plays, and dancing jigs,
The luckiest of all love's intrigues;
And when they had had them at their pleasure,
Then talk'd of love and flames at leisure:
For after matrimony's over,
He that holds out but half a lover,
Deserves for ev'ry minute more
Than half a year of love before;
For which the dames, in contemplation
Of that best way of application,
Prov'd nobler wives than e'er were known,
By suit, or treaty, to be won;
And such as all posterity
Could never equal, nor come nigh.
For women first were made for men,
Not men for them.—It follows, then,
That men have right to ev'ry one,
And they no freedom of their own:
And therefore men have pow'r to choose,
But they no charter to refuse;
Hence 't is apparent, that what course
Soe'er we take to your amours,
Tho' by the indirect way,
'T is no injustice nor foul play.
And that you ought to take that course,
As we take you, for better or worse;
And gratefully submit to those
Who you, before another, chose.
For why should ev'ry savage beast
Exceed his great lord's interest?
Have freer pow'r than he, in grace
And nature, o'er the creature has?
Because the laws he since has made,
Have cut off all the pow'r he had;
Retrench'd th' absolute dominion
That nature gave him over women;
When all his pow'r will not extend
One law of nature to suspend:
And but to offer to rebel
The smallest clause, is to rebel.
This, if men rightly understood
Their privilege, they would make good;
And not, like sots, permit their wives
'T encroach on their prerogatives;
For which sin they deserve to be
Kept, as they are, in slav'ry:
And this some precious gifted teachers,
Unrev'rently reputed lechers,
And disobey'd in making love,
Have vow'd to all the world to prove,
And make you suffer, as you ought,
For that uncharitable fault.
But I forget myself, and rove
Beyond th' instructions of my love.
Forgive me, fair, and only blame
The extravagancy of my flame,
Since 't is too much, at once to show
Excess of love and temper too.

OF HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY.

69

<p> Ah I have said that 's bad, and true, Was never meant to aim at you ; Who have so long reign a control O'er that poor slave of yours, my soul, That, rather than to forfeit you, Has ventur'd loss of heaven too ; Both with an equal pow'r possess, To render all that serve you blest ; But none like him, who 's destin'd either To have or lose you, both together. And if you 'll but this fault release, (For so it must be, since you please,) I 'll pay down all that vow, and more, Which you commanded, and I swore, And expiate upon my skin Th' arrears in full of all my sin. For 't is but just that I should pay Th' accruing penance for delay, Which shall be done, until it move, Your equal pity, and your love. The Knight, perusing this epistle, Believ'd he 'd brought her to his whistle : </p>	<p> 320 325 330 335 </p>	<p> And read it like a jocund lover, With great applause t' himself, twice over ; Subscrib'd his name, but at a fit And humble distance, to his wit ; And dated it with wondrous art, " Giv'n from the bottom of my heart ;" Then scal'd it with his coat of love, A smoking faggot, —and above, Upon a scroll, — " I burn and weep," And near it, " For her Ladyship ;" " Of all her sex most excellent, " These to her gentle hand present." Then gave it to his faithful Squire, With lessons how t' observe and eye her. She first consider'd which was better, To send it back, or burn the letter ; But, guessing that it might import, Though nothing else, at least her sport, She open'd it, and read it out, With many a smile and leering flout : Resolv'd to answer it in kind, And thus perform'd what she design'd. </p>	<p> 310 345 350 355 360 </p>
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THE
LADY'S ANSWER
TO THE
KNIGHT.

THAT you 're a beast, and turn'd to grass,
Is not strange news, nor ever was,
At least to me, who once, you know,
Did from the pound replevin you,
When both your sword and spurs were won
In combat by an Amazon:
That sword that did, like fate, determine,
Th' inevitable death of vermin;
And never dealt its furious blows,
But cut the throats of pigs and cows;
By Trulla was, in single fight,
Disarm'd, and wrested from its Knight,
Your heels degraded of your spurs,
And in the stocks close prisoners:
Where still they 'd lain in base restraint,
If I, in pity of your complaint,
Had not, on honourable conditions,
Releas'd 'em from the worst of prisons;
And what return that favour met,
You cannot, tho' you would, forget:
When being free, you strove to evade
The oaths you had in prison made;
Forswore yourself, and first deny'd it,
But after own'd and justify'd it:
And when y' had falsely broke one vow,
Absolv'd yourself by breaking two.
For while you sneakingly submit,
And beg for pardon at my feet,
Discourag'd by your guilty fears,
To hope for quarter for your ears:
And doubting 't was in vain to sue,
You claim as boldly as your due;
Declare that treachery and force,
To deal with us, is th' only course;
We have no title nor pretence
To body, soul, or conscience;
But ought to fall to that man's share
That claims us for his proper ware.
These are the motives which, 't induce
Or fright us into love, you use.
A pretty new way of gallanting,
Between soliciting and ranting,
Like sturdy beggars, that entreat
For charity at once, and threat.
But since you undertake to prove
Your own propriety in love,
As if we were but lawful prize
In war, between two enemies;
Or forfeitures which every lover,
That would but sue for, might recover;
It is not hard to understand
The myst'ry of this bold demand;
That cannot at our persons aim,
But something capable of claim.
'T is not these paltry counterfeit
French stones, which in our eyes you set,
But our bright diamonds, that inspire
And set your am'rous hearts on fire;
Nor can those false St. Martin's beads
Which on our lips you lay for reds,
And make us wear like Indian dimes,
Add fuel to your scorching flames;
But those true rubies of the rock,
Which in our cabinets we lock,

'T is not those orient pearls, our teeth, 60
That you are so transported with;
But those we wear about our necks,
Produce those amorous effects.
Nor is 't those threads of gold, our hair, 70
The periwigs you make us wear;
But those bright guineas in our chests,
That light the wild-fire in your breasts.
These love-tricks I 're been vers'd in so,
That all their sly intrigues I know,
And can unriddle by their tones, 75
Their mystic cabals, and jargons;
Can tell what passions, by their sounds,
Pine for the beauties of my grounds;
What raptures fond and amorous, 80
O' th' charms and graces of my house;
What ecstasy, and scorching flame,
Burns for my money, in my name;
What from th' unnatural desire
To beasts and cattle takes its fire; 85
What tender sigh, and trickling tear,
Longs for a thousand pounds a-year;
And languishing transports are fond
Of statute, mortgage, bill and bond.
These are th' attracts which most men fall 90
Enamour'd at first sight, withal;
To these th' address with serenades,
And court with balls and masquerades;
And yet, for all the yearning pain 95
Y' have suffer'd for their loves, in vain;
I fear they 'll prove so nice and coy,
To have, and 't hold, and to enjoy;
That all your oaths and labour lost,
They 'll ne'er turn ladies of the post.
35 This is not meant to disapprove
Your judgment in your choice of love;
Which is so wise, the greatest part
Of mankind study 't as an art;
For love should, like a deodand, 40
Still fall to th' owner of the land;
And where there 's substance for its ground,
Cannot but be more firm and sound
Than that which has the slighter basis
Of airy virtue, wit, and graces;
45 Which is of such thin subtilty,
It steals and creeps in at the eye,
And, as it can't endure to stay,
Steals out again, as nice away.
But love, that its extraction owns 50
From solid gold and precious stones,
Must, like its shining parents, prove
As solid, and as glorious love.
Hence 't is, you have no way 't express
Our charms and graces, but by these: 55
For what are lips, and eyes, and teeth,
Which beauty invades and conquers with,
But rubies, pearls, and diamonds,
With which, as philtres, love commands?
This is the way all parents prove, 60
In managing their children's love;
That force 'em 't intermarry and wed,
As if th' were bur'ing of the dead.
Cast earth to earth, as in the grave,
To join in wedlock all they have;

- And when the settlement's in force,
Take all the rest, for better or worse:
For money has a pow'r above
The stars and fate, to manage love;
Whose arrows, learned poets hold,
That never miss, are tipp'd with gold.
And though some say, the parents' claims
To make love in their children's names;
Who many times once provide
The nurse, the husband, and the bride;
Feel darts and charms, attracts and flames,
And woo, and contract, in their names:
And as they christen, use to marry 'em,
And, like their gossips, answer for 'em:
Is not to give in matrimony,
But sell and prostitute for money.
'T is better than their own betrothing,
Who often do 't for worse than nothing:
And when th' are at their own dispose,
With greater disadvantage choose.
All this is right; but for the course
You take to do 't by fraud, or force,
'T is so ridiculous, as soon
As told, 't is never to be done,
No more than fetters can betray,
That tell what tricks they are to play,
Marriage, at best, is but a vow,
Which all men either break or bow:
Then what will those forbear to do,
Who perjure when they do but woo?
Such as beforehand swear and lie,
For earnest to their treachery;
And rather than a crime confess,
With greater strive to make it less;
Like thieves, who, after sentence past,
Maintain their innocence to th' last;
And when their crimes were made appear
As plain as witnesses can swear;
Yet, when the wretches come to die,
Will take upon their oath a lie.
Nor are the virtues you confess'd,
'T your ghostly father, as you guess'd,
So slight as to be justified,
By being as shamefully denied.
As if you thought your word would pass,
Point-blank on both sides of a case;
Or credit were not to be lost,
B' a brave Knight-errant of the post,
That eats perfidiously his word,
And swears his ears through a two-inch board:
Can own the same thing and disown,
And perjure booty *pro* and *con*.
Can make the gospel serve its turn,
And help him out to be forgiven:
When 't is laid hands upon, and kiss'd,
'To be betray'd, and sold like Christ.
These are the virtues, in whose name
A right to all the world you claim,
And boldly challenge a dominion
In grace and nature, o'er all women:
Of whom no less will satisfy,
Than all the sex, your tyranny,
Although you 'll find it a hard province,
With all your crafty frauds and covins,
To govern such a numerous crew,
Who, one by one, now govern you:
For if you were all Solomon,
And wise and great as he was once,
You 'll find they 're able to subdue
(As they did him) and baffle you.
And if you are impos'd upon,
'T is by your own temptation done:
That with your ignorance invite,
And teach us how to use the slight.
For when we find y' are still more taken
With false attractions of your own making,
Swear that 's a rose, and that 's a stone,
Like sots, to us that laid it on:
And what we did but slightly prime,
Most ignorantly daub in rhyme:
You force us, in our own defences,
To copy beams and influences;
To lay perfections on the graces,
And draw attracts upon our faces:
And, in compliance to your wit,
Your own false jewels counterfeit;
For, by the practice of those arts
We gain a greater share of hearts,
And those deserve in reason most,
That greatest pains and study cost:
For great perfections are, like Heav'n,
Too rich a present to be giv'n,
- 130 Nor are those master-strokes of beauty
To be perform'd without hard duty;
Which, when they 're nobly done, and well,
The simple, natural, excel.
How far and sweet 's the planted rose,
Beyond the wild in hedges grows?
225 For, without art, the noblest seeds
Of flow'rs degenerate into weeds.
How dull and rugged, ere 't is ground
And polish'd, looks a diamond?
23 Tho' Paradise were e'er so fair,
It was not kept so without care.
The whole world, without art or dress
Would be but one great wilderness;
And mankind but a savage herd,
For all that nature has conferr'd.
235 This does but rough-hew, and design,
Leaves art to polish and refine;
Tho' women first were made for men,
Yet men were made for them again:
240 For when (outwitted by his wife)
Man first turn'd tenant but for life;
If women had not interven'd,
How soon had mankind had an end!
And that it is in being yet,
245 To us alone you are in debt.
And where 's your liberty of choice,
And our unnatural no-voice?
Since all the privileges you boast
And false usurp'd or vainly lost
250 Is now our right, to whose creation
You owe your happy restoration;
And if we had not weighty cause
To not appear in making laws,
255 We could, in spite of all your tricks,
And shallow formal politicks,
Force your managements t' obey,
As we to your's (in show) give way.
Hence 't is, that while you vainly strive
T' advance your high prerogative,
260 You basely, after all our braves,
Submit, and own yourselves our slaves;
And 'cause we do not make it known,
Nor publicly our interests own,
265 Like sots, suppose we have no shares
In ord'ring you, and your affairs:
175 When all your empire and command
You have from us at second-hand;
As if a pilot, that appears
To sit still only while he steers,
And does not make a noise and stir,
180 Like ev'ry common mariner,
Knew nothing of the card nor star,
And did not guide a man of war:
275 Nor we, because we don't appear
In councils, do not govern there;
185 While, like the mighty Prester John,
Whose person none dares look upon,
But is preserv'd in close disguise
From b'ing made cheap to vulgar eyes,
280 W' enjoy as large a power unseen,
To govern him, as he does men:
190 And in the right of our Pope Joan,
Make Emp'rors at our feet fall down:
Or Joan de Pucelle's braver name,
195 Our right to arms and conduct claim;
Who, though a spinster, yet was able
To serve France for a grand constable.
We make and execute all laws,
Can judge the judges and the cause;
200 Prescribe all rules of right or wrong,
To th' long robe and the longer tongue;
'Gainst which the world has no defence,
But our more powerful eloquence.
205 We manage things of greatest weight
In all your world's affairs of state,
Are ministers of war and peace,
That sway all nations how we please.
We rule all churches and their flocks,
Heretical and orthodox,
300 And are the heavenly vehicles
O' th' spirits, in all conventicles;
210 By us is all commerce and trade
Improv'd, and manag'd, and decay'd;
For nothing can go off so well,
Nor bears that price as what we sell.
215 We rule in ev'ry public meeting,
And make men do what we judge fitting
Are magistrates in all great towns,
Where men do nothing but wear gowns.
310 We make the man of war strike sail,
And to our braver conduct veil,

And, when he has chas'd his enemies, Submit to us upon his knees. Is there an officer of state, Untimely rais'd, or magistrate, That 's haughty or imperious; He 's but a journeyman to us: That as he gives us cause to do 't, Can keep him in or turn him out. We are your guardians, that increase Or waste your fortunes how we please; And, as your humour is, can deal In all your matters, ill or well. 'T is we that can dispose alone, Whether your heirs shall be your own, To whose integrity you must, In spite of all your caution, trust; And 'less you fly beyond the seas, Can fit you with what heirs we please; And force you 't own 'em, though begotten By French valets, or Irish footmen. Nor can the rigorous course Prevail, unless to make us worse: Who still the harsher we are us'd, Are further off from being reduc'd; And scorn 't abate for any ills, The least punctilios of our wills. Force does but whet our wits 't apply Arts, born with us, for remedy; Which all your politics, as yet, Have ne'er been able to defeat: For when y' have tried all sorts of ways, What fools d' we make of you in plays While all the favours we afford, Are but to gird you with the sword; To fight our battles in our steads, And have your brains beat out o' your heads:	315	Encounter, in despite of nature, And fight at once with fire and water, With pirates, rocks, and storms, and seas, Our pride and vanity 't appease; Kill one another, and cut throats, For our good graces, and best thoughts; To do your exercise for honour, And have your brains beat out the sooner Or crack'd, as learnedly, upon Things that are never to be known: And still appear the more industrious, The more your projects are prepost'rous: To square the circle of the arts, And run stark mad to show your parts; Expound the oracle of laws; And turn them which way we see cause: Be our solicitors and agents, And stand for us in all engagements. And these are all the mighty pow'rs You vainly boast, to cry down our's; And what in real value's wanting Supply with vapouring and ranting: Because yourselves are terrify'd, And stoop to one another's pride: Believe we have as little wit To be out-hector'd and submit; By your example, lose that right In treaties, which we gain'd in fight; And terrify'd into an awe, Pass on ourself a salique law: Or, as some nations use, give place, And trundle to your mighty race; Let men usurp th' unjust dominion, As if they were the better women.	350 355 360 365 370 375 380
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P O E M S,

BY THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD BYRON.

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MEMOIRS OF LORD BYRON.

THE subject of this Memoir was the grandson of the Hon. John Byron, well known as a naval commander under Lord Anson; and the son of John Byron, who married first the Baroness Conyers, daughter of Lord Holderness, by whom he had one daughter, Augusta (now Mrs. Leigh); and after her demise, he married Miss Gordon, an heiress in the county of Aberdeenshire, the mother of the poet.

George Gordon Byron was born in Holles Street, Cavendish Square, London, on the 16th of January, 1788. At the age of seven years young Byron, whose previous instruction in the English language had been his mother's sole task, was sent to the Grammar School at Aberdeen, where he continued till his removal to Harrow, with the exception of some intervals of absence which were deemed necessary for the establishment of his health, by a temporary removal to the Highlands of Aberdeenshire. His frame, which was considered delicate, was invigorated among these mountains, and the freedom of a true mountaineer ever held possession of his mind afterwards. Here it was he delighted in the 'mountain and the flood,' and here it was that he imbibed that spirit of freedom which nothing could tear from his heart. He has recorded his attachment to the scenes of his childhood in an early poem on Loch na Garr;

'Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd,
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;
On Chieftains long perish'd my memory ponder'd,
As daily I strode through the pine-cover'd glade:
I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star,
For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,
Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch na Garr.'

At school he contented himself with being considered a tolerable scholar, without making any exertions to be placed at the head of the first form. It was out of school that he aspired to be the leader of every thing. For this he was eminently calculated: candid, sincere, a lover of stern and inflexible truth; quick, enterprising, and daring, his mind was capable of overcoming the impediments which nature had thrown in his way by a weak constitution, and a mal-formation of one of his feet. Even at this early period all his sports were of a manly character; fishing, shooting, swimming, and managing a horse, or steering and trimming the sails of a boat, constituted his chief delights; and to the superficial observer, seemed his sole occupation.

In 1798, when he was but ten years of age, the poet succeeded to the title and estates of William, the fifth Lord Byron, to whom the peerage had descended from Sir John Byron (created Lord Byron, Oct. 21th, 1643,) who with six of his sons fought at Edge Hill in the royal cause.

In this year Lord Byron was sent to Harrow School, of which, through his life, and of Dr. Drury, his preceptor, he always spoke with strong regard. At sixteen he became a student at Trinity College, Cambridge. At nineteen he took up his residence at Newstead Abbey, and at this early period of his life he published his 'Hours of Idleness,' a series of Poems, original and translated. These poetic attempts, though possessing numerous original beauties, certainly gave no promise of his future greatness; this, perhaps, was a happy circumstance, as it provoked a memorable criticism, which in its turn met with a severer and more memorable retaliation, under the title of 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.'

Shortly after the publication of this spirited Sa-

tire his Lordship took leave of his native country and as the ordinary course of travelling through Europe was then impeded by the war, he embarked at Falmouth for Lisbon. In 1809 he passed through Portugal and Spain, touched at Malta and Sicily, and proceeded to the Morea and Constantinople. In his passage through the Dardanelles, a discourse arising respecting the practicability of swimming across the Hellespont, Lord Byron and Lieutenant Ekenhead agreed to make the trial, and accomplished the enterprize on the 3rd of May, 1810. The result of this notable adventure Lord Byron recorded in some lively lines, comparing himself with Leander, and concluding thus:—

'Twere hard to say who fared the best:
Sad mortals, thus the Gods still plague you;
He lost his labour, I my jest:
For he was drown'd, and I've the ague.

In the course of this tour his Lordship had a narrow escape from a fever in the vicinity of the place where he has just ended his life. In one of his letters he says, 'When in 1810, after the departure of my friend, Mr. Hobhouse, for England, I was seized with a severe fever in the Morea; these men (Albanians) saved my life, by frightening away my physician, whose throat they threatened to cut, if I was not cured within a given time. To this consolatory assurance of posthumous retribution, and a resolute refusal of Dr. Romanelli's prescriptions, I attribute my recovery. I had left my last remaining English servant at Athens! my dragoman, or interpreter, was as ill as myself, and my poor Arnaouts nursed me with an attention which would have done honour to civilization.'

His Lordship's mother died in 1811. Here it may be as well to contradict authoritatively, a report recently circulated in the newspapers, by those who view his Lordship's love of freedom as a crime—men who have been renegades from every party, and are worthy of trust by none,—namely, that Lord Byron designed Donna Inez in 'Don Juan,' for a portrait of his mother. This is utterly false; Mrs. Byron never forfeited the affection of her son; he divided his purse and his society with her at Newstead, from the moment he formed his establishment there; and though, perhaps, as a mother she might have chided any instance of wildness in him, she was remarkable for reverencing the talent he even then exhibited. It is not true, then, that he was a heartless son, but the very reverse. The character of Donna Inez does not resemble that of the late Mrs. Byron, who never had nor made pretensions to being a 'learned lady.' Lord Byron always spoke of his mother in the most affectionate terms.

After an absence of nearly three years Lord Byron returned to England, and the two first Cantos of 'Childe Harold' made their appearance a few months afterwards. This poem was, in rapid succession, followed by the 'Giaour' and the 'Bride of Abydos,' two Turkish stories; and while the world was as yet divided in opinion as to which of the three pieces the poem was due, he produced his beautiful poem of 'The Corsair.'

On the 2d of January, 1815, his Lordship married, at Seaham, in the county of Durham, Anna Isabella, the only daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke Noel, Baronet, and towards the close of the same year his Lady brought him a daughter, for whom he always manifested the strongest affection. Within a few weeks, however, after that event, a separation took place, for which various causes have been

stated. Paragraphs relating to the separation appeared in the public papers, mixed up with the most inconsistent and villanous accusations, which ultimately incited his Lordship to give vent to what himself felt and thought on the subject in two copies of verses which were privately circulated. The first, entitled 'Fare Thee Well,' evidently intended for his wife, was justly regarded by unprejudiced persons as doing honour to the feelings of the husband, paying exceeding compliment to the wife, and calculated to excite an ardent sympathy with all generous minds in behalf of the reconciliation and happiness of both. The other was addressed to a person, apparently a Governess, whom he considered as a mischief-maker, and whom he covered with a caustic set of horrors certainly calculated to make one's imagination tremble.—The severity of this 'Sketch' excited much animadversion, but was defended by a contemporary: 'Let it deserve, says he, all the censure that has been bestowed upon it, still the fierce vengeance, the illiberal invective, if you will, the deep, unmeasured, rancorous hatred, however culpable, that dictated it, may afford some proof of affection for the object whom his Lordship conceives to have been alienated from him by the person against whom the Sketch is directed.'

In April, 1816, his Lordship, while the public anxiety as to the course he would adopt was at its height, suddenly left the kingdom with the resolution never to return. He crossed over to France, through which he passed rapidly to Brussels, taking in his way a survey of the field of Waterloo. He proceeded to Coblenz, and thence up the Rhine as far as Basle. After visiting some of the most remarkable scenes in Switzerland, he proceeded to the north of Italy. He took up his abode for some time at Venice, where he was joined by Mr. Hobhouse, who accompanied him in an excursion to Rome, where he completed his 'Childe Harold.' At Venice Lord Byron avoided as much as possible any intercourse with the swarms of his countrymen whom idleness or curiosity drew thither, and who laboured to obtain introductions to him. To several literary persons, however, he was accessible, as well as to old friends. When he quitted Venice, he visited several other Italian cities, and afterwards resided in Tuscany, where he was joined by Mr. P. B. Shelly, and Mr. Leigh Hunt. During his residence in Italy, he wrote numerous poetical pieces, including his 'Don Juan,' 'Beppo,' 'Mazeppa,' besides three or four tragedies; and in conjunction with the above-named gentlemen, commenced a periodical miscellany entitled 'The Liberal,' to which he contributed some papers. After leaving Tuscany, he journeyed to Genoa, and from thence proceeded to Greece, to take that part in the cause of freedom so honourable to himself, and so glorious to his memory. We have much of profession amongst us, and of good wishes in the cause of freedom, but profusion and wishes are cheap: the instances of such as have the means and put them in practice are rare indeed. Lord Byron, however, was not one of these—he threw his whole heart into the cause, and sealed his sincerity in it and his own immortal honour by his death on the scene of action. This melancholy event took place at Missolonghi, on the 19th of April. The friends who were near him at the time of his decease, in addition to France Mavrocordato, were Mr. Parr, who had organized the artillery and engineer corps for the Greeks at Missolonghi, Mr. Bourke, and Count Gamba.

A detailed account of Lord Byron's last illness has been published, collected from the mouth of Mr. Fletcher, who has been for more than twenty years his confidential attendant.—On the 9th of April, his Lordship having been exposed to a heavy rain, was attacked by a slow fever attended with inflammatory symptoms; his medical attendants, however, for six or seven days did not consider him to be in any danger. "On the 11th," continues Mr. Fletcher, "his Lordship addressed me frequently, and seemed to be very much dissatisfied with his medical treatment. I then said, 'Do allow me to send for Dr. Thomas,' to which he answered, 'Do so, but be quick. I am only sorry I did not let you do so before, as I am sure they have mistaken my disease; write yourself, for I know he would not like to see other doctors here.' I did not lose a moment in obeying my master's orders, and on informing Dr. Bruno and Mr. Millingen of it, they said it was very right, as they now began to be

afraid themselves. On returning to my master's room, his first words were, 'Have you sent?' 'I have my Lord,' was my answer; upon which he said, 'You have done very right, for I should like to know what is the matter with me.' Although his Lordship did not appear to think his dissolution was so near, I could perceive he was getting weaker every hour, and he even began to have occasional fits of delirium. He afterwards said, 'I now begin to think I am seriously ill, and in case I should be taken off suddenly, I wish to give you several directions which I hope you will be particular in seeing executed. I answered, I would, in case such an event came to pass, but expressed a hope that he would live many years to execute them much better himself than I could. To this my master replied, 'No, it is now nearly over,—and then added, 'I must tell you all without losing a moment.' I then said 'Shall I go, my Lord, and fetch pen, ink, and paper?' 'Oh! my God, no—you will lose too much time, and I have it not to spare, for my time is now short,' said his Lordship; and immediately after, 'Now, pay attention;' his Lordship commenced by saying, 'You will be provided for: I begged him, however, to proceed with things of more consequence: he then continued, 'Oh, my poor dear child! my dear Ada! my God, could I but have seen her! give her my blessing,—and my dear sister Augusta and her children;—and you will go to Lady Byron, and say—tell her every thing—you are friends with her.' His Lordship appeared to be greatly affected at this moment. Here my master's voice failed him, so that I could only catch a word at intervals, but he kept muttering something very seriously for some time, and would often raise his voice and say, 'Fletcher, now if you do not execute every order which I have given you, I will torment you hereafter if possible.'—Here I told his Lordship, in a state of the greatest perplexity, that I had not understood a word of what he said, to which he replied, 'Oh, my God! then all is lost' for it is now too late—can it be possible you have not understood me?' 'No, my Lord,' said I, 'but I pray you to try and inform me once more.' 'How can I?' rejoined my master, 'it is now too late, and all is over.' I said, 'Not our will, but God's be done,' and he answered, 'Yes, not mine be done—but I will try.'—His Lordship did indeed make several efforts to speak, but could only repeat two or three words at a time, such as, 'My wife! my child! my sister! you know all—you must say all—you know my wishes; the rest was quite unintelligible.—The last words I heard my master utter, were at six o'clock on the evening of the 18th, when he said, 'I must sleep now,' upon which he lay down never to rise again! for he did not move hand or foot during the following twenty-four hours. His Lordship appeared, however, to be in a state of suffocation at intervals, and on these occasions I called Tita to assist me in raising his head, and I thought he seemed to get quite stiff. The rattling and choking in the throat took place every half-hour; and we continued to raise his head whenever the fit came on, till six o'clock in the evening of the 19th when I saw my master open his eyes and then shut them, but without showing any symptom of pain, or moving hand or foot. 'Oh, my God!' I exclaimed, 'I fear his Lordship is gone!' The doctors then felt his pulse, and said, 'You are right—he is gone.'

Thus has terminated the earthly career of a great spirit, while engaged in supporting by his person and influence one of the noblest causes that the annals of humanity ever exhibited to the world. His Lordship, it has been observed, resembled an ancient Greek in many points, 'he reminds us of those better days of Grecian story when valour bowed at the shrine of wisdom, and never appeared more engaging than when scattering incense over the tomb of Genius. Even when a mere boy his Lordship was a perfect enthusiast in the cause of Greece. Again and again he braved all the perils of Turkish jealousy, to linger amidst scenes which his youthful studies had taught him to revere—he climbed Parnassus—swam the Hellespont—bathed his burning brow in the waters of Helicon—planned sublime verses on the plains of Marathon; and, in a word, resigned himself so completely to classic association, that he seemed a Greek in spirit, though a Briton in name.'

The following tribute to the memory of Lord Byron by Sir Walter Scott, is a proof how much liberality is allied to true genius :

Lord Byron, who has so long and so amply filled the highest place in the public eye, has shared the lot of humanity. His Lordship died at Missolonghi, on the 19th of April. That mighty genius, which walked amongst men as something superior to ordinary mortality, and whose powers were beheld with wonder, and something approaching to terror, as if we knew not whether they were of good or of evil, is laid as soundly to rest as the poor peasant whose ideas never went beyond his daily task. The voice of just blame and of malignant censure are at once silenced ; and we feel almost as if the great luminary of heaven had suddenly disappeared from the sky, at the moment when every telescope was levelled for the examination of the spots which dimmed its brightness. It is not now the question what were Byron's faults, what his mistakes ; but how is the blank which he has left in British literature to be filled up ? Not, we fear, in one generation, which, among many highly gifted persons, has produced none who approach Byron in originality, the first attribute of genius. Only thirty-seven years old !—so much already done for immortality—so much time remaining, as it seems to us short-sighted mortals, to maintain and to extend his fame, and to atone for errors in conduct and levities in composition : who will not grieve that such a race has been shortened, though not always keeping the strait path ; such a light extinguished, though sometimes flaming to dazzle and to bewilder ?—One word on this ungrateful subject ere we quit it for ever.

The errors of Lord Byron arose neither from depravity of heart,—for nature had not committed the anomaly of uniting to such extraordinary talents an imperfect moral sense,—nor from feelings dead to the admiration of virtue. No man had ever a kinder heart for sympathy, or a more open hand for the relief of distress, and no mind was ever more formed for the enthusiastic admiration of noble actions, provided he was convinced that the actors had proceeded on disinterested principles. Lord Byron was totally free from the curse and degradation of literature,—its jealousies, we mean, and its envy ; but his wonderful genius was of a nature which disdained restraint even when restraint was most wholesome. When at school, the tasks in which he excelled were those only which he undertook voluntarily ; and his situation as a young man of rank, with strong passions, and in the uncontrolled enjoyment of a considerable fortune, added to that impatience of strictures or coercion which was natural to him. As an author, he refused to plead at the bar of criticism ; as a man, he would not submit to be morally amenable to the tribunal of public opinion. Remonstrances from a friend, of whose intentions and kindness he was secure, had often great weight with him ; but there were few who could venture on a task so difficult. Reproof he endured with impatience, and reproach hardened him in his error,—so that he often resembled the gallant war-steed, who rushes forward on the steel that wounds him. In the most painful crisis of his private life, he evinced this irritability and impatience of censure in such a degree as almost to resemble the noble victim of the bull-fight, which is more maddened by the squibs, darts, and petty annoyances of the unworthy crowds beyond the lists, than by the lance of his nobler, and so to speak, his more legitimate antagonist. In a word, much of that in which he erred was in bravado and scorn of his censors, and was done with the motive of Dryden's despot 'to show his arbitrary power.' It is needless to say that his was a false and prejudiced view of such a contest ; and if the noble bard gained a sort of triumph, by compelling the world to read *his life*, he gave in return, an unworthy triumph to the unworthy, besides deep sorrow to those whose applause, in his cooler moments, he most valued.

It was the same with his politics, which on several occasions assumed a tone menacing and contemptuous to the constitution of his country ; while, in fact, Lord Byron was in his own heart sufficiently sensible, not only of his privilege as a Briton, but of the distinction attending his high birth and rank ;

and was peculiarly sensitive of those shades which constitute what is termed the manners of a gentleman. Indeed, notwithstanding his having employed epigrams, and all the petty war of wit, when such would have been much better abstained from, he would have been found, had a collision taken place between the aristocratic parties in the state, exerting all his energies in defence of that to which he naturally belonged. His own feelings on these subjects he has explained in the very last canto of *Don Juan* ; and they are in entire harmony with the opinions which we have seen expressed in his correspondence, at a moment when matters appeared to approach a serious struggle in his native country :—

'He was as independent—ay, much more
Than those who were not paid for independence
As common soldiers, or a common—shore,
Have in their several acts or parts ascendance
O'er the irregulars in lust or gore,
Who do not give professional attendance,
Thus on the mob all statesmen are as eggers,
To prove their pride, as footmen to a bag.'

We are not, however, Byron's apologists, for *non*, alas ! he needs none. His excellences will *not* be universally acknowledged, and his faults (let us hope and believe) not remembered in his epitaph. It will be recollected what a part he has sustained in British literature since the first appearance of *'Childe Harold'*, a space of nearly sixteen years. There has been no reposing under the shade of his laurels, no living upon the resource of past reputation ; none of that *codding* and petty precaution which little authors call 'taking care of their fame.' Byron let his fame take care of itself. His foot was always in the arena, his shield hung always in the lists ; and although his own gigantic renown increased the difficulty of the struggle, since he could produce nothing, however great, which exceeded the public estimates of his genius, yet he advanced to the contest again and again and again, and came always off with distinction, almost always with complete triumph. As various in composition as Shakspeare himself (thus will be admitted by all who are acquainted with his *'Don Juan'*) he has embraced every topic of human life, and sounded every string on the divine harp, from its slightest to its most powerful and heart-astounding tones. There is scarce a passion or a situation which has escaped his pen ; and he might be drawn, like Garrick, between the weeping and the laughing muse, although his most powerful efforts have certainly been dedicated to Melpomene. His genius seemed as prolific as various. The most prodigal use did not exhaust his powers, nay, seemed rather to increase their vigour. Neither *'Childe Harold'*, nor any of the most beautiful of Byron's earlier tales, contain more exquisite morsels of poetry than are to be found scattered through the cantos of *'Don Juan'*, amidst verses, which the author appears to have thrown off with an effort as spontaneous as that of a tree resigning its leave to the wind. But that noble tree will never more bear fruit or blossom ! It has been cut down in its strength, and the past is all that remains to us of Byron. We can scarce reconcile ourselves to the idea—scarce think that the voice is silent for ever, which, bursting so often on our ear, was often heard with rapturous admiration, sometimes with regret, but always with the deepest interest :—

'All that's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest.'

With a strong feeling of awful sorrow, we take leave of the subject. Death creeps upon our most serious, as well as upon our most idle employments ; and it is a reflection solemn and gratifying, that he found our Byron in no moment of levity, but contributing his fortune and hazarding his life in behalf of a people only endeared to him by their past glories, and as fellow-creatures suffering under the yoke of a heathen oppressor. To have fallen in a crusade for freedom and humanity, as in olden times it would have been an atonement for the blackest crimes, may in the present be allowed to expiate greater follies than even exaggerated calumny has propagated against Byron.

HOURS OF IDLENESS:

SERIES OF POEMS,

ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED.

Μητ' αὖ με μάλ' αὖτις μνηστὶς τί νηῆς.

HOMER Iliad, 10.

He whistled as he went for want of thought.

DRYDEN.

POEMS.

ON LEAVING NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

*WHY dost thou build the hall? Son of the winged
days! Thou lookest from thy tower to-day; yet a
few years, and the blast of the desert comes; it
howls in thy empty court.*

Obsidian.

THROUGH thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow
winds whistle.

Thou the hall of my Fathers art gone to decay ;
In thy once smiling garden, the hemlock and this-
tle.

Have choked up the rose, which late bloom'd in
the way.

Of the mail-cover'd Barons, who proudly to battle,
Led their vassals from Europe to Palestine's plain,
The escutcheon and shield, which with every blast
rattle.

Are the only sad vestiges now that remain.

No more doth old Robert, with harp-stringing
 numbers,
 Raise a flame in the breast for the war-laurell'd
 Near Askalon's Towers, John of Horistan * slum-
 bers.

Unnerved is the hand of his minstrel by death.

Paul and Hubert too sleep, in the valley of Cressy ;
For the safety of Edward and England they fell ;
My Fathers ! the tears of your country redress ye ;
How you fought ! how you died ! still her annals
can tell.

n Marston | with Rupert ‡ 'gainst traitors contend-
| ng. | field :

Four brothers enrich'd with their blood the bleak
For the rights of a monarch, their country defend-
ing.

Till death their attachment to royalty seal'd.

Shades of heroes, farewell! your descendant de-
parting

From the seat of his ancestors bids you adieu !
Abroad, or at home, your remembrance imparting
New courage, he'll think upon glory and you.

Though a tear dlm his eye at this sad separation,
'Tis nature, not fear that excites his regret ;
Far distant he goes with the same emulation,
The fame of his fathers he ne'er can forget.

That fame, and that memory, still will he cherish,
He vows that he ne'er will disgrace your re-
nown:

Like you will he live, or like you will he perish :
When decay'd may he mingle his dust with your
own. 1803.

EPITAPH ON A FRIEND.

Ἀστὴς πρὶν μὲν εὐλαμπὲς ἐνὶ ξωοισιν ἕως
LAEPTIUS

On! I friend! for ever loved, for ever dear,
 What smiles and tears have bathed thy honour'd bier!
 What sighs re-echo'd to thy parting breath,
 Whilst thou wast struggling in the pangs of death
 Could tears retard the tyrant in his course;
 Could sighs avert his dart's relentless force;
 Could youth and virtue claim a short delay,
 Or beauty charm the spectre from his prey;
 Thou still hadst lived to bless my aching sight,
 Thy comrade's honour, and thy friend's delight.
 If yet, thy gentle spirit hover nigh
 The spot, where now thy mouldering ashes lie,
 Here will I kneel, and, kneeling on my heart,
 A grief too deep to trust the sculptor's art,
 No marble marks thy couch of lowly sleep;
 But living statues there, are seen to weep;
 Affliction's semblance bends not o'er thy tomb,
 Affliction's self deplores thy youthful doom.
 What though thy sire lament his falling line,
 A father's sorrows cannot equal mine!
 Though none like thee his dying hour will cheer,
 Yet other offspring soothe his anguish here?
 But who with me shall hold thy former place?
 Thine image, what new friendship can efface?
 Ah! what vain task, what vain endeavour to flow,
 Time will assuage an infant brother's woe;
 To all, save one, is consolation known,
 While solitary friendship sighs alone.

1803.

A FRAGMENT.

Winn, to thdr alry hall, my Father's voice
Shall call my spirit, joyful in their choice :
When poised upon the gale, my form shall ride,
Or, dark in mist, descend the mountain's side ;
Oh ! may my shade behold no sculptured urns
To mark the spot, where earth to earth returns :
No lengthen'd scroll, no praise-encumber'd stone ;
My epitaph shall be, my name alone—
If that with honour fall to crown my clay,
Oh ! may no other fame my deeds repay :
That, only that, shall single out the spot,
By that remember'd, or with that forgot.

1863.

THE TEAR.

O lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo ; quater
Felix ! in imo qui scatentem
Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit.

GRAY.

• Horistan Castle, in Derbyshire, an ancient seat of the Byron family.

† The battle of Marston Moor, where the adherents of Charles I. were defeated.

† Son of the Elector Palatine, and related to Charles I. he afterwards commanded the fleet in the reign of Charles II.

When friendship or love
Our sympathies move;
When Truth, in a glance, should appear.

The lips may beguile,
With a duple or smile,
But the test of affliction's a Tear.

Too oft is a smile
But the hypocrite's wile,
To mask detestation, or fear:
Give me the soft sigh,
Whilst the soul-telling eye
Is dimm'd for a time, with a Tear

Mild Charity's glow,
To us mortals below,
Shows the soul, from barbarity clear;
Compassion will melt
Where this virtue is felt,
And its dew is diffused in a Tear.

The man doom'd to sail
With the blast of the gale,
Through billows Atlantic to steer:
As he bends o'er the wave,
Which may soon be his grave,
The green sparkles bright with a Tear.

The soldier braves death,
For a fanciful wreath,
In Glory's romantic career;
But he raises the foe,
When in battle laid low,
And bathes every wound with a Tear.

If with high-bounding pride,
He return to his bride,
Renouncing the gore-crimson'd spear
All his toils are repaid,
When, embracing the maid,
From her eyelid he kisses the Tear.

Sweet scene of my youth,
Seat of Friendship and Truth,
Where love chased each fast-fleeing year;
Loath to leave thee, I mourn'd,
For a last look I turn'd,
But thy spire was scarce seen through a Tear.

Though my vows I can pour
To my Mary no more,
My Mary to Love once so dear;
In the shade of her bower,
I remember the hour,
She rewarded those vows with a Tear.

By another possessor'd,
May she live ever bless'd,
Her name still my heart must revere;
With a sigh I resign
What I once thought was mine,
And forgive her deceit with a Tear.

Ye friends of my heart,
Ere from you I depart,
This hope to my breast is most near;
If again we shall meet,
In this rural retreat,
May we meet, as we part, with a Tear.

When my soul wings her flight
To the regions of night,
And my corse shall recline on its bier;
As ye pass by the tomb,
Where my ashes consume,
Oh! moisten their dust with a Tear.

May no marble bestow
The splendour of woe,
Which the children of vanity rear;
No fiction of fame
Shall blazon my name,
All I ask, all I wish, is a Tear.

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,

DELIVERED

*Previous to the performance of the "Wheel of Fortune,"
at a Private Theatre.*

SINCE the refinement of this polish'd age,
It has sweep'd immoral raillery from the stage;
Since taste has now expung'd licentious wit,
Which stamp'd disgrace on all an author writ;

Since now to please with purer scenes we seek,
Nor dare to call the blush from Beauty's cheek;
Oh! let the modest Muse some pity claim,
And meet indulgence though she find not fame.
Still, not for her alone, we wish respect;
Others appear more conscious of defect;
To-night no veteran Roschi you behold,
In all the arts of scenic action old;
No Cooke, no Kemble, can salute you here,
No Siddons draw the sympathetic tear;
To-night, you throng to witness the debut
Of embryo actors, to the Drama new;
Here, then, our almost unfledged wings we try,
Clap not our pinions ere the birds can fly;
Failing in this our first attempt to soar,
Drooping, alas! we fall to rise no more.
Not one poor trembler only, fear betrays,
Who hopes, yet almost dreads, to meet your praise;
But all our dramatic personae wait,
In fond suspense, this crisis of their fate.
No venal views our progress can retard,
Your generous plaudits are our sole reward;
For these, each Hero all his power displays,
Each timid Heroine shrinks before your gaze;
Surely the last will some protection find,
None, to the softer sex, can prove unkind;
Whilst Youth and Beauty form the female shield,
The sternest Censor to the fair must yield.
Yet, should our feeble efforts nought avail,
Should, after all, our best endeavours fail;
Still, let some mercy in your bosoms live,
And if you can't applaud, at least forgive.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. FOX.

The following Illiberal Impromptu appeared
in a Morning Paper

"Our nation's foes lament on Fox's death,
But bless the hour, when Pitt resign'd his breath.
These feelings wide, let Sense and Truth unclue,
We give the palm, where Justice points it due."

*To which the Author of these Pieces sent the
following reply.*

Oh! factious viper! whose envenom'd tooth,
Would mangle still the dead, perverting truth;
What, though our "nation's foes" lament the fate,
With generous feeling, of the good and great;
Shall dastard tongues essay to blast the name
Of him, whose meed exists in endless fame?
When Pitt expired in plenitude of power,
Though ill success obscured his dying hour,
Pier her dewy wings before him spread,
Fox noble spirits "war not with the dead,"
His friends, in tears, a last sad requiem gave,
As all his errors slumber'd in the grave;
He sunk, an Atlas bending 'neath the weight
Of care, o'erwhelming our conflicting state;
When, lo! a Hercules in Fox appeared,
Who for a time the ruin'd fabric rear'd;
He, too, is fallen, who Britain's loss supplied,
With him our fast reviving hopes have died;
Not one great people, only, raise his urn,
All Europe's far extended regions mourn.
"These feelings wide, let Sense and Truth un-
clue,
To give the palm where Justice points it due;"
Yet let not canker'd calumny assail,
Or round our statesman wind her gloomy veil.
Fox! o'er whose corse a mourning world must weep,
Whose dear remains in honour'd marble sleep,
For whom, at last, even hostile nations groan,
While friends and foes, alike his talents own.
Fox shall in Britain's future annals shine,
Nor even to Pitt the patriot's palm resign;
Which Envy, wearing Candour's sacred mask,
For Pitt, and Pitt alone, has dared to ask.

1806.

STANZAS TO A LADY,

With the Poems of Camoens.

This votive pledge of fond esteem,
Perhaps, dear Girl! from me thou'lt prize;
It sings of Love's enchanting dream,
A theme we never can despise.

Who blames it but the envious fool,
The old and disappointed maid?
Or pupil of the prudish school,
In single scrow doom'd to fade.

Then read, dear Girl! with feeling read,
For thou wilt ne'er be one of those,
To thee, in vain I shall not plead
In pity for the Poet's woes.

He was in sooth a genuine bard;
His was no faint, fictitious flame;
Like his, may love be thy reward;
But not thy hapless fate the same.

TO M——

Oh! did those eyes, instead of fire,
With bright, but mild affection shine;
Though they might kindle less desire,
Love, more than mortal, would be thine.

For thou art form'd so heavenly fair,
How'er those eyes may wildly beam,
We must admire, but still despair;
That fatal glance forbids esteem.

When nature stamp'd thy beauteous birth,
So much perfection in thee shone,
She fear'd that, too divine for earth,
The skies might claim thee for their own;

Therefore, to guard her dearest work,
Lest angels might dispute the prize,
She bade a secret lightning lurk,
Within those once celestial eyes.

These might the boldest sylph appal,
When gleaming with meridian blaze;
Thy beauty must enrapture all,
But, who can dare thine ardent gaze?

'Tis said, that Berenice's hair,
In stars adorns the vault of heaven;
But, they would ne'er permit thee there.
Thou wouldst so far outshine the seven.

For did those eyes as planets roll,
Thy sister lights would scarce appear:
Even suns, which systems now control,
Would twinkle dimly through their sphere. 1806.

TO WOMAN.

WOMAN! experience might have told me,
That all must love thee who behold thee;
Surely experience might have taught,
Thy firmest promises are nought;
But placed in all thy charms before me,
All I forget but to adore thee.
Oh! Memory! thou choicest blessing,
When join'd with hope, when still possessing,
But how much cursed by every lover,
When hope is fled, and passion's over.
Woman, that fair and fond deceiver,
How prompt are striplings to believe her;
How throbs the pulse, when first we view
The eye that rolls in glossy blue;
Or sparkles black, or mildly throws
A beam from under hazel brows;
How quick we credit every oath,
And hear her plight the willing troth;
Fondly we hope 'twill last for aye,
When lo! she changes in a day;
This record will for ever stand,
"Woman, thy vows are trac'd in sand."*

TO M. S. G.

WHEN I dream that you love me, you'll surely
forgive,
Extend not your anger to sleep;
For in visions alone, your affection can live,
I rise and it leaves me to weep.

* The last line is almost a literal translation
from a Spanish Proverb.

Then, Morpheus! envelop my faculties fast,
Shed o'er me your languor benign;
Should the dream of to-night but resemble the last,
What rapture celestial is mine!

They tell us, that slumber, the sister of death,
Mortality's emblem is given;
To fate how I long to resign my frail breath,
If this be a foretaste of Heaven.

Ah! frown not, sweet Lady, unbend your soft brow,
Nor deem me too happy in this;
If I sin in my dream, I atone for it now,
Thus doom'd but to gaze upon bliss.

Though in visions, sweet Lady, perhaps you may
smile,
Oh! think not my penance deficient;
When dreams of your presence my slumbers be-
guile,
To awake will be torture sufficient.

SONG.

WHEN I roved a young Highlander, o'er the dark
heath,
And climb'd thy steep summit, O Morven,^[snow.]
To gaze on the torrent that thunder'd beneath,
Or the mist of the tempest that gather'd below;
Untutor'd by science, a stranger to fear,
And rude as the rocks where my infancy grew,
No feeling, save one, to my bosom was dear,
Need I say, my sweet Mary, 'twas centred in you.

Yet it could not be love, for I knew not the name,
What passion can dwell in the heart of a child?
But still I perceive an emotion the same
As I felt, when a boy, on the crag-cover'd wild
One image alone, on my bosom impress'd,
I loved my bleak regions nor panted for new,
And few were my wants, for my wishes were
blest,
And pure were my thoughts, for my soul was
with you.

I arose with the dawn, with my dog as my guide,
From mountain to mountain I bounded along,
I breast'd the billows of Dris's rushing tide,
And heard at a distance, the Highlander's song:
At eve, on my heath-cover'd couch of repose,
No dreams, save of Mary, were spread to my
view,
And warm to the skies my devotion arose,
For the first of my prayers was a blessing on you.

I left my bleak home and my visions are gone,
The mountains are vanish'd, my youth is no more;
As the first of my race I must wither alone,
And delight but in days I have witness'd before.
Ah! splendour has rais'd, but embitter'd my lot,
More dear were the scenes which my infancy
knew;
Though my hopes may have fail'd, yet they are not
Though cold is my heart, still it lingers with you. [forgot]

When I see some dark hill point its crest to the sky,
I think of the rocks that o'ershadow Colleen;
When I see the soft blue of a love-speaking eye,
I think of those eyes, that endur'd the rude
scene;

* Morven: a lofty mountain in Aberdeenshire.
"Gormal of snow," is an expression frequently to be
found in Ossian.

† This will not appear extraordinary to those who
have been accustomed to the Mountains; it is by
no means uncommon on attaining the top of Ben
e-vis, Ben-y-bourd, &c. to perceive between the
summit and the valley, clouds pouring down rain,
and occasionally accompanied by lightning, while
the spectator literally looks down upon the storm
perfectly secure from its effects.

‡ Breasting the lofty mountain.—SHAKESPEARE.
§ The Dee is a beautiful river, which rises near
Mar Lodge, and falls into the sea at New Aberdeen.
|| Colleen is a mountain near the verge of the
Highlands, not far from the ruins of Dee Castle.

When, haply, some light-waving locks I behold
That faintly resemble my Mary's in hue,
I think on the long flowing ringlets of gold,
The locks that were sacred to beauty and you.

Yet the day may arrive, when the mountains once
more
Shall rise to my sight, in their mantles of snow:
But while these soar above me, unchanged as be-
fore,

Will Mary be there to receive me? ah no!
Adieu! then, ye hills, where my childhood was
bred,
Thou sweet flowing Dee, to thy waters adieu!
No home in the forest shall shelter my head,
Ah! Mary, what home could be mine but with
you?

TO ———

On! yes, I will own we were dear to each other,
The friendships of childhood, though fleeting are
true,
The love which you felt, was the love of a brother,
Nor less the affection I cherish'd for you.

But friendship can vary her gentle dominion,
The attachment of years in a moment expires;
Like love too, she moves on a swift waving pinion,
But glows not, like Love, with unquenchable
fires.

Full oft have we wander'd through Ida together,
And bless'd were the scenes of our youth, I allow;
In the spring of our life, how serene is the weather;
But winter's rude tempests are gathering now.

No more with affection shall memory blending,
The wonted delights of our childhood retrace;
When pride steals the bosom the heart is unbend-
ing,
And what would be justice, appears a disgrace.

However, dear S——, for I still must esteem you,
The few whom I love, I can never upbraid,
The chance which has lost, may in future redeem
you,
Repentance will cancel the vow you have made.

I will not complain, and though chill'd is affection,
With me no corroding resentment shall live:
My bosom is calm'd by the simp'le reflection,
That both may be wrong, and that both should
forgive.

You knew that my soul, that my heart, my exist-
ence,
If danger demanded, were wholly your own;
You knew me unalter'd by years or by distance,
Devoted to love and to friendship alone.

You knew,—but away with the vain retrospection
The bond of affection no longer endures;
Too late you may droop o'er the fond recollection,
And sigh for the friend who was formerly yours.

For the present, we part—I will hope not for ever,
For time and regret will restore you at last:
To forget our dis-sension we both should endeavour,
I ask no atonement, but days like the past.

TO MARY.

On receiving her picture.

THIS faint resemblance of thy charms,
Though strong as mortal art could give,
My constant heart of fear disarms,
Revives my hopes, and bids me live.

Here I can trace the locks of gold,
Which round thy snowy forehead wave;
The cheeks which sprung from Beauty's mould,
The lips which made me Beauty's slave.

Here I can trace—Ah, no! that eye
Whose azure floats in liquid fire,
Must all the painter's art defy,
And bid him from the task retire.

Here I behold its beauteous hue,
But where's the beam so sweetly straying?
Which gave a lustre to its blue
Like Luna o'er the ocean playing.

Sweet copy! far more dear to me,
Lifeless, unfeeling as thou art,
Than all the living forms could be,
Save her who placed thee next my heart.

She plac'd it, sad, with needless fear,
Lest time might shake my wavering soul,
Unconscious, that her image there,
Held every sense in fast control.

Through hours, through years, through time 'twill
cheer;

My hope, in gloomy moments raise;
In life's last conflict, 'twill appear,
And meet my fond expiring gaze.

DAMETIS.

In law an infant,* and in years a boy,
In mind a slave to every vicious joy,
From every sense of shame and virtue wean'd,
In lies an adept, in deceit a fiend;
Versed in hypocrisy, while yet a child;
Fickle as wind, of inclinations wild;
Woman his dupe, his heedless friend a tool,
Old in the world, though scarcely broke from school;
Dametas ran through all the maze of sin,
And found the goal, when others just begin;
Even still conflicting passions shake his soul,
And bid him drain the dregs of pleasure's bowl;
But pall'd with vice, he breaks his former chain,
And, what was once his bliss, appears his bane.

TO MARION.

MARTON! Why that pensive brow?
What disgust to life hast thou?
Change that discontented air;
Frowns become not one so fair.
'Tis not love disturbs thy rest,
Love's a stranger to thy breast;
He, in dimpling smiles, appears,
Or mourns in sweetly timid tears;
Or bends the languid eyelid down,
But shuns the cold forbidding frown;
Then resume thy former fire,
Some will love, and all admire;
While that icy aspect chills us,
Nought but cool indifference thrills us.
Wouldst thou wandering hearts beguile,
Smile at least, or seem to smile;
Eyes like thine were never meant
To hide their orbs, in dark restraint;
Spite of all thou fain wouldst say,
Still in truant beams they play.
Thy lips,—but here my modest Muse
Her impulse chaste must needs refuse,
She blushes, court'ies, frowns,—in short she
Dreads lest the subject should transport me;
And flying off in search of reason,
Brings prudence back in proper season.
All I shall therefore say (whatever
I think, is neither here nor there),
Is that such lips, of looks endearing,
Were form'd for better things than sneering;
Of soothing compliments divested,
Advice at least's disinterested;
Such is my artless song to thee,
From all the flow of flattery free;
Counsel like mine is as a brother's,
My heart is given to some others,
That is to say, unskill'd to cozen,
It shares itself among a dozen.
Marion! adieu! oh! pry thee slight not
This warning, though it may delight not,
And, lest my precepts be displeasing
To those who think remonstrance teasing,
At once I'll tell thee our opinion,
Concerning woman's soft dominion:

* In Law, every person is an infant, who has not attained the age of 21.

How'er we gaze with admiration,
On eyes of blue, or lips of carnation;
How'er the flowing locks attract us,
How'er the beauties may distract us,
Still fickle we are prone to rove,
These cannot fix our souls to love;
It is not too severe a stricture,
To say they form a pretty picture,
But would'st thou see the secret chain,
Which binds us in your humble train,
To hail you quæstors of all creation,
Know in a word, 'tis ANIMATION.

OSCAR OF ALVA.*

A TALE.

How sweetly shines through azure skies,
The lamp of Heaven on Lora's shore;
Where Alva's hoary turret rises,
And hear the din of arms no more.

But often has yon rolling moon,
On Alva's caves of silver play'd;
And view'd at midnight's silent noon,
Her chiefs in gleaming mail array'd.

And on the crimson'd rocks beneath,
Which scowl o'er ocean's sullen flow,
Pale in the scatter'd ranks of death,
She saw the gasping warrior low.

While many an eye, which ne'er again
Could mark the rising orb of day,
Turn'd feebly from the pery plain,
Beheld in death her fading ray.

Once to those eyes, the lamp of Love,
They bless'd her dear, propitious light;
But now she glimmer'd from above,
A sad, funereal torch of night.

Faded is Alva's noble race,
And gray her towers are seen afar;
No more her heroes urge the chase,
Or roll the crimson tide of war.

But who was last of Alva's clan?
Why grows the moss on Alva's stone?
Her towers resound no steps of man,
They echo to the gale alone.

And when that gale is fierce and high,
A sound is heard in yonder hall,
It rises hoarsely through the sky,
And vibrates o'er the mouldering wall.

Yes, when the eddying tempest sighs,
It shakes the shield of Oscar brave;
But there no more his banners rise,
No more his plumes of sable wave.

Fair shone the sun on Oscar's birth,
When Angus hail'd his eldest born;
The vassals round their chieftain's hearth,
Crowd to applaud the happy morn.

They feast upon the mountain deer,
The pibroch raised its piercing note,
To gladden more their highland cheer,
The strains in martial numbers float.

And they who heard the war-notes wild
Hoped that, one day, the pibroch's strain,
Should play before the hero's child
While he should lead the tartan train.

Another year is quickly past,
And Angus hails another son,
His natal day is like the last,
Nor soon the jocund feast was done.

Taught by their sire to bend the bow,
On Alva's dusky hills of wind;
The boys in childhood chased the roe,
And left their hounds in speed behind.

But ere their years of youth are o'er,
They mingle in the ranks of war;
They lightly wheel the bright claymore,
And send the whistling arrow far.

Dark was the flow of Oscar's hair,
Wildly it stream'd along the gale;
But Allan's locks were bright and fair,
And pensive seem'd his cheek, and pale.

But Oscar own'd a hero's soul,
His dark eye shone through beams of truth;
Allan had early learn'd control,
And smooth his words had been from youth.

Both, both were brave, the Saxon spear,
Was shiver'd oft beneath their steel,
And Oscar's bosom scorn'd to fear,
But Oscar's bosom knew to feel.

While Allan's soul believ'd his form,
Unworthy with such charms to dwell;
Keen as the lightning of the storm
On foes his deadly vengeance fell.

From high Southannon's distant tower
Arrived a young and noble dame;
With Kenneth's lands to form her dower,
Glenalvon's blue-eyed daughter came;

And Oscar claim'd the beauteous bride,
And Angus on his Oscar smiled,
It soothed the father's feudal pride
Thus to obtain Glenalvon's child.

Hark! to the pibroch's pleasing note,
Hark! to the swelling nuptial song;
In joyous strains the voices float,
And still the choral peal prolong,

See how the heroes' blood-red plumes,
Assembled wave in Alva's hall;
Each youth his varied plaid assumes,
Attending on their chieftain's call.

It is not war their aid demands,
The pibroch plays the song of peace;
To Oscar's nuptials throng the band,
Nor yet the sounds of pleasure cease.

But where is Oscar? sure 'tis late:
Is this a bridegroom's ardent flame?
While thronging guests, and ladies wait,
Nor Oscar nor his brother came.

At length young Allan join'd the bride,
"Why comes not Oscar?" Angus said;
"Is he not here?" the youth replied,
"With me he roved not o'er the glade."

"Perchance, forgetful of the day,
'Tis his to chase the bounding roe;
Or Ocean's waves prolong his stay,
Yet Oscar's bark is seldom slow."

"Oh, no!" the anguish'd Sire rejoin'd,
"Nor chase, nor wave my boy delay;
Would he to Mora seem unkind?
Would ought to her impede his way?"

"Oh! search, ye Chiefs! oh! search around!
Allan, with these, through Alva fly,
Till Oscar, till my son is found,
Haste, haste, nor dare attempt reply!"

All is confusion—through the vale,
The name of Oscar hoarsely rings,
It rises on the murmuring gale,
Till night expands her dusky wings.

It breaks the stillness of the night,
But echoes through her shade, in rain;
It sounds through morning's misty light,
But Oscar comes not o'er the plain.

Three days, three sleepless nights, the Chief
For Oscar search'd each mountain cave;

* The catastrophe of this tale was suggested by the story of "Jeronymo and Lorenzo," in the first volume of the "Armenian, or Ghost-Seer." It also bears some resemblance to a scene in the third Act of "Macbeth."

Then hope is lost, in boundless grief,
His locks in gray-torn ringlets wave.

"Oscar! my son!—thou God of heaven!
Restore the prop of sinking age;
Or, if that hope no more is given,
Yield his assassin to my rage.

"Yes, on some desert, rocky shore,
My Oscar's whiten'd bones must lie;
Then grant thou, God! I ask no more,
With him his frantic sire may die.

"Yet, he may live,—away despair,
Be calm my soul! he yet may live;
To arraign my fate, my voice forbear,
O God! my impious prayer forgive.

"What, if he live for me no more,
I sink forgotten in the dust,
The hope of Alva's age is o'er,
Alas I can pang like these be just!"

Thus did the hapless parent mourn,
Till Time, who soothes severest woe,
Had bade serenity return,
And made the tear-drop cease to flow.

For still, some latent hope survived,
That Oscar might once more appear;
His hope now droop'd, and now revived,
Till Time had told a tedious year.

Days roll'd along, the orb of light
Again had run his destin'd race;
No Oscar bless'd his father's sight,
And sorrow left a fainter trace.

For youthful Allan still remain'd,
And now his father's only joy:
And Mora's heart was quickly gain'd,
For beauty crown'd the fair-hair'd boy.

She thought that Oscar low was laid,
And Allan's face was wondrous fair;
If Oscar lived, some other maid
Had claim'd his faithless bosom's care.

And Angus said, if one year more,
In fruitless hope was pass'd away;
His fondest scruples should be o'er,
And he would name their nuptial day.

Slow roll'd the moons, but bless'd at last,
Arrived the dearly destin'd morn;
The year of anxious trembling past,
What smiles the lovers' cheeks adorn.

Hark to the pibroch's swelling note!
Hark to the swelling nuptial song!
In joyous strains the voices float,
And still the choral peal prolong.

Again the clan in festive crowd,
Throng through the gate of Alva's hall;
The sounds of mirth re-echo loud,
And all their former joy recall.

But who is he, whose darken'd brow
Glooms in the midst of general mirth?
Before his eyes' far fiercer glow,
The blue flames curl'd o'er the hearth.

Dark is the robe which wraps his form
And tall his plume of gory red;
His voice is like the rising storm,
But light and trackless is his tread.

'Tis noon of night, the pledge goes round,
The bridegroom's health is deeply quaff'd;
With shouts the vaulted roofs resound,
And all combine to hail the draught.

Sudden, the stranger chief arose,
And all the clamorous crowd are hush'd;
And Angus' cheek with wonder glows,
And Mora's tender bosom blush'd.

"Old man!" he cried "this pledge is done,
Thou saw'st 'twas truly drank by me,
It hail'd the nuptials of thy son,
Now will I claim a pledge from thee.

"While all around is mirth and joy,
To bless thy Allan's happy lot:
Say, hadst thou ne'er another boy?
Say, why should Oscar be forgot?"

"Alas!" the hapless Sire replied,
The big tear starting as he spoke,
"When Oscar left my hall, or died,
This aged heart was almost broke.

"Thrice has the earth revolv'd her course,
Since Oscar's form has bless'd my sight;
And Allan is my last resource,
Since martial Oscar's death or flight."

"Tis well," replied the stranger, stern,
And fiercely flash'd his rolling eye,
"Thy Oscar's fate I fain would learn,
Perhaps the hero did not die.

"Perchance, if those whom most he lov'd
Would call, thy Oscar might return,
Perchance the chief has only roved,
For him thy Beltane, * yet may burn.

"Fill high the bowl, the table round,
We will not claim the pledge by stealth;
With wine let every cup be crown'd,
Pledge me departed Oscar's health."

"With all my soul," old Angus said,
And fill'd his goblet to the brim;
"Here's to my boy alive, or dead,
I ne'er shall find a son like him."

"Bravely, old man, this health has sped,
But why does Allan trembling stand?
Come, drink remembrance of the dead,
And raise thy cup with firmer hand."

The crimson glow of Allan's face,
Was turn'd at once to ghastly hue;
The drops of death, each other chase,
Adown an agonizing dew.

Thrice did he raise the goblet high,
And thrice his lips refused to taste;
For thrice he caught the stranger's eye
On his with deadly fury plac'd.

"And is it thus a brother hails
A brother's fond remembrance here?
If thus affection's strength prevails,
What might we not expect from fear?"

Roused by the sneer, he raised the bowl,
"Would! Oscar now could share our mirth;"
Internal fear appall'd his soul,
He said, and dash'd the cup to earth.

"Tis he, I hear my murderer's voice,"
Loud shrieks a darkly gleaming form;
"A murderer's voice" the roof replies,
And deeply swells the bursting storm.

The tapers wink, the chieftains shrink,
The stranger's gone—amidst the crew
A form was seen in tartan green
And tall the shade terrific grew.

His waist was bound, with a broad belt round,
His plume of sable stream'd on high;
But his breast was bare, with red wounds there,
And fix'd was the glare of his glassy eye.

And thrice he smiled, with his eye so wild,
On Angus bending low the knee;
And thrice he frown'd, on a chief on the ground,
Whom shivering crowds with horror see.

The bolts loud roll, from pole to pole,
The thunders through the welkin ring, [storm
And the gleaming form, through the mist of the
Was borne on high by the whirlwind's wing.

Cold was the feast, the revel ceased;
Who lies upon the stony floor?
Oblivion press'd old Angus' breast,
At length his life-pulse throbs once more.

* Beltane Tree, a Highland festival on the 1st of May, held near fires lighted for the occasion.

"A way, away, let the leech essay,
To pour the light on Allan's eyes;"
His sand is done,—his race is run,
Oh! never more shall Allan rise!

But Oscar's breast is cold as clay,
His locks are lifted by the gale;
And Allan's barbed arrow lay
With him in dark Glentanar's vale.

And whence the dreadful stranger came,
Or who, no mortal wight can tell;
But no one doubts the form of flame,
For Alva's sons knew Oscar well.

Ambition nerved young Allan's hand,
Exulting demons wing'd his dart,
While envy waved her burning brand,
And pour'd her venom round his heart.

Swift is the shaft from Allan's bow,
Whose streaming life-blood stains his side,
Dark Oscar's sable crest is low,
The dart has drunk his vital tide.

And Mora's eye could Allan move,
She bade his wounded pride rebel;
Alas! that eyes which beam'd with love,
Should urge the soul to deeds of hell.

Lo! seest thou not a lovely tomb
Which rises o'er a warrior dead?
It glimmers through the twilight gloom;
Oh! that is Allan's nuptial bed.

Far, distant far, the noble grave
Which held his clan's great ashes stood;
And o'er his corse no banners wave,
For they were stain'd with kindred blood.

What minstrel gray, what hoary bard,
Shall Allan's deeds on harp-strings raise?
The song is glory's chief reward,
But who can strike a murderer's praise?

Unstrung, untouched the harp must stand,
No minstrel dare the theme awake;
Guilt would benumb his palsied hand,
His harp in shuddering chords would break.

No lyre of fame, no hallow'd verse,
Shall sound his glories high in air,
A dying father's bitter curse,
A brother's death-cries echoes there.

TO THE DUKE OF D.

In looking over my papers, to select a few additional Poems for this second edition, I found the following lines, which I had totally forgotten, composed in the summer of 1805, a short time previous to my departure from H—, They were addressed to a young school-fellow of high rank, who had been my frequent companion in some rambles, through the neighbouring country; however, he never saw the lines, and most probably never will. As, on a reperusal, I found them not worse than some other pieces in the collection, I have now published them, for the first time after a slight revision.

D—N—T! whose early steps with mine have stray'd,
Exploring every path of Ida's glade,
Whom still affection taught me to defend,
And made me less a tyrant than a friend;
Though the harsh custom of our youthful band,
Bade thee obey, and gave me to command;*
Thee on whose head a few short years will shower
The gift of riches, and the pride of power;
Even now a name illustrious is thine own,
Renown'd in rank, not far beneath the throne.

* At every public School, the junior boys are completely subservient to the upper forms, till they attain a seat in the higher classes. From this state of probation, very properly no rank is exempt; but after a certain period, they command in turn those who succeed.

Yet D—N—T, let not this seduce thy soul,
To shun fair science, or evade control;
Though passive tutors,* fearful to dispraise
The tided child, whose future breath may raise,
View ducal errors with indulgent eyes,
And wink at faults they tremble to chastise.

When youthful parasites, who bend the Lince
To wealth, their golden idol, not to thee!
And, even in simple boyhood's opening dawn,
Some slaves are found to flatter and to fawn;
When these declare, "that pomp alone should
wait
On one by birth predestined to be great;
That books were only meant for drudging fools,
That gallant spirits scorn the common rules;"
Believe them not,—they point the path to shame,
And seek to blast the honours of thy name:
Turn to the few in Ida's early throng,
Whose souls disdain not to condemn the wrong;
Or, if amidst the comrades of thy youth,
None dare to raise the sterner voice of truth,
Ask thine own heart! 'twill bid thee, boy, forbear,
For well I know, that virtue lingers there.

Yes! I have mark'd thee many a passing day,
But, now new scenes invite me far away;
Yes! I have mark'd within that generous mind,
A soul, if well matured, to bless mankind;
Ah! though myself, by nature haughty, wild,
Whom Incarceration hail'd her favourite child;
Though every error stamps me for her own,
And dooms my fall, I fain would fall alone;
Though my proud heart no precept now can tame,
I love the virtues which I cannot claim.

'Tis not enough with other sons of power,
To gleam, the lambent meteor of an hour,
To swell some peerage page in feeble pride,
With long-drawn names, that grace no page beside;
Then share with titled crowds the common lot,
In life just gazed at, in the grave forgot;
While naught divides thee from the vulgar dead,
Except the dull cold stone that hides thy head,
The mouldering 'scutcheon, or the Herald's roll,
That well emblazon'd, but neglected scroll,
Where Lords unhonour'd, in the tomb may find
One spot, to leave a worthless name behind.—
There sleep, unnoticed as the gloomy vaults
That veil their dust, their follies, and their faults;
A race, with old armorial lists o'erspread,
In records destined never to be read.
Fain would I view thee with prophetic eyes,
Exalted more among the good and wise;
A glorious and a long career pursue,
As first in rank, the first in talent too;
Spurn every vice, each little meanness shun,
Not fortune's minion, but her noblest son.

Turn to the annals of a former day,
Bright are the deeds thine earlier sires display;
One, though a Courtier, liv'd a man of worth,
And call'd, proud boast! the English drama forth
Another view, not less renown'd for wit,
Alike, for courts, and camps, or senates fit;
Bold in the field, and favour'd by the Nine,
In every splendid part ordain'd to shine;
Far, far distinguish'd from the glittering throng,
The pride of princes, and the boast of Song;‡
Such were thy Fathers, thus preserve thy
name,
Not heir to titles only, but to Fame.

* Allow me to disclaim any personal allusions, even the most distant; I merely mention generally, what is too often the weakness of preceptors.

† "Thomas S—k—lle, Lord S—k—t, created Earl of D— by James the first, was one of the earliest, and brightest ornaments to the poetry of his country, and the first who produced a regular drama."

ANDERSON'S BRITISH POETS.
‡ Charles S—k—lle, Earl of D—, esteemed the most accomplished man of his day, was alike distinguished in the voluptuous court of Charles II. and the gloomy one of William III. He behaved with great gallantry in the sea-fight with the Dutch, in 1666, on the day previous to which he composed his celebrated song. His character has been drawn in the highest colours by Dryden, Pope, Prior, and Congreve.

Vide ANDERSON'S BRITISH POETS.

The hour draws nigh, a few brief days will close
To me, this little scene of joys and woes;
Each knell of Time now warns me to resign
Shades, where Hope, Peace, and Friendship, all
were mine;

Hope, that could vary like the rainbow's hue,
And gild their pinions as the moments flew;
Peace, that reflection never frown'd afar,
By dreams of ill, to cloud some future car,
Friendship, whose truth let childhood only tell,
Alas! they love not long, who love so well.
To these adieu! nor let me linger o'er
Scenes hail'd, as exiles hail their native shore,
Receding, slowly, through the dark-blue deep,
Beheld by eyes that mourn, yet cannot weep.

D—r—t! farewell! I will not ask one part
Of sad remembrance in so young a heart;
The coming morrow from thy youthful mind,
Will sweep my name, nor leave a trace behind.
And yet, perhaps, in some maturer year,
Since chance has thrown us in the self same

sphere,
Since the same senate, nay the same debate,
May one day claim our suffrage for the state,
We hence may meet, and pass each other by
With faint regard, or cold and distant eye.
For me, in future, neither friend nor foe,
A stranger to thyself, thy rival nor wo;
With thee no more again, I hope to trace,
The recollection of our early race;
No more, as once in social hours rejoice,
Or hear, unless in crowds, thy well-known voice.
Still, if the wishes of a heart untaught
To veil those feelings, which, perchance, it ought,
If these—but let me cease the lengthen'd strain,
Oh! if these wishes are not breathed in vain,
The guardian seraph who directs thy fate,
Will leave thee glorious, as he found thee great.

TRANSLATIONS AND IMITATIONS.

ADRIAN'S ADDRESS

To his soul, when dying.

ANIMULA! vagula, blandula,
Hospes, comesque, corporis,
Que nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos.

TRANSLATION.

AN! gentle, fleeting, wavering sprite,
Friend and associate of this clay!
To what unknown region borne,
Wilt thou now wing thy distant flight?
No more, with wonted humour gay,
But pallid, cheerless, and forlorn.

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.

AD LESBIA.

EQUAL to Jove, that youth must be,
Greater than Jove he seems to me,
Who free from Jealousy's alarms,
Securely views thy matchless charms:
That cheek which ever-dimpling glows,
That mouth from whence such music flows,
To him alike, are always known,
Reserved for him, and him alone.
Ah! Lesbia! though 'tis death to me,
I cannot choose but look on thee;

But, at the sight, my senses fly,
I needs must gaze, but gazing die;
Whilst trembling with a thousand fears,
Parch'd to the throat my tongue adheres.
My pulse beats quick, my breath heaves;
My limbs deny their slight support;
Cold dews my pallid face o'erspread,
With deadly languor droops my head,
My ears with tingling echoes ring,
And life itself is on the wing;
My eyes refuse the cheering light,
Their orbs are veil'd in starless night;
Such pangs my nature sinks beneath,
And feels a temporary death.

TRANSLATION

OF THE

EPITAPH ON VIRGIL AND TIBULLUS.

By Domitius Marsus.

HE, who sublime in epic numbers roll'd,
And he who struck the softer lyre of love,
By death's* unequal hand alike controll'd,
Fit comrades in Elysian regions move!

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.

"Luctus de morte passeris."

YR Cupids, droop each little head,
Nor let your wings with joy be spread,
My Lesbia's favourite bird is dead,
Whom dearer than her eyes she loved;
For he was gentle, and so true,
Obedient to her call he flew,
No fear, no wild alarm he knew,
But lightly o'er her bosom moved:

And softly fluttering here and there,
He never sought to cleave the air,
But cherup'd oft, and free from care,
Tuned to her ear his grateful strain.
Now having pass'd the gloomy bourn,
From whence he never can return,
His death, and Lesbia's grief I mourn,
Who sighs, alas! but sighs in vain.

Oh! cur'd be thou, devouring grave!
Whose jaws eternal victims crave,
From whom no earthly power can save,
For thou hast ta'en the bird away!
From thee my Lesbia's eyes o'erflow,
Her swollen cheeks with weeping glow,
Thou art the cause of all her wo,
Receptacle of Life's decay.

IMITATED FROM CATULLUS.

TO ELLEN.

ON! might I kiss those eyes of fire,
A million scarce would quench desire;
Still would I steep my lips in bliss,
And dwell an age on every kiss.
Nor then my soul should sated be,
Still would I kiss and cling to thee;
Nought should my kiss from thine dis sever,
Still would we kiss, and kiss for ever;
Even though the numbers did exceed
The yellow harvest's countless seed;
To part would be a vain endeavour,
Could I desist?—ah! never—never.

* The hand of death is said to be unjust, or unequal, as Virgil was considerably older than Tibullus at his decease.

TRANSLATION FROM ANACREON.

TO HIS LYRE.

I WENT to tune my quivering lyre,
To deeds of fame, and notes of fire;
To echo from its rising swell,
How heroes fought and nations fell:
When Atreus' sons advanced to war
Or Trojan Cúmus roved afar;
But still to martial strains unknown,
My lyre recurs to love alone.
Fired with the hope of future fame,
I seek some nobler hero's name;
The dying chords are strung anew,
To war, to war, my harp is due;
With glowing strings, the epic strain,
To Jove's great son I raise again;
Alcides and his glorious deeds,
Beneath whose arm the Hydra bleeds
All, all in vain, my wayward lyre,
Wakes silver notes of soft desire.
Adieu! ye chiefs, renowned in arms
Adieu! the clang of war's alarms,
To other deeds my soul is strung,
And sweeter notes shall now be sung;
My harp shall all its powers reveal,
To tell the tale my heart must feel,
Love, Love alone, my lyre shall claim,
In songs of bliss, and sighs of flame.

ODE III.

"Twas now the hour, when night had driven
Her car half round yon sable heaven;
Bootes, only, seem'd to roll
His arctic charge around the pole;
While mortal, lost in gentle sleep,
Forgot to smile, or ceased to weep.
At this lone hour, the Paphian boy,
Descending from the realms of joy,
Quick to my gate directs his course,
And knocks with all his little force:
My visions fled, alarm'd I rose,
"What stranger breaks my bliss'd repose?"
"Alas!" replies the wily child,
In faltering accents sweetly mild;
"A hapless infant here I roam,
Far from my dear maternal home;
Oh! shield me from the wintry blast,
The nightly storm is pouring fast,
No prowling robber lingers here,
A wandering, baby who can fear?"
I heard his seeming artless tale,
I heard his sighs upon the gale;
My breast was never pity's foe,
But felt for all the baby's woe,
I drew the bar, and by the light,
Young Love, the infant, met my sight;
His bow across his shoulders slung,
And thence his fatal quiver hung,
(Ah! little did I think the dart
Would rattle soon within my heart;)
With care I tend my weary guest,
His little fingers chill my breast,
His glossy curls, his azure wing,
Which droop with nightly showers, I wring;
His shivering limbs the embers warm,
And now reviving from the storm,
Scarce had he felt his wonted glow,
Than swift he seized his slender bow;
"I fain would know, my gentle host,"
He cried, "if this its strength has lost,
I fear, relax'd with midnight dews,
The strings their former aid refuse,"
With poison tipp'd, his arrow flies,
Deep in my tortured heart it lies:
Then loud the jovous urchin laugh'd,
"My bow can still impell the shaft;
'Tis firmly fix'd, thy sighs reveal it,"
Say courteous host, canst thou not feel it?"

FRAGMENTS OF SCHOOL EXERCISES,

FROM THE

FROM THEUS VINCIUS OF LACHYLUS.

GREAT JOVE, to whose Almighty throne,
Both Gods and mortals homage pay,
N^oer may my soul thy power disown,
For dread behests ne'er disobey.

Oft shall the sacred victim fall,
In sea-girt Ocean's mossy hall;
My voice shall raise no impious strain,
'Gainst him who rules the sky and azure main.

How different now thy joyless fate,
Since first Hesione thy hide
When placed aloft in godlike state,
The blushing beauty by thy side,
Thou sat'st while reverend Ocean smiled,
And mirthful strains the hours beguiled;
The Nymphs and Tritons danced around,
Nor yet thy doom was fix'd, nor Jove relentless
frown'd.

Harrow, Dec. 1, 1801.

THE

EPISODE OF NISUS AND EURYALUS,

A

PARAPHRASE FROM THE ÆNEID, Lib. 9.

Nisus, the guardian of the portal, stood
Eager to glid his arms with hostile blood;
Well skill'd in fight, the quivering lance to wield,
Or pour his arrows through th' embattled field;
From Ida torn, he left his sylvan cave,
And sought a foreign home, a distant grave.
To watch the movements of the Daunian host;
With him Euryalus sustains the post.
No lover's mien adorn'd the ranks of Troy,
And beardless bloom yet graced the gallant boy.
Though few the seasons of his youthful life,
As yet a novice in the martial strife,
"Twas his with beauty, valour's gifts to share,
A soul heroic, as his form was fair;
These burn with one pure flame of generous love,
In peace, in war united, still they move;
Friendship and glory form their joint reward,
And now combined, they hold their nightly guard.

"What god!" exclaim'd the first! "instills this
fire?"

Or, in itself a god, what great desire?
My labouring soul, with anxious thought oppress'd
Abhors this stave of inglorious rest;
The love of fame with this can ill accord,
Be't mine to seek for glory with my sword.
Seest thou yon camp, with torches twinkling dim
Where drunken slumbers wrap each lazy limb?
Where confidence and ease the watch disdain,
And drowsy silence holds her sable reign?
Then hear my thought.—In deep and sullen grief,
Our troops and leaders mourn their absent chief,
Now could the gifts, and promised prize be thine,
(The deed, the danger, and the fame be mine);
Were this decreed;—beneath yon rising mound,
Methinks, an easy path perchance were found,
Which past, I speed my way to Pallas' walls;
And lead Æneas from Evander's halls."
With equal ardour fired, and warlike joy,
His glowing friend address'd the Dardan boy,
"These deeds, my Nisus, shalt thou dare alone,
Must all the fame, the peril he thine own?
Am I by thee despised, and left afar,
As one unfit to share the toils of war?"
Not thus, his son, the great Opheltus taught,
Not thus, my sire, in Ævæ combats fought:
Not thus, when Ilion fell by heavenly hate,
I track'd Æneas through the walks of fate;
Thou know'st my deeds, my breast devoid of fear,
And hostile life-drops dim my gory spear;
Here is a soul, with hope immortal burns,
And life, ignoble life, for glory spurns;
Fame, fame is cheaply earn'd by fleeting breath,
The prize of honour is the sleep of death."
Then Nisus,—
"Calm thy bosom's fond alarms,
Thy heart beats fiercely to the din of arms;
More dear thy worth and valour than my own,
I swear by him who fills Olympus' throne!
So may I triumph, as I speak the truth,
And clasp again the comrade of my youth?
But should I fall, (and he who dares advance,
'Through hostile legions, must abide by chance;
If some Rutulian arm, with adverse blow,
Should lay the friend who ever loved thee low."

I'll carve our passage through the heedless foe,
And clear thy road with many a deadly blow."
His whispering accents then the youth repress'd,
And pierc'd proud Rhannus through his panting
 breast,
Stretch'd at his ease, the incautious king reposed,
Debauch, and not fatigue, his eyes had closed;
To Turnus dear, a prophet and a prince,
His omens more than augur's skill evince:
But he who thus foretold the fate of all,
Could not avert his own untimely fall.
Next Remus' armour-bearer, hapless, fell,
And three unhappy slaves the carnage swell;
The charioteer, along his courser's sides
Expires, the steel his sever'd neck divides
And last, his lord is number'd with the dead,
Bounding convulsive, flies the gasping head;
From the swollen veins the blackening torrents
 pour,
Stain'd is the couch and earth with clotting gore.
Young Lamus and Lamus next expire,
And pay Sceranus' ill'd with youthful fire;
Half the long night in childish games were pass'd,
Lull'd by the potent grape, he slept at last:
Ah! happier far, had lie the morn survey'd,
And till Aurora's dawn his skill display'd.

In slaughter'd folds, the keepers lost in sleep,
His hungry fangs a lion thus may steep;
Mid the sad flock, at dead of night he prowls,
With murder glutt'd, and in carnage rolls;
Insatiate still, through teeming herds he roams,
In seas of gore, the lordly tyrant foams.

Nor less the other's deadly vengeance came,
But falls on feeble crowds without a name,
His wound, unconscious Fadius scarce can feel,
Yet wakeful Rhueus sees the threatening steel;
His coward breast behind a jar he hides,
And vainly in the weak defence confides;
Full in his heart, the falcion search'd his veins
The reeking weapon bears alternate stains;
Through wine, and blood, commingling as they
 flow,
The feeble spirit seeks the shades below.
Now, where Messapus dwelt, they bend their way
Whose fires emit a faint and trembling ray,
There unconfined, behold each grazing steed,
Unwatch'd, unheeded, on the herbage feed;
Brave Nisus here arrests his comrade's arm,
Too flush'd with carnage and with conquest
 warm;
"Hence let us haste, the dangerous path is pass'd,
Full foes enough to night, have breathed their last;
Soon will the day those eastern clouds adorn,
Now let us speed, nor tempt the rising morn."

What silver arms, with various arts emboss'd;
What bowls and mantles in confusion toss'd,
They leave regardless! yet, one glittering prize
Attracts the younger hero's wandering eyes;
The gilded harness Rhannus' coursers felt,
The gems which stud the monarch's golden belt,
This from the pill'd corse was quickly torn,
Once by a line of former chieftains worn.
Th' exulting boy the studded girdle wears,
Messapus' helm, his head in triumph bears;
Then from the tents their cautious steps they bend,
To seek the vale where safer paths extend.

Just at this hour, a band of Latian horse
To Turnus' camp pursue their destin'd course;
While the slow foot their tardy march delay,
The knights, impatient, spur along the way.
Three hundred mail-clad men by Volscens led
To Turnus, with their master's promise sped;
Now they approach the trench, and view the
 walls.

When, on the left, a light reflection falls,
The plunder'd helmet, through the warning night,
Sheds forth a silver radiance, glancing bright;
Volscens with questions loud, the pair alarms,
"Stand, stragglers! stand; why early thus in arms?
From whence, to whom?" he meets with no reply,
Trusting the covert of the night, they fly;
The thicket's depth, with hurried pace, they tread,
While round the wood the hostile squadron spread.

With brakes entangled, scarce a path between,
Dreary and dark appears the sylvan scenes,
Euryalus, his heavy spoils impede,
The bows and winding turns his steps mislead;

But Nisus scours along the forest's maze,
To where Latinus' steeds in safety graze,
Then backward o'er the plain his eyes extend,
On every side they seek his absent friend,
"O God, my boy," he cries, "of me bereft,
In what impending perils art thou left?"
Listening he runs—above the waving trees,
Tumultuous voices swell the passing breeze;
The war-cry rises, thundering hoofs around,
Wake the dark echoes of the trembling ground.
Again he turns—of footsteps hears the noise,
The sound elates—the sight his hope destroys,
The hapless boy a ruffian train surround,
While lengthening shades, his weary way con-
 found;
Him, with loud shouts, the furious knights pursue,
Struggling in vain, a captive to the crew.
What can his friend 'gainst thronging numbers
Ah! must he rush, his comrade's fate to share!
What force, what aid, what stratagem essay,
Back to redeem the Latian spoiler's prey?
His life a votive ransom nobly give,
Or die with him, for whom he wish'd to live!
Poising with strength his lifted lance on high,
On Luna's orb he cast his frenzied eye:
"Gods! serene, transcending every star!
Queen of the sky, who e beams are seen afar:
By night, Heaven owns thy sway, by day the
 grove;

When, as chaste Dian, here thou deign'st to rove,
If e'er myself, or sire, be sought to grace
I hunc altars with the produce of the chase;
Speed, speed my dart, to pierce yon vaunting
 crowd,

To free my friend, and scatter far the proud."
Thus having said, the hissing dart he flung;
Through parted shades the huriling weapon sung;
The thirsty point in Sulpus' entrails lay,
Transfix'd his heart; and stretch'd him on the
 clay.

He sobs, he dies,—the troop in wild amaze,
Unconscious whence the death, with horror gaze;
While pale they stare, through Angus' temples
 riven,

A second shaft with equal force is driven;
Pierce Volscens rolls around his lowering eyes,
Veil'd by the night, secure the Trojan lies.
Burning with wrath, he view'd his soldiers fall,
"Thou youth accur'd; thy life shall pay for all."
Quick from the sheath, his flaming glaive he drew,
And raging, on the boy defenceless flew.

Nisus, no more the blackening shade conceals,
Forth, forth he starts, and all his love reveals
Aghast, confused, his fears to madness rise,
And pour these accents, shrieking as he flies:
"Me, Me, your vengeance hurl on me alone,
Here sheath the steel, my blood is all your own;
Yestarry spheres' thou conscious Heaven attest!
He could not!—durst not!—lo! the guile confess'd!
All, all was mine,—his early fate suspend,
He only loved, too well, his hapless friend;
Spare, spare ye chiefs! from him your rage remove,
His fault was friendship, all his crime was love."
He pray'd in vain, the dark assassin's sword
Pierced the fair side, the snowy bosom gored,
Lowly to earth, inclines his plume-clad crest,
And sanguine torrents mantle o'er his breast;
As some young rose, whose blossom scents the air,
Languid in death, expires beneath the share;
Or crimson poppy, sinking with the shower,
Declining gently, falls a fading flower;
Thus, sweetly drooping, bends his lovely head,
And lingering Beauty hovers round the dead.

But fiery Nisus stems the battle's tide,
Revenge his leader, and De-pair his guide;
Volscens he seeks, amidst the gathering host,
Volscens must soon appease his comrade's ghost
Steel, flashing, pours on steel, foe crowds on foe,
Rage nerves his arm, Fate gleams in every blow,
In vain, beneath unnumber'd wounds he bleeds,
Nor wounds, nor death, distracted Nisus heeds;
In viewless circles wheel'd, his falcion flies,
Nor quits the hero's grasp, till Volscens dies;
Deep in his throat, its end the weapon found,
The tyrant's soul fled groaning through the wound
Thus Nisus all his fond affliction proved,
Dying, revenged the fate of him he lov'd;
Then, on his bosom, sought his wont'd place,
And death was heavenly in his friend's embrace

Celestial pair! If aught my verse can claim,
Wafted on Time's broad pinion, yours is fame!

Ages on ages shall your fate admire,
No future day shall see your names expire;
While stands the Capitol, immortal dome!
And vanquish'd millions hail their Empress, Rome.

TRANSLATION

FROM

THE MEDEA OF EUKIPIDES.

When fierce conflicting passions urge
The breast where love is wont to glow,
What mind can stem the stormy surge
Which rolls the tide of human woe?
The hope of praise, the dread of shame,
Can rouse the tortured breast no more;
The wild desire, the guilty flame,
Absorbs each wish it felt before.

But, if affection gently thrills
The soul, by purer dreams possess'd,
The pleasing balm of mortal ills,
In love can soothe the aching breast;
If thus thou comest in disguise,
Fair Venus! from thy native heaven,
What heart unfeeling would despise
The sweetest boon the gods have given?

But never from thy golden bow,
May I beneath the shaft expire,
Whose creeping venom, sure and slow,
Awakes an all consuming fire;
Ye racking doubts! ye jealous fears!
With others wage infernal war;
Repentance! source of future tears,
From me be ever distant far.

May no distracting thoughts destroy
The holy calm of sacred love!
May all the hours be wing'd with joy,
Which hover faithful hearts above;
Fair Venus! on thy myrtle shrine,
May I with some fond lover sigh!
Whose heart may mingle pure with mine,
With me to live, with me to die.

My native soil! beloved before,
Now dearer as my peaceful home,
Ne'er may I quit thy rocky shore,
A hapless, banish'd wretch to roam
This very day, this very hour,
May I resign this fleeting breath,
Nor quit my silent, humble bower;
A doom to me far worse than death.

Have I not heard the exile's sigh?
And seen the exile's silent tear?
Through distant climes condemn'd to fly,
A pensive, weary wanderer here,
Ah! hapless dame! no sire bewails,
No friend thy wretched fate deplores,
No kindred voice with rapture hails
Thy steps within a stranger's doors.

Perish the fiend! whose iron heart,
To fair affection's truth unknown,
Bids her he fondly loved depart,
Unpitied, helpless and alone;
Who ne'er unlocks with silver key†
The milder treasures of his soul,
May such a friend be far from me,
And Ocean's storms between us roll

* Medea, who accompanied Jason to Corinth, was deserted by him for the daughter of Creon, King of that City. The chorus, from which this is taken, here addresses Medea; though a considerable liberty is taken with the original, by expanding the idea, as also in some other parts of the translation.

† The original is "Καθαρὰ ἀνοίξαντι Κληιδά φέρων;" literally "disclosing the bright key of the mind."

FUGITIVE PIECES.

THOUGHTS

Suggested by a College Examination.*

High in the midst, surrounded by his peers,
Magnus his ample front sublime uprears;
Placed on his chair of state, he seems a god;
While Sophs and Freshmen tremble at his nod;
As all around sit wrapt in speechless gloom,
His voice in thunder shakes the sounding dome;
Denouncing dire reproach to luckless fools,
Unskill'd to plead in mathematic rules.

Happy the youth in Euclid's axioms tried,
Though little vers'd in any art beside;
Who scarcely skill'd an English line to pen,
Scans attic metres with a critic's ken,
What! though he knows not how his fathers bled,
When civil discord piled the fields with dead;
When Edward bade his conquering bands advance
Or Henry trampled on the crest of France;
Though marvelling at the name of Magna Charta,
Yet well he recollects the laws of Sparta;
Can tell what unction sage Lycurgus made
While Blackstone's on the shelf neglected laid;
Of Grecian dramas vaunts the deathless fame,
Of Avon's bard remembering scarce the name.

Such is the youth, whose scientific pate,
Class honours, medals, fellowships, await;
Or, even perhaps, the declamation prize,
If, to such glorious height, he lifts his eyes.
But, lo! no common orator can hope,
The envied silver cup within his scope;
Not that our heads much eloquence require,
Th' Athenian's glowing style, or Tully's fire.
A manner clear, or warm, is useless, since
We do not try by speaking, to convince;
Be other orators of pleasing proud,
We speak to please ourselves, not move the crowd;
Our gravity prefers the muttering tone,
A proper mixture of the squeak and groan;
No borrow'd grace of action must be seen,
The slightest motion would displease the Dean;
Whilst every staring Graduate would prate,
Against what he could never imitate.

The man who hopes to obtain the promised cup,
Must in one posture stand, and ne'er look up;
Nor stop, but rattle over every word,
No matter what, so it can not be heard;
Thus let him hurry on, nor think to rest;
Who speaks the fastest's sure to speak the best.
Who utters most within the shortest space,
May safely hope to win the wordy race.

The sons of science, these, who, thus repaid,
Linger in ease, in Granta's sluggish shade;
Where on Cam's sedge bank, supine they lie,
Unknown, unhonour'd live,—unwept for die;
Dull as the pictures which adorn their halls,
They think all learning fix'd within their walls;
In manners rude, in foolish forms precise,
All modern arts affecting to despise;
Yet prizing Bentley's,† Brunk's,‡ or Porson's§ note,
More than the verse on which the critic wrote;
Vain as their honours, heavy as their ale,
Sad as their wit, and tedious as their tale;
To friendship dead, though not untaught to feel,
When Self and Church demand a Bigot zeal.

* No reflection is here intended against the person mentioned under the name of Magnus. He is merely represented as performing an unavoidable function of his office: indeed, such an attempt could only recoil upon myself; as that gentleman is now as much distinguished by his eloquence, and the dignified propriety with which he fills his situation, as he was in his younger days, for wit and conviviality.

† Celebrated Critics.

‡ The present Greek professor at Trinity College, Cambridge; a man whose powers of mind and writings, may perhaps justify their preference.

With eager haste they court the Lord of power,
 Whether 'tis Pitt, or P——y rules the hour,
 To him with suppliant smiles they bend the head,
 While distant smiles to their eyes are spread.
 But should a storm o'erwhelm him with disgrace,
 They'd fly to seek the next who fill'd his place.
 Such are the men who learning's treasures guard,
 Such is their practice, such is their reward;
 This much, at least, we may presume to say,
 The premium can't exceed the price they pay.
 1806.

TO THE EARL OF ———

*Tu semper amaris
 Sis mentor, et cari comitis ne abscedas Imago.*
 VALERIUS FLACCUS.

FRIEND of my youth! when young we roved,
 Like striplings, mutually beloved,
 With friendship's purest glow;
 The bliss which wing'd those rosy hours,
 Was such as pleasure seldom showers
 On mortals here below.

The recollection seems alone,
 Dearer than all the joys I've known,
 When distant far from you;
 Though pain, 'tis still a pleasing pain,
 To trace those days and hours again,
 And sigh again, adieu!

My pensive memory lingers o'er
 Those scenes to be enjoy'd no more,
 Those scenes regretted ever;
 The measure of our youth is full,
 Life's evening dream is dark and dull,
 And we may meet—ah! never!

As when one parent spring supplies
 Two streams which from one fountain rise,
 Together join'd in vain;
 How soon, diverging from their source,
 Each murmuring, seeks another course,
 Till mingled in the main.

Our vital streams of weal or woe,
 Though near, alas! distinctly flow,
 Nor mingle as before;
 Now swift or slow, now black or clear,
 Till death's unfathom'd gulph appear,
 And both shall quit the shore.

Our souls, my friend! which once supplied
 One wish, nor breathed a thought beside,
 Now flow in different channels;
 Disdaining humbler rural sports,
 'Tis yours to mix in polish'd courts,
 And shine in Fashion's annals.

'Tis mine to waste on love my time,
 Or vent my reveries in rhyme,
 Without the aid of Reason;
 For sense and reason (Critics know it),
 Have quitted every amorous Poet,
 Nor left a thought to seize on.

Poor Little! sweet, melodious bard;
 Of late esteem'd it monst'rous hard,
 That he who sang before all
 He who the lore of love expanded,
 By dire Reviewers should be branded,
 As void of wit and moral.†

And yet, while Beauty's praise is thine,
 Harmonious favourite of the Nine,
 Repine not at thy lot;

* Since this was written Lord H. P——y has lost his place, and subsequently, (I had almost said consequently,) the honour of representing the University; a fact so glaring requires no comment.

† These stanzas were written soon after the appearance of a severe Critique in a Northern Review, on a new publication of the British Anacreon.

Thy soothing lays may still be read,
 When Persecution's arm is dead,
 And Critics are forgot.

Still I must yield those worthless merit,
 Who chasten with unsparing spirit,
 Bad rhymes, and those who write them;
 And though myself may be the next,
 By Critic sarcasm to be vex'd,
 I really will not fight them.*

Perhaps they would do quite as well,
 To break the rudely sounding shell,
 Of such a young beginner,
 He who offends at pett nineteen,
 Ere thirty, may become, I ween,
 A very hardened sinner.

Now, — I must return to you,
 And sure apologies are due,
 Accept then my concession,
 In truth, dear —, in fancy's flight,
 I soar along from left to right,
 My Muse admires digression.

I think I said 'twould be your fate
 To add one star to royal state,
 May regal smiles attend you;
 And should a noble monarch reign,
 You will not seek his smiles in vain,
 If worth can recommend you.

Yet, since in danger courts abound,
 Where specious rivals glitter round,
 From snare may Saints preserve you;
 And grant your love or friendship ne'er
 From any claim a kindred care,
 But those who best deserve you.

Not for a moment may you stray
 From Truth's secure, unerring way,
 May no delights decoy;
 O'er roses may your footsteps move,
 Your smiles be ever smiles of love,
 Your tears be tears of joy.

Oh! if you wish that happiness
 Your coming days and years may bless,
 And virtues crown your brow;
 Be still as you were wont to be,
 Spotless as you've been known to me,
 Be still as you are now.

And though some trifling share of praise,
 To cheer my last declining days
 To me were doubly dear,
 Whilst blessing your beloved name,
 I'd rave at once, a Poet's fame,
 To prove a Prophet here.

GRANTA,

A MEDLEY

*Ἀγγέλαις λογαίοις μάχην καὶ τὰς
 Κεαρταίς.*

Oh! could Le Sage's† demon's gift
 Be realized at my desire;
 This night my trembling form he'd lift,
 To place it on St. Mary's spire.

Then would, unroof'd, old Granta's halls
 Pedantic inmates full display;
 Fellows who dream on lawn, or stalls,
 The price of venal votes to pay.

* A Bard (Horresco refrens), defied his reviewer to mortal combat: if this example becomes prevalent, our periodical Censors must be dipped in the River Styx, for what else can secure them from the numerous host of their enraged assailants?

† The Diablic Boltux of Le Sage, where Asmodeus, the Demon, places Don Nicolas on an elevated situation and unroofs the houses for inspection.

Then would I view each rival wight,
 Petty and P—l—m—s—n survey;
 Who canvass there, with all their might,
 Against the next elective day.

Lo! candidates and voters lie
 All lull'd in sleep, a goodly number!
 A race renown'd for piety,
 Whose conscience wont disturb their slumber.

Lord H—, indeed, may not demur,
 Fellows are sage, reflecting men;
 They know preferment can occur
 But very seldom, now and then.

They know the Chancellor has got
 Some pretty livings in disposal;
 Each hopes that one may be his lot,
 And, therefore, smiles on his proposal.

Now, from the soporific scene
 I'll turn mine eye, as night grows later,
 To view unheeded, and unseen,
 The studious sons of Alma Mater.

There, in apartments small and damp,
 The candidate for college prizes,
 Sits poring by the midnight lamp,
 Goes late to bed, yet early rises.

He surely well deserves to gain them,
 With all the honours of his college,
 Who, striving hardly to obtain them,
 'Thus seeks unprofitable knowledge.

Who sacrifices hours of rest
 To scan precisely, metres attic;
 Or agitates his anxious breast,
 In solving problems mathematic.

Who reads false quantities in Sele,^o
 Or puzzles o'er the deep triangle;
 Deprived of many a wholesome meal,
 In barbarous Latin doom'd to wrangle.

Renouncing every pleasing page,
 From authors of historic use;
 Preferring to the letter'd sage,
 The square of the hypotenuse.†

Still harmless are these occupations,
 That hurt none but the hapless student,
 Compared with other recreations,
 Which bring together the imprudent.

Whose daring revels shock the sight,
 When vice and infamy combine;
 When drunkenness and dice invite,
 As every sense is steep'd in wine.

Not so the methodistic crew
 Who plans of reformation lay;
 In humble attitude they sue,
 And for the sins of others pray.

Forgetting that their pride of spirit,
 Their exultation in their trial,
 Detracts most largely from their merit,
 Of all their boasted self-denial.

'Tis morn: from these I turn my sight;
 What scene is this, which meets the eye?
 A numerous crowd array'd in white,‡
 Across the green in numbers fly.

Loud rings in air the chapel bell;
 'Tis hush'd:—what sounds are these I hear?

* Sele's publication on Greek metres, displays considerable talent and ingenuity, but, as might be expected in so difficult a work, is not remarkable for accuracy.

† The Latin of the schools is of the canine species, and not very intelligible.

‡ The discovery of Pythagoras, that the square of the hypotenuse, is equal to the squares of the other two sides of a right angled triangle.

§ On a Saint's day, the students wear surplices in Chapel.

The organ's soft celestial swell,
 Rolls deeply on the listening ear.

To this is join'd the sacred song,
 The royal min-trail's hallow'd strain,
 Though he who hears the music long,
 Will never wish to hear again.

Our choir would scarcely be excus'd,
 Even as a band of raw beginners,
 All mercy now must be refus'd
 To such a set of croaking sinners.

If David, when his toils were ended,
 Had heard these blockheads sing before him,
 To us his psalms had ne'er descended,
 In furious mood he would have tore 'em.

The luckless Israelites, when taken,
 By some inhuman tyrant's order,
 Were ask'd to sing, by joy for-aken,
 On Babylonian river's border.

Oh! had they sung in notes like these,
 Inspired by stratagem or fear;
 They might have set their hearts at ease,
 The devil a soul had stay'd to hear.

But, if I scribble longer now,
 The dunces a soul will stay to read;
 My pen is blunt, my ink is low,
 'Tis almost time to stop, indeed.

Therefore, farewell, old Granta's spires,
 No more like Cleofas I fly,
 No more thy theme my muse inspires,
 The reader's tir'd, and so am I.

1806.

LACHIN Y GAIR.

LACHIN Y GAIR, or as it is pronounced in the Gaelic, Loch na Garr, towers proudly pre-eminent in the Northern Highlands, near Invercauld. One of our modern tourists mentions it as the highest mountain, perhaps, in Great Britain; be this as it may, it is certainly one of the most sublime and picturesque, amongst our "Caledonian Alps." Its appearance is of a dusky hue, but the summit is the seat of eternal snows. Near Lachin y Gair, I spent some of the early part of my life, the recollection of which has given birth to the following stanzas.

AWAY, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses,
 In you let the minions of luxury rove;
 Restore me the rocks where the snow-flake reposes,
 Though still they are sacred to freedom and love;
 Yet, Caledonia, beloved are thy mountains,
 Round their white summits though elements war;
 Though cataracts foam, 'stead of smooth flowing fountains,
 I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr.

Ah there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd,
 My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;*
 On chieftains long perish'd, my memory ponder'd,
 As daily I strode through the pine cover'd glade
 I sought not my home till the day's flying glory
 Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star:
 For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,
 Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch na Garr

"Shades of the dead! have I not heard your voices,
 Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale?"
 Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
 And rides on the wind, o'er his own Highland vale:

* This word is erroneously pronounced Plaid, the proper pronunciation (according to the Scottish,) is known by the Orthography.

Round Loch na Garr, while the stormy mist
Winter presides in his cold icy car; {gathers,
Clouds there encircle the forms of my father,
They dwell in the tempest of dark Loch na Garr.

"Ill star'd*, though brave, did no vision's foreboding,
Tell you that fate had for-aken your cause?"
Ah! were you destined to die at Culloden,†
Victory crown'd not your fall with applause;
Still were you happy in death's earthly slumber,
You rest with your clan, in the caves of Braemar.‡
The Pibroch§ resounds, to the piper's loud number,
Your deeds, on the echoes of dark Loch na Garr!

Years have roll'd on, Loch na Garr, since I left you,
Ye arts must elapse ere I tread you again;
Nature of verdure and flowers has bereft you,
Yet, still, are you dearer than Albion's plain:
England! thy beauties are tame and domestic,
To one who has roved on the mountains afar!
Oh! for the crags that are wild and majestic,
The steep frowning glories of dark Loch na Garr!

TO ROMANCE.

PARENT of golden dreams, Romance!
Auspicious Queen of childish joys!
Who lead'st along in airy dance,
Thy votive train of girls and boys;
At length, in spells no longer bound,
I break the fetters of my youth:
No more I tread thy mystic round,
But leave thy realms for those of Truth.

And yet, 'tis hard to quit the dreams
Which haunt the unsuspicious soul,
Where every nymph a goddess seems,
Whose eyes through rays immortal roll:
While Fancy holds her boundless reign,
And all assume a varied hue,
When virgins seem no longer vain,
And even Woman's smiles are true.

And must we own thee but a name,
And from thy hall of clouds descend?
Nor find a Sylph in every dame,
A Pylades in every friend;
But leave, at once, thy realms of air,
To mingling bands of fairy elves;
Confess that woman's false as fair,
And friends have feeling for themselves.

With shame, I own, I've felt thy sway,
Repentant, now thy reign is o'er,
No more thy precepts I obey,
No more on fancied pinions soar:
Fond fool! to love a sparkling eye,
And think that eye to truth was dear;
To trust a passing Wanton's sigh,
And melt beneath a Wanton's tear.

* I allude here to my maternal ancestors, "the Gordons," many of whom fought for the unfortunate Prince Charles, better known by the name of the Pretender. This branch was nearly allied by blood, as well as attachment, to the Stuarts. George, the second Earl of Huntley, married the Princess Annabella Stuart, daughter of James the First of Scotland; by her he left four sons: the third, Sir William Gordon, I have the honour to claim as one of my progenitors.

† Whether any perished in the battle of Culloden, I am not certain: but as many fell in the insurrection, I have used the name of the principal action, "pars pro toto."

‡ A tract of the Highlands so called; there is also a Castle of Braemar.

§ The Bagpipe.

|| It is hardly necessary to add, that Pylades was the companion of Orestes, and a partner in one of those friendships, which, with those of Achilles and Patroclus, Nisus and Euryalus, Damon and Pythias, have been handed down to posterity as remarkable instances of attachments, which in all probability never existed, beyond the imagination of the poet, the page of an historian, or modern novelist.

Romance! disgusted with deceit,
Far from thy motley court I fly,
Where Affection holds her seat,
And sickly Sensibility;
Whose silly tears can never flow.
For any pang, excepting thine,
Who turns aside from real woe,
To steep in dew thy gaudy shrine.

Now join with sable Sympathy,
With cypress crown'd, array'd in weeds,
Who heaves with thee her simple sigh;
Whose breast for every bosom bleeds;
And call thy sylvan female quire,
To mourn a swain for ever gone,
Who once could glow with equal fire,
But bends not now before thy throne.

Ye genial Nymphs, whose ready tears,
On all occasions swiftly flow;
Whose bosoms heave with fancied fears,
With fancied flames and frenzy glow;
Say, will you mourn my absent name,
Apostate from your gentle train?
An infant Bard, at least, may claim
From you a sympathetic strain.

Adieu! fond race, a long adieu!
The hour of fate is hovering nigh,
Even now the gulph appears in view,
Where unlamented you must lie;
Oblivion's blackening lake is seen,
Convulsed by gales you cannot weather,
Where you, and eke your gentle queen,
Alas! must perish altogether.

ELEGY ON NEWSTEAD ABBEY.*

*IT is the voice of years that are gone! They roll before
me with all their deeds.*

(OSIAN.)

NEWSTEAD! fast falling, once resplendent dome,
Religion's shrine! repentant Henry's† pride!
Of Warriors, Monks, and Bards, the clustered tomb,
Whose pensive shades around thy ruins glide.

Had to thy pile! more honour'd in thy fall,
Than modern mansions, in their pillar'd state;
Proudly majestic frowns thy vaulted hall,
Scowling defiance on the blasts of fate.

No mail-clad serfs‡ obedient to their Lord,
In grim array, the crimson cross demand,
Or gay assemble round the festive board,
Their chief's retainers, an immortal band.

Else might inspiring Fancy's magic eye,
Retrace their progress, through the lapse of
time,
Marking each ardent youth, ordain'd to die,
A votive pilgrim in Judea's clime.

But not from thee, dark pile! departs the chief,
His feudal realm in other regions lay,
In thee, the wounded conscience courts relief,
Retiring from the garish blaze of day.

Yes, in thy gloomy cells and shades profound,
The monk adjured a world he ne'er could view!
Or blood-stain'd guilt, repenting solace found,
Or innocence from stern Oppression flew.

A monarch bade thee from that wild arise, [prowl,
Where Sherwood's outlaws once were wont to
And superstition's crimes, of various dyes,
Sought shelter in the Priest's protecting cowl.

* As one poem, on this subject is printed in the beginning, the author had originally no intention of inserting the following: it is now added at the particular request of some friends.

† Henry II. founded Newstead, soon after the murder of Thomas a Becket.

‡ This word is used by Walter Scott, in his poem "The Wild Huntsman," synonymous with vassal.

§ The red Cross was the badge of the Crusaders.

Where now the grass exhales a murky dew,
The humid pall of life-extinguish'd clay;
In sainted fane, the sacred Fathers grew,
Nor raised their pious voices, but to pray.

Where now the bats their wavering wings extend,
Soon as the gloaming^{*} spreads her waning
shade;
The choir did oft her mingling versers blend,
Or matin orisons to Mary[†] paid.

Years roll on years; to ages ages yield;
Abbots to Abbots, in a line succeed:
Religion's charter their protecting shield,
Till royal sacrilege their doom decreed.

One holy Henry[‡] rear'd the gothic walls,
And bade the pious inmates rest in peace;
Another Henry the kind gift recalls,
And bids devotion's hallow'd echoes cease.

Vain is each threat, or supplicating prayer,
He drives them, exiles, from their bless'd abode;
To roam a dreary world, in deep despair,
No friend, no home, no refuge, but their God.

Hark! how the hall, resounding to the strain,
Shakes with the martial music's novel din!
The heralds of a warrior's haughty reign,
High crested banners wave thy walls within.

Of changing sentinels the distant hum,
The mirth of feasts, the clang of burnish'd arms,
The braying trumpet and the hoarser drum,
Unite in concert with increased alarms.

An Abbey once, a regal fortress now,
Encircled by insulting rebel powers;
War's dread machines o'erhang thy threatening
brow;
And dart destruction in sulphureous showers.

Ah! vain defence! the hostile traitor's siege,
Though oft repulsed by guile, o'ercomes the
brave;
His thronging foes oppress the faithful Liege,
Rebellion's reeking standards o'er him wave.

Not unavenged the raging Baron yield,
The blood of traitor's mears the purple plain;
Unconquer'd still, his falchion there he wields,
And days of glory yet for him remain.

Still in that hour, the warrior wish'd to strew,
Self gather'd laurels, on a self-sought grave;
But Charles' protecting genius hither flew,
The monarch's friend, the monarch's hope to save.

Trembling, she snatch'd him from the unequal
strife,
In other fields the torrent to repel;
For nobler combats, here, reserved his life,
To lead the band where Godlike Falkland[¶] fell.

From thence, poor pile! to lawless plunder given,
While dying groans their painful requiem sound,
Far different incense now ascends to Heaven,
Such victims wallow on the gory ground.

* As "Gloaming," the Scottish word for Twilight, is far more poetical, and has been recommended by many eminent literary men, particularly by Dr. Moore, in his *Letters to Burns*, I have ventured to use it on account of its harmony.

† The priory was dedicated to the Virgin.
‡ At the dissolution of the Monasteries, Henry VIII. bestowed Newstead Abbey on Sir John Byron.

§ Newstead sustained a considerable siege in the war between Charles I. and his Parliament.

¶ Lord Byron, and his brother Sir William, held high commands in the Royal army; the former was General in Chief, in Ireland, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Governor to James Duke of York, afterwards the unhappy James II. The latter had a principal share in many actions. Vide Clarendon, Hume, &c.

¶ Lucius Cary, Lord Viscount Falkland, the most accomplished man of his age, was killed at the battle of Newberry, charging in the ranks of Lord Byron's Regiment of Cavalry.

There many a pale and ruthless robber's corpse,
Now come and ghast, defiles thy sacred sod,
O'er mingling man, and horse commix'd with horse,
Corruption's heap, the savage spoilers tread.

Graves, long with rank and sighing weeds o'er-
spread,
Ransack'd, resign, perforce, their mortal mould;
From ruffian fangs, escape not e'en the dead,
Raked from repose, in search for buried gold.

Hush'd is the harp, unstrung the warlike lyre,
The minstrel's palsied hand reclines in death.
No more he strikes the quivering chords with fire,
Or sings the glories of the martial wreath.

At length the sated murderers, gorged with prey,
Retire, the clamour of the fight is o'er;
Silence again resumes her awful sway,
And sable Horror guards the massy door.

Here desolation holds her dreary court,
What satellites declare her dismal reign!
Shrieking their dirge, ill-omen'd birds resort,
To flit their virgins in the holy fane.

Soon a new morn's restoring beams dispel
The clouds of Anarchy from Britain's skies;
The fierce usurper seeks his native hell,
And Nature triumphs, as the Tyrant dies.

With storms she welcomes his expiring groans,
Whirlwinds, responsive, greet his labouring
breath;
Earth shudders as her cave receives his bones,
Loathing^{*} the offering of so dark a death.

The legal Ruler, now resumes the helm,
He guides through gentle seas the prow of
state;
Hope cheers, with wonted smiles, the peaceful
realm,
And heals the bleeding wounds of wearied hate.

The gloomy tenants, Newstead! of thy cells,
Howling, resign their violated nest;
Again, the master on his tenure dwells,
Enjoy'd, from absence, with enraptured zest.

Vassals, within thy hospitable pale,
Loudly carousing, bless their Lord's return
Culture again adorns the gladdening vale,
And matrons, once lamenting, cease to mourn.

A thousand songs, on tuneful echo, float,
Unwonted foliage mantles o'er the trees;
And hark! the horns proclaim a mellow note,
The hunter's cry hangs lengthening on the
breeze.

Beneath their courcers' hoofs the valleys shake,
What fears! what anxious hopes, attend the
chase!
The dying stag seeks refuge in the lake,
Exulting shouts announce the finish'd race.

Ah! happy days! too happy to endure,
Such simple sports our plain forefathers knew;
No splendid vices glitter'd to allure,
Their joys were many, as their cares were few.

From these descending, sons to sires succeed,
Time steals along, and Death uprears his dart.
Another Chief impels the flying steed,
Another Crowd pursue the panting hart.

Newstead! what saddening change of scene is
thine!
Thy yawning arch betokens slow decay;

* This is an historical fact; a violent tempest occurred immediately subsequent to the death or interment of Cromwell, which occasioned many disputes between his Partizans and Cavaliers. Both interpreted the circumstance into divine interposition, but whether as approbation or condemnation, we leave to the Casuists of that age to decide; I have made such use of the occurrence as suited the subject of my poem.

† Charles II.

The last and youngest of a noble line,
Now holds thy mouldering turrets in its sway.

Deserted now, he scans thy gray worn towers;
Thy vaults where dead of feudal ages sleep;
Thy cloisters, pervious to the wintry showers;
These, these he views, and views them but to weep.

Yet are not tears no emblem of regret;
Cherish'd affection only bids them flow:
Pride, Hope, and Love, forbid him to forget,
But warm his bosom with impassion'd glow.

Yet he prefers thee to the gilded domes,
Or gewgaw prottos of the vainly great;
Yet lingers 'mid thy damp and mossy tombs,
Nor breathes a murmur 'gainst the will of fate.

Haply thy sun, emerging yet may shine,
Thee to irradiate, with meridian ray;
Hours, splendid as the past, may still be thine,
And bless thy future as thy former day.

THE DEATH

OF

CALMAR AND ORLA,

AN IMITATION OF

MACPHERSON'S OSSIAN.

DEAR are the days of youth! Age dwells on their remembrance through the mist of time. In the twilight, he recalls the sunny hours of morn. He lifts his spear with trembling hand. Not thus feebly did I raise the steel before my fathers! Past is the race of heroes! but their fame rises on the harp; their souls ride on the wings of the wind! they hear the sound through the sighs of the storm; and rejoice in their hall of clouds! such is Calmar. The gray stone marks his narrow house. He looks down from eddying tempests; he rolls his form in the whirlwind, and hovers on the blast of the mountain.

In Morven dwelt the Chief; a beam of war to Fingal. His steps in the field were marked in blood; Lochlin's Sons had fled before his angry spear; but mild was the eye of Calmar. soft was the flow of his yellow locks; they streamed like the meteor of the night. No maid was the sigh of his soul; his thoughts were given to friendship, to dark-haired Orla, destroyer of heroes! Equal were their words in battle; but fierce was the pride of Orla; gentle alone to Calmar. Together they dwelt in the cave of Oithona.

From Lochlin, Swaran bounded o'er the blue waves. Erin's sons fell beneath his might. Fingal roused his chiefs to combat. Their ships cover the ocean! Their hosts throng on the green hills. They come to the aid of Erin.

Night rose in clouds. Darkness veils the armies. But the blazing oaks gleam through the valley. The Sons of Lochlin slept; their dreams were of blood. They lift the spear, in thought, and Fingal flies. Not so the Host of Morven, To watch was the post of Orla. Calmar stood by his side. Their spears were in their hands. Fingal called his chiefs: they stood around. The King was in the midst. Gray were his locks, but strong was the arm of the king. Age withered not his powers. "Sons of Morven," said the hero, "to-morrow we meet the foe; but where is Cuthullin, the shield of Erin? He rests in the halls of Tura; he knows not

of our coming. Who 'll speed through Lochlin to the hero, and call the chief to arms. The path is by the swords of foes, but many are my heroes. They are thunderbolts of war, speak, ye chiefs! Who will arise?"

"Son of Trenmor! mine be the deed," said dark-haired Orla, "and mine alone. What is death to me? I love the sleep of the mighty, but little is the danger. The sons of Lochlin dream. I will seek ear-borne Cuthullin. If I fall, raise the song of bards, and lay me by the stream of Lubar." "And shalt thou fall alone?" said fair-haired Calmar. "Wilt thou leave thy friend afar? Chief of Oithona! not feeble is my arm in fight. Could I see thee die, and not lift the spear? No, Orla: ours has been the chase of the roebuck, and the feast of shells; ours be the path of danger; ours has been the cave of Oithona; ours be the narrow dwelling on the banks of Lubar." "Calmar," said the Chief of Oithona, "why should thy yellow locks be darkened in the dust of Erin? Let me fall alone. My Father dwells in his hall of air: he will rejoice in his boy; but the blue eyed Mora spreads the feast for her son in Morven. She listens to the steps of the hunter on the heath, and thinks it is the tread of Calmar. Let him not say Calmar has fallen by the steel of Lochlin; he died with gloomy Orla: the Chief of the dark brow. Why should tears dim the azure eye of Mora? Why should her voice curse Orla, the destroyer of Calmar? Live Calmar. Live to raise my stone of moss; live to revenge me in the blood of Lochlin. Join the song of bards above my grave. Sweet will be the song of death to Orla, from the voice of Calmar. My ghost shall smile on the notes of praise." "Orla," said the son of Mora, "could I raise the song of death to my friend? Could I give his fame to the winds? No, my heart would speak in sighs; faint and broken are the sounds of sorrow. Orla! our souls shall hear the song together. One cloud shall be ours on high: the birds will mingle the names of Orla and Calmar."

They quit the circle of the chiefs. Their steps are to the Host of Lochlin. The dying blaze of oak, dim-twinkles through the night. The northern star points the path to Tura. Swaran, the King, rests on his lonely hill. Here the troops are mixed; they frown in sleep. Their shields beneath their heads. Their swords gleam at distance in heaps. The fires are faint; their embers fall in smoke. All is hushed; but the gale sighs on the rocks above. Lightly wheel the heroes through the slumbering band. Half the journey is past, when Mathon, resting on his shield, meets the eye of Orla. It rolls in flame, and glitters through the shade; his spear is raised on high. "Why dost thou bend thy brow, chief of Oithona?" said fair-haired Calmar, "we are in the midst of foes. Is this a time for delay?" "It is a time for vengeance," said Orla, of the gloomy brow. "Mathon of Lochlin sleeps: seest thou his spear? Its point is dim with the gore of my father. The blood of Mathon shall reek on mine; but shall I slay him sleeping, Son of Mora? No! he shall feel his wound; my fame shall not soar on the blood of slumber: rise! Mathon! rise! the son of Connal calls, thy life is his; rise to combat." Mathon starts from sleep, but did he rise alone? No: the gathering chiefs bound on the plain. "Fly! Calmar! fly!" said dark-haired Orla, "Mathon is mine; I shall die in joy, but Lochlin crowds around; fly through the shade of night." Orla turns, the helm of Mathon is left; his shield falls from his arm: he shudders in his blood. He rolls by the side of the blazing oak. Strumon sees him fall. His wrath rises: his weapon glitters on the head of Orla; but a spear pierced his eye. His brain gushes through the wound, and foams on the spear of Calmar. As roll the waves of the Ocean, on two mighty barks of the North, so pour the men of Lochlin on the chiefs. As, breaking the surge in foam, proudly steer the barks of the North; so rise the chiefs of Morven, on the scattered crest of Lochlin. The din of arms came to the ear of Fingal. He strikes his shield; his sons throng around; the people pour along the heath. Ryno bounds in joy. Ossian stalks in his arms. Oscar shakes the spear. The eagle wing of Fillan floats on the wind. Dreadful is the clang of death! many are the widows of Lochlin. Morven prevails in its strength.

* It may be necessary to observe that the story, though considerably varied in the Catastrophe, is taken from "Nisus and Euryalus," of which Episode a Translation is already given in the present volume.

Morn glimmers on the hills; no living fire is seen; but the vapours are many; grim they lie on Erin. The towers of ocean lift their locks; yet they do not awake. The hawks scream above their prey.

Those yellow locks wave o'er the breast of a chief! bright as the gold of the stranger, they mingle with the dark hair of his friend. "Thy Calmar, he lies on the bosom of Orla. There is one stream of blood. Pierce is the lock of the gloomy Orla. He breathes not; but his eye is still a flame. It glares in death undimmed. His hand is grasped in Calmar's; but Calmar lives; he lives, though low. "Rise," said the king, "no, son of Mora, 'tis mine to heal the wounds of Heros. Calmar may yet bound on the hills of Mervin."

"Never more shall Calmar chase the deer of Mervin with Orla!" said the Hero; "what were the chase to me alone? Who would I share the spoils of battle with Calmar? Orla is at rest! Rough was thy soul, Orla! yet soft to me as the dew of morn. It glared on others, in lightning; to me, a silver beam of night. Bear my sword to blue-eyed Mora; let it hang in my empty hall. It is not pure from blood; but it could not save Orla. Lay me with my friend: raise the song when I am dark!"

They are laid by the stream of Lubar. Four gray stones mark the dwelling of Orla and Calmar.

When Swaran was bound, our sails rose on the blue waves. The winds gave our barks to Mervin. The birds raised the song.

"What Form rises on the roar of clouds? Whose dark Ghost gleams on the red streams of tempests? his voice rolls on the thunder: 'tis Orla: the brown Chief of Othron. He was unmatched in war. Peace to thy soul, Orla! Thy fame will not perish. Nor thine! Calmar! Lovely wast thou, son of blue-eyed Mora, but not harmless was thy sword. It hangs in thy cave. The Ghosts of Lochlin shriek around its steel. Hear thy praise, Calmar! It dwells on the voice of the mighty. Thy name shakes on the echoes of Mervin. Then raise thy fair locks, Son of Mora. Spread them on the arch of the rainbow, and smile through the tears of the storm."

TO E. N. L. ESQ.

Nit ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico.

HOR. E.

DEAR L—, in this sequel to the scene,

While all around in summer lie,
The joyous days which ours have been,
Come rolling fresh on Fancy's eye;
Thus amidst the gathering storm,
While clouds the darken'd noon deform,
Yon heaven assumes a varied glow,
I hail the sky's celestial bow,
Which spreads the sign of future peace,
And bids the war of tempests cease.
Ah! though the present brings but pain,
I think those days may come again;
Or, if in melancholy morn,
Some lurking envious fear intrude,
To check my bosom's fondest thought,
And interrupt the golden dream—
I crush the fiend with malice fraught,
And still indulge my wonted theme;

* I fear, Lang's late edition has completely overthrown every hope that Macpherson's Ossian might prove the Translation of a series of Poems, complete in themselves; but, while the imposture is discovered, the merit of the work remains undisputed, though not without faults, particularly, in some parts, turgid and bombastic diction.—The present humble imitation, will be pardoned by the admirers of the original, as an attempt, however inferior, which evinces an attachment to their favourite author.

Although we refer again to nature,

In Grant's tale the poetical force,
Not through the figures of his verse
Our raptur'd eye can best see,
Though Youth has been on many a plain,
And Manhood claims his stern domain,
Age will not every hope destroy,
But yield some hours of soler joy.

Yes, I will hope that time's great wing
Will shed abroad some dew of youth;
But, if his is the must sweep the flowers,
Which bloom among the fairy bowers,
Where smiling youth delights to dwell,
And hearts with early rapture swell;
If frowning Age, with cold control,
Confines the current of the soul,
Corgeals the tear of pity's eye,
Or checks the sympathetic sigh,
Or hears unmoved Misfortune's groan,
And bids me feel for self alone;
Oh! may my bosom never learn,

To soothe its wonted heedless flow,
Still, still, deep, e the censor stern,
But repress'd fast and cruel's so.
Yes, as you knew me in the days
O'er which Remembrance yet delays,
Still may I rove, untutored, wild,
And even in age, at least a child.

Though now on airy visions borne,
To you my soul is still the same,
Oft has it been my fate to mourn,
And all my former joys are tame;
But, hence! ye hours of sable hue,
Your crowns are gone, my sorrow's o'er,
By every bliss my childhood knew,
I'll think upon your shade no more!
Thus, when the whirlwind's rage is past,
And caves their sullen roar enclose;
We heed no more the wintry blast,
When lull'd by zephyr to repose.
Full often has my infant Muse,
Attuned to Love her languid lyre,
But now, without a theme to choose,
The strains in stolen sighs expire:
My youthful nymphs, alas! are down,
E— is a wife, and C— a mother,
And Carolina sighs alone,

And Mary's given to another;
And Cora's eye which roll'd on me,
Can now no more my love recall,
In truth dear L—, 'twas time to flee.

For Cora's eye will shine on all.
And though the sun with genial rays,
His beams alike to all displays,
And every lady's eye's a sun,
These last should be confined to me.
The soul's meridian don't become her,
Whose sun displays a gentle summer!
Thus faint is every former flame,
And Passion's self is now a name;
As when the ebbing flames are low,

The ad which once improved their light,
And bade them burn with terror glow,
Now quenches all their sparks in night;
Thus has it been with Passion's fire—
As many a boy and girl remembers,
While all the force of love expires.

Extinguish'd with the dying embers.
But now, dear L—, 'tis midnight's noon,
And clouds obscure the watery moon,
Who-e beauties I shall not rehearse,
Described in every stripling's verse;
For why should I the path go o'er,
Which every bard has trod before;
Yet ere you silver lamp of night,
Has thrice perform'd her stated round,
Has thrice retraced her path of light,
And chased away the gloom profound,

I trust that we, my gentle Friend,
Shall see her rolling orbit wend,
Above the dear loved peaceful seat,
Which once contain'd our youth's retreat;
And then with those our childhood knew,
We'll mingle with the festive crew.
While many a tale of former day
Shall wing the laughing hours away;
And all the flow of souls shall pour,
The sacred intellectual shower,
Nor cease till Luna's waning beam,
Scarce glimmers through the mist of morn.

TO —

Oh! had my fate been joined with thine,
As once this pledge appear'd a token;
These follies had not then been mine,
For then my peace had not been broken.

T' thee, these early faults I owe,
To thee, the wise and old reproving;
They know my sins, but do not know
'Twas thine to break the bonds of loving.

For once my soul like thine was pure,
And all its rising fires could smother;
But now thy vows no more endure,
Bestow'd by thee upon another.

Perhaps his peace I could destroy,
And spoil the blisses that await him;
Yet let my rival smile in joy,
For thy dear sake I cannot hate him.

Ah! since thy angel form is gone,
My heart no more can rest with any;
But what it sought in thee alone,
Attempts, alas! to find in many.

Then fare thee well, deceitful maid,
'Twere vain and fruitless to regret thee;
Nor hope, nor memory, yield their aid,
But pride may teach me to forget thee.

Yet all this giddy waste of years,
'Tis tiresome round of palling pleasures;
These varied loves, these matron's fears,
These thoughtless strains to passion's mea-
sure;

If thou wert mine, had all been hush'd :—
This cheek now pale from early riot,
With passions hectic ne'er had flush'd,
But bloom'd in calm domestic quiet.

Yes, once the rural scene was sweet,
For Nature seem'd to smile before thee;
And once my breast abhor'd decent,
For then it beat but to adore thee.

But now I seek for other joys,
To think, would drive my soul to madness;
In thoughtless throng, and empty noise,
I conquer half my bosom's sadness.

Yet, even in these a thought will steal,
In spite of every vain endeavour;
And fiends might pity what I feel,
To know that thou art lost for ever.

STANZAS.

I WOULD I were a careless child,
Still dwelling in my Highland cave,
Or roaming through the dusky wild,
Or bounding o'er the dark blue wave;
The cumbrous pomp of Saxon^{*} pride,
Accords not with the freeborn soul,
Which loves the mountain's craggy side,
And seeks the rocks where billows roll.

Fortune! take back these cultured lands,
Take back this name of splendid sound!
I hate the touch of servile hands,
I hate the slaves that cringe around:
Place me along the rocks I love,
Which sound to Ocean's wildest roar;
I ask but this—again to rove,
Through scenes my youth hath known before.

Few are my years, and yet I feel
The world was ne'er design'd for me—
Ah! why do darkening shades conceal
The hour when man must cease to be?
Once I beheld a splendid dream,
A visionary scene of bliss;
Truth! wherefore did thy hated beam
Awake me to a world like this?

* Sassenagh, or Saxon, a Gaelic word, signifying either Lowland or English.

I loved—but those I loved are gone;
Had friends—my early friends are fled;
How cheerless feels the heart alone
When all its former hopes are dead!
Though gay companions, o'er the bowl
Dispel awhile the sense of ill,
Though pleasure stirs the maddening soul
The heart—the heart is lonely still.

How dull! to hear the voice of those
Whom rank, or chance, whom wealth
Have made, though neither friends nor foes,
Associates of the festive hour:
Give me again a faithful few,
In years and feelings, still the same,
And I will fly the midnight crew,
Where boisterous joy is but a name

And Woman! lovely Woman, thou!
My hope, my comfort, my all!
How cold must be my bosom now,
When even thy smiles begin to pall!
Without a sigh would I resign
This busy scene of splendid woe,
To make that calm Contentment mine,
Which Virtue knows, or seems to know.

Fain would I fly the haunts of men,
I seek to shun, not hate mankind,
My breast requires the sullen glen,
Whose gloom may suit a darken'd mind:
Oh! that to me the wings were given,
Which bear the turtle to her nest!
Then would I cleave the vault of heaven,
To flee away, and be at rest."

LINES,

*Written beneath an Elm, in the Church Yard of Har-
row on the Hill, Sept. 2, 1807*

SPOKE of my youth! whose heavy branches sigh,
Swept by the breeze that fans the cloudless sky,
Where now alone I muse, who oft have trod,
With those I loved, thy soft and verdant sod;
With those who, scattered far, perchance deplore,
Like me, the happy scenes they knew before;
Oh! as I trace again thy winding hill,
Mine eyes admire, my heart adores thee still.
Thou drooping Elm! beneath whose boughs I lay,
And frequent mused the twilight hours away;
Where, as they once were wont, my limbs recline,
But, ah! without the thoughts which then were mine;

How do thy branches, morning to the blast,
Invite the bosom to recall the past,
And seem to whisper as they gently swell,
"Take, while thou canst, a lingering, last fare-
well."

When fate shall chill, at length, this fever'd
breast,
And call its cares and passions into rest;
Oft have I thought 'twould soothe my dying hour,
If aught may soothe, when Life resigns her power;
To know some humbler grave, some narrow cell,
Would hide my bosom where it loved to dwell.
With this fond dream methinks 'twere sweet to die,
And here it linger'd, here my heart might lie,
Here might I sleep where all my hopes arose,
Scene of my youth, and couch of my repose:
For ever stretch'd beneath this mantling shade,
Press'd by the turf where once my childhood play'd;
Wrapt by the soil that veils the spot I loved,
Mix'd with the earth o'er which my footsteps
moved;
Bless'd by the tongues that charm'd my youthful
Mourner'd by the few my soul acknowledged here,
Deplored by those, in early days allied,
And unremember'd by the world beside.

* Psalm lv. verse 6—"And I said, Oh!
that I had wings like a dove, then would I fly away,
and be at rest." This verse also constitutes a part
of the most beautiful anthem in our language.

ENGLISH BARDS,
AND
SCOTCH REVIEWERS,
A SATIRE.

I had rather be a kitten, and cry, mew '
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers-
SHAKSPEARE.

Such shameless Bards we have; and yet 'tis true,
There are as mad, abandon'd Critics too.
POPE.

PREFACE

TO THE

THIRD EDITION.

ALL my friends, learned and unlearned, have urged me not to publish this satire with my name. If I were to be "turned from the career of my humour by quibbles quick, and paper bullets of the brain," I should have complied with their counsel. But I am not to be terrified by abuse, or bullied by reviewers, with or without arms. I can safely say that I have attacked none *personally* who did not commence on the offensive. An Author's works are public property: he who purchases may judge, and publish his opinion if he pleases; and the Authors I have endeavoured to commemorate may do by me as I have done by them: I dare say they will succeed better in condemning my scribblings, than in mending their own. But my object is not to prove that I can write well, but, *if possible*, to make others write better.

As the Poem has met with far more success than I expected, I have endeavoured in this Edition to make some additions and alterations to render it more worthy of public perusal.

In the First Edition of this Satire, published anonymously, fourteen lines on the subject of Bowles's Pope, were written and inserted at the request of an ingenious friend of mine, who has now in the press a volume of Poetry. In the present Edition they are erased, and some of my own substituted in their stead; my only reason for this being that which I conceive would operate with any other person in the same manner: a determination not to publish with my name any production which was not entirely and exclusively my own composition.

With regard to the real talents of many of the poetical persons whose performances are mentioned, or alluded to in the following pages, it is presumed by the Author that there can be little difference of opinion in the Public at large; though, like other sectaries, each has his separate tabernacle of proselytes, by whom his abilities are overrated, his faults overlooked, and his metrical canons received without scruple and without consideration. But the unquestionable possession of considerable genius by several of the writers here censured, renders their mental prostitution more to be regretted. Imbecility may be pitied, or, at worst, laughed at and forgotten; perverted powers demand the most decided reprehension. No one can wish more than the Author, that some known and able writer had undertaken their exposure; but Mr. Gifford has devoted himself to Massinger, and in the absence of the regular physician, a country practitioner may, in cases of absolute necessity, be allowed to prescribe his nostrum to prevent the extension of so deplorable an epidemic, provided there be no quackery in his treatment of the malady. A caustic is here offered, as it is to be feared nothing short of actual cautery can recover the numerous patients afflicted with the present prevalent and distressing *rabies* for rhyming.—As to the *Edinburgh Reviewers*, it would, indeed, require a Hercules to crush the Hydra; but if the Author succeeds in merely "bruising one of the heads of the serpent," though his own hand should suffer in the encounter, he will be amply satisfied.

ENGLISH BARDS

AND

SCOTCH REVIEWERS.

STILL must I hear?—shall hoarse * Fitzgerald bawl
His creaking couplets in a tavern hall,
And I not sing, lest, haply, Scotch Reviews
Should dub me scribbler, and denounce my Muse?
Prepare for rhyme—I'll publish, right or wrong:
Fools are my theme, let Satire be my song.

Oh! Nature's noblest gift—my gray goose-quill!
Slave of my thoughts, obedient to my will,
Torn from thy parent bird to form a pen,
That mighty instrument of little men! 10
The pen! foredoom'd to aid the mental throes
Of brains that labour, big with Verse or Prose,
Though Nymphs forsake, and Critics may deride
The Lover's solace, and the Author's pride.
What Wits! what Poets dost thou daily raise!
How frequent is thy use, how small thy praise!
Condemn'd at length to be forgotten quite,
With all the pages which 'twas thine to write.
But thou, at least, mine own especial pen!
Once laid aside, but now assumed again, 20
Our task complete, like Hamet's! shall be free;
Though spurn'd by others, yet beloved by me:
Then let us soar to-day, no common theme,
No Eastern vision, no distemper'd dream
Inspires—our path, though full of thorns, is plain;
Smooth be the verse, and easy be the strain.

When Vice triumphant holds her sovereign sway,
And men, through life her willing slaves, obey;
When folly, frequent harbinger of crime,
Unfolds her motley store to suit the time; 30
When Knaves and Fools combined o'er all prevail,
When Justice halts, and Right begins to fail;
Even then the boldest start from public sneers,
Afraid of Shame, unknown to other fears,
More darkly sin, by Satire kept in awe,
And shrink from Ridicule though not from Law.

Such is the force of Wit! but not belong
To me the arrows of satiric song:
The royal vices of our age demand
A keener weapon, and a mightier hand. 40
Still there are follies, even for me to chafe,
And yield at least amusement in the race.
Laugh when I laugh, I seek no other fame,
The cry is up, and scribblers are my game:
Speed Pegasus!—ye strains of great and small,
Ode! Epic! Elegy!—have at you all!
I, too, can scrawl, and once upon a time
I pour'd along the town a flood of rhyme,
A school-boy freak, unworthy praise or blame; 50
I printed—older children do the same.

* IMITATION.

"Semper ego auditor tantum? nunquamne re-
Verxatus toties ruci Therside Cadri?" JUVENAL, SAT. 1.

Mr. Fitzgerald, facetiously termed by Cobbett the "Small Beer Poet," inflicts his annual tribute of verse on the "Literary Fund," not content with writing, he spouts in person after the company have imbibed a reasonable quantity of bad port, to enable them to sustain the operation.

† Cid Hamet Benengeli promises repose to his pen in the last chapter of Don Quixote. Oh! that our voluminous gentry would follow the example of Cid Hamet Benengeli.

'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
A Book's a Book, although there's nothing in't.
Not that a Title's sounding charm to save
Or scrawl or scribbler from an equal grave.
This Lambe must own, since his patrician name
Fail'd to preserve the spurious Farce from shame.
No matter, George continues still to write,†
Though now the name is veil'd from public sight.
Moved by the great example I pursue
The self-same road, but make my own review: 60
Not seek great Jeffrey's, yet like him will be
Self-constituted Judge of Poesy.

A man must serve his time to every trade
Save Censure,—Critics all are ready-made.
Take hackney'd jokes from Miller got by rote,
With just enough of learning to misquote;
A mind well skill'd to find or forge a fault,
A turn for punning, call it Attic salt;
To Jeffrey go, be silent and discreet,
His pay is just ten sterling pounds per sheet: 70
Fear not to lie, 'twill seem a lucky hit,
Shrink not from blasphemy, 'twill pass for wit;
Care not for feeling—pass your proper jest,
And stand a Critic hated yet caress'd.

And shall we own such judgment? no—as soon
Seek roses in December—ice in June;
Hence constancy in wind, or corn in chaff,
Believe a woman, or an epitaph,
Or any other thing that's false, before
You trust in critics who themselves are sore; 80
Or yield one single thought to be misled
By Jeffrey's heart, or Lambe's Bocton head.‡

To these young tyrants,§ by themselves mis-
placed,
Combined usurpers on the Throne of Taste;
To these when Authors bend in humble awe,
And hail their voice as Truth, their word as Law;
While these are Censors, 'twould be sin to spare;
While such are Critics, why should I forbear? 90
But yet so near all modern worthies run,
'Tis doubtful whom to seek, or whom to shun;
Nor know we when to spare, or where to strike,
Our Bards and Censors are so much alike.

¶ Then should you ask me, why I venture o'er
The path that Pope and Gifford trod before?
If not yet sicken'd, you can still proceed,
Go on; my rhyme will tell you as you read.

Time was, ere yet, in these degenerate days,
Ignoble themes obtain'd mistaken praise,

* This ingenious youth is mentioned more parti-
cularly with his production, in another place.

† In the Edinburgh Review.

‡ Messrs. Jeffrey and Lambe are the Alpha and
Omega, the first and last of the Edinburgh Review;
the others are mentioned hereafter.

§ "Stulta est Clementia, cum tot ubique
occurras peritura parcere chartæ." JUVENAL, SAT. 1.

¶ IMITATION.

"Cur tamen hoc libet potius decurrere campo
Per quem magnus equos Aurunca flexit alumnus?
Si vacat, et placidè rationem admittitis, edam." JUVENAL, SAT. 1.

When Sense and Wit with Poesy allied,
No fabled Graces, flourish'd side by side, 100
From the same fount their inspiration drew,
And, rear'd by Taste, bloom'd fairer as they grew.
Then, in this happy Isle, a Pope's pure strain
Sought the rapt soul to charm, nor sought in vain,
A polish'd nation's praise aspired to claim,
And raise the people's, as the poet's fame.
Like him great Dryden pour'd the tide of song,
In stream less smooth, indeed, yet doubly strong.
Then Congreve's scenes could cheer, or Otway's
melt;

For Nature then an English audience felt— 110
But why these names, or greater still, retrace,
When all to feeble Bards resign their place?
Yet to such times our lingering looks are cast,
When taste and reason with those times are past.
Now look around, and turn each trifling page,
Survey the precious works that please the age;
This truth at least let Sature's self allow,
No dearth of Bards can be complained of now;
The loaded Press beneath her labour groans,
And printers' devils shake their weary bones, 120
While Southey's Epics cram the creaking shelves,
And Little's Lyrics shine in hot-press'd twelves.

Thus saith the Preacher; "nought beneath
the sun
Is new;" yet still from change to change we run:
What varied wonders tempt us as they pass!
The Cow-pox, Tractors, Galvanism and Gas,
In turns appear to make the vulgar stare
Till the swain huddle bursts—and all is air!
Nor less new schools of poetry arise,
Where dull pretenders grapple for the prize: 130
O'er Taste awhile these Pseudo-bards prevail;
Each country Book-club bows the knee to Baal,
And, hurling lawf'ul Genus from the throne,
Erects a shrine and idol of its own!
Some leaden calf—but whom it matters not,
From soaring Southey down to grovelling Stott.†

Behold! in various throngs the scribbling crew,
For notice eager, pass in long review:
Each spurs his jaded Pegasus apace,
And Rhyme and Blank maintain an equal race; 140
Sonnets on sonnets crowd, and ode on ode;
And Tales of Terror jostle on the road;
Immenseurable measures move along,
For simpering Polly loves a varied song,
To strange mysterious Dullness still the friend,
Admires the strain she cannot comprehend.
Thus Lays of Minstrelst—may they be the last!
On half-strung harps whine mournful to the blast,

• Ecclesiastes, Chap. I.

† Stott, better known in the "Morning Post" by the name of Hafiz. This person is at present the most profound explorer of the Bathos. I remember, when the reigning family left Portugal, a special ode of Master Stott's beginning thus:

(Stott loquitur quoad Hibernia.)

"Princely offspring of Braganza,
Erin greets thee with a Stanza," &c. &c.

Also a Sonnet to Rats, well worthy of the subject; and a most thundering ode, commencing as follows:

"Oh! for a Lay! loud as the surge
That lashes Lapland's sounding shore."

Lord have mercy on us! the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" was nothing to this.

† See the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" *passim*. Never was any plan so incongruous and absurd as the ground work of this production. The entrance of Thunder and Lightning prologuising to Bayes' Tragedy, unfortunately takes away the merit of originality from the dialogue between Messieurs the Spirits of Flood and Fell in the first canto. Then we have the amiable William of Deloraine, "a stark moss-trooper," videlicet, a happy compound of poacher, sheep-stealer, and highwayman. The propriety of his magical lady's injunction not to read can only be equalled by his candid acknowledgment of his independence of the trammels of spelling, although, to use his own elegant phrase, "twas his neck-verse at hairbee," i. e. the gal-lows.

While mountain spirits prate to river sprites,
That dames may listen to the sound at night; 151
And goblin brats of Gilpin Horner's brood*
Decoy young Border-nobles through the wood,
And skip at every step, Lord knows how high,
And frighten foolish babes the Lord knows why,
While high-born ladies in their magic cell,
Forbidding Knights to read who cannot spell,
Despatch a courier to a wizard's grave,
And fight with honest men to shield a knave.

Next view in state, proud prancing on his
roan,
The golden-crested haughty Marmion, 160
Now forging scrolls, now foremost in the fight,
Not quite a Felon, yet but half a Knight,
The gibbet or the field prepared to grace;
A mighty mixture of the great and base.
And think'st thou, Scott! by vain conceit per-
chance,

On public taste to foist thy stale romance,
Though Murray with his Miller may combine
To yield thy muse just half-a-crown per line?
No! when the sons of song descend to trade,
Their bays are sear, their former laurels fade. 170
Let such forego the poet's sacred name,
Who rack their brains for lucre, not for fame:
Low may they sink to merited contempt,
And scorn remunerate the mean attempt!
Such be their meed, such still the just reward
Of prostituted Muse and hireling bard!
For this we spurn Apollo's venal son,
And bid a long, "good night to Marmion."†

These are the themes that claim our plaudits now;
These are the Bards, to whom the Muse must bow;
While Milton, Dryden, Pope, alike forgot, 181
Resign their hallow'd Bays to Walter Scott.

The time has been, when yet the Muse was
young,
When Homer swept the lyre, and Maro sung,
An Epic scarce ten centuries could claim, [name:
While awe-struck nations hail'd the magic
The work of each immortal Bard appears
The single wonder of a thousand years.†
Empires have moulder'd from the face of earth,
Tongues have expired with those who gave them
birth, 190
Without the glory such a strain can give,
As even in ruin bids the language live.
Not so with us, though minor Bards, content,
On one great work a life of labour spent.
With eagle pinion soaring to the skies,
Behold the Bailad-monger Southey rise!
To him let Camoens, Milton, Tasso, yield,
Whose annual strains, like armies, take the field.

• The biography of Gilpin Horner, and the marvellous pedestrian page, who travelled twice as fast as his master's horse, without the aid of seven-leagued boots, are *chef d'œuvres* in the improvement of taste. For incident we have the invisible, but by no means sparing, box on the ear, bestowed on the page, and the entrance of a Knight and Charger into the castle, under the very natural disguise of a vain of hay. Marmion, the hero of the latter romance, is exactly what William of Deloraine would have been, had he been able to read and write. The Poem was manufactured for Messrs. Constable, Murray, and Miller, worshipful Book-sellers, in consideration of the receipt of a sum of money, and truly, considering the inspiration, it is a very creditable production. If Mr. Scott will write for hire, let him do his best for his paymasters, but not disgrace his genius, which is undoubtedly great, by a repetition of black letter Ballad imitations.

† "Good night to Marmion"—the pathetic and also prophetic exclamation of Henry Blount, Esquire, on the death of honest Marmion.

‡ As the Odyssey is so closely connected with the story of the Iliad, they may almost be classed as one grand historical poem. In alluding to Milton and Tasso, we consider the "Paradise Lost," and "Gierusalemme Liberata," as their standard efforts, since neither the "Jerusalem conquered" of the Italian, nor the "Paradise Regained" of the English Bard, obtained a proportionate celebrity to their former poems. Query: Which of Mr. Southey's will survive?

First in the ranks see Joan of Arc advance,
The scourge of England, and the boast of France!
Though burnt by wicked Bedford for a witch, 201
Behold her statue placed in Glory's niche;
Her fetters burst, and just released from prison,
A virgin Phoenix from her ashes risen.
Next see tremendous Thalaba come on,
Arabia's monstrous, wild, and wondrous son;
Domaniel's dread destroyer, who o'erthrew
More mad magicians than the world e'er knew.
Immortal Hero! all thy foes o'ercome,
For ever reign—the rival of Tom Thumb! 210
Since startled metre fled before thy face,
Well wert thou doom'd the last of all thy race!
Well might triumphant Genii bear thee hence,
Illustrious conqueror of common sense!
Now, last and greatest, Madoc spreads his sails,
Cæcique in Mexico, and Prince in Wales;
Tells us strange tales, as other travellers do,
More old than Mandeville's, and not so true.
Oh! Southey, Southey! cease thy varied song!
A Bard may chant too often and too long; 220
As thou art strong in verse, in mercy spare!
A fourth, alas! were more than we could bear.
But if, in spite of all the world can say,
Thou sull wilt verseward plod thy weary way;
If still in Berkley Ballads most uncivil,
Thou wilt devote old women to the devil,‡
The babe unborn thy dread intent may rue;
“God help thee,” Southey, and thy readers too.§

Next comes the dull disciple of thy school,
That mild apostate from poetic rule, 230
The simple Wordsworth, framer of a lay
As soft as evening in his favourite May,
Who warns his friend “To shake off toil and
trouble,
And quit his books for fear of growing double;”||
Who both by precept and example, shows
That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose,
Convincing all by demonstration plain,
Poetic souls deluged in prose insane;
And Christmas stories tortured into rhyme,
Contain the essence of the true sublime; 240
Thus when he tells the tale of Betty Foy,
The idiot mother of “an idiot Boy;”
A moon-struck, silly lad, who lost his way,
And, like his bard, confounded night with day,¶

* Thalaba, Mr. Southey's second poem, is written in open defiance of precedent and poetry. Mr. S. wished to produce something novel, and succeeded to a miracle. Joan of Arc was marvellous enough, but Thalaba was one of those poems “which,” in the words of Porson, “will be read when Homer and Virgil are forgotten, but—not full then.”

† We beg Mr. Southey's pardon: “Madoc disdains the degraded title of Epic.” See his preface. Why is Epic degraded? and by whom? Certainly the late Romantics of Masters Cottle, Laureat Pye, Ogilvy, Hole, and gentle Mistress Cowley, have not exalted the Epic Muse; but as Mr. Southey's poem “disdains the appellation,” allow us to ask—has he substituted any thing better in its stead? or must he be content to rival Sir Richard Blackmore, in the quantity as well as in the quality of his verse?

‡ See the Old Woman of Berkley, a Ballad by Mr. Southey, wherein an aged gentlewoman is carried away by Beelzebub, on a “high trotting horse.”

§ The last line, “God help thee,” is an evident plagiarism from the Anti-jacobin to Mr. Southey, on his Dactyls:

“God help thee, silly one.”—Poetry of the Anti-jacobin, page 23.
|| Lyrical Ballads, page 4—“The tables turned.” Stanza 1.

¶ “Up, up, my friend, and clear your looks,
Why all this toil and trouble?
Up, up, my friend, and quit your books,
Or surely you'll grow double,”

¶ Mr. W. in his preface labours hard to prove that prose and verse are much the same, and certainly his precepts and practice are strictly conformable.

“And thus to Betty's question he
Made answer, like a traveller bold,

So close on each pathetic part he dwells,
And each adventure so sublimely tells,
That all who view the “idiot in his glory,”
Conceive the Bard the hero of the story.

Shall gentle Coleridge pass unnoticed here,
To turgid ode, and tumid stanza dear? 250
Though themes of innocence amuse him best,
Yet still obscurity's a welcome guest.
If inspiration should her aid refuse,
To him who takes a Pixy for a Muse,
Yet none in lofty numbers can surpass
The Bard who soars to eulogize an ass.
How well the subject suits his noble mind!
“A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind.”

Oh! wonder-working Lewis! Monk, or Bard,
Who fain wouldst make Parnassus a church-
yard!

Lo! wreaths of yew, not laurel, bind thy brow,
Thy Muse a Sprite, Apollo's sexton thou!
Whether on ancient tombs thou tak'st thy stand,
By gibbering spectres haud'd, thy kindred band;
Or tracest chaste descriptions on thy page,
To please the females of our modest age,
All hail, M. P. † from whose infernal brain
Thin sheeted phantoms glide, a grisly train;
At whose command “grim women” throng in
crowds,

And kings of fire, of water, and of clouds,
With “Small gray men,”—“wild jagers,” and
what-not,

To crown with honour, thee, and Walter Scott:
Again all hail! if tales like thine may please,
St. Luke alone can vanquish the disease;
Even Satan's self with thee might dread to dwell,
And in thy skull discern a deeper hell.

Who in soft guise, surrounded by a choir
Of virgins melting, not to Vesta's fire,
With sparkling eyes, and cheek by passion flush'd,
Strikes his wild Lyre whilst listening dames are
hush'd? 260

'Tis Little! young Catullus of his day,
As sweet, but as immoral in his lay!
Grieved to condemn, the Muse must still be just,
Nor spare melodious advocates of lust.
Pure is the flame which o'er her alt'r burns;
From grosser incense with disgust she turns
Yet, kind to youth, this expiation o'er,
She bids thee, “mend thy line and sin no more.”

For thee, translator of the tinsel song,
To whom such glittering ornaments belong, 290
Hibernian Strangford! with thine eyes of blue, ‡
And boasted locks of red, or auburn hue,
Whose plaintive strain each love-sick Mesadmirer,
And o'er harmonious fustian half expires,
Learn, if thou canst, to yield thine author's sense,
Nor vend thy sonnets on a false pretence.
Think'st thou to gain thy verse a higher place
By dressing Camoens in a suit of lace?
Mend, Strangford! mend thy morals and thy taste;
Be warm, but pure; be amorous, but be chaste: 300
Cease to deceive; thy puffer'd harp restore,
Nor teach the Lusian Bard to copy Moore.

In many marble-covered volumes new
Hayley, in vain attempting something new:
Whether he spin his comedies in rhyme,
Or scrawl, as Wood and Barclay walk, 'gainst time,

The cock did crow to-who, to-who,
And the sun did shine so cold,” &c. &c.
Lyrical Ballads, page 129.

* Coleridge's Poems, page 11. Songs of the
Pixies, i. e. Devonshire Fairies: page 42, we have,
“Lines to a Young Lady,” and page 52, “Lines
to a Young Ass.”

† “For every one knows little Matt's an M. P.”
—See a poem to Mr. Lewis, in The Statesman,
supposed to be written by Mr. Jekyll.

‡ The reader who may wish for an explanation
of this, may refer to “Strangford's Camoens,” page
127, note to page 56, or to the last page of the
Edinburgh Review of Strangford's Camoens.

It is also to be remarked, that the things given to
the public as Poems of Camoens, are no more to be
found in the original Portuguese, than in the song
of Solomon.

His style in youth or age 's still the same;
For ever feeble and for ever tame.
Triumphant first see "Temper's Triumphs" shine!
At least I'm sure thy triumph'd over mine. 310
Of "Music's Triumphs" all who read may swear
That luckless Music never triumph'd there.*

Mornvians rise! bestow some meek reward
On dull Devotion—e! the Sabbath Bard,
Sepulchral Graham, pours his notes sublime,
In mingled prose, nor even aspires to rhyme,
Breaks into blank the Gospel of St. Luke,
And boldly puffers from the Pentateuch;
And, undisturb'd by conscientious qualms, 319
Perverts the Prophets, and purloins the Psalms. †

Hail Sympathy! thy soft idea brings
A thousand visions of a thousand things,
And shows, dissolved in thine own melting tears,
The maudlin Prince of mournful sonneteers.
And art thou not thy Prince, harmonious Bowles?
Thou first, great oracle of tender souls?
Whether in sighing winds thou seek'st relief,
Or consolation in a yellow leaf;
Whether thy muse most lamentably tells
What merry sounds proceed from Oxford bells, ‡
Or, still in bells delighting, finds a friend, 351
In every chime that jingled from Ostend §
Ah! how much juster were thy Muse's hap,
If to thy bells thou wouldst but add a cap!
Delightful Bowles! still blessing and still bless'd,
All love thy strain, but children like it best.
'Tis thine with gentle Little's moral song,
To soothe the mania of the amorous throng!
With thee our nursery dancings shed their tears,
Ere Miss, as yet, completes her infant years, 340
But in her teens thy whining powers are vain;
She quits poor Bowles, for Little's purer strain.
Now to soft themes thou scornest to confine
The lofty numbers of a harp like thine:
"Awake a louder and a loftier strain," §
Such as none he wd before, or will again;
Where all discoveries jumbled from the flood,
Since first the lovely ark reposed in mud,
By more or less, are sung in every book,
From Captain North down to Captain Cook. 350
Nor this alone, but prising on the road,
The Harp sighs! with a gentle episode, ¶
And gravely tells—attend each beautiful Miss—
When first Madira trembled to a kiss.
Bowles! in thy memory let this precept dwell,
Stick to thy Sonnets, man! at least thy sell.
But if some new-born whim, or larger bribe
Prompt thy crude brain, and claim thee for a scribbler,
If chance some bird, though once by dunces fear'd,
Now, prone in dust, can only be revived; 360
If Pope, whose fame and genius from the first
Have told the best of critics, needs the worst,

* Hayley's two most notorious verse productions, are "Triumphs of Temper," and "Triumphs of Music." He has also written much Comedy in rhyme, Epithets, &c. &c. As he is rather an elegant writer of notes and biography, let us recommend Pope's Advice to Wychites, to Mr. H.'s consideration: viz. "to convert his poetry into prose," which may be easily done by taking away the final syllable of each couplet.

† Mr. Graham is poured forth two volumes of Cant under the name of "Sabbath Walks," and "Biblical Pictures."

‡ See Bowles's Sonnets, &c.—"Sonnet to Oxford," and "Stanzas on hearing the bells of Ostend."

§ "Awake a louder," &c. &c. is the first line in Bowles's "Spirit of Discovery," a very spirited and pretty dwarf Epic. Among other exquisite lines we have the following:

"A kiss
Stole on the listening silence, never yet
Here heard; thy trembled even as if the power,"
&c. &c.

That is, the words of Madira trembled to a kiss, very much astonished, as well they might be, at such a phenomenon.

¶ The Episode above alluded to, is the story of "Robert a Machin," and "Anna d'Arlet," a pair of constant lovers, who perform the kiss above-mentioned, that startled the woods of Madira.

Do thou essay; each fault, each failing scan;
The first of poets was, alas! but man!
Rake from each ancient dunghill every pearl,
Consult Lord Fanny, and confide in Curll,
Let all the scandals of a former age,
Perch on thy pen, and flutter o'er thy page;
Affect a candour which thou canst not feel,
Glothe envy in the garb of honest zeal; 370
Write, as if St. John's soul could still inspire,
And do from hate, what Mallet † did for hire.
Oh! hadst thou lived in that congenial time,
To rave with Dennis, and with Ralph to rhyme, ‡
Throng'd with the rest around his living head,
Not raised thy hoof against the lion dead,
A meet reward had crown'd thy glorious gains,
And link'd thee to the Dunciad for thy pains; §

Another Epic! who inflicts again
More books of blank upon the sons of men? 380
Baconian Cattle, rich Bristow's boast,
Imports old stories from the Cambrian coast,
And sends his goods to market—all alive!
Lines forty-thousand, Cantos twenty-five!
Fresh fish from Helicon! who'll buy? who'll buy?
The precious bargain's cheap—in faith, not I.
Too much in turtle Bristol's sons delight,
Too much o'er bowls of Black prolong the night;
If Commerce fills the purse, she clogs the brain;
And Amos Cottle strikes the Lyre in vain. 390
In him an author's luckless lot behold!
Condemn'd to make the books which once he sold.
Oh! Amos Cottle—Phœbus! what a name
To fill the speaking trumpet of future fame!
Oh! Amos Cottle! for a moment think
What meagre profits spring from pen and ink!
When thus devoted to poetic dreams,
Who will peruse thy prostituted reams?
Oh! pen perverted! paper misapplied!
Had Cottle still adorn'd the counter's side, 400
Bent o'er the desk, or, born to useful toils,
Been taught to make the paper which he soils,
Plough'd, delved, or plied the oar with lusty limb,
He had not sung of Wales, nor I of him.

As Sisypheus against the infernal steep
Rolls the huge rock, whose motions ne'er may
sleep,
So up thy hill, ambrosial Richmond! heaves
Dull Maurice ¶ all his granite weight of leaves:
Smooth, solid monuments of mental pain!
The petrifications of a plodding brain, 410
That ere they reach the top fall lumbering back
again.

With broken lyre and cheek serenely pale,
Lo! sad Alcides wanders down the vale, (last,
Though fair they rose, and might have bloom'd at
His hopes have perish'd by the Northern blast.
Nipp'd in the bud by Caledonian gales,
His blossoms wither as the blast prevails!

* Curll is one of the Heroes of the Dunciad, and was a bookseller. Lord Fanny is the poetical name of Lord Hervey, author of "Lines to the Imitator of Horace."

† Lord Bolingbroke hired Mallet to traduce Pope after his decease, because the Poet had retained some copies of a work by Lord Bolingbroke, (the Patriot King) which that splendid, but malignant genius, had ordered to be destroyed.

‡ Dennis, the critic, and Ralph, the rhymester.
§ Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls.

Making night hideous, answer him ye owls!"

¶ See Bowles's late edition of Pope's works, for which he received 500 pounds: thus Mr. B. has experienced, how much easier it is to profit by the reputation of another, than to elevate his own.

¶ Mr. Cottle, Amos, or Joseph, I don't know which, but one or both, once sellers of books, they did not write, and now writers of books that do not sell, have published a pair of Epics. "Alfred" (poor Alfred! he has been at him too!) "Alfred" and the "Fall of Cambria."

¶ Mr. Maurice hath manufactured the component parts of a prodigious quarto, upon the beauties of "Richmond Hill," and the like—it also takes in a charming view of Turnham Green, Hammer-smith, Brentford, Old and New, and the parts adjacent.

O'er his lost works let classic Sheffield weep;
Mey no rude hand disturb their early sleep!

Yet, say! 'twould the Bard, at once, resign
His claim to favour from the sacred Nine, 421
For ever startled by the mingled howl
Of Northern wolves, that still in darkness prow!;
A coward brood which mangle as they prey;
By hellish instinct, all that cross their way:
Aged or young, the living or the dead,
No mercy find,—the harpies must be fed.
Why do the injured unresisting yield
The calm possession of their native field?
Why tamely thus before their fangs retreat. 430
Nor hurt the blood-hounds back to Arthur's seat?

Health to immortal Jeffrey! once, in name,
England could boast a judge almost the same:
In soul so like, so merciful, yet just,
Some think that Satan has resigned his trust,
And given the Spirit to the world again.
To sentence Lawyers, as he sentenced men.
With hand less mighty, but with heart as black,
Bred in the Courts betimes, though all that law
As yet hath taught him is to find a flaw. 441
Since, well instructed in the patriot school
To rail at party, though a party tool,
Who knows, if chance his patrons should restore
Back to the sway they forfeited before,
His scribbling toils some recompense may meet,
And raise this Daniel to the Judgment seat?
Let Jeffrey's shade indulge the pious hope,
And greet thus, present him with a rope:
"Hear to my virtue! man of equal mind! 450
Skill'd to condemn as to traduce mankind,
This cord receive! for thee reserved with care,
To wield in judgment, and at length to wear."

Health to great Jeffrey! Heaven preserve his life,
To flourish on the fertile shores of Fife,
And guard it sacred in his future wars,
Since authors sometimes seek the field of Mars!
Can none remember that eventful day,
That ever-glorious, almost fatal fray,
When Little's leadless pistol met his eye, 463
And How-street myrmidons stood laughing by?
Oh! dry disastrous! on her firm-set rock,
Dunedin's castle felt a sacred shock;
Dark roll'd the sympathetic waves of Forth,
Low ground'd the startled whirlwinds of the North;
Tweed ruffled half his waves to form a tear,
The other half pursued its calm career;
Arthur's steep summit nodded to its base,
The surly Tolbooth scarcely kept her place;
The Tolbooth felt. For marble sometimes can,
On such occasions, feel as much as man— 471
The Tolbooth felt defrauded of his charms,
If Jeffrey died, except within her arms:
Nay, last not least, on that portentous morn
The sixteenth story, where himself was born,

* Poor Montgomery! though praised by every
English Review, has been bitterly reviled by the
Edinburgh. After all, the Bard of Sheffield is a
man of considerable genius: his "Wanderer of
Switzerland" is worth a thousand "Lyrical Bal-
lads," and at least fifty "Degraded Epics."
† Arthur's seat; the hill which overhangs Edin-
burgh.

‡ In 1806, Messrs. Jeffrey and Moore, met at
Chalk-Farm. The duel was prevented by the in-
terference of the Magistrate; and, on examination,
the balls of the pistol, like the courage of the com-
batants, were found to have evaporated. This in-
cident gave occasion to much wagery in the Daily
Prints.

§ The Tweed here behaved with proper deco-
rum, it would have been highly reprehensible in
the English half of the River to have shown the
smallest symptom of apprehension.

|| This display of sympathy on the part of the
Tolbooth, (the principal prison in Edinburgh)
which truly seems to have been most affected on
this occasion, is much to be commended. It was
to be apprehended, that the many unhappy crimi-
nals executed in the front, might have rendered
the Edifice more callous. She is said to be of the
softer sex, because her delicate of feeling on this
day was truly feminine, though, like most femi-
nine impulses, perhaps a little selfish.

His patrimonial garret fell to ground,
And pale Edina shudder'd at the sound:
Strew'd were the streets around with milk white
reams,

Flow'd all the Cannongate with inky streams;
This of his candour seem'd the sable dew, 480
That of his valour show'd the bloodless hue,
And all with justice deem'd the two combined
The mingled emblems of his mighty mind.
But Cal-donia's Goddess hover'd o'er
The field, and saved him from the wrath of Moore,
From either pistol snatch'd the vengeful lead,
And straight restored it to her favourite's head.
That head, with greater than magnetic power,
Caught it, as Danæ caught the golden shower,
And, though the thickening dross will scarce
refine, 490

Augments its ore, and is itself a mine.
"My son," she cried, "ne'er thirst for gore again,
Reign in the pistol, and resume the pen;
O'er politics and poesy preside,
Roast of thy country, and Britannia's guide!
For long as Albion's heedless sons submit,
Or Scottish taste decides on English wit,
So long shall last thine unmolested reign,
Nor any dare to take thy name in vain. 500
Behold a chosen hand shall aid thy plan,
And own thee chieftain of the critic clan.
First in the ranks illustrious shall be seen
The traveller Thane! Athenian Aberdeen.
Herbert shall wield Thor's hammer,† and some-
times

In gratitude thou'lt praise his rugged rhymes.
Smug Sydney, too thy bitter page shall seek,
And classic Hallam's much renown'd for Greek.
Scott may perchance his name and influence lend,
And paltry Pillans† shall traduce his friend.
While gay Thalia's luckless votary, Lambe,‡ 510
As he himself was damn'd, shall try to damn.
Known be thy name, unbought be thy sway;
Thy Holland's banquets shall each toil repay!
While grateful Britain yields the praise she owes,
To Holland's harlequin, and to Learning's foes.
Yet mark one caution, ere thy next Review
Spread its light wing, of baffle and of Blue,
Beware lest blundering Brougham* destroy the
sale,
Turn Beef to Banocks, Cauliflowers to Kail."

* His lordship has been much abroad, is a mem-
ber of the Athenian Society, and Reviewer of
"Gell's Topography of Troy."

† Mr. Herbert is a translator of Icelandic and
other poetry. One of the principal pieces is a
"Song on the Recovery of Thor's Hammer," the
translation is a pleasant chaunt in the vulgar
tongue, and endeth thus:—

"Instead of money and rings, I wot,
The hammer's bruises were her lot,
Thus Odin's son his hammer got."

‡ The Rev. Sydney Smith, the reputed Author of
Peter Plymley's Letters, and sundry criticisms

§ Mr. Hallam reviewed Payne Knight's Taste,
and was exceedingly severe on some Greek verses
therein: it was not discovered that the lines were
Pindar's till the Press rendered it impossible to
cancel the critique, which still stands an everlasting
monument of Hallam's ingenuity.

The said Hallam is incensed, because he is false-
ly accused, seeing that he never dineth at Holland
House.—If this be true, I am sorry—not for having
said so, but on his account, as I understand his
Lordship's feasts are preferable to his compositions.

—If he did not review Lord Holland's performance,
I am glad, because it must have been painful to
read, and irksome to praise it. If Mr. Hallam
will tell me who did review it, the real name shall
find a place in the text, provided nevertheless the
said name be of two orthodox musical syllables,
and will come into the verse, till then, Hallam
must stand for a tutor at Eton.

|| Pillans is a tutor at Eton.
¶ The honourable G. Lambe reviewed "Beres-
ford's Miseries," and is moreover Author of a Farce
enacted with much applause at the Priory, Stan-
more; and damned with great expedition at the
late Theatre, Covent Garden. It was entitled
"Whistle for it."

** Mr. Brougham, in No. XXV. of the Edinburgh
Review, throughout the article concerning Don
Pedro de Cevallos, has displayed more politics than

Thus having said, the killed Goddess kiss'd 520
Her son, and vanished in a Scottish mist.*

Illustrious Holland! hard would be his lot
His hurelings mention'd, and himself forgot!
Holland, with Henry Petty at his back,
The whisper-in and huntsman of the pack.
Bless'd be the banquets spread at Holland House,
Where Scotchmen feed, and Critics may carouse!
Long, long beneath that hospitable roof,
Shall Grub-street dine, while duns are kept aloof.
See honest Hallam lay aside his fork, 530
Resume his pen, review his Lordship's work,
And grateful to the founder of the feast,
Declare his landlord can translate, at least!†
Dunedin! view thy children with delight,
They write for food, and feed because they write:
And lest, when heated with th' unusual grape,
Some glowing thoughts should to the press escape,
And tinge with red the female reader's cheek,
My lady, skims the cream of each critique;
Breathes o'er the page her purity of soul, 540
Reforms each error and refines the whole.‡

Now to the Drama turn—oh! motley sight!
What precious scenes the wondering eyes invite!
Puns, and a prince within a barrel pent,§
And Dibdin's nonsense yield complete content.
Though now, thank Heaven! the Rosciusmania's o'er,
And full-grown actors are endured once more;
Yet, what avails their vain attempt, to please,
While British critics suffer scenes like these?
While Reynolds vents his "dammes, poohs, and 550
"zounds,"||
And common place, and common sense con-
founds?

While Kenny's World just suffered to proceed,
Proclaims the audience very kind indeed?
And Beaumont's pilfer'd Caratch affords
A tragedy complete in all but words?¶
Who but must mourn, while these are all the rage,
The degradation of our vaunted stage?
Heavens! is all sense of shame, and talent gone?
Have we no living Bard of merit?—none?
Awake, George Colman, Cumberland, awake! 561
Ring the alarm bell, let folly quake!
Oh! Sheridan! if aught can move thy pen,
Let Comedy resume her throne again,
Abjure the mummery of German schools,
Leave new Pizarros to translating fools;
Give, as thy last immortal, to the age,
One classic drama, and reform the stage.

only mentioned with the Burgesses of Edinburgh
being so incensed at the infamous principles it
evinces, as to have withdrawn their subscriptions.

It seems that Mr. Brougham is not a Pict as I
supposed, but a Borderer, and his name is pronounced
Broom, from Trent to Tay.—So be it.

* I ought to apologize to the worthy Deities for
introducing a new Goddess with short petticoats to
their notice; but, alas! what was to be done? I
could not say Caledonia's Genius, it being well
known there is no Genius to be found from
Clackmannan to Cathness, yet without superna-
tural agency, how was Jeffrey to be saved? The
national "Kelpies," &c. are too unpoetical, and
the "Brownies" and "gude neighbours," (spirits of
a good disposition) refused to extricate him. A
Goddess therefore has been called for the purpose,
and great ought to be the gratitude of Jeffrey, see-
ing it is the only communication he ever held, or is
likely to hold, with any thing heavenly.

† Lord H. has translated some specimens of
Lope De Vega, inserted in his life of the Author:
both are betrayed by his *disinterested* guests.

‡ Certain it is, her lordship is suspected of hav-
ing displayed her matchless wit in the Edinburgh
Review; however that may be, we know from good
authority, that the manuscripts are submitted to
her perusal—no doubt for correction.

§ In the melo-drama of Tekeli, that heroic
prince is clapt into a barrel on the stage, a new asy-
lum for distressed heroes.

|| All these are favourite expressions of Mr. R.
and prominent in his Comedies, living and defunct.

¶ Mr. T. Sheridan, the new Manager of Drury-
Lane Theatre, stripp'd the Tragedy of Bonduca of
the Dialogue, and exhibited the scenes as the spec-
tacle of Caratacus—Was this worthy of his sire?
or of himself?

Gods! o'er those boards shall Folly rear her head
Where Garrick trode, and Kemble lives to tread?
On those shall Farce display buffoonery's mask,
And Hook conceal his heroes in a cask? 570
Shall sapient managers new scenes produce
From Chery, Skeffington, and Mother Goose?
While Shakespeare, Oway, Massinger, forgot,
On stalls must moulder, or in closets rot?
Lo! with what pomp the daily prints proclaim,
The rival candidates for Attic fame!
In grim array though Lewis' spectres rise,
Still Skeffington and Goose divide the prize.
And sure great Skeffington must claim our praise,
For skirtless coats, and skeletons of plays 581
Renown'd alike; whose genius ne'er confines
Her flight to garnish Greenwood's gay designs;
Nor sleeps with "Sleeping Beauties," but an 'n
In five facetious acts comes thundering on!
While poor John Bull, bewild'rd with the scene,
Stares, wondering what the devil it can mean;
But as some hands applaud, a venal few!
Rather than sleep, why John applauds it too.

Such are we now, ah! wherefore should we turn
To what our fathers were, unless to mourn? 591
Degenerate Britons! are ye dead to shame,
Or, kind to dullness, do you fear to blame?
We'll may the nobles of our present race
Watch each distortion of a Naldi's face;
We'll may they smile on Italy's buffoons,
And worship Catalan's pantaloon.†
Since their own Drama yields no fairer trace
Of wit than puns, of humour than grimace.

Then let Ausonia, skill'd in every art 600
To soften manners, but corrupt the heart,
Pour her exotic follies o'er the town,
To sanction Vice and hunt decorum down:
Let wedded strumpets languish o'er Deshayes,
And bless the promise which his form displays:
While Gayton bounds before the enraptured looks
Of hoary Marquises and stripling Dukes:
Let high-born leeches eye the lively Presle
Twirl her light limbs that spurn the needless veil;
Let Angiolini bare her breast of snow; 610
Wave the white arm and point the plant toe;
Collini trill her love inspiring song, [strong!
Strain her fair neck and charm the listening
Raise not your sithe, Suppressors of our Vice!
Reforming Saints! too delicately nice!
By whose decrees, our sinful souls to save,
No Sunday tankards foam, no barbers shave;
And heer undrawn and beards unknown display
Your holy reverence for the Sabbath-day.

Or, hail at once the patron and the pile 620
Of vice and folly, Greville and Argyle!‡

* Mr. Greenwood is, we believe, Scene-Painter
to Drury-Lane Theatre—as such, Mr. S. is much
indebted to him.

† Mr. S. is the illustrious author of the "Sleep-
ing beauty;" and some Comedies, particularly
"Masks and Bachelors." Baculauri unculo magis
quam lauro digni.

‡ Naldi and Catalan require little notice—for
the visage of the one, and the salary of the other,
will enable us long to recollect these amusing vaga-
bonds; besides, we are still black and blue from the
squeeze on the first night of the lady's appearance
in trowsers.

§ To prevent any blunder, such as mistaking a
street for a man, I beg leave to state, that it is the
Institution, and not the Duke of that name, which
is here alluded to.

A gentleman, with whom I am slightly ac-
quainted, lost in the Argyle Rooms several thou-
sand pounds at backgammon: it is but justice to
the manager in this instance to say, that some de-
gree of disapprobation was manifested, but why are
the implements of gaming allowed in a place devoted
to the society of both sexes? a pleasant thing for
the wives and daughters of those who are blessed
or cursed with such connections, to hear the bill-
iard-tables rattling in one room and the dice in
another! That this is the case I myself can testify,
as a late unworthy member of an Institution which
materially affects the morals of the higher orders,
while the lower may not even move to the sound of
a tabor and fiddle without a chance of indictment
for riotous behaviour.

Where yon proud palace, Fashion's hallow'd fane,
Spreads wide her portals for the motley train,
Behold the new Petronius* of the day,
The Arbitrer of pleasure and of play!
There the hired Eunuch, the Hesperian choir,
The melting lute, the soft, lascivious lyre,
The song from Italy, the step from France,
The midnight orgy, and the merry dance,
The smile of beauty, and the flash of wine, 630
For fools, fools, gamblers, knaves, and Lords com-
lune!

Each to his humour,—Comus all allows;
Champagne, dice, music, or your neighbour's
spouse.

Talk not to us, ye starving sons of trade!
Of piteous ruin, which ourselves have made;
In Plenty's sunshine Fortune's minions bask,
Nor think of Poverty, except "en masque,"
When, for the night, some lately titled ass
Appears the beggar which his grandeur was.
The curtain dropp'd, the gay Barletta o'er, 640
The audience take their turn upon the floor;
Now round the room the circling dowers sweep,
Now in loose waltz the thin-clad daughters leap:
The first in lengthen'd line majestic swim,
The last display the free, unfetter'd limb:
Those for Hibernia's lusty sons repair,
With art, the charms which Nature could not
spare;

These after husbands wing their eager flight,
Nor leave much mystery for the nuptial night.

Oh bless'd retreats of infamy and ease! 650
Where, all forgotten but the power to please,
Each maid may give a loose to genial thought,
Each swain may teach new systems, or be taught:
There the blithe youngster, just returned from
Spain,

Cuts the light pack, or calls the rattling main;
The jovial Caster's set, and seven's the nick,
Or—done!—a thousand on the coming trick!
If met with loss, existence 'gins to tire,
And all your hope or wish is to expire,
Here's Fowel's mistol ready for your life, 660
And, kinder still, a Page! for your wife:
Fit continuation of an earthly race
Began in folly, ended in disgrace,
While none but menials o'er the bed of death,
Wash thy red wounds, or watch thy wavering
breath;

Traduced by liars, and forgot by all,
The insanguined victim of a drunken brawl,
To live like Clodius, and like Falkland; fall.

Truth! I raise some genuine Bard, and guide his
hand

To drive this pestilence from out the land. 670
Even I—least thinking of a thoughtless throng,
Just skill'd to know the right and choose the wrong,
Freed at that age when reason's shield is lost,
To fight my course through Passion's countless
host,

Whom every path of pleasure's flowery way
Has lured in turn, and all have led astray—
E'en I must raise my voice, e'en I must feel
Such scenes, such men destroy the public weal:
Although some kind, censorious friend will say,
"What art thou better, meddling fool, than they?"
And every Brother Rake will smile to see 681
That miracle, a Moralist in me.
No matter—when some Bard in virtue strong,
Gifford, perchance, shall raise the chastening song,

* Petronius "Arbiter elegantiarum" to Nero
"and a very pretty fellow in his day," as Mr. Con-
greve's Old Bachelor saith.

† Mutato nomine de te
Fabula narratur.

‡ I knew the late Lord Falkland well. On Sun-
day night I beheld him presiding at his own table,
in all the honest pride of hospitality; on Wednes-
day morning, at three o'clock, I saw stretched be-
fore me all that remained of courage, feeling, and a
host of passions. He was a gallant, unsuccessful
officer; his faults were the faults of a sailor; as
such, Britons will forgive them. He died like a
brave man in a better cause; for had he fallen in
like manner on the deck of the frigate to which he
was just appointed, his last moments would have
been held up by his countrymen as an example to
succeeding heroes.

Then sleep my pen for ever! and my voice
Be only heard to hail him and rejoice;
Rejoice, and yield my feeble praise, though I
May feel the lash that virtue must apply.

As for the smaller fry, who swarm in shoals
From silly Hafiz* up to simple Bowles, 690
Why should we call them from their dark abode,
In broad St. Giles's, or in Tottenham Road?
Or (since some men of fashion nobly dare
To scrawl in verse) from Bond-street or the
Square?

If things of ton their harmless lays indite,
Most wisely doom'd to shun the public sight,
What harm? In spite of every critic elf,
Sir T. may read his stanzas to himself;
Miles Andrews still his strength in couplets try,
And live in prologues, though his dramas die. 700
Lord's too are Bards, such things at times befall,
And 'tis some praise in Peers to write at all.
Yet, did or taste or reason sway the times,
Ah! who would take their titles with their rhymes?
Roscommon! Sheffield! with your spirits fled;
No future laurels deck a noble head;
No Muse will cheer, with renovating smile,
The paralytic puling of Carlisle!
The puny Schoolboy and his early lay
Men pardon, if his follies pass away; 710
But who forgives the Senior's ceaseless verse,
Whose hairs grow hoary as his rhymes grow worse?
What heterogeneous honours deck the Peer!
Loni, rhymster, petit-maitre, pamphleteer!†
So dull in youth, so drelling in his age,
His scenes alone had damn'd our sinking stage;
But Managers for once cried, "Hold, enough!"
Nor drugg'd their audience with the tragic stuff.
Yet at their judgment let his Lordship laugh,
And ease his volumes in congenial calf; 720
Yes! doff that covering where Morocco shines,
And hang a calf-skin* on those recreant lines.

With you, ye Druids! rich in native lead,
Who daily scribble for your daily bread;
With you I war not: Gifford's heavy hand
Has crush'd, without remorse, your numerous band.
On "all the Talents" vent your venal spleen,
Want your defence, let Pity be your screen.
Let Monodies on Fox regale your crew,
And Melville's Mantles prove a blanket too! 730
One common Lethe waits each hapless Bard,
And peace be with you! 'tis your best reward.
Such damning fame as Duclauds only give
Could bid your lines beyond a morning live;
But now at once your fleeting labours close,
With names of greater note in bless'd repose.
Far bet from me unkindly to upbraid
The lovely Ross of prose in manuscript,
Whose strains, the faithful echoes of her mind,
Leave wondering comprehension far behind. 740
Though Bell has lost his nightingales and owls,
Matilda snivels still, and Hafiz howls,

* What would be the sentiments of the Persian
Anacreon, Hafiz, could he rise from his splendid
sepulchre at Sheeraz, where he reposes with Fer-
dousi and Sadi, the Oriental Homer and Catullus,
and behold his name assumed by one Stott of Dro-
more, the most impudent and execrable of literary
poachers for the Dolly Prints!

† The earl of Carlisle has lately published an
eighteen-penny pamphlet on the state of the Stage,
and offers his plan for building a new theatre: it is
to be hoped his Lordship will be permitted to bring
forward any thing for the Stage, except his own
tragedies.

‡ "Doff that lion's hide,
And hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs."
SHAK. KING JOHN.

Lord C's works, most resplendently bound, form
a conspicuous ornament to his book-shelves:

"The rest is all but leather and prunella."

§ Melville's Mantle, a parody on "Elijah's
Mantle," a poem.

|| This lovely little Jessica, the daughter of the
noted Jew K—, seems to be a follower of the
Della Crusca School, and has published two vol-
umes of very respectable absurdities in rhyme, as
times for besides sundry novels, in the style of the
first edition of the Monk.

And Crusca's spirit, rising from the dead,
Revives in Laura, Quiz, and X. Y. Z.*

When some brisk youth, the tenant of a stall,
Employs a pen less pointed than his awl,
Leaves his snug shop, forsakes his store of shoes,
St. Crispin quits, and cobbles for the Muse,
Heavens! how the vulgar stare! how crowds ap-
plaud!

How ladies read! and Literati laud! 750
If chance some wicked wag should pass his jest,
'Tis sheer ill nature; don't the world know best?
Genius must guide when wits admire the rhyme,
And Capel Loft† declares 'tis quite sublime.
Hear, then, ye happy sons of needless trade!
Scorns! quit the plough, resign the useless spade!
Lo! Burns and Bloomfield,† nay, a greater far,
Gifford was born beneath an adverse star,
Forsook the labour of a servile state,
Stem'd the rude storm, and triumph'd over

Fate: 760
Then why no more? if Phœbus smiled on you,
Bloomfield! why not on brother Nathan too?
Him too the Mæna, not the Muse, has seized;
Not inspiration, but a mind diseased:
And now no Moor can seek his last abode,
No common be enclosed without an ode.
Oh! since increased refinement deigns to smile
On Britain's sons and bless our genial Isle,
Let Poesy go forth, pervade the whole,
Alike the rustic, and mechanic soul: 770
Ye tuneful cobblers! still your notes prolong,
Compose at once a slipper and a song;
So shall the fair your handy-work peruse,
Your sonnets sure shall please—perhaps your shoes.
May Moorland weavers boast Pindaric skill,
And taylor's lays be longer than their bill!
While punctual beaux reward the grateful notes,
And pay for poems—when they pay for coats.

To the famed throng now paid the tribute due,
Neglected Genius! let me turn to you. 780
Come forth, O Campbell! ‡ gave thy talents scope;
Who dares aspire if thou must cease to hope?
And thou, melodious Rogers! rise at last,
Recall the pleasing memory of the past;
Arise! let bless'd remembrance still inspire,
And strike to waked tones thy hallow'd lyre;
Restore Apollo to his vacant throne,
Assert thy country's honour and thine own.
What! must deserted Poesy still weep 789
Where her last hopes with pious Cowper sleep?
Unless, perchance, from his cold bier she turns,
To deck the turf that wraps her minstrel, Burns!
No! though contempt hath mark'd the spurious
brood,

The race who rhyme from folly, or for food;
Yet still some genuine sons 'tis hers to boast,
Who least affecting, still affect the most;
Feel as they write, and write but as they feel—
Bear witness, Gifford, Sotheby, Macneil. ¶

* These are the signatures of various worthies
who figure in the poetical departments of the news-
papers.

† Capel Loft, Esq. the Mæcenas of shoemakers,
and Preface-writer-general to distressed versemen;
a kind of gratis Accoucheur to those who wish to be
delivered of rhyme, but do not know how to bring
it forth.

‡ See Nathaniel Bloomfield's ode, elegy, or what-
ever he or any one else chooses to call it, on the en-
closure of "Hounington Green."

§ Vide "Recollections of a Weaver in the Moor-
lands of Staffordshire."

¶ It would be superfluous to recall to the mind
of the reader the authors of "The Pleasures of Me-
mory" and "The Pleasures of Hope," the most
beautiful didactic poems in our language, if we ex-
cept Pope's Essay on Man: but so many poetasters
have started up, that even the names of Campbell
and Rogers are become strange.

¶ Gifford, author of the Baviad and Mæviad, the
first satires of the day, and translator of Juvenal.
Sotheby, translator of Wieland's Oberon, and
Virgil's Georgics, and author of Saul, an epic
poem.

Macneil, whose poems are deservedly popular;
particularly "Scotland's South, or the Woes of
War," of which ten thousand copies were sold in
one month.

"Why slumbers Gifford?" once was ask'd in rain.*
Why slumbers Gifford? let us ask again. 800
Are there no follies for his pen to purge?
Are there no fools whose backs demand the scourge?
Are there no sins for Satire's Bard to greet?
Stalks not gigantic Vice in every street?
Shall Peers or Princes tread pollution's path,
And 'scape alike the Law's and Muse's wrath?
Nor blaze with gully glare through future time,
Eternal beacons of consummate crime?
Arouse thee, Gifford! be thy promise claim'd,
Make bad men better, or at least ashamed. 810

Unhappy White † while life was in its spring,
And thy young Muse just war'd her joyous wing,
The spoiler came; and all thy promise fair
Has sought the grave, to sleep for ever here.
Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,
When Science! self destroy'd her favourite son!
Yes, she too much indulg'd thy fond pursuit,
She sow'd the seeds, but death has reap'd the fruit.
'Twas thine own Genius gave the final blow,
And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low:
So the struck Eagle stretch'd upon the plain, 821
No more through rolline clouds to soar again,
View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart:
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nurs'd the pinion which impell'd the steel,
While the same plumage that had warm'd his nest,
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.

There be who say, in these enlighten'd days
That splendid lies are all the poet's praise; 830
That strain'd invention, ever on the wing,
Alone impels the modern Bard to sing:
'Tis true, that all who rhyme, nay, all who write,
Shrink from that fatal word to Genius—Frite:
Yet Truth sometimes will lend her noblest fires,
And decorate the verse herself inspires;
This fact in Virtue's name let Crabbe attest,
Though Nature's sternest Painter, yet the best.

And here let Shee‡ and genius find a place,
Whose pen and pencil yield an equal grace; 840
To guide whose hand the sister Arts combine,
And trace the Poet's or the Painter's line;
Whose magic touch can bid the canvass glow,
Or pour the easy rhyme's harmonious flow,
While honours doubly merit attend
The Poet's rival, but the Painter's friend.

Bless'd is the man who dares approach the bow'er
Where dwell the Muses at their natal hour; (star,
Whose steps have press'd, whose eye has mark'd
The clime that nursed the sons of song and war,
The scenes which glory still must hover o'er; 851
Her place of birth, her own Achaian shore:
But doubly bless'd is he, whose heart expands
With hallow'd feelings for those classic lands;
Who rends the veil of ages long gone by,
And views their remnants with a poet's eye †
Wright § 'twas thy happy lot at once to view
Those shores of glory, and to sing them too;
And sure no common Muse inspired thy pen
To hail the land of Gods and Godlike men. 860

And you, associate Bards ¶ who snatch'd to light,
Those Gems too long withheld from modern sight;

* Mr. Gifford promised publicly that the Baviad
and Mæviad should not be his last original works;
let him remember, "Mox in reluctantibus Dra-
cones."

† Henry Kirke White died at Cambridge in Oc-
tober, 1806, in consequence of too much exertion in
the pursuit of studies that would have matured a
mind which disease and poverty could not impair,
and which Death itself destroyed rather than sub-
dued. His poems abound in such beauties as must
impress the reader with the liveliest regret that so
short a period was allotted to talents, which would
have dignified even the sacred functions he was
destined to assume.

‡ Mr. Shee, author of "Rhymes on Art," and
"Elements of Art."

§ Mr. Wright, late Consul general for the Seven
Islands, is author of a very beautiful poem just pub-
lished: it is entitled, "Hercules Ionius," and is de-
scriptive of the Isles and the adjacent coast of
Greece.

¶ The translators of the Anthology have pub

Whose mingling taste combined to cull the wreath
Where Attic flowers Arabian odours breathe,
And all their renovated fragrance flung,
To grace the beauties of your native tongue;
Now let those minds that nobly could transfuse
The glorious Spirit of the Grecian Muse,
Though soft the echo, scorn a borrow'd tone:
Assign Achæa's lyre, and strike your own. 870

Let these, or such as these, with just applause,
Restore the Muse's violated laws;
But not in flimsy Darwin's pompous chime,
That mighty master of unmeaning rhyme;
Whose gilded cymbals more adorn'd than clear,
The eye delighted, but fatigued the ear,
In show the simple lyre could once surpass,
But now worn down, appear in native brass;
While all his train of hovering sylphs around,
Evaporate in similes and sound: 880
Him let them shun, with him let tinsel die:
False glare attracts, but more offends the eye.*

Yet let them not to vulgar Wordsworth stoop,
The meanest object of the lowly group,
Whose verse, of all but childish prattle void,
Seems blessed harmony to Lambe and Lloyd †:
Let them— but hold my muse, nor dare to teach
A strain, far, far beyond thy humble reach;
The native genius with their feeling given
Will point the path, and peal their notes to
heaven. 890

And thou, too, Scott ‡ resign to minstrels rude,
The wilder slogan of a Border feud:
Let others spin their meagre lines for hire!
Enough for Genius if itself inspire!
Let Southey sing, although his teeming muse,
Frolic every spring, be too profuse;
Let simple Wordsworth chime his childish verse,
And brother Coleridge lull the babe at nurse,
Let Spectre-mongering Lewis aim, at most,
To rouse the Galleries, or to raise a ghost; 900
Let Moore be lewd; let Strangford steal from
Moore,
And swear that Camoens sang such notes of yore:
Let Hayley hobble on; Montgomery rave;
And godly Grahame chant a stupid stave;
Let Sonnetteering Bowles his strains refine,
And whine and whumper to the fourteenth line;
Let Stott, Carlisle, § Matilda, and the rest
Of Grub-street, and of Grosvenor-place the best,

lished separate poems, which evince genius that only requires opportunity to attain eminence.

* The neglect of the "Botanic Garden," is some proof of returning taste: the scenery is its sole recommendation.

† Messrs. Lambe and Lloyd, the most ignoble followers of Southey and Co.

‡ By the bye, I hope that in Mr. Scott's next poem his hero or heroine will be less addicted to "Grammy," and more to Grammar, than the Lady of the Lay, and her Bravo William of Deloraine.

§ It may be asked why I have censured the Earl of Carlisle, my guardian and relative, to whom I dedicated a volume of puerile poems a few years ago. The guardianship was nominal, at least as far I have been able to discover, the relationship I cannot help, and am very sorry for it: but as his Lordship seemed to forget it on a very essential occasion to me, I shall not burthen my memory with the recollection. I do not think that personal differences sanction the unjust condemnation of a brother scribbler; but I see no reason why they should act as a preventive, when the author, noble or ignoble, has for a series of years beguiled a "discerning public" (as the advertisements have it) with divers reams of most orthodox, imperial nonsense. Besides, I do not step aside to vituperate the Earl; no—his works come fairly in review with those other Patrician Literati. If, before I escaped from my teens, I said any thing in favour of his Lordship's paper books, it was in the way of dutiful dedication, and more from the advice of others than my own judgment, and I seize the first opportunity of pronouncing my sincere recantation. I have heard that some persons conceive me to be under obligations to Lord Carlisle: if so, I shall be most particularly happy to learn what they are, and when conferred, that they may be duly appreciated, and publicly acknowledged. What I have humbly advanced as an opinion on his printed things, I am

Scrawl on, 'till death release us from the strain,
Or common sense assert her rights again; 910
But thou, with powers that mock the aid of
praise,
Shouldst leave to humbler Bards ignoble lays,
Thy country's voice, the voice of all the Nine,
Demand a hallow'd harp—that harp is thine.
Say! will not Caledonia's annals yield
The glorious record of some nobler field,
Than the vile foray of a plundering clan?
Whose proudest deeds disgrace the name of man?
Or Marion's acts of darkness, fitter food 919
For outlaw'd Sherwood's tales of Robin Hood?
Scotland, still proudly claim thy native Bard,
And be thy praise his first, his best reward!
Yet not with thee alone his name should live,
But own the vast renown a world can give;
Be known, perchance, when Albion is no more,
And tell the tale of what she was before;
To future times her faded fame recall,
And save her glory, though his country fall.

Yet what avails the sanguine Poet's hope?
To conquer ages, and with Time to cope? 920
New eras spread their wings, new nations rise,
And other Victors* fill th' applauding skies,
A few brief generations fleet along,
Whose sons forget the Poet and his song:
Even now, what once-loved Minstrels scarce may
claim

The transient mention of a dubious name!
When Fame's loud trumpet hath blown its noblest
blast,

Though long the sound, the echo sleeps at last,
And glory, like the Phœnix 'midst her fires,
Exhales her odours, blazes, and expires. 940

Shall hoary Granta call her sable sons,
Expert in science, more expert at puns?
Shall these approach the Muse? ah no! she
flies,

And even spurns the great Seatonian prize.
Though Printers condescend the press to soil
With rhyme by Hoare, and epic blank by Hoyle:
Not him whose page, if still upheld by whist,
Requires no sacred theme to bid us list. †
Ye! who in Granta's honours would surpass
Must mount her Pegasus, a full grown ass; 950
A foal well worthy of her ancient dam,
Whose Helicon is duller than her Cam.

There Clarke, still striving piteously "to please,"
Forgetting doggerel leads not to degrees,
A would-be satirist, a hired Buffoon,
A monthly scribbler of some low Lampoon,
Condemn'd to drudge the meanest of the mean,
And furbish falsehoods for a magazine,
Devotes to scandal his congenial mind;
Himself a living libel on mankind. ‡ 960

O dark asylum of a Vandal race!
At once the boast of learning, and disgrace;

prepared to support if necessary, by quotations from Elegies, Eulogies, Odes, Episodes, and certain facetious and dainty tragedies bearing his name and mark:

"What can ennoble knaves, or fools, or cowards?"
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards!"

So says Pope. Amen!

* Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per ora.
VIROL.

† The "Games of Hoyle," well known to the votaries of Whist, Chess, &c. are not to be super-eded by the vagaries of his poetical namesake, whose poem comprised, as expressly stated in the advertisement, all the "Plagues of Egypt."

‡ This person, who has lately betrayed the most rapid symptoms of confirmed authorship, is writer of a poem denominated the "Art of Pleasing," as "Lucas a non lucendo," containing little pleasantry, and less poetry. He also acts as monthly stipendiary and collector of calumnies for the Satirist. If this unfortunate young man would exchange the magazines for the mathematics, and endeavour to take a decent degree in his university, it might eventually prove more serviceable than his present salary.

§ "Into Cambridgeshire the Emperor Probus transported a considerable body of Vandals,"—Gibbon's Decline and Fall, page 83. vol. 2. There

So sunk in dullness, and so lost in shame,
That Smythe and Hodgson* scarce redeem thy
fame!

But where fair Isis rolls her purer wave,
The partial Muse delighted loves to lave,
On her green banks a greener wreath is worn,
To crown the Bards that haunt her classic grove,
Where Richards wakes a genuine poet's fires,
And modern Britons justly praise their Sires.† 970

For me, who thus unask'd have dared to tell
My country, what her sons should know too well,
Zeal for her honour bade me here engage
The host of idiots that infest her age.
No just applause her honour'd name shall lose,
As first in freedom, dearest to the Muse.
Oh! would thy Bards but emulate thy fame,
And rise, more worthy, Albion, of thy name!
What Athens was in science, Rome in power,
What Tyre appear'd in her meridian hour, 980
'Tis thine at once, fair Albion, to have been,
Earth's chief dictatrix, Ocean's mighty queen.
But Rome decays'd, and Athens strew'd the plain,
And Tyre's proud piers lie shatter'd in the main;
Like these thy strength may sink in ruin hurl'd,
And Britain fall, the bulwark of the World.
But let me cease, and dread Cassandra's fate,
With warning ever scoff'd at, till too late;
To themes less lovelier still my lay confine,
And urge thy Bards to gain a name like thine. 990

Then, hapless Britain! be thy rulers bless'd,
The senate's oracles, the people's just!
Still hear thy motley orators dispense
The flowers of rhetoric, though not of sense,
While Canning's colleagues hate him for his wit,
And old dame Portland‡ fills the place of Pitt.

Yet once again adieu! ere this the sail
That wafts me hence is shivering in the gale;
And Afric's coast and Calpe's‡ adverse height,
And Stamboul's§ minarets must greet my sight:
Thence shall I stray through beauty's native
clime, 1001

Where Kaf* is clad in rocks, and crown'd with
snow's sublime.

But should I back return, no letter'd race
Shall drag my common-place book on the stage:

is no reason to doubt the truth of this assertion;
the breed is still in high perfection.

* This gentleman's name requires no praise: the
man who in translation displays unquestionable
genius, may well be expected to excel in original
composition, of which it is to be hoped we shall
soon see a splendid specimen.

† The "Aboriginal Britons," an excellent poem
by Richards.

‡ A friend of mine being asked why his Grace of
P. was likened to an old woman? replied, "he
supposed it was because he was past bearing."

§ Calpe is the ancient name of Gibraltar.
Stamboul is the Turkish word for Constanti-
nople.

¶ Georgia, remarkable for the beauty of its in-
habitants.

•• Mount Caucasus.

Let vain Valentin* rival luckless Carr,
And equal him whose work he sought to mar;
Let Aberdeen and Elgin† still pursue
The shade of fame through regions of Virtù;
Waste useless thousands on their Phidian freaks,
Misshapen monuments, and maim'd antiques, 1010
And make their grand saloons a general mart
For all the mutilated blocks of art:
Of Dardan tours, let Dilettanti tell,
I leave topography to classic Gell;‡
And, quite content, no more shall interpose,
To stun mankind with Poesy, or Prose.

Thus far I've held my undisturb'd career,
Prepared for rancour, steel'd 'gainst selfish
fear: 1018

This thing of rhyme I ne'er disdain'd to own—
Though not obtrusive, yet not quite unknown,
My voice was heard again; though not so loud,
My page, though nameless, never disavow'd,
And now at once I tear the veil away:—
Cheer on the pack! the Quarry stands at bay,
Unscared by all the din of Melbourne house,
By Lamb's resentment, or by Holland's spouse,
By Jeffrey's harmless pistol, Hallam's rage,
Edina's brawny sons and limestone page.
Our men in Buckram shall have blows enough,
And feel they too are "penetrable stuff." 1030
And though I hope not hence unscathed to go,
Who conquers me, shall find a stubborn foe.
The time hath been, when no harsh sound would
fall,

From lips that now may seem imbued with gall,
Nor fools nor follies tempt me to despise
The meanest thing that crawl'd beneath my eyes;
But now so callous grown, so changed since youth,
I've learned to think, and sternly speak the truth;
Learned to deride the critic's starch decree,
And break him on the wheel he meant for me;
To spurn the rod a scribbler bids me kiss, 1041
Nor care if courts and crowds applaud or hiss.
Nay more, though all my rival rhymsters frown,
I too can hunt a Poetaster down:
And, arm'd in proof, the gauntlet cast at once
To Scotch marauder, and to Southern dunce.
Thus much I've dared to do; how far my lay
Hath wrong'd these righteous times, let others say:
This, let the world, which knows not how to spare,
Yet rarely blames unjustly, now declare. 1050

* Lord Valentin (whose tremendous travels are
forthcoming with due decorations, graphical, topo-
graphical, and typographical) deposed, on Sir John
Carr's unlucky suit, that Dubois's satire prevented
his purchase of the "Stranger in Ireland."—Oh fy
my Lord! has your Lordship no more feeling for
fellow-tourist? but "two of a trade," they say, &c.
† Lord Elgin would fain persuade us that all the
figures, with and without noses, in his stone-shop
are the work of Phidias; "Credat Judæus."

‡ Mr. Gell's Topography of Troy and Ithac
cannot fail to ensure the approbation of every ma-
jority of classical taste, as well for the informa-
tion Mr. G. conveys to the mind of the reader, as
for the ability and research the respective work
display

POSTSCRIPT.

I HAVE been informed, since the present edition went to the Press, that my trusty and well-beloved cousins, the Edinburgh Reviewers, are preparing a most vehement critique on my poor, gentle, *unretiring* Muse, whom they have already so bedeviled with their ungodly ribaldry:

“Tantæne animis cœlestibus Irræ!”

I suppose I must say of Jeffrey as Sir Anthony Aguecheek saith, “an’ I had known he was so cunning of fence, I had seen him damned ere I had fought him.” What a pity it is that I shall be beyond the Bosphorus, before the next number has passed the Tweed. But I yet hope to light my pipe with it in Persia.

My Northern friends have accused me, with justice, of personality towards their great literary Anthropophagus, Jeffrey; but what else was to be done with him and his dirty pack, who feed by “lying and slandering,” and slake their thirst by “evil speaking?” I have adduced facts already well known, and of Jeffrey’s mind I have stated my free opinion, nor has he thence sustained any injury:—what scavenger was ever soiled by being pelted with mud? It may be said that I quit England because I have censured there “persons of honour and wit about town,” but I am coming back again, and their vengeance will keep hot till my return. Those who know me can testify that my motives for leaving England are very different from fears, literary or personal; those who do not, may one day be convinced. Since the publication of this thing, my name has not been concealed; I have been mostly in London, ready to answer for my transgressions, and in daily expectation of sundry cartels; but, alas! “the age of chivalry is

over,” or, in the vulgar tongue, there is no spirit now-a-days.

There is a youth ycleped Hewson Clarke (Suh-audl, Esquire,) a Sizer of Emaruel College, and I believe a Denizen of Berwick upon Tweed, whom I have introduced in these pages to much better company than he has been accustomed to meet: he is notwithstanding, a very sad dog, and for no reason that I can discover, except a personal quarrel with a bear, kept by me at Cambridge to sit for a fellowship, and whom the jealousy of his Trinity cotermporaries prevented from success, has been abusing me, and what is worse, the defenceless innocent above-mentioned, in the *Saturist*, for one year and some months. I am utterly unconscious of having given him any provocation; indeed, I am guiltless of having heard his name coupled with the *Saturist*. He has therefore no reason to complain, and I dare say that, like Sir Fretful Plagiarist, he is rather *pleased* than otherwise. I have now mentioned all who have done me the honour to notice me and mine, that is, my Bear and my Book, except the Editor of the *Saturist*, who, it seems, is a gentleman, God wot! I wish he could impart a little of his gentility to his subordinate scribblers. I hear that Mr. Jerningham is about to take up the cudgels for his Mæcenas, Lord Carlisle; I hope not. he was one of the few, who, in the very short intercourse I had with him, treated me with kindness when a boy, and whatever he may say or do, “pour on, I will endure.” I have nothing further to add, save a general note of thank-giving to readers, purchasers, and publisher, and in the words of Scott, I wish

“To all and each a fair good night,
And rosy dreams and slumbers light.”

POEMS

ON

DOMESTIC CIRCUMSTANCES,

4c. 4c.

FARE THEE WELL.

FARE thee well! and if for ever—
Still for ever, fare thee well—
Even though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.—

Would that breast were bared before thee
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
Which thou ne'er canst know again;

Would that breast by thee glanc'd over,
Every inmost thought could show;
Then, thou wouldst at last discover
'Twas not well to spurn it so.—

Though the world for this commend thee—
Though it smile upon the blow,
Even its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's wo.—

Though my many faults defaced me;
Could no other arm be found
Than the one which once embraced me
To inflict a cureless wound?

Yet—oh, yet—thyself deceive not—
Love may sink by slow decay,
But by sudden wrench helve not,
Hearts can thus be torn away;

Still thine own life retaineth—
Still must mine—though bleeding—beat,
And th' undying thought which paineth
Is—that we no more may meet.—

These are words of deeper sorrow
Than the wail above the dead:
Both shall live, but every morrow
Wake us from a widow'd bed.—

And when thou wouldst solace gather—
When our child's first accents flow—
Wilt thou teach her to say—"Father!"
Though his care she must forego?

When her little hand shall press thee—
When her lip to thine is press'd—
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee—
Think of him thy love hath bless'd.

Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou never more may'st see—
Then thy heart will softly tremble
With a pulse yet true to me.—

All my faults—perchance thou knowest—
All my madness—none can know;
All my hopes—where'er thou goest—
Wither—yet with thee they go—

Every feeling hath been shaken,
Pride—which not a word could how—
Bows to thee—by thee forsaken,
Even my soul forsakes me now.—

But 'tis done—all words are idle—
Words from me are rainer still;
But the thoughts we cannot bridle
Force their way without the will.

Fare thee well—thus disunited—
Torn from every nearer tie—
Sear'd in heart—and lone—and blighted—
More than this I scarce can die.—

A SKETCH

FROM

PRIVATE LIFE.

"Honest—Honest Iago!
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee."
SHAKESPEARE.

Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred,
Promoted thence to deck her mistress' head;
Next—for some gracious service unexpress'd,
And from its wages only to be guess'd—
Raised from the toilet to the table,—where
Her wondering betters wait behind her chair,
With eye unmoved, and forehead unabash'd,
She dines from off the plate she lately wash'd.
Quick with the tale, and ready with the lie—
The genial confidante, and general spy— 10
Who could, ye gods! her next employment guess—
An only infant's earliest governess!
She taught the child to read, and taught so well,
That she herself, by teaching, learned to spell,
An adept next in penmanship she grows,
As many a nameless slander deftly shows:
What she had made the pupil of her art
None know—but that high Soul secured the heart,
And panted for the truth it could not hear,
With longing breast and undeluded ear. 20

Foild was perversion by that youthful mind,
Which Flattery fool'd not—Baseness could not
blind,
Deceit infect not—ne'er Contagion soil—
Indulgence weaken—nor Example spoil—
Nor master'd Science tempt her to look down
On humbler talents with a pitying frown—
Nor Genius swell—nor Beauty render vain—
Nor Envy ruffle to retaliate pain—
Nor Fortune change—Pride raise—nor Passion
bow, 30
Nor Virtue teach austerity till now.
Serenely purest of her sex that live,
But wanting one sweet weakness, to forgive,
Too shock'd at faults her soul can never know,
She deems that all could be like her below:
Foe to all Vice, yet hardly Virtue's friend,
For Virtue pardons those she would amend.
But to the theme: now laid aside too long
The baleful burthen of this honest song—

Though all her former functions are no more,
She rules the circle which she served before. 40
If mothers—none know why—before her quake;
If daughters dread her for the mother's sake;
If early habit—those false links, which bind
At times the loftiest to the meanest mind—
Have given her power too deeply to instil
The angry essence of her deadly will;
If like a snake she steal within your walls,
Till the black slime betray her as she crawls;
If like a viper to the heart she wind,
And leave the venom there she did not find, — 50
What marvel that this hag of hatred works
Eternal evil late it as she lurks,
To make a Pandemonium where she dwells,
And reign the Hecate of domestic hells?
Skill'd by a touch to deepen scandal's tints
With all the kind mendacity of hints,
While mingling truth with falsehood—sneers with
smiles.

A thread of candour with a web of wiles;
A plain, blunt show of briefly-poken seeming,
To hide her bloodless heart's soul-hardened
scheming; 60

A lip of lies—a face form'd to conceal;
And, without feeling, mock at all who feel:
With a vile mask the Gorgon would disown;
A cheek of parchment—and an eye of stone.
Mark, how the channels of her yellow blood
Ooze to her skin, and stagnate there to mud,
Casual like the centipede in saffron mail,
Or darker greenness of the scorpion's scale—
(For drawn from reptiles only may we trace
Congenial colours in that soul or face)— 70
Look on her features, and behold her mind
As in a mirror of itself defined:
Look on the picture; deem it not overcharged—
There is no trait which might not be enlarged:—
Yet true to "Nature's journeymen," who made
This monster when their mistress left off trade,—
This female dog-star of her little sky,
Where all beneath her influence droop or die.

Oh! wretch without a tear—without a thought
Save joy above the ruin thou hast wrought— 80
The time shall come, nor long remote, when thou
Shalt feel far more than thou inflictest now;
Feel for thy vile, self-loving self in vain,
And turn thee howling in unspit pain.
May the strong curse of crush'd affections light
Back on thy bosom with reflected blight!
And make thee in thy leprosy of mind
As loathsome to thyself as to mankind!
Till all thy self-thoughts curdle into hate,
Black—as thy will for others would create, 90
Till thy hard heart be calcined into dust,
And thy soul welter in its hideous crust.
Oh, may thy grave be sleepless as the bed,—
The widow'd couch of fire, that thou hast spread!
Then, when thou fain wouldst weary Heaven with
prayer,
Look on thine earthly victims—and despair!
Down to the dust!—and, as thou rot'st away,
Even worms shall perish on thy poisonous clay.
But for the love I bore, and still must bear,
To her thy malice from all ties would tear— 100
Thy name—thy human name—to every eye
The climax of all scorn, should hang on high,
Exalted o'er thy less abhor'd compeers—
And festering in the infamy of years.

March 30, 1816.

FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.

On! land of my fathers and mine,
The noblest, the best, and the bravest;
Heart-broken, and lorn, I resign
The joys and the hopes which thou gavest!

Dear mother of Freedom! farewell!
Even Freedom is irksome to me;
Be calm, throbbing heart, nor rebel,
For reason approves the decree.

Did I love?—Be my witness, high heaven!
That mark'd all my frailties and fears;
I ador'd—but the magic is riven:
Be the memory expunged by my tears!

The moment of rapture how bright,
How dazzling, how transient its glare;
A comet in splendour and flight,
The herald of darkness and care.

Recollections of tenderness gone,
Of pleasure no more to return;
A wanderer, an outcast, alone,
Oh! leave me, untortured to mourn.

Where—where shall my heart find repose?
A refuge from memory and grief?
The gangrene, wherever it goes,
Disdains a fictitious relief.

Could I trace out that fabulous stream
Which washes remembrance away
Again might the eye of Hope gleam
The dawn of a happier day.

Hath wine an oblivious power?
Can it pluck out the sting from the brain?
The draught might beguile for an hour,
But still leaves behind it the pain.

Can distance or time heal the heart
That bleeds from the innermost pore?
Or intemperance lessen its smart?
Or a cerate apply to its sore?

If I rush to the ultimate pole,
The form I adore will be there,
A phantom to torture my soul
And mock at my bootless despair.

The zephyr of eve, as it flies,
Will whisper her voice in mine ear,
And, moist with her sorrows and sighs,
Demand for love's altar a tear.

And still in the dreams of the day,
And still in the visions of night,
Will fancy her beauties display,
Disordering, deceiving the sight.

Hence, vain, fleeting images, hence!
Grim phantoms that 'wilder my brain,
Mere frauds upon reason and sense,
Engender'd by folly and pain!

Did I swear on the altar of Heaven
My fealty to her I adored?
Did she give back the vows I had given,
And plight back the plight of her lord?

If I err'd for a moment from love,
The error I flew to rectify;
Kiss'd the heart I had wounded, and strove
To soothe, ere it ventured to grieve.

Did I bend, who had ne'er bent before?
Did I sue, who was used to command?
Love forc'd me to weep and implore,
And pride was too weak to withstand

Then why should one frailty, like mine,
Repented, and wash'd with my tears,
Erase those impressions divine,
The faith and affection of years?

Was it well, between anger and love,
That Pride the stern umpire should be;
And that heart should its thinnest prove
On none, till it prov'd it on me?

And, ah! was it well, when I knelt,
Thy tenderness so to conceal,
That witnessing all which I felt,
Thy sternness forbade thee to feel?

Then, when the dear pledge of our love
Look'd up to her mother and smiled,
Say, was there no impulse that strove
To back the appeal of the child.

That bosom so callous and chill,
So treacherous to love and to me,
Ah! felt it no heart-rending thrill,
As it turn'd from the innocent's plea?

That ear which was open to all,
Was ruthlessly closed to its lord;

Those accents which fiends would enthrall,
Refused a sweet peace-giving word.

And think'st thou, dear object—for still
To my bosom thou only art life,
And spite of my pride and my will,
I bless thee, I woo thee, my wife!

Oh! think'st thou that absence shall bring
The balm which will give thee relief—
Or time, on its life-wasting wing,
An antidote yield for thy grief?

The hopes will be frail as the dream
Which cheats the long moments of night,
But melts in the glare of the beam
Which breaks from the portal of light.

For when on thy babe's smiling face
Thy features and mine intertwined,
The finger of Fancy shall trace,
The spell shall resistlessly bind.

The dimple that dwells on her cheek,
The glances that beam from her eye,
The lip as she struggles to speak,
Shall dash every smile with a sigh

Then I, though whole oceans between
Their billowy barriers may rear,
Shall triumph, though far and unseen,
Unconscious, uncall'd, shall be there.

The cruelty sprang not from thee,
'Twas foreign and foul to thy heart,
That levell'd its arrow at me,
And fix'd the incurable smart.

Ah, no! 'twas another than thine,
The hand which assail'd my repose,
It struck—and too fatally mine
The wound, and its offspring of woes.

They hated us both, who destror'd
The buds and the promise of Spring;
For who, to replenish the void,
New ties, new affections can bring?

Alas! to the heart that is rent,
What nostrums can soundness restore?
Or what, to the bow over-bent,
The spring which it carried before?

The rent heart will fester and bleed,
And fade like the leaf in the blast;
The crack'd yew no more will recede,
Though vigorous and tough to the last.

I wander—it matters not where;
No clime can restore me my peace,
Or snatch from the frown of despair,
A cheering—a fleeting release!

How slowly the moments will move!
How tedious the footsteps of years!
When valley and mountain and grove
Shall change but the scene of my tears.

The classic memorials which nod,
The spot dear to science and lore,
Sarcophagus, temple, and sod,
Excite me and ravish no more.

The stork on the perishing wall
Is better and happier than I,
Content in his ivy-built hall,
He hangs out his home in the sky.

But houseless and heartless I rove,
My bosom all bared to the wind,
The victim of pride, and of love,
I seek—but ah! where can I find?

I seek what no tribes can bestow;
I ask what no clime can impart;
A charm which can neutralize woe,
And dry up the tears of the heart.

I ask it—I seek it—in vain—
From Ind to the northernmost pole,
Unheeded—unpitied complain,
And pour out the grief of my soul.

What bosom shall heave when I sigh?
What tears shall respond when I weep?
To my wailings what wail shall reply?
What eye mark the vigils I keep?

Even thou, as thou learnest to prate,
Dear babe—while remotely I rove—
Shall count it a duty to hate
Where nature commands thee to love.

The foul tongue of malice shall peal
My vices, my faults, in thine ear,
And teach thee, with demon-like zeal,
A father's affection to fear.

And oh! if in some distant day,
Thine ear may be struck with my lyre,
And nature's true index may say,
"It may be—it must be my sire!"

Perchance to thy prejudiced eye
Obnoxious my form may appear,
Even nature be deaf to my sigh,
And duty refuse me a tear.

Yet sure in this isle, where my songs
Have echo'd from mountain and dell,
Some tongue the sad tale of my wrongs
With grateful emotion may tell.

Some youth who had valued my lay,
And warm'd o'er the tale as it ran,
To thee even may venture to say,
"His frailties were those of a man."

They were; they were human, but swell'd
By envy and malice and scorn,
Each feeling of nature rebell'd,
And hated the mask it had worn.

Though human the fault—how severe,
How harsh the stern sentence pronounced;
Even pride dropp'd a niggardly tear
My love as it grimly denounced.

'Tis past: the great struggle is o'er;
The war of my bosom subsides:
And passion's strong current no more
Impels its impetuous tides.

'Tis past: my affections give way,
The ties of my nature are broke,
The summons of pride I obey,
And break love's degenerate joke.

I fly, like a bird of the air,
In search of a home and a rest;
A balm for the sickness of care,
A bliss for a bosom unbless'd.

And swift as the swallow that floats,
And bold as the eagle that soars,
Yet dull as the owl, whose notes
The dark fiend of midnight deplors:

Where gleam the gay splendours of East,
The dance and the bountiful board;
I'll hear me to Luxury's feast,
To exile the form I adored.

In full brimming goblets I'll quaff
The sweets of the Lethean spring,
And join in the Bacchanal's laugh,
And trip in the fairy-form'd ring.

Where pleasure invites will I roam,
To drown the dull memory of care,
An exile from hope and from home,
A fugitive chased by despair.

Farewell to thee, land of the brave!
Farewell to thee, land of my birth!
When tempests around thee shall rave,
Sull—sull may they homage thy worth!

Wife, infant, and country, and friend,
Ye wizard my fancy no more,
I fly from your solace, and wend
To weep on some kindlier shore.

The grim-visaged fiend of the storm,
That raves in this agonized breast,

On the Morning of her Birth.

Hail to this teeming stage of strife!
Hail, lovely miniature of life!
Pilgrim of many cares untold!
Lamb of the world's extended fold!
Fountain of hopes and doubts and fears!
Sweet promise of extatic years!
How could I fairly bend the knee,
And turn idolater to thee!

'Tis nature's worship—felt—confess'd,
Far as the life which warms the breast:
The sturdy savage, 'midst his clan,
The rudest portraiture of man,
In trackless woods and boundless plains,
Where everlasting wildness reigns,
Owns the still throb—the secret start—
The hidden impulse of the heart.

Dear babe! ere yet upon thy years
The soul of human vice appears,
Ere passion hath disturb'd thy cheek,
And prompt'd what thou dar'st not speak,
Ere that pale lip is blanch'd with care,
Or from those eyes shoot fierce despair,
Would I could wake thy untuned ear,
And gust it with a father's prayer.

But little reck'st thou, O my child,
Of travail on life's thorny wild!
Of all the dangers, all the woes,
Each tottering footstep which inclose;
Ah, little reck'st thou of the scene
So darkly wrought, that spreads between
The little all we here can find,
And the dark mystic sphere behind!

Little reck'st thou, my earliest born,
Of clouds which gather round thy morn,
Of acts to lure thy soul astray,
Of snares that intersect thy way,
Of secret foes, of friends untrue,
Of fiends who stab the hearts they woo—
Little thou reck'st of this sad store—
Would thou might'st never reckon more!

But thou wilt burst this transient sleep,
And thou wilt wake, my babe, to weep:
The tenant of a frail abode,
Thy tears must flow, as mine have flow'd;
Beguiled by follies every day,
Sorrow must wash the faults away,
And thou may'st wake perchance to prove
The pang of unrequited love.

Unconscious babe, though on that brow
No half-fledged misery nestles now,
Scarce round thy placid lips a smile
Maternal fondness shall beguile
Ere the moist footsteps of a tear
Shall plant their dewy traces there,
And prematurely pave the way
For sorrows of a riper day:

Oh! could a father's prayer repel
The eye's sad grief, the bosom's swell;
Or could a father hope to bear
A darling child's allotted care,
Then thou, my babe, shouldst slumber still,
Exempted from all human ill,
A parent's love thy peace should free,
And ask its wounds again for thee.

Sleep on, my child; the slumber brief
Too soon shall melt away to grief,
Too soon the dawn of wo shall break,
And briny rills bedew that cheek;
Too soon shall sadness quench those eyes,
That breast be agonized with sighs,
And anguish o'er the beams of noon
Lead clouds of care,—ah, much too soon!

Yet be thy lot, my babe, more bless'd,
May joy still animate thy breast;
Still, 'midst thy least propitious days,
Shedding its rich inspiring rays;
A father's heart shall daily bear
Thy name upon its secret prayer,
And as he seeks his last repose,
Thine image ease life's parting throes.

Then hail, sweet miniature of life!
Hail to this teeming stage of strife!
Pilgrim of many cares untold!
Lamb of the world's extended fold!
Fountain of hopes and doubts and fears
Sweet promise of extatic years!
How could I fairly bend the knee,
And turn idolater to thee!

TO JESSY.

The following Stanzas were addressed by Lord Byron to his Lady, a few months before their separation

There is a mystic thread of life
So dearly wreath'd with mine alone,
That Destiny's relentless knife
At once must sever both or none.

There is a form on which these eyes
Have often gazed with fond delight:
By day that form their joy supplies,
And dreams restore it through the night.

There is a voice whose tones inspire
Such thrills of rapture through my breast;
I would not hear a seraph choir
Unless that voice could join the rest.

There is a face whose blushes tell
Affection's tale upon the cheek
But pallid at one fond farewell,
Proclaims more love than words can speak.

There is a lip which mine hath press'd,
And none had ever press'd before,
It vowed to make me sweetly bless'd,
And mine—mine only, press it more.

There is a bosom—all my own—
Hath pillow'd oft this aching head;
A mouth which smiles on me alone,
An eye whose tears with mine are shed.

There are two hearts whose movements thrill
In unison so closely sweet!
That, pulse to pulse responsive still,
They both must heave—or cease to beat.

There are two souls whose equal flow
In gentle streams so calmly run,
That when they part—they part!—ah, no!
They cannot part—those souls are one.

TO ———.

When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted,
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold—
Colder thy kiss;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my brow—
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.

Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame,
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me—
A knell to mine ear;
A shudder comes o'er me—
Why wert thou so dear?
They know not I knew thee,
Who knew thee too well:
Long, long shall I rue thee,
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met—
In silence I grieve,
That thy heart could forget,
Thy spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee,
After long years,
How should I greet thee!
With silence and tears.

FAREWELL.

FAREWELL! if ever fondest prayer
For other's weal avail'd on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky.
'Twas vain to speak, to weep, to sigh:
Oh! more than tears of blood can tell,
When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,
Are in that word—Farewell!—Farewell!

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry;
But in my breast, and in my brain,
Awake the pangs that pass not by,
The thought that ne'er shall sleep again.
My soul nor dares nor dares complain,
Though grief and passion there rebel;
I only know we loved in vain—
I only feel—Farewell!—Farewell!

SONG TO INEZ.

WHEN late I saw thy favourite child,
I thought my jealous heart would break;
But when th' unconscious infant smiled,
I kiss'd it—for its mother's sake.

I kiss'd it—and repress'd my sighs,
Its father in its face to see;
But then it had its mother's eyes—
And they were all to love and me.

Fair one, adieu! I must away,
Since thou art blest'd, I'll not repine;
But near thee I can never stay,—
My heart again would soon be thine.

ODE TO THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA.

PEACE to thee, Isle of the ocean!
Hail to thy breezes and billows!
Where, rolling its tides, in perpetual devotion,
The white wave its plumed surf pillows!
Rich shall the chaplet be history shall weave thee!
Whose undying verdure shall bloom on thy brow,

When nations that now in obscurity leave thee,
To the wand of oblivion alternately bow!
Unchanged in thy glory, unstain'd in thy fame—
The homage of ages shall hallow thy name.

Hail to the chief who reposes
On thee the rich weight of his glory!
When fill'd to its limit, life's chronicle closes,
His deeds shall be sacred in story!
His prowess shall rank with the first of all ages,
And monarchs hereafter shall bow to his worth—
The songs of the poet—the lessons of ages—
Shall hold him the wonder and grace of the earth.

The meteor of history before thee shall fall,
Eclipsed by thy splendour, thou meteor of Gaul.

Hygeian breezes shall fan thee,
Island of glory resplendent!
Pilgrims from nations far distant shall man thee,
Tribes, as thy waves, independent!
On thy far gleaming strand the wanderer shall stay
To snatch a brief glance at a spot so renown'd—
Each turf and each stone, and each cliff shall delay
him,

Where the step of thy exile hath hallow'd thy ground!
From him shalt thou borrow a lustre divine,
The wane of his sun was the rising of thine.

Whose were the hands that enslaved him?
Hands which had weakly withstood him—
Nations which while they had oftentimes brav'd
him,

Never till now had subdu'd him!
Monarchs, who oft to his clemency stooping,
Received back their crowns from the plunder of
war—
The vanquisher vanquish'd, the eagle now droop—
Would quench with their sternness the ray of his
star!

But clothed in new splendour the glory appears,
And rules the ascendant, the planet of years.

Pure be the health of thy mountains!
Rich be the green of thy pastures!
Limpid and lasting the streams of thy fountains?
Thine annals unstain'd by disasters!
Supreme in the ocean a rich altar swelling
Whose shrine shall be hail'd by the prayers of
mankind—
Thy rock-beach the rage of the tempest repelling—
The wide-wasting contest of wave and of wind—
Aloft on thy battlements long be unfur'd
The eagle that decks thee, the pride of the world.

Fade shall the lily, now blooming,
Where is the hand which can nurse it?
Nations who rear'd it shall watch its consuming,
Untimely mildews shall curse it.
Then shall the violet that blooms in the valleys
Impart to the gale its reviving perfume,
Then when the spirit of Liberty rallies
To chant forth its anthems on Tyranny's tomb,
Wide Europe shall fear lest thy star should break
Eclipsing the pestilent orbs of the north. [forth,

TO —.

WHEN all around grew drear and dark,
And Reason half withheld her ray—
And hope but shed a dying spark,
Which more misled my lonely way;

In that deep midnight of the mind,
And that internal strife of heart,
When dreading to be deem'd too kind,
The weak despair, the cold depart;

When fortune changed and love fled far,
And hatred's shafts flew thick and fast,
Thou wert the solitary star
Which rose and set not to the last.

Oh! bless'd be thine unbroken light!
That watch'd me as a seraph's eye,
And stood between me and the night,
For ever shining sweetly nigh.

And when the cloud upon us came,
Which strove to blacken o'er thy ray—
Then purer spread its gentle flame,
And dash'd the darkness all away.

Still may thy spirit dwell on mine,
And teach it what to brave or brook—
There's more in one soft word of thine,
Than in the world's defied rebuke.

Thou stood'st, as stands a lovely tree,
Whose branch unbroke, but gently bent,
Still waves with fond fidelity
Its boughs above a monument.

The winds might rend, the skies might pour,
But there thou wert, and still wouldst be

Devoted, in the stormiest hour,
To shed thy weeping leaves o'er me.

But thou and thine shall know no blight,
Whatever fate on me may fall:
For heaven in sunshine will requite
The kind—and thee the most of all.

Then let the tics of baffled love
Be broken—thine will never break;
Thy heart can feel—but will not move;
Thy soul, though soft, will never shake.

And these, when all was lost beside,
Were found and still are fix'd in thee—
And bearing still a breast so tried,
Earth is no desert—even to me.

BRIGHT be the place of thy soul!
No lovelier spirit than thine
E'er burst from its mortal control,
In the orb of the blest to shine:
On earth thou wert all but divine,
As thy soul shall immortally be;
And our sorrow may cease to repine,
When we know that thy God is with thee.

Light be the turf of thy tomb!
May its verdure like emeralds be;
There should not be the shadow of gloom,
In aught that reminds us of thee.
Young flowers and an evergreen tree
May spring from the spot of thy rest;
But not cypress nor yew let us see;
For why should we mourn for the bless'd?

TO ———,

FROM THE FRENCH.

"All wept, but particularly Savary, and a Polish officer who had been exalted from the ranks by Buonaparte. He clung to his master's knees—wrote a letter to Lord Keith, entreating permission to accompany him, even in the most menial capacity, which could not be admitted."

MUST thou go, my glorious Chief,
Sever'd from thy faithful few?
Who can tell thy warrior's grief,
Maddening o'er that long adieu?
Woman's love and friendship's zeal,
Dear as both have been to me—
What are they to all I feel,
With a soldier's faith for thee?

Idol of the soldier's soul!
First in fight, but mightiest now;
Many could a world control;
Thee alone no doom can bow.
By thy side for years I dared
Death, and envied those who fell,
When their dying shout was heard,
Blessing him they serv'd so well.*

Would that I were cold with those
Since this hour I live to see!
When the doubts of coward foes
Scarce dare trust a man with thee,
Dreading each should set thee free.
Oh! although in dungeons pent,
All their claims were light to me,
Gazing on thy soul unbent.

* "At Waterloo, one man was seen, whose left arm was shattered by a cannon-ball, to wrench it off with the other, and throwing it up in the air, exclaimed to his comrades, 'Vive l'Empereur, jusqu'à la mort!' There were many other instances of the like; this you may, however, depend on as true." *A private letter from Brussels.*

Would the sycophants of him,
Now so deaf to duty's prayer,
Were his borrow'd glories dim,
In his native darkness share?
Were that world this hour his own,
All thou calmly dost resign,
Could he purchase with that throne
Hearts like those which still are thine?

My chief, my king, my friend, adieu!
Never did I droop before;
Never to my sovereign sue,
As his foes I now implore.
All I ask is to divide
Every peril he must brave—
Sharing by the hero's side,
His fall, his exile, and his grave.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.*

THERE'S not a joy the world can give like that it
takes away,
When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's
dull decay;
'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone,
which fades so fast,
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth
itself be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of
happiness,
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of excess;
The magnet of their course is gone, or only points
in vain
The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall never
stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul, like death
itself comes down;
It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream
its own:
That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our
And, though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where
the ice appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth
distract the breast,
Through midnight hours that yield no more their
former hope of rest:
'Tis but as ivy leaves around the ruin'd turret
wreath,
All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and
gray beneath.

Oh! could I feel as I have felt—or be what I have
been,
Or weep as I could once have wept, o'er many a
vanish'd scene,
As springs in deserts found seem'd sweet, all brack-
ish though they be,
So 'midst the wither'd waste of life, those tears
would flow to me.

TO THE LILY OF FRANCE.

ERR thou scatterest thy leaf to the wind,
False emblem of innocence, stay,
And yield, as thou fad'st, for the use of mankind,
The lesson that marks thy decay.

Thou wert fair as the beam of the morn,
And rich as the pride of the mine:
Thy charms are all faded, and hatred and scorn,
The curses of freedom, are thine.

Thou wert gay in the smiles of the world,
Thy shadow protection and power,
But now thy bright blossom is shrivell'd and curl'd,
The grace of thy country no more.

For corruption hath fed on thy leaf,
And bigotry weaken'd thy stem,
Now those who have fear'd thee shall smile at
thy grief,
And those who adore thee condemn.

* These verses were given by Lord Byron to Mr. Power, Strand, who has published them, with very beautiful music by Sir John Stevenson.

The valley that gave thee thy birth
Shall weep for the hope of its soil,
The legions that fought for thy beauty and worth,
Shall hasten to share in thy spoil.

As a bye-word thy blossom shall be,
A mock and a jest among men,
The proverb of slaves and the sneer of the free,
In city, and mountain, and glen.

Oh! 'twas tyranny's pestilent gale
That scatter'd thy buds on the ground,
That threw the blood-stain on thy virgin-white veil,
And pierced thee with many a wound!

Then thy puny leaf shook to the wind,
Thy stem gave its strength to the blast,
Thy full bursting blossom its promise resign'd,
And fell to the storm as it pass'd.

For no patriot vigour was there,
No arm to support the weak flower,
Destruction pursued its dark herald—Despair,
And wither'd its grace in an hour.

Yet there were who pretended to grieve,
There were who pretended to save,
Mere shallow empyrics who came to deceive,
To revel and sport on its grave.

O thou land of the lily, in vain
Thou struggl'dst to raise its pale head!
The faded bed never shall blossom again,
The violet will bloom in its stead.

As thou scatterest thy leaf to the wind,
False emblem of innocence, stay,
And yield, as thou fad'st, for the use of mankind,
This lesson to mark thy decay!

THE

FOLLOWING LINES

*Were written extempore by Lord Byron to his friend
T. Moore, Esq. the author of Lalla Rookh.*

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea:
But, before I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee!

Here's a sigh to those who love me
And a smile to those who hate,
And whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate!

Though the ocean roar around me,
Yet it still shall bear me on:
Though a desert should surround me,
It hath springs that may be won.

Were't the last drop in the well,
As I gasp'd upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink.

In that water, as this wine,
The libation I would pour
Should be—Pence to thine and mine,
And a health to thee, Tom Moore!

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

There be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee:
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me.
When, as if its sound were causing
The charmed ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming,
And the lull'd winds seem dreaming:

And the midnight moon is weaving
Her bright chain o'er the deep,
Whose breast is gently heaving,
As an infant's asleep;—

So the spirit bows before thee,
To listen and adore thee,
With a full but soft emotion,
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

ON THE STAR

OF

"THE LEGION OF HONOUR."

1.

STAR of the brave!—whose beam hath shed
Such glory o'er the quick and dead—
Thou radiant and adored deceit!
Which millions rush'd in arms to greet,—
Wild meteor of immortal birth!
Why rise in Heaven to set on Earth?

2.

Souls of slain heroes form'd thy rays;
Eternity flash'd through thy blaze;
The music of thy martial sphere
Was fame on high, and honour here;
And thy light broke on human eyes,
Like a Volcano of the skies.

3.

Like lava roll'd thy stream of blood,
And swept down empires with its flood;
Earth rock'd beneath thee to her base,
As thou didst lighten through all space;
And the shorn Sun grew dim in air,
And set while thou wert dwelling there.

4.

Before thee rose, and with thee grew
A rainbow of the loveliest hue,
Of three bright colours* each divine,
And fit for that celestial sign;
For Freedom's hand had blended them
Like tints in an immortal gem.

5.

One tint was of the sunbeams' dyes;
One, the blue depth of Seraph's eyes;
One, the pure Spirit's veil of white
Had robed in radiance of its light.
The three so mingled, did bescem
The texture of a heavenly dream.

6.

Star of the brave! thy ray is pale,
And darkness must again prevail!
But, oh, thou Rainbow of the free!
Our tears and blood must flow for thee.
When thy bright promise fades away,
Our life is but a load of clay.

7.

And Freedom hallows with her tread
The silent cities of the dead;
For beautiful in death are they
Who proudly fall in her array;
And soon, O Goddess! may we be
For evermore with them or thee!

O D E.

Oh, shame to thee, Land of the Gaul!
Oh, shame to thy children and thee!
Unwise in thy glory, and base in thy fall,
How wretched thy portion shall be!
Derision shall strike thee forlorn,
A mockery that never shall die;
The curses of Fate, and the hisses of Scorn
Shall burden the winds of thy sky;
And, proud o'er thy ruin, for ever be hurl'd
The laughter of Triumph, the jeers of the World!

Oh, where is thy spirit of yore,
The spirit that breathed in thy dead,
When gallantry's star was the beacon before,
And honour the passion that led

* The tri-colour.

Thy storms have awaken'd their sleep,
 They grow from the place of their rest,
 And gratefully murmur, and sullenly weep
 To see the foul stain on thy breast;
 For where is the glory they left thee in trust?
 'Tis scatter'd in darkness, 'tis trampled in dust!

Go, look through the kingdoms of earth,
 From Indus, all round to the Pole,
 And smelling of goodness, of honour and worth,
 Shall brighten the sins of the soul:
 But thou art alone in thy shame,
 The world cannot liken thee there;
 Abhorrence and vice have defigured thy name
 Beyond the low reach of compare:
 Stupendous in guilt, thou shalt lend us through
 time
 A proverb, a bye-word, for falsehood and crime!

While conquest illumined his sword,
 While yet in his prowess he stood,
 Thy praise still follow'd the steps of thy Lord,
 And welcomed the torrent of blood;
 Though tyranny sat on his crown,
 And wither'd the nations afar,
 Yet bright in thy view was that despot's renown,
 Till Fortune deserted his ear;
 Then, back from the Chalcidian thou slunkest
 away—
 The foremost to insult, the first to betray!

Forgot were the feats he had done,
 The toils he had borne in thy cause;
 Thou turn'dst to worship a new rising sun,
 And waft other songs of applause;
 But the storm was beginning to lower,
 Adversity clouded the beam;
 And honour and faith were the brag of an hour,
 And loyalty's self but a dream;
 To him thou hadst banish'd thy vows were re-
 stored;
 And the first that had scoff'd, were the first that
 adored!

What tumult thus burthens the air,
 What throng that encircles his throne?
 'Tis the shout of delight, 'tis the millions that
 swear
 His sceptre shall rule them alone.
 Reverses shall brighten their zeal,
 Misfortune shall hallow his name,
 And the world that pursues him shall mournfully
 feel
 How quenchless the spirit and flame
 That Frenchmen will breathe, when their hearts
 are on fire,
 For the Hero they love, and the Chief they admire.

Their hero has rush'd to the field:
 His laurels are cover'd with shade—
 But where is the spirit that never should yield,
 The loyalty never to fade!
 In a moment desertion and guile
 Abandon'd him up to the foe;
 The dastards that flourish'd and grew at his
 smile,
 Forsook and renounced him in woe;
 And the millions that swore they would perish to
 save,
 Beheld him a fugitive, captive, and slave!

The savage all wild in his glen
 Is nobler and better than thou;
 Thou standest a wonder, a marvel to men,
 Such perfidy blackens thy brow;
 If thou wert the place of my birth,
 At once from thy arms would I sever;
 I'd fly to the uttermost ends of the earth,
 And quit thee for ever and ever;
 And thinking of thee in my long after-years,
 Should but kindle my blushes and wake my tears.

Oh, shame to thee, land of the Gaul!
 Oh, shame to thy children and thee!
 Unwise in thy glory and base in thy fall,
 How wretched thy portion shall be!
 Derision shall strike thee forlorn,
 A mockery that never shall die;
 The curses of hate and the hisses of Scorn
 Shall burthen the winds of thy sky;
 And proud o'er thy run for ever be hurl'd
 The laughter of Triumph, the jeers of the World.

WATERLOO.

The French have their *Poems* and *Odes* on the fa-
 mous Battle of Waterloo as well as ourselves—
 Nay, they seem to glory in the battle, as the
 source of great events to come. We have re-
 ceived the following poetical version of a poem,
 the original of which is circulating in Paris—and
 which is ascribed, we know not with what jus-
 tice, to the muse of M. De Chateaubriand. If
 so, it may be inferred that, in the Poet's eye, a
 new change is at hand—and he wishes to prove
 his secret indulgence of old principles, by refer-
 ence to this effusion.

MORNING CHRONICLE.

FRENCH ODE.

Said to be done into English Verse by R. S*****, P.,
 L. Master of the Royal Spanish Inqui. &c. &c. &c.

Woe do not curse thee, Waterloo,
 Though freedom's blood thy plain bedew;
 There 'twas shed, but is not sunk—
 Rising from each gory trunk—
 Like the water-spout from ocean,
 With a strong and growing motion—
 It soars and mingles in the air,
 With that of lost Labeoyre,
 With that of him whose honour'd grave
 Contains the "bravest of the brave;"
 A crimson cloud it spreads and glows,
 But shall return to whence it rose;
 When 'tis full 'twill burst asunder—
 Never yet was heard such thunder
 As then shall shake the world with wonder—
 Never yet was seen such lightning
 As o'er heaven shall then be bright'ning.

The chief has fallen, but not by you,
 Vanquishers of Waterloo;
 When the soldier-citizen,
 Sway'd not o'er his fellow-men—
 Save in deeds that led them on
 Where glory smil'd on Freedom's son—
 Who of all the despot's banded,
 With that youthful chief competed?
 Who could boast o'er France defeated
 Till lone tyranny commanded?
 Till, goaded by ambition's sting,
 The Hero sunk into the King?
 Then he fell, so perish all,
 Who would men by man enthrall!
 And thou too of the snow-white plume,
 Whose realm refused thee even a tomb
 Better hadst thou still been leading
 France o'er hosts of hirelings bleeding,
 Than sold thyself to death and shame
 For a meanly royal name;
 Such as he of Naples wears,
 With thy blood-bought title bears—
 Little didst thou deem, when dashing
 On thy war-horse through the ranks,
 Like a stream which bursts its banks,
 While helmets cleft and sabres clashing
 Shone and shiver'd fast around thee—
 Of the fate at last which found thee!
 Was that haughty plume laid low
 By a slave's dishonest blow?
 Once it onward bore the brave,
 Like foam upon the highest wave—
 There, where death's brief pang was quickest,
 And the battle's wreck lay thickest
 Strew'd beneath the advancing banner
 Of the Eagle's burning crest—
 (There with thunder clouds to fan her,
 Who could then her wing arrest—
 Victory beaming from her breast)
 While the broken line enlarging
 Fell or fled along the plain;
 There, be sure, was Murat charging!
 There he shall ne'er charge again!
 O'er glories gone, the invaders march,
 Weeps Triumph o'er each level'd arch—
 But let Freedom rejoice,
 With her heart in her voice;

* Murat* remains are said to have been torn
 from the grave and burnt.

But her hand on her sword,
Doubly shall she be ador'd.
France hath twice too well been taught
The "moral lesson" dearly bought—
Her safety sits not on a throne,
With Capet or Napoleon;
But in equal rights and laws,
Hearts and hands in one great cause—
Freedom, such as God hath given
Unto all beneath his heaven.
With their breath, and from their birth,
Though guilt would sweep it from the earth,
With a fierce and lavish hand,
Scattering nations' wealth like sand;
Pouring nations' blood like water,
In Imperial sens of slaughter!
But the heart, and the mind,
And the voice of mankind,
Shall arise in communion—
And who shall resist that proud union?
The time is past when swords subdued;
Man may die—the soul's renew'd:
Even in this low world of care,
Freedom ne'er shall want an heir,
Millions breathe but to inherit
Her unconquerable spirit—
When once more her hosts assemble
Let the tyrants only tremble!—
Smile they at this idle threat?
Crimson tears will follow yet.

MADAME LAVALETTE.

LET Edinburgh Critics o'erwhelm with their praises
Their Madame de Staël, and their famed L'Epi-
nasse;

Like a meteor at best, proud Philosophy blazes,
And the fame of a Wit is as brittle as glass;
But cheering the beam, and unfading the splendour
Of thy torch, Wedded Love! and it never has yet
Shone with lustre more holy, more pure, or more
tender,

Than it sheds on the name of the fair Lavalette.

Then fill high the wine-cup, e'en Virtue shall
bless it,

And hallow the goblet which foams to her name;
The warm lip of Beauty shall piously press it,
And Hymen shall honour the pledge to her fame:
To the health of the Woman, who freedom and
life too

Has risk'd for her Husband, we'll pay the just
And hail with applause the Heroine and wife too,
The constant, the noble, the fair Lavalette.

Her foes have awarded, in impotent malice,
To their captive a doom, which all Europe
abhors,

And turns from the Slaves of the Priest-haunt'd
While those who replaced them there, blush for
their cause:

But, in ages to come, when the blood-tarnish'd
glory

Of Dukes, and of Marshals, in darkness hath set,
Hearts shall throb, eyes shall gladden, at reading the
story

Of the fond self-devotion of fair Lavalette.

FAREWELL TO FRANCE.

FAREWELL to the Land, where the gloom of my
glory

Arose and o'ershadow'd the earth with her
She gladdens me now,—but the page of her story,

The brightest or blackest, is fill'd with my fame.
I have war'd with a world which vanquish'd me
only

When the meteor of Conquest allured me too
I have coped with the Nations which dread me
thus lonely;

The last single Captive to millions in war!

Farewell to thee, France—when thy diadem
crown'd me,

I made thee the pen and the wonder of earth,—
But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I found
thee,

Decay'd in thy glory, and sunk in thy worth.

Oh! for the veteran hearts that were wasted,
In strife with the storm, when their battles were
won—

Then the Eagle, whose gaze in that moment was
blasted,

Had still soar'd with eyes fix'd on Victory's Sun!

Farewell to thee, France—but when liberty rallies
Once more in thy regions, remember me then—

The Violet grows in the depth of thy valleys,
Though wither'd thy tears will unfold it again—

Yet, yet I may baffle the hosts that surround us,
And yet may thy heart leap awake to my voice—

There are links which must break in the chain
that has bound us,

Then turn thee and call on the chief of thy
[choice!]

ADIEU TO MALTA.

ADIEU the joys of La Valette;

Adieu sirocco, sun, and sweat;

Adieu thou palace, rarely enter'd;

Adieu ye mansions, where I've ventured;

Adieu ye cursed streets of stairs—

How surely he who mounts them swears;

Adieu ye merchants often failing;

Adieu thou mob for ever railing;

Adieu ye packets without letters;

Adieu ye fools, who ape your betters;

Adieu thou damndest quarantine,

That gave me fever and the spleen;

Adieu that stage which makes us jawn, Sirs;

Adieu His Excellency's dancers;

Adieu to Peter, whom no fault's in,

But could not teach a Colonel waltzing;

Adieu ye females, fraught with graces;

Adieu red coats, and redder faces;

Adieu the supercilious air,

Of all that strut en militaire;

I go—but God knows where or why—

To smoky towns and cloudy sky;

To things, the honest truth to say,

As bad, but in a different way—

Farewell to these, but not adieu

Triumphant sons of truest blue,

While either Adriatic shore,

And fallen chief, and fleets no more,

And nightly smiles, and daily dinners,

Proclaim you war and women's winners.

Pardon my muse, who apt to prate is,

And take my rhyme because 'tis gratis:

And now I've got to Mrs. Fraser,

Perhaps you think I mean to praise her;

And were I vain enough to think

My praise was worth this drop of ink,

A line or two were no hard matter;

As here, indeed, I need not flatter:

But she must be content to shine

In better praises than in mine:

With lively air and open heart,

And fashion's ease without its art,

Her hours can gaily glide along,

Nor ask the aid of idle song.

And now, Oh, Malta! since thou'st got us,

Thou little military hot-house!

I'll not offend with words unwell,

And wish thee rudely at the devil—

But only stare from out my casement,

And ask—for what is such a place meant?

Then, in my solitary nook,

Return to scribbling, or a book;

Or take my physic, while I'm able,

Two spoonfuls, hourly by this label;

Prefer my nightcap to my beaver,

And bless my stars, I've got a fever.

THE CURSE OF MINERVA.

Slow sinks now lovely ere his race be run

Along Mæon's hills the setting sun;

Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,

But one unclouded blaze of living light;

O'er the hush'd deep the yellow beam he throws,

Gilds the green wave that trembles as it flows;

On old Ægea's rock and Hydra's isle,

The God of gladness sheds his parting smile.

Long had I mused and measured every trace
The wreck of Greece recorded of her race,
When lo! a giant-form before me strode,
And Pallas hail'd me in her own abode.
Yes—'twas Minerva's self—but ah! how changed
Since o'er the Dirin fields in arms she ranged!
Not such as erst by her divine command,
Her form appear'd from Phidias' plastic hand,
Gone were the terrors of her awful brow,
Her idle eyes bore no Gorgon now;
Her helm was deep indented, and her lance
Seem'd weak and shuffling e'en to mortal glance:
The olive branch, which still she deign'd to clasp,
Sprung from her hand and wither'd in her grasp.
And ah! though still the brightest of the sky,
Celestial tears bedew'd her large blue eye;
Round her rent casque her owl circled low,
And mourn'd his mistress with a shriek of woe.

"Mortal!" ('twas thus she spoke) "that blush
of shame

Proclaims thee Briton—once a noble name—
First of the mighty, foremost of the free,
Now honour'd less by all, but least by me;
Chief of thy foes shall Pallas still be found:
Seek'st thou the cause? oh, Mortal! look around.
Lo! here, in spite of war and wasting fire,
I saw successive tyrannies expire;
Scaped from the ravage of the Turk and Goth,
Thy Country sends a spoiler worse than both.
Survey this vacant violated fane,
Recount the relics torn that yet remain:—
These Cærops placed—this Pericles adorn'd—
That Hadrian rear'd when drooping Science
mourn'd;

What more I owe let gratitude attest,
Know, Alaric and * * * * did the rest.—
That all may learn from whence the plunderer
came,

Th' insulted wall sustains his hated name *
For * * * * 's fame this grateful Pall's pleads;
Below, his name; above, behold his deeds.
Be ever hail'd with equal honour here,
The Gothic monarch, and the British * * * *
Arms gave the first his right, the last had none,
But basely stole what less Barbarians won:
So, when the lion quits the fell repast,
Next prowls the wolf, the filthy jackal last;
Flesh, limbs, and blood, the former make their
own,

The last base brute securely gnaws the bone.
Yet still the Gods are just, and crimes are cross'd:
See here, what * * * * won, and what he lost.
Another name with his pollutes my shrine;
Behold, where Dian's beams disdain to shine:
Some retribution still might Pallas claim,
When Venus half-avenged Minerva's shame."†

She ceased awhile, and thus I dared reply,
To soothe the vengeance kindling in her eye:—
Daughter of Jove! in Britain's injured name,
A true-born Briton may the deed disclaim.
Frown not on England—England owns him not:—
Athena? no, the plunderer was a Scot ‡ [towers
Ask'st thou the difference? From fair Phyle's
Survey Bacotia:—Caledonia's powers—

* It is related by a late oriental traveller that
when the whole of Spiliach visited Athens, he
caused his own name, with that of his wife, to be
inscribed on a pillar of one of the principal temples,
this inscription was executed in a very conspicu-
ous manner, and deeply engraved in the marble, at
very considerable elevation. Notwithstanding which
precautions, some person (doubtless inspired by the
patron-godde-s) has been at the pains to get himself
raised up to the requisite height, and has obliterated
the name of the *laird*, but left that of the lady
untouched. The traveller in question accompanied
this story by a remark that it must have cost some
labour and contrivance to get at the place, and
could only have been effected by much zeal and
determination.

† The Portrait of Sir Wm. D'Avenant illus-
trates this line.

‡ The plaster wall on the west side of the Tem-
ple of Minerva-Polus bears the following inscrip-
tion, cut in very deep characters:—

"Quod non fecerunt Goli
Hoc fecerunt Scotti."

(Holhouse's Travels in Greece, &c. p. 315.)

And well I know within that murky land

Despatch her reckoning children far and wide:
Some east, some west, some—every where but
north.

And thus accursed be the day and year
She sent a Pict to play the felon here.
Yet Caledonia claims some native worth,
And dull Bacotia gave a Pindar birth.
So may her few, the letter'd and the brave,
Bound to no clime, and victors o'er the grave,
Shake off the mossy slime of such a land,
And shine like children of a happier stand.

"Mortal!" (the blue-eyed maid resumed once
more)

"Bear back my mandate to thy native shore;
Though fallen, alas! this vengeance yet is mine,
To turn my counsels far from lands like thine.
Hear, then, in silence, Pallas' stern behest,
Hear and believe, for time will tell the rest:
First on the head of him who did the deed
My curse shall light, on him and all his seed;
Without one spark of intellectual fire,
Be all his sons as senseless as their sire:
If one with wit the parent-breed disgrace,
Believe him bastard of a better race,
Still with his hireling Artists let him prate,
And folly's praise repay for wisdom's hate."
Long of their patron's *quæto* let them tell,
Whose noblest native *quæto*—is to sell.
To sell, and make (may shame record the day)
The State receiver of his pilfer'd prey!

And last of all, amidst the gaping crew,
Some calm spectator, as he takes his view†

* Un sot trouve toujours un plus sot qui l'admire.—(Boileau, La Rochefoucault, &c.)

† "Nor will this conduct [the sacrilegious plun-
der of ancient edifices] appear wonderful in men,
either by birth, or by habits and grovelling passions,
barbarians, (i. e. Goths) when in our own times,
and almost before our own eyes, persons of rank
and education have not hesitated to disfigure the
most ancient and the most venerable monuments
of Grecian architecture; to tear the works of Phi-
dias and Praxiteles from their original position, and
demolish fabrics, which time, war, and barbarism,
had respected during twenty centuries. The
French, whose rapacity the voice of Europe has so
loudly and so justly censured, did not incur the
guilt of dismantling ancient edifices; they spared
the walls, and contented themselves with statues
and paintings, and even these they have collected
and arranged in halls and galleries for the inspec-
tion of travellers, of all nations, while, if report
does not deceive us, our plunderers have ran-
sacked the temple of Greece to sell their booty
to the highest bidder, or, at best, to piece the walls
of some obscure old mansion with fragments of
Parian marble, and of attic sculpture." (Enstet's
Classical Tour through Italy, p. 158.) * * * *

"But, alas! all the monuments of Roman magni-
ficence, all the remains of Grecian taste, so dear to
the artist, the historian, the antiquary; all de-
pend on the will of an arbitrary sovereign, and
that will is influenced too often by interest or
vanity, by a nephew, or a sycophant. Is a new
palace to be erected (at Rome) for an upstart
family? the Coliseum is stripped to furnish
materials. Loes a foreign minister wish to adorn
the bleak walls of a northern exile with antiques?
the temples of Theæus or Minerva must be dis-
mantled, and the works of Phidias or Praxiteles be
torn from the shattered frieze. That a decrep-
it uncle, wrapped up in the religious duties of his
age and station, should listen to the suggestions of
an interested nephew, is natural; and that an
oriental despot should undervalue the master-
pieces of Grecian art, is to be expected, though in
both cases the consequences of such weakness are

In silent admiration, mix'd with grief,
 Admires the plunder, but abhors the thief.
 Loathed in life, scarce pardon'd in the dust,
 May hate pursue his sacrilegious lust;
 Link'd with the fool who fired th' Ephesian dome,
 Shall vengeance follow far beyond the tomb.
 Erostratus and * * * * e'er shall shine
 In many a branding page and burning line.
 Alike condemn'd for aye to stand accused,
 Perchance the second viler than the first:
 So let him stand, through ages yet unborn,
 Fix'd statue on the pedestal of scorn!

much to be lamented; but that the minister of a nation, famed for its knowledge of the language, and its veneration for the monuments of ancient Greece, should have been the prompter and the instrument of these destructions is almost incredible. Such rapacity is a crime against all ages and all generations; it deprives the past of the trophies of their genius and the title-deeds of their fame; the present of the strongest inducements to exertion, the noblest exhibitions that curiosity can contemplate; the future, of the master-pieces of art, the models of imitation. To guard against the repetition of such depredations is the wish of every man of genius, the duty of every man in power, and the common interest of every civilized nation." (Ibid. p. 269.) * * * "This attempt to transplant the temple of Vesta from Italy to England may, perhaps, do honour to the late Lord Bristol's patriotism, or to his magnificence; but it cannot be considered as an indication of either taste or judgment." (Ibid. p. 419.)

LINES

Addressed by Lord Byron to Mr. Hobhouse on his election for Westminster.

"*Mors janua vitæ.*"

Would you get to the house thro' the true gate,
 Much quicker that even Whig Charley went;
 Let Parliament send you to Newgate—
 And Newgate will send you to—Parliament.

ENIGMA.

'Twas whisper'd in heaven, 'twas mutter'd in hell
 And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell,
 On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
 And the depths of the ocean its presence confess'd.
 'Twill be found in the sphere when 'tis riven
 asunder; [der;
 Be seen in the lightning, and heard in the thun
 'Twas allotted to man with his earliest breath,
 Attends at his birth, and awaits him in death;
 It presides o'er his happiness, honour and health,
 Is the prop of his house, and the end of his
 wealth;
 Without it the soldier, the seaman may roam,
 But woe to the wretch that expels it from home.
 In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
 Nor even in the whirlwind of passion be drown'd:
 'Twill not soften the heart, and though deaf to the
 ear,
 'Twill make it acutely and instantly hear.
 In shade let it rest, like a delicate flower,
 Oh! breathe on it softly, it dies in an hour.

